

Chili Peppers are not hot

Red Hot Chili Peppers
The Uplift Molo Party Plan
EMI Records

by Christopher J. Cook

This band has a hot reputation right now. Some quotes I've heard which pertain to the Peppers are "The only real rock band in the world today" and "The best sounding music of the loathsome 1980's". I knew that the band was notoriously very raucous and frequently illegal while performing live (for example, bassist and band spokesman Flea has been known to flap out a few bass riffs with his genitalia during gigs). And, admittedly, though the band's debut album met with marginal approval at best from myself, and in spite of the fact that the musical prowess of the male sexual organ is physiologically very limited, I was still semi-interested in hearing this new vinyl effort. I was hoping for a Giga-

intense modern thrash punk masterpiece full of explicitly yet interesting lyrics along with anthem-like rhythms.

Was I ever in dreamland. *The Uplift Molo Party Plan* (which, incidentally, gets my vote for stupid title of the century) reaches a new high in musical lows. This spunk has got to rank right up there among the worst albums of all time. Picture this: if the Beastie Boys bred the Rhythm Pigs, the Red Hot Chili Peppers would be the aborted musical fetus discarded by both embarrassed parents. Their vocal style is pseudo-rap, but this bunch of useless tools are so engulfed in their own musical ineptitude that they cannot even talk the lyrics, much less sing them. The album's cardinal sin is the shameful and total destruction of Bob Dylan's classic "Subterranean Homesick Blues", the massacre of which is so abominable that capital punishment would not be out of order for these imbeciles. Truly sad.

However, in the eyes of the stereotypical



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14-year-old single digit IQ skateboarder kid who wears cycling hats and Vans, the musical analysis of this bilge might be entirely different. A summation such as "Radical, man! Lots of swearing, mega references to drugs and mindless sex, and Beatbox bass that us dudes can break to! Almost as cool as the Beasties! Bitchin'!" could easily spew forth from the mouth of any of these insignificant little lumps of bad cheese that our society is now forever plagued with.

This is obviously the audience that the Chilies are catering to — at least I hope so because I have certainly played the record for the last time. I don't think I remember an album as lyrically and musically abysmal as *Party Plan*. The Red Hot Chili Peppers have now firmly established themselves as members of The Lowest Dregs of Musicology Club, right alongside the Beastie Boys, Springsteen, J.C. Mellencamp, and the Glam Rockers. Congratulations.

The Proclaimers
This is the Story
Chrysalis

review by Stephen A. Noble

*I'm just going to have to hesitate
To make sure my words
On your Saxon ears don't grate
But I wouldn't know a single word to say
If I flattened all the vowels
And threw the "R" away*

The Proclaimers
lan Rankie of the now-defunct Associates once said: "Mind you, I think people take this lark they call 'pop music' all too seriously sometimes." Go to any club nowadays and you'll hear a voice and instruments swathed in the latest technical rubbish in order to make them more appealing, even more interesting. D.J.s arrange records by beats-per-minute in order not to cause your feet and mind too

Proclaimers turn pop on its ear

much inconvenience when the songs change. In short, it has all become so terribly contrived.

But do not dismay, for the Proclaimers have arrived to offer something just a wee bit different. They use real guitars, their own voices and sometimes even a tambourine. They do nothing particularly new, oh no, it has all been done before — but they add their very own Caledonian flavour. Savour it — if you dare!

They come from that mysterious country over the pond, what's its name, the one north of Hadrian's Wall. Ach well anyway, an eccentric native there will tell you it's the capital of England. In interviews, however, the twin brothers who make up The Proclaimers deny the importance of their origins: "Our Scottishness does not matter a f---g

wank to us." Don't believe it though, it's modesty: if you listen closely to the songs, many of the ideas they express are strongly attached to the country from which they hail.

In their almost childishly simple style they not only sing about a profound attachment to football but also about the bitterness and pride that prevail in a country from which so many have set sail for the promised land: "Do we not say we love her? pride that prevails in a country. In a refined brogue they sing about love, the religious temperament and about the hardships of a Scot with a thick accent among those gentlemen from the South.

The critics love them because, quite simply, The Proclaimers bring back a certain thrill to pop music. All too often nowadays, bands

are becoming overwhelmed by the technological aspects of music. Call it "identikit pop" — you have to have that particular drum sound, that particular synthesizer and play at just the right speed in order to catch the attention of a public who listens with only one ear.

The Proclaimers overturn this whole movement with a sarcastic little laugh. Their album could have been recorded on a home tape recorder in their own front room. Nevertheless, the songs boast of catchy melodies to which you can hum along. The lyrics have at one moment a very persuasive wit, then at the next a profound insight. All this results in a type of music that can be taken to any club, any bar or any street and enjoyed by anyone who is not a thorough stiff.

I proclaim that *This is the Story* positively eats the cure, scolds a simple mind, pulls a bunnyman's ears and thumps a u-know-who too, making them all sit up shamefully and listen.

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