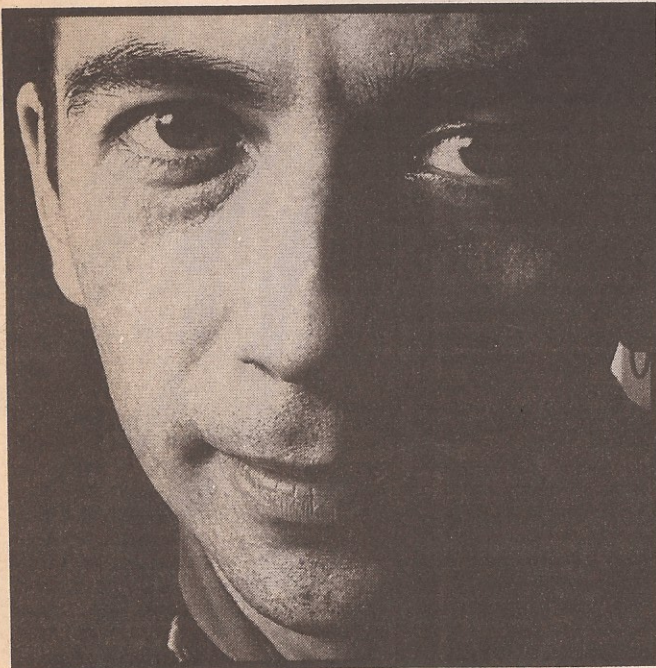


SINGLES OF THE WEEK (PARTS 1 & 2)



Sure shot Shelley

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

PETE SHELLEY: Never Again
(*Immaculate*)

Enthusied 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 whipcrack bass, and right up to Shelley's deft gloss guitar funk tinges, 'Never Again' is a wry glory, a song that plays football in the no-man's-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 a 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.



Scraping Foetus off your page

Pic: Joe Stevens

YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH: Wash It All Off/Today I 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 vileness 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 Bunnyman album.

REVIEWED BY DAVID QUANTICK

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