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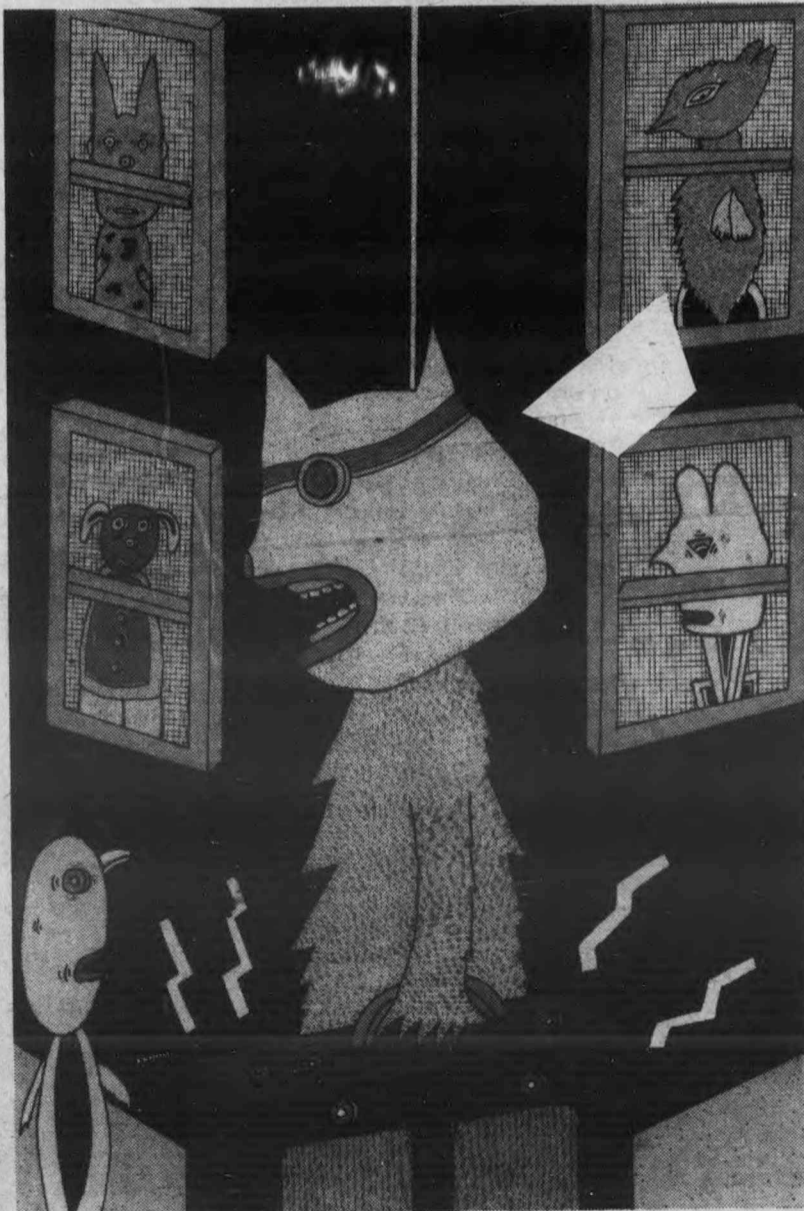


Illustration for ColdCut by Mark Beyer

# MEAT

CHRIS N' COSEY

TRUST

(Network)

So I'm sitting in the big comfy chair in the sitting room with the little pandas on it thinking about the general scope of this review. Suddenly - SKRAAAK! - PLATOOOIE! My idiot cat Porky bursts through the Japanese paper lantern wearing our favorite Darth Vader helmet (the one that has "Downey" written across it in blood red) and proceeds to engage in what appears to be an act of copulation with one of those flowering cacti that Mum has put next to that picture of us winning last years "how-many-peanuts-up-your-nose" contest on the Northside. In his peculiar way my little pal is trying to provide me with some inspiration. First of all this record is kinda creepy in a science-fictiony kinda way. I suppose we'd best call it electro for the time being until some knob-end thinks of a better term for it. But mostly its about sex. Throughout, the Dietrich-sounding Cosey Fanni Tutti (for it is she) grabs hold of a metaphorical stiffy and rubs it and polishes it until the whole room is awash in warm porridge (watch it Stebbins, - Ed.) She breathes, she purrs, she turns me into a quivering pile of that stuff that builds up between your toes after a particularly vigorous grape squashing. Its the bollocks!

