

# Lives extra!

## NECROMANCY/ HOLLYWOOD SEX/ LUNATIC FRINGE Bristol

JOHN PEEL recently observed that there was a lack of rowdiness in most of the music produced these days. The first

two groups on this bill were ready and willing to inject that ingredient into their performances, but in the process forgot the rest of the elements that distinguish the loud and amusing from the special.

Lunatic Fringe acted and appealed to themselves and

their followers. They teetered on the edge of chaos in much the same way as the ripped and torn punks, some of whom indulged in their dodgem dancing and teetered on the edge of nasty violence. The first two songs raised a smile due to surprise that the playing never fell completely apart, but the novelty wore off quickly: Welcome Einsturzende Punk Gruppen!

Hollywood Sex don't mess about. It's a relentless 4/4 beat

for them, changing the accent from a basis of cartwheeling drum patterns from their precise percussionist, with pumping bass and a Geordie-influenced karate-chop guitar.

But they deal with some interesting subject matter (sex and the Mafia, for example) while their vocalist makes brave efforts to overcome the problem of the Dingwalls pillar, stuck helpfully in the middle of the stage. He's been over-exposed to Murphy and Jagger videos, however, and in the end the whole show seems contrived; eye-liner, hooded lids and all.

By contrast, Necromancy aren't so outwardly extrovert on stage but the quartet's power has an emphatic muscularity. The music is awash with familiar reference points post-77, yet never succumbing to slavish imitation or forgetting the factors of economy, melody, dynamics and space. The name-checks could span the experimentation in genres

## SPLASHDOWN Coventry

VERY EARLY days. Still, you'll be interested to know that Neville Staples' Shack label stars-in-embryo Splashdown are now ready and willing to play their way into your hearts. Shack was founded by the Funboy eighteen months ago, and Splashdown is its first signing.

Very much a 'friends and acquaintances' set-up, shack is based in Coventry and Splashdown's members are all 'old faces' on the local scene, although this is the majority's first serious venture. Trevor Evans and Stuart McLean were part of what seemed like a promising outfit called 21 Guns. Somehow, they failed to do much outside a home following and dissolved shortly before this new project came together.

For the rest, it's quite a family affair with brothers Neil and Leo Williams on bass and guitar, and sisters Kim and

THE SLOW slow build-up continues for Bristol's Electric Guitars. It must be all of four years since they first slipped shyly onto the boards with a wry mixture of Talking Heads-type twang and lighter pop melodies. Gradually evolving towards a more timpanic tribalism during their brush with the Thompson Twins, they now emerge from a recent tour of the States supporting Peter Gabriel, sounding diamond-hard.

Trinity Hall's stage looks too small to contain their bursting exuberance. Bassist Richard is helicoptering like mad on the left. Matthew — deft and dazzling as ever — crashes out the rhythms, one girl singer goes quietly crazy and where's Neil? Quite simply, everywhere. His unstoppable zest has him careering about like a man who's just discovered that he's Superman's bastard son.

The States has obviously agreed with them — as well as taken them to its heart, voting them Band Of The Year at New York's Danceteria — giving them an air of seasoned

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