

OHIO: Vitamin Oho/Dream of the Indolent Band—Baroque electro-pop! For some reason I've never been able to explain, I really like OHIO. This cassette contains their last two studio albums (neither of which has seen release on vinyl). Definitely worth a try. Available for \$5 from: GOHOG Records/OHO Music, PO Box 10625, Towson, MD 21204.

Scientific Americans: Some Dumb Fucks from Somewhere or Other-Beyond—Eccentric and insistent, these guys are not as the title would have you believe. A little Zappa, a bit of Residents, a lot of chutzpah and a machine for a drummer. A modified version of this tape will be available through Reach Out. 200 quality dubs are available for \$5.50 from the Sci Arts at PO Box 504, Amherst, MA 01002.

The All Vegetable Orchestra's **Goosefish Symphony** cassette came accompanied by a beautifully printed sheet describing the piece as "Music that moves like oil across water composerless, conductorless, spontaneously improvised by 42 musicians and non-musicians." I can't add much to that. Not the Portsmouth Sinfonia. \$10 from: Salt Works Press, PO Box 2152, Vineyardhaven, MA 02568.

and a recording of each member of the Village People saying, "Hello, Fast Forward." A subscription to FF costs \$14 for three issues (air).

The Book of Intsuu is the title of a three-cassette epic from Scotland. It's a folk-rock-opera that recounts some interesting Basque mythology. David Allen is one of the musicians. Each tape costs three pounds British. Write to: Juan de Arkobia, Tuarach, Balquhiddier, Scotland.

Fantasya is a tape of electronic environmental sounds by Michael Genet. There was no information included about the instruments or sound sources, but some of it might be anything from birds to a bottle organ. Write: Michael Genet, PO Box 372, Mount Shasta, CA 96067.

Bernard Xolotti: Journey to an Oracle—Song titles on this lushly packaged 60 minute cassette include "Nearing the Gates of Eleusis," "Baroque Refuge," "Descending Phases," and "L'Eternal Retour." According to the liner notes "all notes were played by hand." Grandiose synthesizers. Write Bernard himself at PO Box 31/593, San Francisco, CA 94131, or order this or other "New Age Music" tapes from: Fortuna Records, 11 Kavon Court, Novato, CA 94947. —Jean Grey

features some of the moodier side of late model British noise. Groups include: Rema Rema, Eyeless in Gaza (both with other vinyl releases available) and A House, among others.

The Marine Girls' Beach Party is my favorite tape this year, maybe ever! It comes packaged with xerox and hand-art covers, drawings, fortune-telling devices, and even an exciting game, "Race to the Shed." The band is made up of four girls, Gina, Alice, Tracey, and Jane. The notes say the tape was recorded in January and April of 1981 "in the luxurious surroundings of Pat's shed" which may explain why the object of "Race to the Shed" is to "get to the shed before anyone else, especially Patrick!" (Patrick is obviously a BOY). The music is engaging, competent, and most of all fun. The sound is reminiscent of The Shaggs and The Raincoats (could "Gina" be Gina Birch of the Raincoats?). There are 15 songs, with singing, beach sounds, guitar, percussion and minimal production. All great. Every girl (and boys too) ought to have one and listen to it twice a day. —Jean Grey

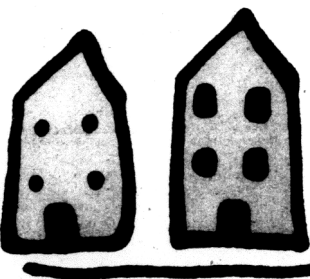
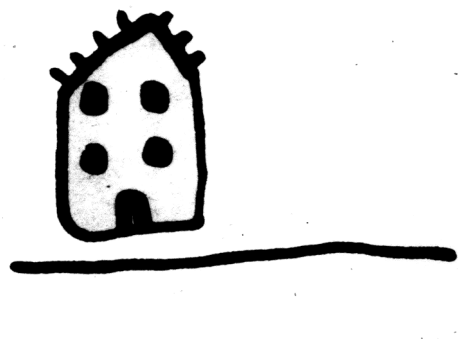
this is a cottage industry at some school... I hope there's more to come. Songs include "New Chinese Funk," "Dub Crawling Crab" and "Cum Up Yo & Co." You might try to contact these mystery folks at: Naffi Headquarters, 157 Queens Drive, Newton-Le-Willows, Merseyside, WA 12 OLN, UK (or through Rough Trade).

The new issue of **Sub Pop** (#5) has been released as a C60, that comes packaged with an exquisite mini-fanzine. It's a compilation of U.S. groups mostly from the Northwest and Midwest. A real American joyride, standouts include: Neo Boys (Portland), Nurses (Washington, D.C.), and the Sport of Kings (Chicago). No filler material. The micro-zine has all the addresses for the bands, too. Send \$4 to: Sub Pop, PO Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507.

That's it for this one. Keep sending those cassettes, I'll keep writing about them.



