



**NEW ORDER
TECHNIQUE
(Factory)**

Loyal **Meaties** may remember recently that I just barely escaped giving **Fine Time** a good slagging. **Fine Time** is the name of this years pretender to the crown of **Blue Monday** but it barely makes it other than something to slip on at the Club. What then would this hold in store for the next album - a whole slab o' gawdawful disco resurrection? Brrr.... the thought left me pimply. **Fine Time** as it turns out is the first cut on **Technique**, and again I fill with dread, clutching an old and battered copy of the utterly fabulous **Low-Life** to

MEAT



**THE DEAD
MILKMEN
Beelzebubba
(Enigma)**

weather the coming storm. But wait a minute.... this sounds a bit of alright!!

Far from being another chapter of **More Heroes Go K-Mart**, **Technique** gradually folds out into a lovely little collection of songs that reflects all that we might expect from a band that has consistently delivered exceptional classics from their beginnings as **Warsaw**, then to the **EXTREMELY IMPORTANT Joy Division** to their current realization. In all, it has been nearly twelve years; that a quality item can poke itself in your face at this point in time is recommendation enough that there is plenty more where this came from.

It's a freshness and sincerity that comes over most eagerly. In the past **Bernard Sumner**, the taciturn and sometimes a little pseudy vocalist, has been proved to either pushing himself a little outside the

expected level of delivery or succumbing to first gear melancholia, tripping up into a rather large pit. This time though, Bernie joins the rest of the band in an altogether more relaxed state of mind - Good Lord are New Order actually enjoying themselves? Quite frankly it does sound like it. Yes of course we are blessed with some of the same old soul searching to a bacon-spitting beat, but these days the barbed cynicism and general moaning is replaced by an effusive warmth. As always **Hookie's** bass-guitar, is one of the most distinctive sounds of the 1980's, bobs around all over the place as if it were a lead instrument, while twangy guitars moody synths and razors-edge percussion all jostle each other around knowing full well that they sound bloody magical.

One of the essential albums of 1989.

Steve Griffiths

I don't know what's wrong with me. I put **The Dead Milkmen's** latest album on, turn up the volume, and lay back waiting to be transported to lord knows where, when suddenly strange alien sounds began to issue from my sonic wonder. (Now think about it: I've read the liner notes. Some guy named **Rodney Amadeus Anonymous**, along with cohorts **Lord Maniac**, **Jasper Thread**, and **Dean Clean**, is going to sing (scream, whine, whatever) material with catchy titles like 'Sri Lanka Sex Hotel', 'My Many Smells', or 'Ringo Buys a Rifle', and I should have no clue as to what to expect?). They fooled me. The screaming, hissing vocals are there. So are the frenetic disjointed song structures. What did surprise me was their devotion to the principle of fun music that should have the staying power of the flavour of the week. **The Dead Milkmen** must have been 'Smoking Banana Peels' when they performed much of the beautifully filthy lyrics to this one. 'Brat in the

Frat' is a ditty with venomous derision for college boys that doesn't even give a hint about the paranoia, perversions (put on your helmet and safety belt Mr. Censor), unbridled materialism, and out and out zaniness that follow as you travel the album's grooves to their conclusion. **Sri Lanka Sex Hotel** is a nasty little dominatrix that'll whip you in shape, just what you needed too after you've received a earful from **Stuart** (I won't even attempt to describe this one, the lyrics insert simply suggests you make up your own words). Those of you who've never understood where the sound comes from in a guitar will be relieved to learn it is from that hole in the wood just as they describe in **The Guitar Song**. I could go on extolling the virtues of songs like 'My Many Smells' or 'Life is Shit', but their titles say it so succinctly (bluntly?). Check it out for yourself and see if this isn't the funniest educational album you've heard in a while. If not from the gutter...

PETER FERGUSON

**RUSH
A Show of Hands
(Anthem)**

I'll get to the point: I hated the album. In fact, I was never a **Rush** fan. **Geddy Lee's** whining-vacuum cleaner vocals gets on my nerves - always has. But when our beloved editor, aware of my preference for live albums, gave me the album to review, I gave it a listen half-hoping to have my opinion of the band raised. That's one of the things I like about live albums aside from their potential emotional energy: they can radically alter your opinion of a band. But not this time.

The bulk of the album's 14 songs, recorded during **Rush's** 1988 **Hold Your Fire Tour**

are strikingly moribund renditions. I was expecting to be pulverized by crashing drums and banshee vocals (and hating it). Aside from **Time Stand Still** which I liked, the music pattered, dipsey-doodled, moseyed... you get the picture... little emotional intensity. But what do you expect from a band that's had so much success in selling its sub-space transmissions to a largely uncritical audience?

The inclusion of the laughable **The Rhythm Method** has to be the low point of the album. I thought drum solos were dead (this one turned out to be). I guess the band has decided not to grow up, or take chances. They seem quite content to maintain a golden pattern and wait for a new crop of kiddies to fill the void left by the "graduating class".

PETER FERGUSON



Here he is Gals!! Mr. New Brunswick 1989 and cover star of the new Dead Milkmen album