Chris Carter, we presume, does most of the arranging and most proficiently too I must say. To keep the crap science fiction cliché going, here is an instance where you shouldn't pop your best-mates around the ear with a pumpkin because it reminds them of BladeRunner, because it does.

After the initial bout of nihilistic stemmy-ness brought on by this record however, depression begins to set in. You can only listen to this sort of music for so long before I have to restrain Porky from heading off in the direction of that large bottle of bleach under the sink. "Trust" was a beautifully destructive feel to it but like many naughty thing it should be used with discretion.

Slip in (Crikey!) "Deep Velvet", "watching you" or the title track itself at your next supamegabastardgonzoid mutha-electro dance party between Front

242, In Sotto Voce and the Mandrell Sisters and see if I'm not a complete tit-head for suggesting it in the first place.

## COLD CUT

What's that noise

(ahead of our time records)

Take half a cupful newsfootage. Sprinkle liberally with 50's American B-movie clips. Finely dice up a truck load of crap discs songs and smooth into an even paste with the sort of noises that camels make when they fart in biscuit-tins and the caucophony that erupts when I forget Porky likes to sleep in the spin-dryer. Staple gun all this nonsense together with an ice pick and 120 beats per minute and something should roll out of the microwave that looks vaguely like a Cold Cut production.

Yes it's brutally trendy right now to use this sort of recipe to produce a potential hit, and we owe quite a lot of this to Jonathan More and Matt Black, two London DJ's that melded as one plagiaristic monster about four years ago to form this extremely creative force in contemporary music.

Me n' th' Porkmeister used to chew up the older stuff, which basically involved Matt and Jon going mental in the outtakes bin, with absolute relish. But here is an opportunity to see how they do with those wretched hit singles. Would it be puh-yookes ville or it would it be the stuff that soiled keks are made of? First off there are some nasty CIHI-ready types on this platter, 'People Hold On' and 'Doctorin' 'The House' are staple examples. Still I suppose if you've just stuffed your bonzo full of E and dropped a tanker-load of speed (as they're wont to do in Blighty STILL after two years of nightclub abuse) then it doesn't really matter. The clever

F/X only barely manage to save these songs from flopping around in the ash tray like a reanimating gob of fluorescent phlegm. 'My Telephone' though....PHEW CRIKEY! LUVADUCK This one makes the headchees fly with gay abandon. 110 of the biggest meatiest beats cajole u through every phone effec (thanks Steinski!) Wunder kind Lisa Stansfield, a big time star in her own right, floats over the top JUST perfectly. Other highlights include the jungl-mondo-bongo of 'Stop this Crazy Thing' (which recently sent the under-fours on a nutty riot at a camp party) and 'Whiel Doctor' which bops hard but makes you wonder if someone is following you into the washroom to do the business with the Bulgarian Umbrella. And who should turn up on side but the tedious messiah Marl E. Smith form 'The Fall' In keeping with Smithy's style Cold Cut let him whine through a megaphone for three minutes and accompany him with one of the most jarringly boring electronic arrangements you'll hear this side of the speaking clock. It's not good.

Nevertheless it gets Porky doing his 'spastic metronome-impression on the hanging bougainvillea, and that must count for something. We say 'It's a hit!' Dad says 'get the bloody crap off or I'll throttle the both of you with my bare hands!!' What further endorsement do you need?

NEDDY STEBBINS