THE (WEALLY WEALLY) WILD BUNCH

“Preare to die you bastards!”
Chris from Frazier Chorus picks up a day-glo stickered de-tuned Fender Clarinet by the splintered neck and smashes it in a savage arc into a bank of screaming speakers.

“Cos we’re Frazier F——ing Chorus!”
Pounding the drumkit into a bunch of junk is the luxen-clad and slipper-wearing Michelle. On the first flute ever to be used as a blunt, horrifying instrument of death, decapitation and total destruction is Kate, bedecked in a necklace made from real human jaws. Singer Tim, his lips twisted in a diabolical fist of hate, has his studded cod-piece crutch rammed against the shattered fretboard of a guitar that howls like a peeled dog dipped in dettol.

“No and no way are we a bunch of puffs!”
If Frazier Chorus had come across as rhino-shagging cum-sucking lobodogs with three gnawed and bleeding paws in the slime filled pit of rock ‘n’ roll putrefaction, they would have been a massive hit with their original Brighton audience. Alan McGee would have invited them on his grave-robbing parties, they would have been ‘faces’. But a Frazier Chorus gig was and is a vicarious tea party rather than a free-form napalm ‘n’ baby seal skull- orgy in a mental hospital with the doors locked. The black-clad Creation clones merely pointed, smoked-stained fingers at the band and mocked.

“You shouldn’t have been there,” murmurs Bambi-bearded Timothy. “If you weren’t doing a Creation rip-off of a Sonic Youth/Butholes type thing, nobody was going to come. We’ve been called poofs, girles, elevator musicians, nancies. You should see the looks on people’s faces when you turn up for gigs and there’s no guitar cases . . . ."

After floating on gossamer wings of ecstasy through the charts with ‘Dream Kitchen’, Frazier Chorus follow up with an album called ‘Sue’ and celebrate by revealing their darkest fears to STEVEN WELLS. Picture: STEVE PYKE

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working for the Government as a spy. You can mention that, I don’t like him anyway, he used to beat my mother up. My mother and father sneaked Hugh Masekela out of South Africa and my mother had an affair with him. When I went to New York she said watch out for the acid! The last time I was there I did the dead fly for three weeks straight . . . .

Clarinet Chris was not so lucky.

“her’s a real straight-ahead small town Tory, she even works at the local Conservative Club which is a bit of a drag. And she’s going out with a Mason. . . .

Pretty boy Tim has a whacky mum.

“She was very theatrical and she didn’t care what anybody thought. We weren’t told to wash up and we weren’t bought dolls instead of tanks or anything. Free, it felt very free . . . .

I’m a bit worried about Frazier Chorus. They claim that they want to sell to grannies and Q readers and they’d like to dribble forth from the CD player in Terry and June’s living room.

“Cos, I mean we could be in Dinosaur Jr and our mums might be really pleased that we’re taking off but it wouldn’t be the sort of thing where you could invite the neighbour’s around and give them a blast of it.”

I tell them that this is not what rock’n’roll is all about. It should firebomb the neighbours! It should drive meat skewers of generation-hated through mummy and daddy’s skulls. It should hang Terry and June upside down from hooks with piano wire and feed them their own genitals. What about the CATHARSIS?

Have they ever come off-stage feeling like they’ve had a good shit? No, they never have. I mean what is the point? You put up with all the crap, the record company vermin, the whole rock’n’roll freak show for what? I think it’s good when you can draw an audience in,” claims Chris. “Win them over. I think it’s quite staggering when an audience stands listening intently to what you’re doing. I think that’s an amazing experience rather than just blowing the audience away with loads of noise . . . ."

Like the Young Marble Giants of yesteryear, FC menace quietly. Like the Velvets they can slip a knife through a warm and comforting duvet of nacy-niceness. The cut single on 4AD, ‘Sloppy Heart’, the one that got them the Virgin contract, is rude and disgusting, says Tim.

“I mean it is filthy! It’s all blood-spunkum-semen, y know, I mean ‘in the hot carriage we smoke’ Eh?”

So I called in the NME rock head-doctor who devised this simple test to answer the question: Are Frazier Chorus a bunch of wimps or what?

1. It’s a Sunday morning and you’re snuggled up in bed all warm and cuddly and suddenly the phone rings and it’s NASA saying you would like to come and walk on the moon. Do you
   a) Scream ‘yes please!’ Leap out of bed and pull on your moon boots?
   b) Mumble ‘piss off’ and go back to sleep?

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“Straight to the moon every time!” roars Chris. “What a hit! They do say it does weird things to your head!”
“I’d stay in bed,” mumbles Tim. “I’ve seen the videos...”
2. It’s vid seshtime. You’ve got the ale and the crisps but which vid to watch?
   a) The screaming ACIEEEEEEEEED! blasted rock’n’roll war horror of Apocalypse Now?
   b) On Golden Pond which is about a bunch of old crumblies decomposing on a boat?
   “I’ve seen On Golden Pond!” thunders Kate. “It’s CRAP!”
3. You are choosing a pet, do you go for:
   a) A wonderful wetnosed snuffy dog?
   b) A horrid, sneaky, boring cat?
   “Dogs!” ejaculates Chris. “Cats are SHIT! OFFICIAL!”
   “On the Pet Shop boys album there’s a track,” says Tim, “called ‘I Want A Dog’, a chihuahua, which is fair enough because it’s as close to a cat as you can get. I hate the way they f—— your leg those little dog f——s. I mean our cat...”
   Your cat f——s your leg?
   “No, but I used to have a girlfriend and her dog was constantly wanking on my leg...”
   Maybe it’s because you look like a little puppy dog?
   “Well I suppose I was encouraging it up to a point...”

HOW DID YOU SCORE!
All ‘A’s: You may play the clarinet in a very quiet band but you are secretly an alien stormtrooper from the Planet Fnaaaaaaaaar!
All ‘B’s: You may write nasty and vindictive lyrics about steamy sex sessions in trains and crazy housewives but secretly you are John Boy Walton and your poems are crap.