

**BELINDA CARLISLE**  
Heaven On Earth  
(MCA)

I'm out of date, man. It's been over a year since I should have reviewed this. Belinda's really just no IN anymore where I come from. Ah, to hell with it, maybe I can still get my two cents in and be heard. After all, we both have the same last name . . . don't we?

I first heard "Heaven Is a Place On Earth" during a rather tumultuous (if I spelled that right it's a blessing) time in my life: for some reason, one part of that song encouraged me to keep going -

*"In this world we're just beginning  
To understand the miracle of living  
Baby I was afraid before  
But I am not afraid anymore!"*

The romanticism of "Circle In The Sand" is in my opinion, what ruins this song. We could have had a half decent '60's type symbolism song, but we have (in actuality) what amigo Darbot refers to as "Commercial Music" and it's not too pretty. Now, if you were asleep due to this song and missed "I Feel Free", pities. It was good.

Flipping to Side Two, we've just managed to get to Belinda's super-flop "I Get Weak" and this I give short shrift, as I do "We Can Change" because neither of these songs truly works.

"Fool for Love" is one of my two favorites on this cassette. Although it's a bit repetitious, the theme and the music is good enough to capture my attention (and I have weird tastes).

My other favorite, "Nobody Owns Me", seems to follow the same pattern that "Fool For Love" does. Reminding one of the infamous Stacey Q's "Two

**FRONT 242**  
FRONT BY FRONT  
(NETTWERK RECORDS)

IT IS ANOTHER NIGHT AT THE DISCO. On the unbearably over crowded dance-floor, Tracy and Nigel exchange pained glances as they continue to be repeatedly jabbed and punched by the mindless automatons that surround them. Their eyes meet for seconds at a time, occasionally braving a smile as some drunken turd falls flat on their face between them. The music is like suffocating in polystyrene crap and they are bored shitless. Resigned to continue to endure their privilege - to have a Saturday night out - they stay with the other sheep, shifting their weight from one foot to the other.

Out of nowhere comes a huge blast of bone-marrow squelching beats; an orgasmic nightmare of sounds and razor sharp samples cascade down onto the petrified clubbers. Nigel and Trace go mental. The plasticene people however bleat in uncontrollable fear. It is FRONT 242.

So it is that when you are extracted from a hot sticky room and placed into the blessed sanctuary of an open meadow, being suddenly surprised by a track from 'Front by Front' after an insipid sludge of all the dross that is sold to the commercial radio stations, it quickly seems o.k. to dance again. Are you like me readers? Do you seem to find that the only time you can dance is when you can safely leave the 'ole brain in a vodka martini on the bar and attempt to give your best impression of an epileptic



Of Hearts" and "We Connect", the two songs are virtually interchangeable, yet "Nobody Owns Me" is the lesser of the two, nevertheless. Ah well. I've just worked this out on electronic keyboard and plan to perform it someday.

I have a few minor qualms about "Love Never Dies". It seems to be a slower version of "We Can Change". But the lyrics are pure genius. What Belinda needs to do is put the lyrics of "Love Never Dies" together with the music of "Circle In The Sand".

wouldn't you just love it if Belinda's writers know how to do this . . . put good lyrics with good music?

Pities, Belinda. Many pities. On a Roger Ebert scale - \*\* 1/2 out of 4.

**Cassandra Carlisle**

stick insect? Well think again, here comes the New Beat.

It hammers, it pulses, it throbs, it makes you jump up and down until you start to leave pieces of your skull on the ceiling. Its bloody magic. Should there be a conspiracy to video tape an ageing English yobboe making a complete dorkoid out of himself, then these might be dangerous times for the likes of me pals! Simply feed 'Front by Front' into any musical conveyance in my vicinity and I can guarantee that you will witness sights bearily fit for human eyes. Throw in a six-pack of Black Horse and the results may well be lethal if not apocalyptic. During 'headhunter' and 'First-in, First-out' my testicles suddenly yearn to be in my basket-ball boots, my right ventricle gets used as a speed-ball by fifteen unseen fists and suddenly my cold disappears quite inexplicably.

**A DOCTOR WRITES**

As a practicing physician, people often ask me - 'Doctor is it dangerous to listen to Front 242?' to which I quite often reply 'Knob off chummy! go out and listen to your slug-pellets.'

Uncle Stevie's guide to the sort of music you need to play if you want to prevent scabs, pustules, and warts from ruining your next dance party (Yo COSMOPOLITAN)

FRONT 242, MINISTRY, SKINNY PUPPY, PUBLIC ENEMY, NITZER EBB, REVOLTING COCKS TACKHEAD, KEITH LEBLANC, SLY AND ROBBIE, LAIBACH (SOME), WISE BLOOD, MANUFACTURE, FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY, 400 BLOWS, A CERTAIN RATIO, SEVERED HEADS

**THE PET SHOP BOYS**  
Intropective  
(Parlophone)

The Pet Shop Boys are one of those ensembles that enjoy the rather unfortunate position of being absolutely adored by the ultra-trendy intelligentia and 45-buying plebs, but absolutely reviled by the young adult consumer of which you, dear reader are probably a member. Chances are if you live and breathe to the tune of anything by nouveau dinosaurs such as the Smiths, Depeche Mode, U2 and any other number of uughhh..... (come on Steve, try and say it!) alt.... alter..... ALTERNATIVE (phew!) bands .... whoa.... hang on a minute (FX: sounds of footsteps into the near distance; a door opens and closes; the muted strains of retching are then heard), then you probably think that the Pelties are neck deep in that stuff sea gulls bring up for their babies. Wrong! The Pet Shop Boys have produced one of the freshest, most imaginative and evocative seepages to have crept out of the corpse of '88.

In the past I fell for the swooning melodies and pitter-patter beat of PSB pretty quickly. But more often than not most stuff lost its flavour. It wasn't long before 'actually' and 'disco' became a little too unspectacular. Listening to these albums was almost like being in a tastefully decorated but spartan room: the immediate effect is enticing but after a while a deep restlessness sets in. On 'Intropective' however, every single track has a whole cupboard full of painfully memorable idiosyncrasies that swell unexpectedly in your heart whether you're on the bag, in a lecture, at the Christmas dinner table or playing racquetball with an old potato. Favourites of mine include 'LEFT TO MY OWN DEVICES' which samples Debussy (fer cryin' out loud!) and allows syrupy harps and chesty tarts to float all around your apartment. For some reason, I can close my eyes to this one and actually believe that I'm flying (what ARE you on?!-Ed.). Next is 'I WANT A DOG' a classically witty variation of the loneliness personified approach. And beats? We gottem! This record starts off like a big cuddly jackhammer at your groin and only takes a few seconds for a breather! A Lawks-a-mercy!

There's one thing Chris and Neil can do as sure as tweaking (as in drug lingo 'Hey! I'm tweaking') and that's to produce a sad reflective ironic beastie that can make you stop what you are doing and stare



"DAMN IT I KNOW THEY'RE IN THERE SOMEWHERE!!" Front 242 TAKE TURNS LOOKING FOR THE CHEWING TOBACCO.

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