

**She Rockers: lippy****Mission: dippy**

SINGLES

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THE CHILD MOLESTERS: The Child Molesters (*Sympathy For The Music Industry*)

Some interesting things about this record:

- 1) What a great name for a band!
- 2) What a great name for a record company!
- 3) Check out these song titles! 'Im So F—ed Up', 'I'm Gonna Punch You In The Face', 'I Wanna See Some Wholesale Slaughter', '13 Is My Lucky Number' ("I don't care if you're only 13/Cos 13 is my lucky number").
- 4) The band wear Nazi uniforms which means they are at least as good as New Order and will probably end up signed by Mute.
- 5) The guitarist is called M T Lubotamy.

What more do you really want to know? Is it any wonder that we, in this country, have been sexually abusing and battering our children for centuries when pop music like this is so easily available? Either a brilliant ironic statement on sexual hypocrisy or a totally disgusting piece of sexist filth. Either way, a true classic.

FUDGE TUNNEL: Sex Mammoth (*Pigboy*)

Featuring 'Leprosy', 'Persecuted' and 'Rudge'. Cue the "sounds like a firm of solicitors" joke. Absolutely and totally the best single ever to be released in 1990. Total nine guitar attack-rock. Rude, vulgar and gratuitously violent clean fun.

The band come from Nottingham and the record is produced by "the Sphincter". Too much *Viz!* and too much cider and this could happen to you. I'd love to hear these peurile little boys produced by SAW.

Buy buy buy! Let's really blow the minds of those nice people at Gallup.

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK: Hanging Tough (*CBS*)

A SINGLE of the week because this record so *blatantly* illustrates what a bunch of lilly-livered pig-ignorant vom-sucking vermin we have working in some of our major record companies. Seems that they're too yellow (or too white) to handle a black teen-oriented rap band and as a result have constructed an ersatz verish so pink, pukey and ugly that they're not going to frighten anyone.

Mothers of America! Do not let your daughters listen to Negro music! I've nowt against manufactured pop – The Monkees and The Rollers both created some blissful listening and it must save those poor A&R men an awful lot of work – but this is cheesiness verging on racism. We don't get to hear 99 per cent of the good stuff being created by Black Americans and this cak is NOTHING more or less than a blatant and obnoxious attempt to turn rap into a safe, *white* commodity.

Nothing new in that but at least the Beastie Boys were able to add their own equally gritty punk and metal leaning to the music they were co-opting. This sounds like a metal-rap single put together by faceless accountants with incredibly minute penises. On the sleeve, the boys appear dressed in bandanas and hip hop gear: this isn't parody, it's pesticide.

This is Schoolly D put together by the *Blue Peter* team. Champions of Black Music often make the mistake of seeing the entire history of pop music as whites ripping off blacks. Bollocks basically. Elvis and the Stones *added* to their source music. *This* shit is the real problem. Inarticulate, cack-handed and insulting kiddie porn. So blatant it's almost breathtaking.

angsty, rustic and quite totally brilliant. Hey nonny noh.

THE MISSION: Butterfly On A Wheel (*Myth*)

Oh my! Puke Universe! If I had to design a logo for Der Mish it would consist of Toby the dog sucking an A&R man's cock. The "Butterfly On A Wheel" reference is taken from a '60s *Times* editorial which asked whether it was worth using the full force of law every time a pop star was caught taking drugs. Of course it is! Wipe out the drug supply and you wipe out the 'music'. The Mish, however, demand more direct action. I want you all to put on balaclavas tonight, sneak into your local record shop and smash with hammers every copy of this record you can find.

And as for you Mish lads – what's it like being in a "serious" rock group that is inferior to Bros in every respect – including ability to hold your liquor? Eh?

THE SNAPDRAGONS: No Expectations (*Native*)

This record will "swab your eyes with Dettol". Hang on. Isn't this the same press release we got

with the last Snapdragons record? Come to that, isn't this the same record? Bad biz and a rotten swizz or what?

Wrong decade for this sort of shite, mates! Next!

CHER: Just Like Jesse James (*Geffer*)

With his trousers bulging and his Stetson worn at a cocky angle the man that Cher will destroy gets off the Greyhound. Yes, this man molests dogs, sings Cher, and he deserves to die. He's a "small town dude" with a "big city attitude" and Cher is going to bag him, shag him and then pump him full of large calibre bullet holes "just like Jesse James". This is pure *Playgirl* wank fantasy for the older woman, and what's wrong with that?

TANITA TIKARAM: We Almost Got It Together (*WEA*)

Ole! Ole! It's the laughing Queen of Hilarious Pony Fun! Mick's got lips, Shane's got teeth, Bono's got a hat but only Tanita's got eyebrows! Like two wriggly beetles in black mohair jumpers they scuttle hither and thither as TT commits the first

**Deacon Blue: jolly good****Tanita: not eyebrow enough**

MEGA-BIZMILLAH of the decade with the awesome line – "I wish I was like the frog princess/and I'll never tell you lies . . ."

