



ENTERTAINMENT



Meat for your week! With colour to boot!



MORE SKRATCH
TO SOOTHE
THE
SAVAGE BREAST
ON PAGE 20!

SMITHEREENS Green Thoughts (Capitol)

After building a solid reputation for themselves over the past few years both with admirable efforts on vinyl; the Smithereens bring it on home with this excellent album. I don't think I've been this impressed with an album in the context of lilting melody, clear thoughtful lyrics and an all round pleasant accessibility since REM's 'Lifes Rich Pageant'. The whole endeavour is packed with memorable little betterers that are perfect for moving fluidly about the apartment or peeling back the sun roof and letting the wind finger through your hair. A must.

By NANCY MAXIME

SEVERED HEADS Greater Reward

(Netwerk 12 inch)

MOEV

Yeah, Whatever

(Netwerk Records)



Moev take up a rather important part of my emotional life. Or so it seems. Everytime I am confronted with a potentially traumatic affaire de coeur this bunch come along with a song that I feel obsessed to play on my walkman over and over; resigned to stalk around in a world suddenly plunged into Zeferelli mode. Some years ago it was 'Alibis', the soaring and yet needling accusatory magic that was to provide the backdrop to the end of a tortured relationship. This time it's not so bad (phew!) but my corners are packed with sharp fanged responsibilities threatening to leap at any momentary lapse of concentration. So the soundtrack is now 'The Sentancing' from this wonderful album, 'Yeah Whatever.'

'The sentancing' obviously deals with the interminable gut-wrenching wait for a decision to be made and the structure at the song nicely mirrors the tension and expectation. First of all the musical phrases are repeated over and over (but not to the point of monotony) when suddenly a

breath taking change picks the listener up on a cloud of swirling synthesizer and prickly percussion.

That said, other gems gleam here too. 'Slide' - the tale of decadence, excess and corruption of a friend that packs a spotted handkerchief and heads off to the gleaming metropolis. To its merit, in terms of cinematic suggestion,

part of the song does actually suggest to the listener the approach of a sprawling urban mass through the windows of a grey-hound bus. Again very clever, very moving and great listening.

In terms of value for money we do get 'WANTING' again which has appeared before (Netwerk Sound Sampler -Ed.), but there it has been

revamped to make the song even more moody and subject to brutal contemplation than the original version.

There's always one discontinuity though isn't there? Unfortunately 'Right Hand of God' does not live up to the quality and texture of the other pieces

on this otherwise commendable work, but rather drones and drags quite painfully to the point of irritation. Otherwise 'Yeah, Whatever' is highly recommended.

Severed Heads, singularly consisting of the brilliant Tom Ellard, continues to amaze me with gloriously undisciplined and yet marvellously structured dance music. This time,

Mr. Ellard leaves most of the sqawks, screeches and funny noises in the sampling bin and

goes hell for silicon into a humping good techno beat that puts the new Chicago home boys to shame. The most enticing part of this super track is the primordial bass

motif rumbling about in the background like a brontosaurus with a sore head. When playing the nine (count'em) minute extended

version at volume, be sure to nail down anything that weighs less than twenty pounds if adequate insurance is not available.

By STEVE GRIFFITHS

Read the feature on the following pages. Once finished proceed directly to page 18 for more "MEAT". Do not pass the Social Club. Do not collect 206 beer nuts.