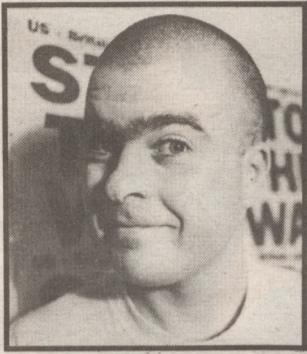


SINGLES



REVIEWED BY STEVEN WELLS



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

OPEN YO' MOUTH, BOY SINGLE OF THE WEEK

REVOLTING COCKS: Beers, Steers And Queers (*Wax Trax*)

The great thing about The Revolting Cocks is that everybody who likes anything by REM or 10,000 Maniacs hates The Revolting Cocks. Yes, they are *that* good. Hairy arsed Stetson-wearing goddamn undanceable pigshagging Eurodisco-commie cock sucking Texan macho bullsheeeeeet! Gary Numan on peyote. *Fistful Of Dollars* as a cyberpunk alienation frug-drugmelodrama. Totally wonderful. Totally punkrock. Drop them godman britches, ahm gonna make you squeal lahk a pig, SQUEEEEEEE!

JELLO BIAFRA AND TUMOUR CIRCUS: Swine Flu (*Alternative Tentacles*)

Punkrock genius and purveyor of harmful matter to minors, Jello post-Kennedys is working with some very strange folk. Here are four breathless and totally demented songs about A) a cat called 'Swine Flue' B) a 'Fireball' and C) interesting news headlines like 'Take Me Back Or I'll Drown Our Dog'.

VANILLA ICE: I Love You (*SBK*)

Woof! Woof! Vanilla Ice looks like a handsome young Colonel in the Waffen SS, was brought up by a really hard family of black drug dealers in a really working class Puerto Rican district of the East End of Miami and at the age of two he was kidnapped by Vietnamese heroin warlords from Moss Side and chainsawed nearly to death until he learnt to spin on his head, wear baggy trousers and rhyme "dis you" with "miss you" without blushing. And, as we all know, everybody hates him because he's white and it's just not fair.

This is the sound of sucking amplified until eardrums rupture. Vanilla does an LL Cool J type smoocher devoid of any originality whatsoever. Shite shite shite. And he looks a right wanker on the free poster too. Not whilst there are still dogs on the street, rover, NO WAY!

1000 HOMO DJs: Hey Asshole/Supernaut (*Wax Trax*)

SKATENIGS: Chemical Imbalance (*Wax Trax*)

THE TRAVELING WILBURYS: Wilbury Twist (*Warner Brothers*)

1,000 Homo DJs are exactly that, a screaming choir of massed ranks of steel, sweat and leather strapped he-flesh. This is the tribal stomp of boys with dicks as big as their drum machines. Gary Glitter takes a trip as a demented decadent Prussian militarist cabaret metalhead. Epic.

Skatenigs are two white rapper guys and a drummer with biceps like grapefruit who's been banned from every venue in the Mid-Western USA for the illegal use of fire, urine, drugs and the audience. Totally shite except for a five minute scatological dissing punk rock poem.

The Traveling Wilburys put one in mind of nothing quite as much as a small flock of tapeworm ridden spunkpigeons with missing toes pecking at dank pools of stale and stagnant vomit. This record will be played to death by the incontinent lepers of Daytime Radio 1 who will all burn in pits of their own shite forever. The Traveling Wilburys are REM for the under 30s. You *know* it's true.

ACTION SWINGERS: Fear Of A F—ed Up Planet/Blowjob (*Primo Scree*)

A scabby, snarling, barely audible drug-garage thrash by blistered fingered American children whose vocabulary consists primarily of the red-lunged screamword "motherf—er". A *soul* record in the literal sense of the word.

THE REVERB MOTHER—ERS: LSD 25 (*Vital Music*)

Subtitled 'a blowjob of the mind' the scumrocking Motherf—ers wallow clumsily in the wake of The Beatle's 'Helter Skelter' with a Learesque justsayyesyesyes! freeeeeek-out-the-stiffs style babbleque. These guys smoke French cigarettes and 'tea'.

THE SIMPSONS: Deep Deep Trouble (*Geffen*)

The saddets thing about *The Simpsons* is that some middle-aged, middle class dickhead at the BBC turned them down so now the only people in Britain who get the prog are those who have dirtied themselves with contact with Murdoch and his toadies. If this isn't a case for putting someone like me in charge of programme buying then I don't know what is. Another great record. Once again it says more about the human-disaster that is the nuclear family than any hundred records by your fave 'real' pop stars.

TAD: Jack Pepsi (*Subpop*)

Tad is the American Morrissey. Like Morrissey he articulates the fears and hopes of the emotional underclass, he explores through irony and metaphor their impotent anger fettered and yet made bearable by ennui. In Tad's 'Jack Pepsi' Tad and his mate get very drunk and then steal this jeep and take it out on the river and do wheelies on the ice, only the ice breaks and the jeep crashes through trapping Tad and his mate inside. They scream for mercy as the ice cold water slowly creeps up to nostril level and they die.

D-EXTREME: New York Death Squad (*Silenz*)

LISA M: Loves Heartbreaker (*Polydor*)
Hoo! This is an *extreme* record. Cutting edge radical agit-pop from a bunch of black New Yorkers who seem to have absorbed as much from hard core and metal as from rap. Witty, political and violent. As is Lisa M who knees the collective nuts of rap's limp-log posse over a movesome beat.

S'EXPRESS: Find 'Em, Fool 'Em, Forget 'Em (*Rhythm King*)

Flappy-trousered and pimp-hatted moral tale that's got one of these extremely fresh groove things but just a tad laid back for this dancing fool. Bit too much licking the silky middles out of the custard creams and not enough banging the disco-biscuit tin lids. Gets better as it spaces o u t.

