

New album releases

STOCK, HAUSEN AND WALKMAN Ventilating Deer (Hot Air)

THE NAME alone should warn you this is not an act that takes itself, or its listeners, seriously. If a label is required for SHW's output, experimental easy-listening hip hip would be apposite; sample-heavy but cheesy half-formed doodles that amuse, initially (*Upset*) but quickly grate (*Feather*). There is simply not enough invention or imagination here. The album glories in subverting an already thoroughly subverted genre but adds next to nothing. That this Salford duo (said to be fun live) have managed to insinuate themselves in the affections of peerless cheesemongers such as Pulp and Lady Miss Kier, as well as the marvellous Mouse on Mars, ought not to deceive you, because what condemns this album is its lack of warmth – you never completely escape the impression that its progenitors are laughing, not with you, but at you. – PC



DELICATESSEN There's No Confusing Some People (Viper)

LEICESTER QUARTET Delicatessen have been a perennial mid-table second division indie act since they launched back in 1994. Their reference points look good on paper – Cave, Bukowski, Waits – but the reality is that they have never demonstrated that level of songwriting ability. *There's No Confusing Some People* is their third longplaying strike, nine songs whose titles – *Psycho*, *Cruel Country*, *He Killed Himself In 1980* – skirt familiar territories of madness, guilt and depravity, but fail to deliver even the cheapest of thrills. *Psycho* teases out a halfway memorable tune but the arrangements throw few interesting shapes in to the shadowplay. Delicatessen imagine themselves soundtracking your nightmares, a gothic lounge act playing twice-nightly sets in your subconscious. Instead they are the cue for an early night. – MP



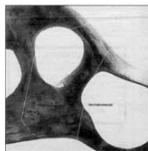
ADD N TO X On the Wires of Our Nerves (Satellite)

ON THIS slack-jawed analogue debut, Add N To X have seized every synth from the Jurassic era that has been dumped in a scrap-metal yard. After some fanciful jiggling around, a malfunctioning Moog symphony has been concocted that verges on lunacy. The incriminating articles are tracks such as *Grey Body*, *Green Gun*, which conjure up images of grunting Metal Mickey hippopotamuses taking a mud bath and *Nevermind*, with its digital hardcore-style killer gnat hisses. These sounds are more disturbing than William Burroughs's drugfuelled dreams. Yet there is more to this album than the obvious Krautrock influences that seep through the blips and bleeps. Add N to X ooze with personality, and there is a kinky glam essence buried in the rusty circuitry of their synths, making tracks such as *Hit Me* a digital tease. – VV



BLACK JAZZ CHRONICLES Future Juju (Nuphonic)

FOR SEVERAL years, producer, remixer and club DJ Ashley Beedle has recorded his own music under numerous pseudonyms including the Disco Evangelists, X-Press 2, Ballistic Brothers and Black Science Orchestra. Black Jazz Chronicles, his first solo project, shies away from his trademark dancefloor-orientated tunes and draws instead on dub, jazz and funk influences, which are often set to Eighties-style electro beats or laid over rhythmic, tribal drums. As a result, the debut album, *Future Juju*, is an hour of beautifully crafted, intense, atmospheric music. However, while *Snooky's Spirit*, the Fela Kuti-tinged *Dope Stuff* and *Ancient Future* are individually hypnotic, over the length of the album, the subtle moods struggle to sustain the listener's optimum interest. A charming distraction, nonetheless. – LV



THE SEX PISTOLS We Have Come for Your Children (Castle)

AN INTRIGUING slice of punk history, hauled from soundman Dave Goodman's archive. The Pistols were the most incendiary rock'n'roll band ever to hold real power, and this warts-and-all compilation shows them at their spunkiest and venomous best. As well as snotty live cuts, such as *No Lip* and *No Fun* ("You must be f**king mad wanting more of us"), there are demos of *Pretty Vacant* and *Submission*, and the tantalising "ultra rare mystery track", *Revolution in the Classroom*. *Suburban Kid* has Rotten at his sneering best; *Here We Go Again* is Cook and Jones in power-pop mode, with a lyrical nod to punk cred ("How far can you spit?"). There are also American radio ads ("They said no one could be more bizarre than Alice Cooper...") and the notorious Bill Grundy interview ("Go on, say something outrageous..."). – PH



GUY CHADWICK Lazy, Soft & Slow (Setanta)

SOMETHING OF a surprise, this one. Chadwick's jangling guitar band, The House Of Love, fractured in 1993 and a deafening silence ensued until out of the blue he re-emerged last year with an unexceptional single. It created no great expectations of his debut solo album, yet *Lazy, Soft & Slow* turns out to be a polished gem. There is a distinctly Sixties flavour to Chadwick's brand of singer-songwriting – the shimmering and sultry *One of These Days* and *Soft & Slow* bear the influence of the cult singer-songwriter Nick Drake; *Crystal Love Song* recalls the neglected rock singer Al Stewart and *Close Your Eyes* sounds like a Donovan lullaby. The result is as fragile as gossamer and as gentle as the beat of a butterfly's wings. Not an album to crank you up on a Saturday night but definitely one for chilling out on a Sunday morning. – NW



Lees bij de volgende vragen steeds eerst de opgave voordat je de bijbehorende tekst raadpleegt.

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2p 45 □ Welke twee albums worden negatief beoordeeld? Noteer de titels.