

stupid rings of gold-plated harbour cable that is *de rigueur* with all the homes these days. Raheem actually should be congratulated here for songs like 'Peace' (about stopping gang violence) and 'Just Say No' but most of the other songs, besides two reggae hip-hop fusions, are pretty standard fare. It's not long before we're in the realms of 'Golly look at me! I's so big and strong and far better at anything you fellows could

possibly do!' Raheem also begins to change back into a little toad and join the other reptiles when sexist epithets slowly but surely pile up in the waste bin and gratuitous references to firearms accumulate. Although there are some hard beats and smooth samples in tracks such as 'Dance Floor' and 'I'm Mackin' most tracks are pretty unspectacular. File under 'die-hards only'.

Steve Griffiths

CALIFORNIA RASINS
Sweet Delicious and
Marvelous
(A and M Records)

One day, coming home after a hard day in the lab, I turned on the T.V. for a bit of mindless relaxation. Aaargh! There on the screen are all these little pieces of turd with big boots and stupid faces SINGING SONGS! I mean I'm all for creative imagery but isn't animated lumps of shit taking it a bit far? Gasping with incredulity, I rush over to turn the sound up and suddenly realize that the horrendous looking things are not in fact a sick public relations gimmick by the sewage industry, but rather they are supposed to be bits of dried wrinkled fruit, i.e. my first encounter with The California Raisins.

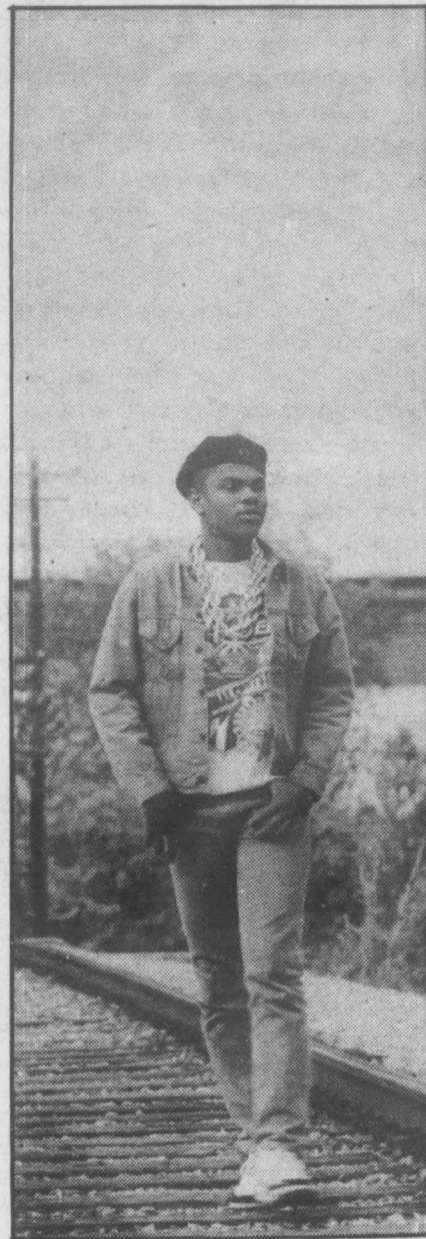
For some reason which completely escapes me, these disgusting looking characters have become extremely popular. This is probably due to the same people that in the past have adopted cabbage patch dolls, pet rocks, worn deely-boppers and the same people that will put Bush and

Quayle (who incidentally ARE little pieces of turd with big boots) in the White House in November.

Here then is an entire album for the people who think that the things they pick out of their Alpen in the morning will suddenly start to perform their favourite golden oldies. The content is actually not at all bad if you burn the cover first and try not to feel too sorry that musical talent has been directed away from something more original and innovative. What you get are all the classic standards of the late sixties early seventies soul era like 'Sittin' on the dock of the bay', 'My girl', and 'Tracks of My Tears', etc. You can almost predict what songs will be included in the remaining seven selections. Crap concept mediocre performance antiseptic production. Oh and Mr. Advertiser? I don't eat raisins anymore. It worked.

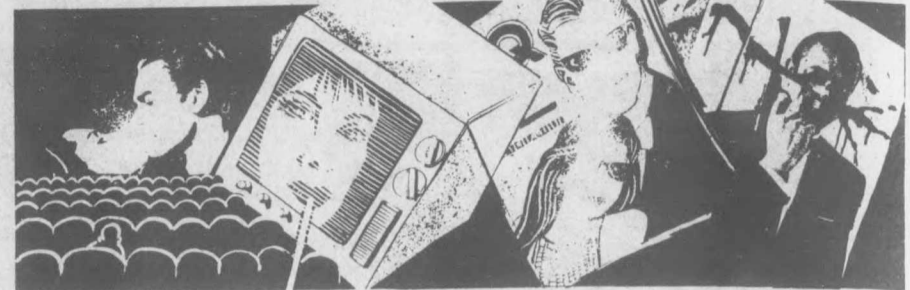
Steve Griffiths

RAHEEM



PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG HOMEBOY ON THE TRACKS

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ALIEN NATION

When is the last time you saw a good science fiction-mystery-action flick? If it has been a while then Alien Nation is the movie you've been waiting for.

A spaceship with 250,000 alien slaves crashes on Earth, out in Mojave desert. Being such nice people (in 1988), the Californians accept them as any other immigrants and give them their place in society. The aliens, who are genetically engineered for adaptability, pick up human habits quite quickly. There are "Newcomer" hookers, bars, 7-11 workers and so on.

The story begins when Sergeant Matthew Sykes' (James Caan) partner is killed by a "newcomer" holding up a store. A connection between this event and the murder of another newcomer is discovered, and Sykes teams up with first newcomer Detec-

tive Samuel Francisco (played by Mandy Patinkin, who was last seen as Spanish swashbuckler Inigo Montoya in *The Princess Bride*) to investigate this connection.

All through the story we learn things that separate the aliens, who act in a very human manner, from the rest of us (i.e. they use sour milk as alcohol, they can breathe methane, salt water to them is like strong acid to us, and so on).

The story is written by Rockne S. O'Bannon, whose previous credits include story editor and contributor on the "new" color Twilight Zone television show. It is produced by Gale Anne Hurd (*Bad Dreams*) and directed by Graham Baker.

On a scale of shrimp to whale, I give it a good size sailfish.

Eric Hill

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