

No Man's Land

"HE WHO PRODS THE BEAST
WILL HEAR IT ROAR"

(KERSWELL 1929)

ENTERTAIN MEAT



GENE LOVES JEZEBEL House of Dolls (Polygram Records)

So the Boss says to me and Stebbins - "Look kids, both of these bands are fronted by twins!! What a deal! Let's get a feature going!"

I groan but Stebbins, who has taken to carrying an obese smelly cat around in his rucksack, sees that one of the albums comes with a picture of two bimbos sprayed with lurex and is off like a shot. My assignment is the latest from the Welsh twins Michael and Jay Aston who are the nucleus of the almost successful quintet, Gene loves Jezebel.

"We've got great songs: songs of intelligence, beauty, sensuality, and that's just the B-sides!" quips Michael but loathe as I am to admit it he's not half wrong. They're a passionate pair to be sure. For as far back as I can remember they've been crooning about subjects loosely centred around those experiences which are similar to having a spontaneous supernova contained within a heaving chest (remember *Always a Flame?*) It's no surprise then to be confronted with a song with the timbre of *Gorgeous* representing the first track. Funnily enough, the boys take the words right out of my mouth ... "It's about that flash of lightning you feel, that impetus when you maybe fall in love with someone across a bar ... everyone is driven by these things." *Gorgeous* and indeed many of the tracks contained herein are bubbly pieces of anemic candy that will have you humming all the way to

that card shop that sells 15x25 foot Valentine's Day cards. Go on. Go down on one knee and sing this to your beloved. They'll probably belt you over the head with the nearest piece of furniture but it'll be worth it. This is a great little number.

Other selections particularly worth mentioning include *Every Door*. A current wake-me-up fave, *Every Door* came seeping through my clock radio the other morning and filled my cold-start brain-box with visions of hazy summer fields replete with cornflowers and daisies even though I knew it had been snowing and I would have to dig the f*cking car out again.

Up There rounds the whole piece off with a sweaty writhing thing that wants to seduce you in the jacuzzi. "It's the most erotic song we've written," they say, "definitely our song in praise of women!" (OOer ... look out - Ed.)

Yes, o.k. purists! It is pop music but by Godfrey there's nothing wrong with that if it is driving, sensual and memorable. These songs are, and what better evidence than being able to say that than when played through a walkman. The mobile punter is suddenly possessed with the urge to whirl around in the road despite the fact that there is an intersection full of evangelists mentally roasting her on a spit.

All of the songs here have a becomingly punchy and yet sensual attitude that for most parts is completely stodge free. For once the press release is right. "House of Dolls" is infectious, refreshingly colourful and naive rock and roll.

Nancy Maxime



THE NILS "The Nils" (Profile/Rock Hotel)

(RCA Records)

If this isn't formulaic Euro disco then I'm going to bury myself in the window box. Nevertheless, whatever choice phrases of nastiness I choose to throw at this rapid piece of non-descript drivel, nothing will not stop it from steam rolling into the top 20 of any nation that has the capacity to accept international news programs sponsored by Hemorrhoid removal cream. It's nasty.

The first song I hear is *Office Party*, which is actually quite a bit of fun because it sounds as if our girls are actually harmonising. *I Just Farted!*: jump around your mattress each morning singing this immortal refrain and every day will be a joy. Your roommate will find you a bit strange though. On the other hand, all the people I live with are bastards anyway. *Aaargh!* On *Remote Control* they're using one of those horrible plastic things that Peter Frampton used to stick in his mouth to make a buzzing noise - it's bloody horrible! Uh-oh ... now they've chosen to fellate Chic's *Le Freak* - and a lot of old crap it is too. It sounds even more dated than the original. This is a feat in itself. *Last Embrace* is, of course, one of those couples engaging on a 5 minute old relationship to storm the dance floor and force tongues down each other's throats. I think my cat Porky summed it all up rather nicely when he threw himself at the wall three times before attempting to stuff himself in Mum's new coffee grinder. He's an excitable animal, but fair. That was side Tu (sic). On side wun (sic again in both contexts) here comes *The Language of Love* which is a 'come on Big Boy: stuff it to me harder' type of affair but is unfortunately watered down to an anemic product that leaves the guitars to ejaculate all over each other to get the idea across. Rather poorly as it turns out. *Hands Off!* tries to get a bit spunky in a Prince sort of way but is in fact something Sheena Easton might not even wipe her bum with. Oh my Gawd *Romance Under the Moonlight* is the last track No! Wait! Porky don't ... get out of the blender ... this one might be good ... it's the last one! MiaaaaaowAaargh! (Stebbins, you'll never write in this town again - Ed.)

NEDDY STEBBINS



STRANGE ADVANCE "The Distance Between" (Current/Capitol)

The press release for "The Distance Between" claims that Strange Advance are "known for their progressive sound, ensconced with bold, creative musical overlays and arrangements." If any of this is true, there's certainly no evidence of it on their third release.

I honestly can't think of one good thing to say about this album. The songs are boring, the singer has a flat, irritating voice that no amount of studio manipulation can salvage, and the production is cold and overblown. The fact that they consider themselves "progressive artists" only makes the whole thing more nauseating. Worst of all, it'll probably sell truckloads.

I think I'll just measure "the distance between" me and the nearest trash-bin.

TOM STILLWELL

TOM STILLWELL



'Rollin' Rollin' Rollin' Keep them letters rollin' Amanda and Cassandra in a pose of misogynist solidarity.