A cunning reference to Mary Antoinette or what? Tinny wants her gateau and she wants to eat it with this dreadfully MOR wodge of sugar-coated pony dung. For God's sake poison the backing band, Tanky! Nuke your record company! They are out to destroy you! We want serious and clever Tanita, not the jolly up-beat babbamonger who wears your sultry mask!

THE GRACES: Perfect View (*A&M*)

Three crazy independent women – corsetless and with wild crazy hair. This is the musical equivalent of one of those disgusting cigarette ads in *Rolling Stone* aimed at the 'liberated woman'. Who *needs* liberation when you got *Cosmo*? How to make a Belinda Carlisle song in three painful stages.

- 1) One start quietly.
- 2) Halfway through start shouting very orgasmically about how wonderful some bloke is.
- 3) Do it again. Except that The Graces are no Meg Ryans, you can tell they are faking it (Belinda, of course, is doing it for real). This is disgusting Thatcherite let-me-suck-your-dick-you-big-handsome-male-brute-you muzak for teenage fans of Edwina Curry.

DEACON BLUE: Queen of the New Year (*CBS*)

If I could design a logo for Deacon Blue it would feature a poodle inna wee tartan coat licking its own vomit out of a CD player.

Despite the quite lovely 'Do The Hucklebuck' drums Deacon Blue have managed to add another appalling chapter to the history of British bands who should not only never have been given a record deal but who should have been rounded up and marched off to forced labour camps by the Music Police. Do you think they're friends with Prefab Sprout? I bet they really like each other.

Smug, mundane, irritating, bland, twee, pretentious, dull, vacuous, inane and nauseating. And that's just the hole in the middle.

THE SHAMS: Only a Dream/3am (*SOL*)

Nah! Naffink to do wif Jimmy! Free birds wot sand loike a triple headed Suzanne Vega geezer. Squeaky clean bubblegum folk. But no way is it *Bizmillah* time with lines like: "It's 3am and the baby's crying again/But I just want to drink and smoke and stay out with men". Very rude and grown up and clever but what sort of message is that to give our young mothers? Then again, in a very real sense, it is "3am" for all of us in a strangely Dylanesque way, don't you think?

Globally speaking the baby is crying and we all *would* like to drink or smoke and stay out with men. I know I would.

SHY: Money (*MCA*)

This is just the sort of corporate metal shlock that you'd expect a brave, look ahead, – headbanging sort of record company to "go for", dood. The riffs slither like mercury poisoned toothpaste from a sterilised boob, dood. You get the impression that these guys smoke cigarettes, drink pints of JD and stay up very late dood. Like *rebels* dood. People like this should be made to wear the crap suits and kipper ties more suited to their true status of oversexed, over-drugged and over-paid white collar buck-chasers dood.

YELL: Instant Replay (*Fanfare*)

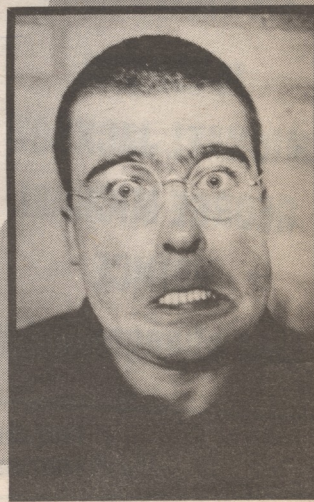
Whose going to be the most knickersoakingly hot teenrave sexcombo of the lusty '90s?!? YELL! Check out this blurb: "GIRLS! YOU CAN YELL! YOU CAN YELL! YELL! YELL! The '60s gave us the Beatles. The '70s gave us The Bay City Rollers. The '80s Wham! Now you can . . . YELL! You've got it! The hottest tip for the '90s is YELL!"

We are talking planetoid sized bollocks floating round a sun of shite in a galaxy of wank surrounded by a universe of toe jam. This is a crap record made by some silly people who seem to have no idea what actually made the original soooooooooooooo good. So maybe Yell are better than the Beatles but no way are they as good as The Rollers. And they're from Buckinghamshire.

FISH: Big Wedge (*EMI*)

What is so great about Fish is that he is utterly and totally, NAFF, UNCOOL and CRAP and yet he thinks he's brilliant! He actually really and honestly thinks he's got talent! This is comedy on a grand scale. They should build a 'Hollywood' style sign outside his house except that it would be pink and orange neon and it should say WANKER in 345 different languages. This is a man who spent punk rock practising his Genesis impersonations! This is a man makes Gary Numan look like Elvis. Amazing!

Reviewed by STEVEN WELLS



THE WASP FACTORY: Bait (*Midnight Music*)

Great book. Great band. Great record. "Gallows cockspurt!" "Psiflambe!". Truly offensive noise. Ugly. Suggests that the band like to record in some bleak Northern cowshed awash with marijuana smoke so that the low and thunderous screams of the stoned cows create an ambience of imminent and dead sexy violence (*Really?* – Ed). Or something. This record was probably made by Daleks. Beware. The Wasp Factory are the Jive Bunny of the '90s.

