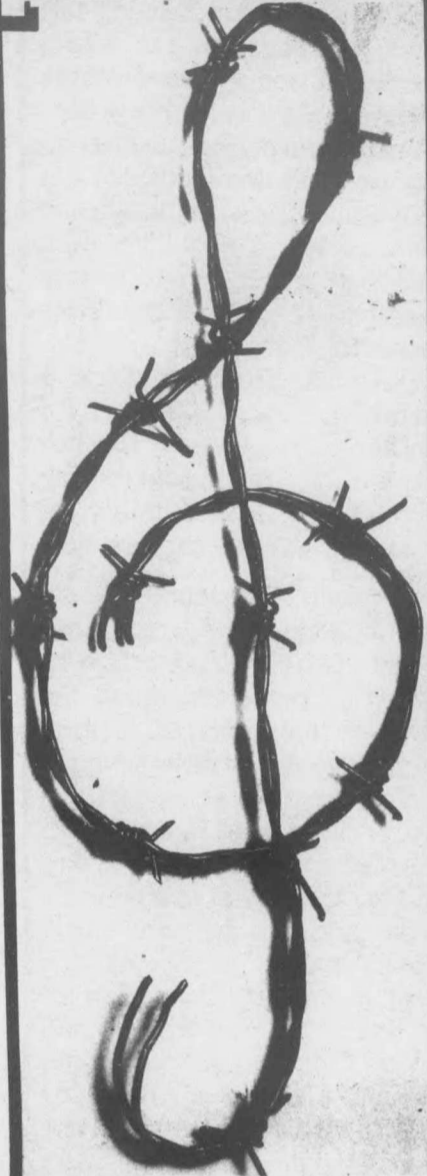


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**ROBYN  
HITCHCOCK**  
Queen Elvis  
(A and M)

Robyn. Agh. I never could stand that name! And how fitting that what very name I hate most (at one point, that was MY name) goes on an album that I loathe just as much. (Pardon? - Ed.)

That's a bit of an exaggeration. Childish X, you shouldn't do that!! In fact, I actually LIKED the first few songs. The vague similarities to (Twilight Zone music) Guns 'n' Roses (AAH!) elude me, for I dearly love electric guitar... as long as it's not accompanied by some hoarse country western guy singing such 'irane lyrics as "Sweet Child O'Mine." Hitchcock does not attempt this for most of the first side. Three songs down the road, at "Knife", he um... it's better said in French. Il l'a raté, KA-PLOWIE!

Look, my mentality is such the Debbie Gibson and the like (scream in pain!) SHOULD appeal to me at the moment. But I am not at the level of brainlessness defined by liking such lyrics as "Here is a knife, a great daggy knife...." and actually finding them DECENT!! Holy - this is CRAZY!! You don't write songs like that without making them angry, depressed, suicidal! Something like "Here is a knife/stained with fears and blood/it makes another kill/at someone like you!" can be acceptable, but... I think we know damn well what a stupid knife looks like.

Artistically, Hitchcock tends to get lost at the intersection at rush hour. His songs repeat to the point where you wonder if the needle in the record player got stuck (until you realize that it's a tape). He's like Cosby - he learns what works, then repeats it -- over and over and over! SCREECH!

I'm not anti-hard rock. I like it WHEN it's WELL DONE! Robyn Hitchcock tried, and I can see the effort in many a song's lyrics, but the point can be best illustrated by an event occurring midway through Side Two.

Normally, I'll put up with sludge on my walkman as long as it's not too sludgy. As long as the tape lasts. I flipped it right out and stuffed in a new tape!

You'd be better off with Gowen.

**BOY GEORGE**  
High Hat  
(Virgin)

"Karma karma karma chameleon, I'll tumble 4 ya..." AGH! That's what I think of when somebody mentions Boy George. Very annoying music. Um, would you like to hear the latest on Hitler Kitty's claw transplant...?

Review the record, Cassandra. Yeah, yeah, yeah.... (That's my friend Deanna. She's studying to be a shrink.) But I don't WANT to review this record. It stinks. They should LOCK IT UP. There's only one good song on the thing!

Think positive, Cassandra. Don't call me Cassandra. Call me... CASSANDRA, I want to hear about the good song. What's it called? "You Are My Heroin." I think we all know why he did that one. The guy was hooked on the stuff. Isn't it obvious...? Get on with it. Whatever. The beat is good, the synth is good, and... oh, forget it.

So, you don't like "High Hat." That's interesting. How does that make you feel? Shut up. Next you'll be asking me for a hundred dollars in shrink fees. I can't afford it. Public opinion dictates that I should be LIKING Boy George. He gets Top 10 and everything. You don't have to like him! You've said time and time again that you hate most pop rock. That's an established fact. Public opinion doesn't count here, though. The world is split 50-50 on Boy George. His music, his looks, his... Oh can it. I don't need psychoanalysis. You're acting like there's a part of me that LIKED "High Hat."

I did. Am I not a part of you, Cassandra? Can it. Deanna. Your a personality component. So what? That doesn't matter. I DID NOT LIKE THE ALBUM. The point is here, we're not quite a separate entity. That was made public in December. "Deanna T. aka Cassandra Carlisle." Deanna T. like "High Hat." Therefore, even though you didn't like it, that should say that we have mixed feelings about the album.

# MEAT



So what? I mean, Boy George is so... so MONOTONE. His songs repeat themselves within and without themselves. He's like a crazy Debbie Gibson.

