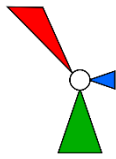


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bncdoc.id	CK4
bncdoc.year	1992
bncdoc.title	New Musical Express.
bncdoc.info	New Musical Express. Sample containing about 60687 words from a periodical (domain: arts)
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David Lee's classification	W_pop_lore

<p><1454/c></p>  <p>Key: Footprint ConEn1 Footprint ConEn2 Footprint ConEn3</p>	<p>somewhat surprised to see Dave and Stone from Pearl Jam and Bill from Ministry dressed up as men's ladies; female attire and make-up obligatory if you want to play with Lush. Even Al Jourgensen was threatening to. Unfortunately he could n't find anything large enough in his wife's wardrobe. It's amazing how many hard rocking mothers are queuing up to perform this somewhat unrock and weedy indie task as soon as they find out it involves wearing things that girls wear. Still, any excuse to get into Emma's tights. Everybody plays with everybody else today. In fact, there's so much bonding on stage that it would make the average punter slightly sick. It's beginning to look like a deranged version of Live Aid. The bonding continues after the show, where it's back to the Hyatt for one last booze-up before everybody goes their separate ways. It's all hugging, tussling, kissing and naked wrestling. 'You're my best mate, you are - I mean man I love you - Come and stay whenever - Come and live with me - if I'm not there the keys will be under the dustbin.' And you really DO mean it. Five am on the way to the airport the driver tells us that the Hyatt was evacuated in the small hours of the morning because of a fire scare. We wonder if Ministry have anything to do with it. AND THAT's it. Regrets? We had a few. We never really got to hang out with Ice Cube, as initial exchanges did not bode too well. (rap it if you like). 'Yo you guys ai n't really my cup of tea - just a tad too abrasive for me I like the more melancholic and breezy sounds of Slowdive - erm, everybody jump.' And we never get to see The Jim Rose Circus snort Jim Reid's diarrhoea. Still, you ca n't have everything. We had a brilliant time and it's a pity you only get to do it once: Maybe we'll split up and reform under a different name - so we can have a crack at it next year. Headlining, of course. Miki makes no bones about her deep enjoyment of Ministry's set A sneaky glimpse of what Miki does in her tour bedroom: she toys with her Gameboy ... An intimate Women In Rock moment featuring Emma and Lori from Babes in Toyland Laurel & Hardy (aka Emma and Miki) and Bill out of Ministry in Emma's black dress The view from the bass bin - spot the asshole wearing the 49ers cap in the front row ... SINGLES</p> <p>REVIEWED BY STEVE SUTHERLAND</p> <p>SINGLE OF THE WEEK</p> <p>1 DINOSAUR JR: Get Me If, like me, you thought 'Green Mind' sounded like J was just bollocking about in his pa's basement up to not too much of anything, rejoice! 'Get Me' is Dinosaur back to their 'Freak Scene' best, and their grand contradiction has never sounded sweeter. J actually expends energy on caring about not caring in a (non) attempt to kid us nothing' at all bothers him into action, no sir. The voice is still languishing, wasted in its rumpled bed, but the guitar is up with the sun, out the window and scaling such dizzy heights that it manages to drag the chorus into a deliciously wounded country yodel. Comparisons are obvious but well deserved. Neil's 'Nowhere' Crazy Horse, 'Another Planet' Only Ones, the Television of 'Marquee Moon' - this record's up there with the very finest of ragged glories. The B-side features a beautifully tortured live acoustic 'Quest' and an irreverent rattle through Gram Parsons' and Chris Ethridge's 'Hot Burrito £2' with Matt Dillon on backing vocals. So slacking finally gets to meet and</p>
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	<p>influence people. Weird shit. Dinosaur Jr: Flying Burritos £1 8 STOREY WINDOW: I Thought You Told Me Everything 'I thought ...' is the last record 8 Storey Window will make for Mad Minute. From now on they'll be released through Ultimate, which makes perfect sense considering that Ultimate is the label that launched Levitation and The Belltower and this sounds like a wild cross between the two. And then some. Claiming they've found a balance somewhere between Jane's Addiction and Jefferson Airplane, 8 Storey Window are an unashamed, intense, jamming rock band who are happiest when the drums are doing their own Ginger Baker thing and the guitar is taking a stroll in the stratosphere. That way chaos lies, but the Window are aware that the best tension is created from a structure being stretched and shattered, so they rein themselves into songs and mess that way. They're good songs, too. 'I Thought ...' is a monument to amazed betrayal while 'Used Up' harnesses the kind of negative power that God Machine hit at their very occasional heights. Or should that be depths? Whatever, 8 Storey Window are star-gazing and they can see for miles. BELLY: Gepetto EP The second Belly EP and their anatomy is still one heaven of a mystery. The title track is a sunny romp about gawd knows what. It's pop, folks, but not as we know it. 'So he's lyin' on top again/Just like Gepetto</p>
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