THE SHE ROCKERS: Jam It Jam (*Rap House*)

Oh joy. An Acid-Rap gem. Blippy, lippy and with a beat that will encourage small children all over the country to take dangerous drugs and stay up all night dancing on packing cases and growing their hair. Both the She-Rockers sound like the black haired woman out of *Cagney & Lacey* who was also in the first *Dirty Harry* movie. They're actually from Middlesex. A minor quibble. The words "groovy", "mental" and "hot" spring to mind. I wish the Happy Mondays sounded like this. So do the Happy Mondays.

BIG SAND: Paved Road To Berlin (*Demon*)

Yow! Check out how the devil prepares for the coming battle on Earth with Our Lord Jesus Christ by desensitising us to satanic imagery with his record labels! The almost perfect Lou Reed impress. A strange cross between The Fall and Dire Straits. A marriage made in hell.

TIMBUK THREE: National Holiday (*IRS*)

There are lots of fat American kids with acrylic hair taking the wrong music, listening to the wrong drugs and sounding dangerously like Simon & Garfunkel. The A Side sucks a big one. The B Side, however, is called 'Assholes On Parade'. Score ten. The song contains the word 'asshole' 243 times. Score ten. According to Timbuk Three we are all arseholes. Score another ten for philosophical insight.

If Simes and the Garfunk had not been such shit hot lyrical wizards they would have probably churned out inane little ditties like this. What a pity they didn't. This is a *great* record.

CHAINSAWRUS WRECKS: Slacey Slacey (*Blood 'n' Guts*)

Oh what a way to start the '90s. Over what sounds like ten drum kits and a thousand guitars a little girl's voice takes us on a nightmare voyage of domestic carnage as Tracy is told to tidy up her goddam room just one time too many.

"Clean up your room girl! That's what my daddy said/ Before I started up my chainsaw and lopped off his head/I said – Don't shout so loud daddy/Your little girl's not deaf/And I kicked his screaming skull around/Then lay down on my bed."

Yes! Wendy James on Angel Dust! Are you reading Jason?!

DREAD ZEPPELIN: Whole Lotta Love (*Birdcage*)

Oh Wow! Is someone taking the piss here? This band's T-shirt features Bob Marley shaking hands with Elvis on a Jamaican flag whilst a zeppelin explodes in the background. The A Side is a terrible reggae verish of "the Led Zep classic". The B Side is an Acid Verish of Jimmy Page's worst reggae trip.

If you don't start the year with this record then your decade's collection is going to look pretty pathtic come 2000. INSANE.

TAD: Woodgoblins (*Glitterhouse*)

Grating guitar frash from a stupendously fat, grunting madman. Back sleeve is by Peter Bagge (buy all the back issues of his nowsadly defunct *Neat Stuff* comic that you can) and this label is something to do with Sub Pop. Produced in part by Steve 'Controvesial' Albini. Not quite as good as it sounds.

HAUNTED GARAGE: Mother's Day (*Sympathy For The Music Industry*)

Including 'Brain In A Jar', 'Incredible Two-Headed Transplant' and '976 Kill'. Fine bump and grind thrash without a specky smidgeon of subtlety, craft, wit or style, nine out of ten. This is what all rock 'n' roll should sound like.

VARIOUS: Scumbait # 1 (*Treehouse*)

Four bands, four tracks a largely disappointing debut for such an interestingly titled series of showcases for the skuzzier end of American rock.

'Shuddup' by Bastards is crap. Probably misogynist crap as well, the only words audible "Shuddup you f—ing bitch". Bit of Dylan steal there methinks. The Cows' 'Danny Is A Faggot' is also crap. But a different sort of crap. It is, as you may have guessed, homophobic crap. The Pagans' live verish of 'Can't Explain' is just crap.

Only 'Burn' by Insane NYC escapes the crap factor. It's a lovely sick grind of a track by the band already known as "the real New Kids On The Block". Otherwise – what's the point of having a bullshit detector when the garage is full of the stuff?

SIXTEEN TONS: 4 Songs (*No Blow*)

Tight, intelligent post-hardcore pop engineered by the silly Steve Albini. Phlegmatic, brittle and spunky, intense as a javelin through the skull whilst listening to Sinnita but a little too derivative to get that much sought after SOTV status.

BLYTH POWER: Better To Bat (*Midnight Music*)

Whooooooo! Whooooooo! Wotta whacky band. Lead singer and whimsical wank lyric writer Josef Porta is:

- a) A former Crass fan.
- b) Named after a Sven Hassel character.
- c) A mate of Atilla The Stockbroker.

Blyth Power make music somewhere between Abba, Steeleye Span and Big Country. This record is pretentious,