**CASSANDRA  
CARLISLE**

**FINE YOUNG  
CANNIBALS**  
The Raw and the  
Cooked  
(IRS Records)

Having established themselves as the young Gods of Cappucino swilling trendoes from Tottenham Court Road to the Champs d'Elysees in 1985, it makes you wonder why the fyccies took so long to come back. But return they have, with an album that'll make 'em the icons of the GQ/COSMO readers once more.

But hey- why the cynicism? This is actually a damn fine album. Ex (English) - Beat people David Steele and Andy Cox have a scholarly appreciation for both the ballads and stomp n' grind dance tunes that they were apparently weened on twenty years ago. Its an odd feeling to be sure - sitting there feeling like you should really be playing this on the older brothers mono, watching Mum put the final touches to her mammoth Beehive Hairdo. But then you'll suddenly be surprised by an upbeat version of the Buzzcooks *Ever Fallen In Love* or some other dance floor high stepper that ruins the effect completely.

As always the distinctive vocal style of sometime screen star and heart throb Roland Gift comes across as a slightly castrato Al Jolson, just barely preventing himself from making surprised little noises on dipping his toes in scalding bathwater.

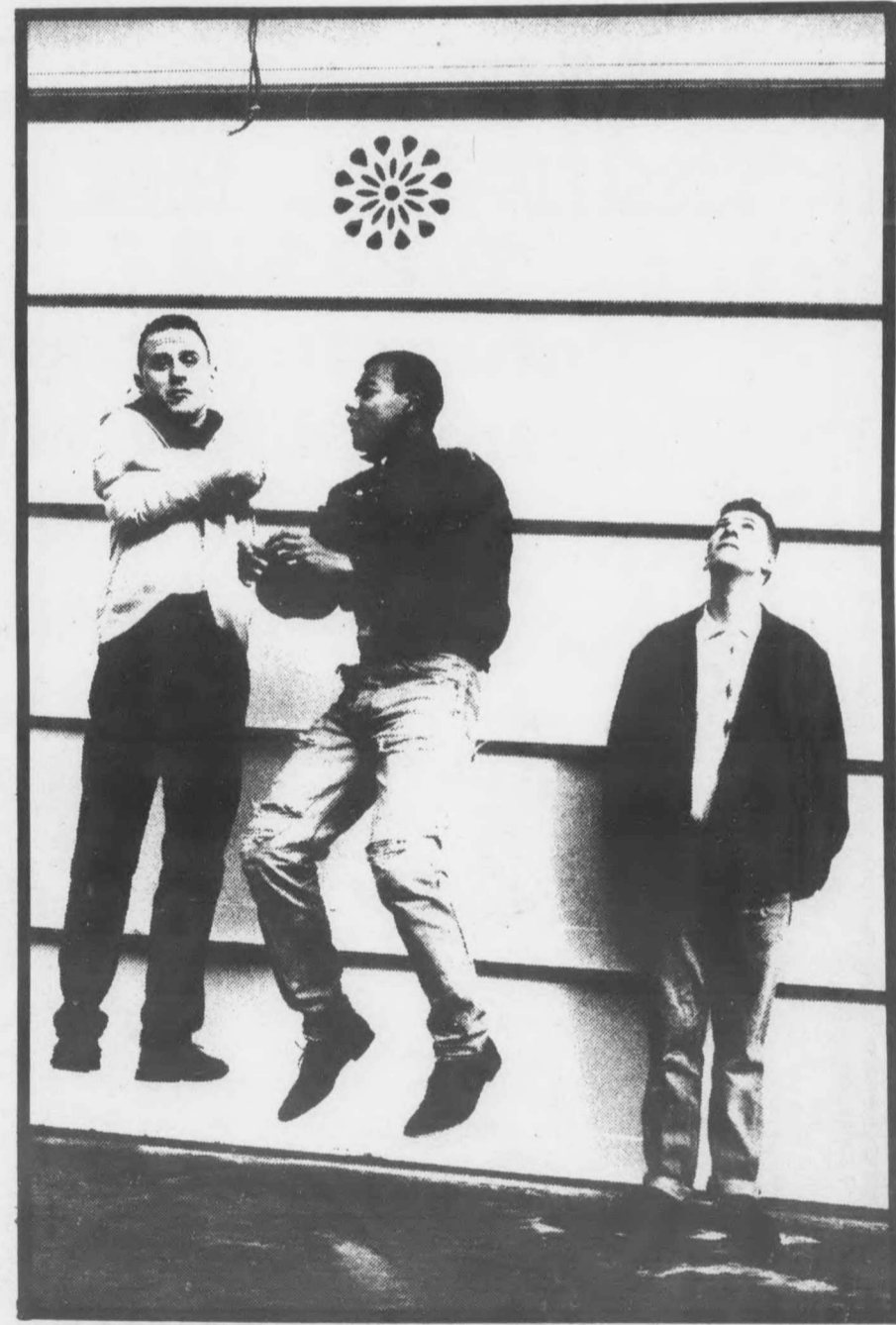
At night we ride the mansions of glory in our suicide machines.

But a rating? This album has been sitting around in my room for yonks now, because I haven't got the foggiest idea what to say about it. In terms of the time to be taken to review an album, really good or superbly bad records can be encapsulated in a rabid gush that takes approximately ten minutes. Sitting here now after about an hour of listening to the blasted thing yet again, I realise

this is quite simply the problem. It sits smack bang (hey! Good name for a film!) in the middle of nowhere.

Sadly I know I'll snap and tap to any number of cuts from the album when I hear them on the radio, but this'll probably be the last time I play the whole album in its entirety. The acid test to be sure.

Steve Griffiths



Andy Cox of the Fyccies, still not impressed by Roland's suggestion to do a Pointer Sisters' cover