CASSETTES



INDEPENDENTS INTERNATIONAL

by Nigel Burnham

Le Rock Francais is showing quite a few signs of aspiring to greater things, this time in the shape of Ici Paris, whose 12" EP (Gaumont, 24 Rue Jacques-Dulud, 92200 Neuilly-sur-Seine, France) is superior French cuisine well worth checking out. Intriguing chanteuse Marie, fronting a fusion not completely misrepresented when described as "a cross between Edith Piaf and Motorhead" excels on "La Fosse De Ton Retour," while on the title track urging the listener to "Twist A Paris." OK Marie, we'll wait.

West Yorkshire band **The Archaic Smile's** "Last Words" (16 Woodlands, East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorks.) is a different kettle of fish altogether—a "sub-Joy Division/PIL" if you don't like such things, "in the tradition of Joy Division/PIL" if you do. Either way it's a creditable debut.

Spanking new coast combo **Indians in Moscow**, as it happens, has a disc of its own to proffer: "Only Natives," described by at least one local critic as "Kraftwerk with a girl singer" but worth an earful of anyone's decibel intake. Songstress Adele, Big Pete and northern cult figure Cozy invite comments on the long-term plausibility of all-synthesizer bands along with your cheques, cash or postal orders (no stamps) for the record. Write, if you will, to Woodlands, Westbourne Road, Hornsea, North Humberside UK.

Holed out in Australian one-horse town Wollongong, synth duo **The Sunday Painters** are runaway winners of my Prize for Gall—thanks to their utterly outrageous interpretation of "Rebel Rebel." Recorded on Akai (one-track?) at "vox" Peter Raengel's home, the disc is more worth hearing for B-side "In My Dreams," a friendly dirge in memory of mirthless reflections of sunken days. By all accounts, Raengel is one of those have-synthesizer-will-travel kind of dudes who do everything once and end up with masses of "q.v." references in rock compendia—so write now (60 Gilmore Street, Wollongong 2500, N.S.W., Australia) before he tunes in to elitism.

Yugoslavia's **Electricni Orgazam**, a five-piece resident in Belgrade just had their eponymous album released by Jugoton Records. Call it Yugo-punk or keyboards-orientated minimalism, the results are as interesting as the translated lyrics are bizarre. Bassist Marina Vulic—a sort of Euro Tina Weymouth—or vox Srđjan Gokjovic are the people to write to: Carrila Principa 9, 11000 Belgrad, Yugoslavia.

Redefining minimalism yet again is the frugally recorded "Pink and Purple" by mysterious Dutch consortium **O.R.D.U.C.** (New Bulwark, Postbus 70, 7580 AB Losser, The Netherlands). This album, pressed in emerald green vinyl, makes D.A.F. sound positively MOR in its urban fusion of computerized industrial noise and a broken English vocal. Nicko Selen, who writes good letters, is your addressee.

New Zealand's **The Playthings** (write: Oliver Scott, 8 Rutherford Street, Woolston, Christchurch, New Zealand) are what I call promising, their "Coloured" single oozing the kind of class one usually identifies with bona fide emergent rock talents. Recorded live, a simplistic four-note hook (catchy and hypnotic if you get off on such things, monotonous and irritating if you don't) dominates the ditty, vocalist Jay (or Janine?) proffering some highly literate lyrics at competitive decibel levels. Would that they were not—for purely geographic considerations—already probably consigned to the ash-bin of history.

Lastly—in defense of compilations—we return to that shimmering citadel of global rock culture, Hull. Not content to settle for a reputation as the place where Mick Ronson, Robert Palmer, Wreckless Eric, Snips and Johnny Solo (Johnny Solo?—you know, the guy who won that NME/

Nick Lowe talent contest!) cut their teeth, it's now intimating that rock rules as rowdily as rugby. Not that "Mrs. Wilson's Children" (Brazen Productions, 11 Ash Grove, Beverley Road, Hull) doesn't have its fair share of duff tracks. Just that the good ones compensate—with interest. It's a sad reflection on this compilation-saturated rock "territory" of ours that the crapola compilations give the medium a bad name, and make many a critic perceive the stuff as unreviewable. Sure, they're boring to review—and syntactically difficult to review—but anyone who takes a gratuitous, cynical yawn when presented with a compilation is just being plain dumb. Given that there are far too many bands in the UK for the rock industry to support, most of them—especially the geographically disadvantaged ones—have to settle for a slot on a sampler, because (a) in the age of the video demo, the majority of cassette demos are just a waste of time; (b) vinyl has a chance of being reviewed—tape has no chance and (c) vinyl has a chance to airplay—tape is all but redundant.

So, get wise! Keep the compilations coming—but make sure they're good. This one, by the way, features **Nyam Nyam, The Vets, The Defectors, The Ashtrays, The London Boys** (the aforementioned) **Johnny Solo, Blitzkrieg Patrol, Faux Pas, Psychologic, Cool To Snog, Human Zoo and Sons of the Pope.**

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