

COMING SOON. WEAR 'THE MEAT' ON QUALITY MERCHANDISE. THE COOLEST GEAR THIS SUMMER WILL BE AVAILABLE IN NEXT BRUNS. COLD LAMPIN'!

ENTER-TAIN MEAT

ERIC AMBEL
Roscoe's Gang
(Enigma Records)

Hoooeee! Here comes Buddy-Joe and the boys in that old pickup truck that allus stinks of them jinxing hawgs he keeps over at 'ole Ma Riley's place. **HAW HAW HAW!**

"Hey Bud! Hows it hangin' by Godfrey you old stoat! Why yass sir, I do believe I'll stick this here funnel in mah craw and stuff this pint in it! **Hee-Haw-Haw!**"

Yessirree! There 'aint nuthin' better than being wedged between the siskins brothers with that old Gawd dashed blue tick coon hound trying to pump on mah leg from the tool box **YEE-HAW-HAW!**

"**Hey! Hey** -! Cissy-May! Y'all like chicken? Cos' if'n you do.....taste this it's foul! **He-He-He**"

Yup, them long afternoons round about Noonan way sure wuz the greatest. Barely had time to release a torrent of sexist epithets before 'ole Bud (Buddy the Boob we allus used to call him. **HEE-HAW!**) would turn his John Deere cap all th'way backwards and slap on this 8-track of some good 'ole boy going by the name of **Eric Ambel**. Eric got hisself one purdy lickin' buncha hanchos and his guitar! - Lard me up and tie me to a five bar if'n he caint pick out them tunes. Why he can get us all rawkin' up the baccy juice with "*If you gotta go, go now*" and "*Don't Wanna Be Your Friend*" and then get us blubberin' into our mustaches with some soulful renditty of which the name momentarily escapes me, sir.

That 'olc Boob says this here music cassette is called **Roscoes Gang** and I got me a mind to forgo on a case of **Black Hose** and just grab a holt of some o' that rockin' gumption.

"**Hey! Hey!!** whoa there Buddy-boy! that was old Mr. Stebbins you just done run over back there!!"

He-he-he! Aint life a riot?

STEVE GRIFFITHS

DEAD CAN DANCE
The Serpent's Egg
(4AD Records)

It is dusk. The remnants of the shattered castle on the bleak horizon still smoke in reflection of the futile battle carried out the previous day. All around lay the evidence of bloodshed and destruction. With the faint breeze that tousles the widows hair about her tear-stained face, comes the ominous bass drone - soon to be accompanied by the beautiful wailing torment of the woman now surveying the devastation wrought by her husband, her sons that now lay scattered across the blasted heath, providing wretched sustenance for the multitude of night-black ravens that feast on the only spoils of war.

Such is the image produced for me by the opening piece on **The Serpent's Egg**, a truly remarkable record that seeks to wrench the listener's heart out with such a savage melancholy that, at the end of the experience, one is left gasping for breath.

But beautiful it is. **Lisa Geraud** and **Brendan Perry** have once again produced such an extraordinary opus that, if one is not careful, any other record seems to pale into insignificance if played within the same afternoon.

As always, it is certainly very difficult for someone such as myself to describe or even justify the place of such a record in the company of the modern contemporary music that is traditionally given a perusal on these pages.. But if one is prepared to accept The Serpent's Egg for what it truly represents, namely a haunting and ethereal manifestation of some of our darkest emotions, then it will reward the listener with countless hours of gripping entertainment of such profound depth that quite frequently the feelings of transcendental exhilaration and chilling fear will coalesce to invoke such intense passing that any novice to the work of **Dead Can Dance** might well be warmed to exercise caution.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

BLACK
Comedy
(A and M Records)

Today, in an age when some of us might get a little disenchanted with the continuing reign of pretty faces, tits and throwaway drivel in the Kronos world of Pop, might sometimes comes as a blessed relief to learn that, caught up in the miasma, there is an individual that represents an uncompromising talent.

This is the impression left upon the chart weary veteran after taking the trouble to listen to '**Comedy**', the second album to be executed by **Colin Vearncombe**, the driving force behind the English combo known simply as Black.

