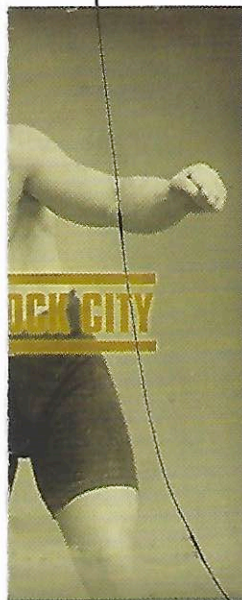


ss crass 'n' crazy 1999 cult
 ads in a Kiss cover band who
 in 1978. In short, it's a MTV
 our, gross-out jokes, alcohol,
 omitting. **Bellville**
of like that, ex-
ale stripping and
ty post-industrial
dit, it takes you
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ine, braivleis

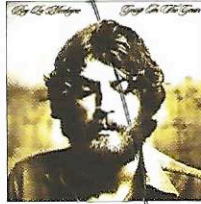
are Fokofpolisiekar and
 Kiss as the idols who made
 st total cultural vacuum. The
 d suburbanites like Jax Panik,
 land who channel their angst
 kitude, dude. Of course this
 d of just a CD you get a multi-
 ings, 10 music videos, plus a
 tone, that translates Eminem's
 eefeer-soaked rock lesson in



MOREIRA

Moreira Project Vol 2: Citizen of the World

Thanks to soprano master
 Kenny G and his ongoing
 adventures in aural wall-
 papering, any saxophonist
 who chooses an elongated
 melodic bleat gets a bad
 rep. Take Mozambican-
 born, Mother City-based sax
 man Moreira Chonguica.
 From the moment his ser-
 pentine soprano sax soars
 over jazzy-rapped opening
 gambit 'Boarding Time'
 you'd be forgiven for think-
 ing you'd paid admission to
 a supper club jazz snoozer.
 You'd be wrong. Percolating
 Afro-bebop extrapolations
 ('Umjita'), conversations in
 Afro-quelque funk ('West
 Side South Side' featuring
 Cameroonian saxophon-
 ist Manu Dibango), cool
 chamber jazz explorations
 ('The Art of Love' featuring
 Jaco Maria) and smooth-
 scatted Sub-Saharan
 fusions ('Synergy') all show
 that Moreira's an intuitive
 reedsman who knows
 exactly what to do with a
 melodic soprano solo: keep
 it funky, which he does on
 the bracingly smooth 'Beau-
 tiful Minds', the playful
 polyrhythmic dance pulse of
 'Otupam' (featuring Najee)
 and the airy Afro-Latin chill
 of 'Relaxante'.



RAY LAMONTAGNE

Gossip in the Grain

'Meg White, you're all
 right/In fact, I think you're
 pretty swell, can't you tell?'
 coos Ray LaMontagne on a
 spaghetti-Western strung
 folk rock stomp about
 stalking the White Stripes
 drummer. Whoah! Has the
 fractured folkie favourite
 finally stepped out of his
 sad bastard straight jacket
 and started to have fun? Al-
 most. Opener 'You Are the
 Best Thing' is a brassy 70s
 soul come-on about being
 smitten. Romance comes
 with a bipolar bite though
 with psyche-folk hangovers
 'Let it Be Me' and 'I Still
 Care for You' capturing Ray
 tiptoeing past the suicidal
 tendencies of Nick Drake's
Pink Moon by burning a
 copy of Van Morrison's
Astral Weeks onto his iPod.
Gossip is also an aficiona-
 do's wet dream with his
 bottom-of-the-bottle rasp
 filtered through pastoral
 hillbilly country jigs ('Hey
 Me, Hey Mamma') and a
 fiery harmonica-fuelled
 blues rock jam that's cut
 from John Lee Hooker and
 Canned Heat's colab cloth
 on 'Henry Nearly Killed Me,
 It's a Shame'.

OBRIGADO
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