PETE SHELLEY: Never Again (Immaculate)
Enthused over by me in these selfsame pages already, but a SOTW is a SOTW regardless.
From its carefree whirl of synth and guitar at the start, through Barry Adamson’s
growling whirnack base, and right up to Shelley’s deft gloss
guitar funk tingles, ‘Never Again’ is a wry glory, a song
that plays football in the no-
mans-land of the War On Pop,
exchanges sips of whisky with
the listener, and proves that
not all guitars have bayonets
attached to them.

Pete was always one of the
greatest pop song writers, and
‘Never Again’ illustrates that
once-brilliant career does not
preclude more of that ilk.
Judging by the optimism and
the spirit of melody on this
single, it could be Ilk City for
Shelley for some time now to
come.

YOU’VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR
BREATH: Wash It All Off/Today!

Started Slogging Again (Womb)
‘Why kill time/When you can
kill yourself?’ says everyone’s
favourite uncle Jim Foetus, with a startling lack of
originality – said line first
occurred in Tony Hancock’s
The Rebel! and was, curiously,
uttered by that Tory villainess
Nanette Newman. No Fairy
Snow from Jim, however, as
‘Wash/Slog’ continues his joyful
trail of electronic havoc,
shouts and wails, hook-lines
and the irony of a drunkard.

Drums and bonking noises
urge Jim onto ever more ludicrous
heights as he shouts
“Gimme gimme a man after
midnight!” for no apparent
reason, and generally has a
good time. If this is grey
depressing raincoat music, then
I’m the second Echo And The
Bunnymen album.

SURE SHOT SHELLEY

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher.

SCRAPING FOETUS OFF YOUR PAGE

Pic: Joe Stevens.

REVIEWED BY DAVID QUANTICK

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