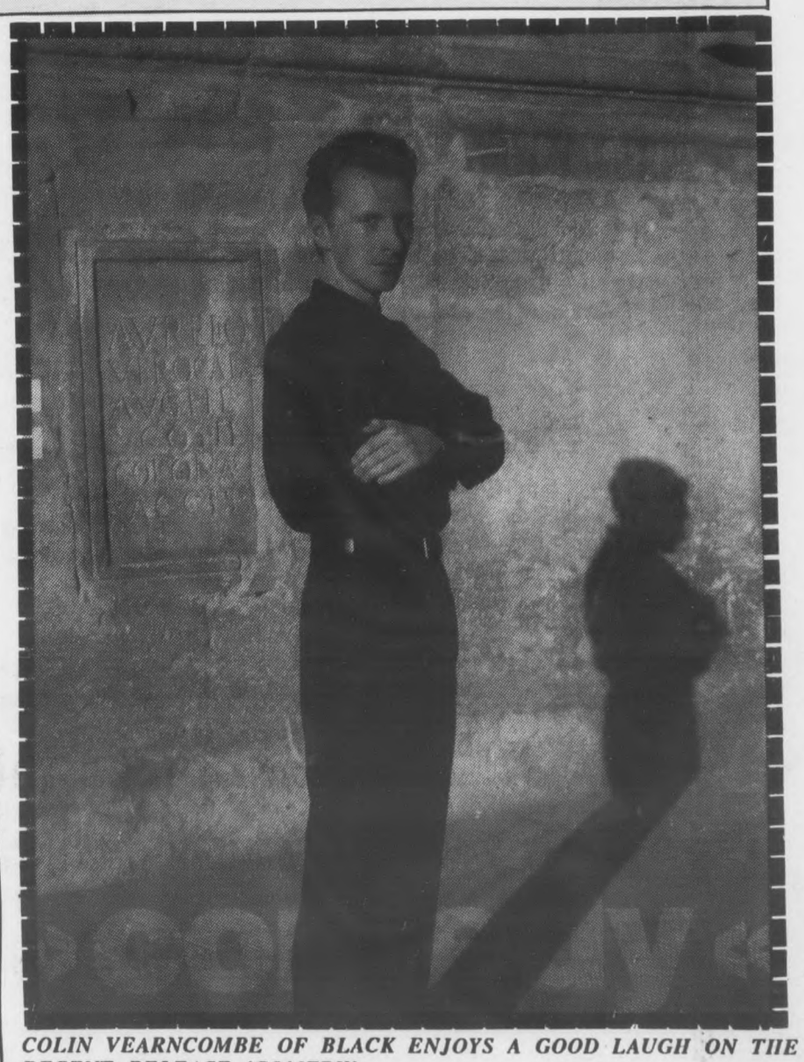
It's true. If you're out for skull imploding thrills and nearly fatal whallops to the spinal column, you won't find it an **Comedy**. What you will find however, is a veritable text book on how to build a memorable piece of pop music: simple but poignant lyrics, infectious and immediately accessible tunes, and a superbly lush production that quite obviously suggests that at no point has some bastard of a financial megalomaniac studio team been able to get its festering talons on a bag of stuff that eventually shimmers like a treasure trove flung open to the morning sun.

The more stingy amongst us will undoubtedly have a gripe that **Comedy** actually includes reworkings of songs included on the debut album (**Wonderful Life, Sweetest Smile**) which was released about two years ago. This is not altogether a bad thing however, since different facets of each song became more accentuated this time around, providing the listener with a chance to look at what are again, songs of pristine quality from a different perspective.

The first album simply entitled '**Black**' was also reviewed in **The Brunswickan, and at the time I strangely** anticipated that it wouldn't be very long before a multitude of big name acts came knocking at **Colin's** door for the chance to wrestle with any one of the songs on that album. This is an odd thing to say obviously, since after I've praised the chap to the rafters, to suggest that somebody else should do cover versions sounds a bit naff. What I was really driving at perhaps was that throughout his work, Black's delivery bubbles a little under the line that finely divides the world of sobriety and the knees-up of the pop single and I would be very interested to see just what somebody like the **Pet Shop Boys** or **Shirley Bassey** (sic) could do with something like '**Everything's Coming Up Roses**'.

The debut is the better of the two albums, but **Comedy** would undoubtedly be a valuable addition to the collection of a music lover from any persuasion.

STEVE GRIFFITHS



COLIN VEARNCOMBE OF BLACK ENJOYS A GOOD LAUGH ON THE RECENT RELEASE 'COMEDY'.