SHELLEY'S CHILDREN: Everytown (*Peasant Revolt*)

Shelley's Children are bright enough to make superb female harmonies over buzzsaw pop guitar protest songs with ace lyrics... and just dumb enough to be anarchists. Long time since our Billy wrote a song *quite* this good. Pull your socks up, lad.



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

S'Express: custard art

THE PASSION KILLERS: Four War Is Shit Songs (*Rugger Bugger*)

NOAM CHOMSKY/BAD RELIGION: New World Order: War # 1 (*Maximum Rock And Roll*)

CHUMBAWAMBA AND OTHER SUBVERSIVES: Greatest Hits (*Peasant Revolt*)

ESKIMOS & EGYPT: G N'R—That's What U Want? (*One Little Indian*)

THE EX: Slimy Toad Jake's Cake (ex)

Sometimes you feel like you spend your entire days dodging between the huge piles of shit that the Thatcher decade has left in its wake. Thanks then for records like these, some great, some crap, but all of them *angry slaps in the faces of the cynical*.

The Passion Killers are two of the sexier members of Chumbawamba who rock out with killer versions of 'Shipbuilding' and 'Reuters' in a rather more rocky mode than the folksy path trod by recent Chumby recordings. Send your money to S Forbes, The bottom flat, 3a Alexandra Drive, Gypsy Hill, London SE19 1AJ.

Noam takes the US and Britain's alleged 'war for freedom' and pulls it into little, bitty pieces on the spoken word side. Bad Religion are a mean, melodic hardcore protest combo whose two tracks sound like The Jefferson Airplane with furry jumpers and a drummer who sweats. All wrapped in all the truth you'll ever need. A classic agit-pop single.

Chumbawamba's record has that great picture of the woman with the large piece of scaffolding wellying shit out of the cowering copper on the Poll Tax demo. All proceeds from the record go to pay the fines and legal fees of victims of the police riot in Trafalgar Square—Shelley's Children contribute the sardonic cover of 'Summerlove Sensation' but The Ex provide the EP with its crowning glory—a storming Brechtian-punkrockout 'State Of Shock'.

The Ex single, however, ain't

not so good by half. Anarchodancers Eskimoes & Egypt (crap name or what?) slag seven shades of semen out of the fat closet-case Axl Rose. Lovely.

THE 25TH OF MAY: Solid State of Logic (*Arista*)
GARY CLAIL ON-U SOUND SYSTEM: Human Nature (*Perfecto*)

Two rap-orientated dance singles that would change the world if they could. The 25th Of May gibber and rant about state oppression and paranoia and as everybody will tell you, they sound like Public Enemy meets the old Jesus Jones. A killer record.

'Human Nature' is the *Snub* riff jangled over West Country accent rapping and additional vocals from Lanah Pillay. Hard to fault until you get to the abominable lyrics. Gary is agin racial intolerance and other bad stuff. Why do we have bad things in the world, asks Gary. His answer—'There's something wrong with Human nature!'

There is absolutely no such thing as human nature, Gary, as a brief study of the many thousands of different societies mankind has created—many of them ignorant of racism, greed and leadership—will prove. Human nature is a right wing myth invented to draw attention away from the real reason that the society we live in at the moment is such a shiteheap. And we're not talking about Ozzy Osbourne records. I'll give you a clue—it begins with a 'C' and it rhymes with 'shmatpallism'.

The 25th Of May manage to avoid the basic problem faced by those who would make political dance music—they don't talk shit.

SOFA HEAD: Twat! EP (*Worker's Playtime*)

MANIC STREET PREACHERS: UK Channel Boredom (*no label records*)

MENACE DEMENT: Nanno/Small Town (*Lungcast*)

GUNSHOT: Crime Story (*Vinyl Solution*)

SMASHING PUMPKINS: Tzristessa (*Subpop*)

REBEL MC: The Wickedest Sound (*Desire*)

Sofa Head's 'Twat' is magnificent unEnglish Bash St Kids psychodelia from a band who used to be called Dan. Oh dem sexy Preacher boys! This spunky little monkey is a 50p flexi which once again proves the point that musically the Manic Street Prechers are a better band than The C***h ever were. This is a truly dreadful recording and, one must assume, one of the Preachers early songs.

Menace Dement offer serious thundering plodding mammoth depth charge riffing over Mickey Mouse vocals. A roaring dog of a record. A cathartic white knuckle terror ride. Pixies fans should be made to listen to this, this is what the real stuff sounds like. Gunshot make ace urbanblitz Britrap and the very nice video for this would prove very instructive to anybody considering a career is car nicking and burglary.

Smashing Pumpkins are that rare thing—a goff-frash-odelia combo who make you want to take your clothes off and pretend to e snakes in the sandpit. The Rebel wrong foots the listener with some ancient reggae atmospherics and then totally punkrockout with 800 crashing dustbins and one of those wheeeeeee woooooooo machines. A lot of fun.



WAVY FINGERS SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE LOVE IN: Goo Goo Barabajagal (*Scream*)

Peel me off the purple stratosphere and lick my navel dry—this is one hunky slab of pulsating love music, man. I mean, if the Mondays, right, were chicks, right, with like long hair and really cool shades then this is what they'd sound like, right? Like Betty Boo

on a basinful of E but less in your face than like a cosmic hellbound sliding its long hot and hairy tongue down your lovetrousers. One of these Perfect Pop records which rams its flibertyjobby hook in through both temples and then twists. Has it occurred to you get that we are now hearing for the first time the disco music that the '60s never had? It will. This song was written by Donovan.



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Watch out Swells—he looks mean...