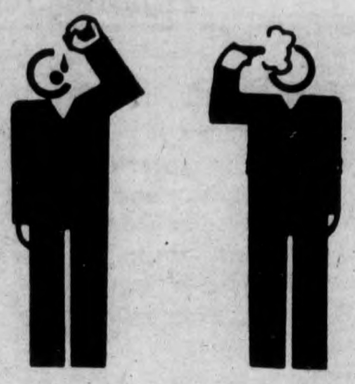
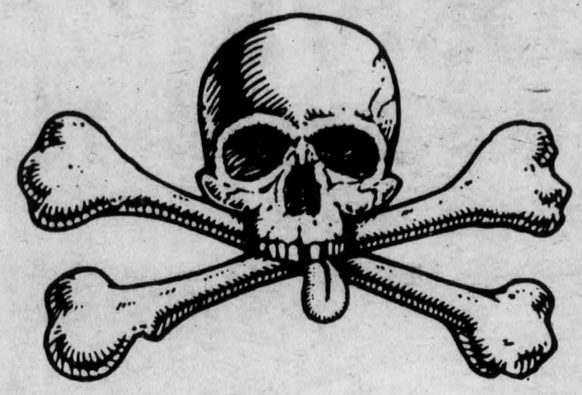


Sickness, Suicide, Death

OINK! ENTER-TAIN ON MEAT



THE GRIEF IS BACK

By STEFAN GREER

THE BØLSHØI

LINDY'S PARTY *(POLYGRAM RECORDS)*

From London, England then come the Bolshoi: veterans of several well crafted albums and yet still completely anonymous to all but their immediate relatives and the record company that hopes that they will be the next Psychedelic Furs. This is actually quite a shame because this four-piece overtly commercial little outfit have packaged on this most recent release a collection of tunes that have more hooks than a live bait tin deserves. While steadfastly evading the need to employ any significant degree of conscious thought, many of these songs are custom made to grace the soundtrack of one of those now out-of-vogue Yank movies about confused high school children that John Hughes used to sire every other bowel movement.

The opening track *Auntie Jean* is a reasonably good indication as to the general trend of the album. Here a very catchy backbone structure is overladen with spartan bursts of brooding synth to accompany lead vocalist Trevor Tanner who tries to alternate between a sinister and whimsical delicacy but never really reaches either extreme.

There certainly is an unmistakeable similarity to the aforementioned Furs though. Nowhere is this more apparent than on *Crack in Smile* where Tanner adopts an obviously Butlerian nasal whine-out.

A roguish nature rears its pixielike noggin in *Swings and Roundabouts*; a lithesome little creature that insists on employing a collection of drongoid idiots halfway through the proceedings to chant "1, 2, 3. . ." in deference to points of importance to the lyricist. The effect is to ruin the song completely.

T.V. Man could have been an apt platform to voice concern about the effect of idolatroy and small screen violence but instead stumbles around rather clumsily clutching a Clint Eastwood scrapbook and fails to achieve anything except to convice us that whoever is writing this rubbish has: a) sidestepped the issue completely and b) isn't particularly well read.

With careful manipulation I'd bet a major success for this band within the next two releases. They're a hardworking band with an apparently excellent live show. They're also big in places like France, Germany, and Italy but seeing save of the mindless kack that wallows around in the charts there I wouldn't feel so pleased about that.

All told though, this album is evidence enough that the Bolshoi are capable of creating at least a couple of decent snappers that are irresistable to dance to in a "Top of the Pops" sort of way.

What is disturbing to me though is the overall lack of maturity or lyrical content and a rather montonous structure to most of the compositions. This is certainly something that will have to be carefully attended to if the Bolshois want to jump into Billboard nirvana as is so painfully obvious at this stage of the game.

IN THE REALM OF A DYING SUN

DEAD CAN DANCE

(4AD RECORDS)

A GREY AND WINDSWEPT OCTOBER DUSK, A BEACH RELENTLESSLY POUNDED BY A VICIOUS TIDE: DESERTED SAVE FOR A LONELY WAIF DRESSED IN A LONG DARK HOODED SHAWL.

Such was the image summoned by the haunting refrain of *Dreams Made Flesh* one of the few compositions worth writing home about on the 1984 4AD get together "It'll End In Tears" by the ship sailing under the banner of "This Mortal Coil". The young lady responsible for this classic of forlorn grief turned out to be a young Australian lass called Lisa Gerard, the better half of Brandan Perry who together constitute the flawless Dead Can Dance.

Try as I might to wax lyrical about the visions to be achieved on listening to this latest release by Gerard and Perry, nothing I can write will ever stand up to the baroque beauty and swirling majesty that are to be found on this excellent album, In The Realm Of A Dying Sun.

For the uninitiated let me explain -- not of the fizzy pop or bile spitting hard core is this genre but a rather perplexing mixture of minimalist classic and ethnic influences yielding a cinematic evocation that will alternatively take your breath away in one instant and leave you melting onto your collection of mediaeval prints the next. Dramatic horn and drum herald Lisa's soul scouring vocals on *Dawn of the Iconoclast* that threaten some kind of apocalyptic nemesis hitherto only experienced in Revelations. *Contara* follows immediately after with a simple reflective melody that provokes alarming acid flashbacks of childhood nostalgia. . . but suddenly we're galloping over the ruins of an unspecified Eastern civilization under the backdrop of a crimson sky. Phew! Rock n' roll!

My favourie though is *Summoning of the Muse* a monster of Machiavellian proportions that hits the defenceless pupil head on with a maelstrom of bells, strings, and timparis allowing Gerard to swarm all over us again with a voice that belongs off the coast of Cornwall luring lovesick matelots to a painful and untimely demise.

For those of us that like nothing better than to immerse a tortured psyche into a seething mass of sweet melancholy, this is one of the best records of this badly diseased decade of filth, corruption and despair.