

THE (WEALLY WEALLY) WILD BUNCH

“PREPARE 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 lurex-clad and slippery-with-sweat 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 penises. Singer Tim, his lips twisted in a dribbling rictus of hate, has his studded cod-pieced crutch rammed against the shattered fretboard of a guitar that howls like a peeled dog dipped in Dettol.

“AND NO WAY ARE WE A BUNCH OF PUFFS!”

If Frazier Chorus had come across as rhino-shagging scumsucking 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 vicarage tea party rather than free-form napalm'n'baby seal skull-orgy in a mental hospital with the doors locked. The black-clad Creation clones merely pointed smack-stained fingers at the band and MOCKED.

“You shouldn't have been there,” murmurs Bambi-featured Timothy. “If you weren't doing a Creation rip-off of a Sonic Youth/Buttholes type thing, nobody was going to come. We've been called poofs, girlies, elevator musicians, nancies. You should see the looks on

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. The fools. Picture: STEVE PYKE

people's faces when you turn up for gigs and for starters there's no guitar cases and then you get a flute and a clarinet out and you can see them going—OH GOD!”

Safe at home jetlagged and coked out after non-stop New Year's New York unsafe-sex partying at Mick Jagger's East Village pad, I flicked on the tube and the disgusting puppy dog-eyed Tim starts mewling at me out of the vid for 'Dream Kitchen'. BLOOOEEEE! My rough, tough, jolly flatmates, crude Northerners and would-be Creation type Butthole Surfer fans and macho Nazis to a man, expressed their disgust with a tidal wave of regurgitated meat.

“AK!” spat one. “Clarinetssssss! flutessssss! A reet bunch of lispng Southern homosexuals I'll be reet stavelly blathered!”

“All clarinetists,” whispers Tim, “are homosexuals. It's a fact.”

Tim looks like the cute crocodile from the early *Viz* covers. I spotted this, and kicking my flatmates in their shaven, steel studded skulls with my reinforced concrete tartan-trimmed slippers, I admonished them for both their homophobia and their philistinism. I urged them to listen to the barely audible *menace*...

What do you want to know about the mums of Frazier Chorus? “I was brought up in the bush in Zambia,” says Kate. “Dad was



“You should see the looks on people's faces when you turn up for gigs and there's no guitar cases . . .”

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: “She'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 neighbours 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-hatred 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 yesteryore, FC menace quietly. Like the Velvets they can slip a knife through a warm and comforting duvet of nicey-niceness. The cult 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 would you like to come and walk on the moon? Do you:

- Scream 'Yes please!' Leap out of bed and pull on your moon boots?
- Mumble “piss off” and go back to sleep?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

FRAZIER CHORUS

FROM PAGE 17

"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 ACIEEEEEEEEEED! blasted rock'n'roll war horror of *Apocalypse Now*?

b) *On Golden Pond* which is about a bunch of old crumbles 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 wet nosed snuffly 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 Fnaaaaaar!

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.