

## A techno twist for one-time Top 40 band

## Jesus Jones

Perverse

Food Limited/EMI Records Limited



Jesus Jones' third release, *Perverse*, is the third incarnation of the band — once again, they move away from their previous sound in favor of a new approach.

*Perverse* might attract a new audience for the band, while rejecting the new top 40 fans so easily converted by "Right Here, Right Now." With *Perverse*, Jesus Jones steps into the realm of the techno sound, dragging their talent for melody in with them.

Instead of offering a simple techno album, however, Jesus Jones attempts to fuse the violent static, noise and thrash of techno with the melody of pop and, of course, the rhythm of house and dance.

"Zeroes and Ones" opens with guitar-static and discordant techno keyboards, a la Nine Inch Nails. The bass and drums quickly overtake the sample, however, and drive vocalist Mike Edwards' look at how the binary language of computers — zeroes and ones — circle and control the globe.

Besides the well-known Edwards, guitar player Jerry De Borg, bassist Al Jaworski and percussionists Iain Baker and Gen give Jesus Jones their progressive-over-disco sound that puts them in the ranks with other Manchester bands

## album

MATT MORGAN

such as the Stone Roses and Charlatans UK.

Both "Magazine" and "Don't Believe It" address the corrupted, biased media, as flip sides of the coin. "Magazine" satirizes the stupidity of the typical "infotainment" magazine reader, while "Don't Believe It," lambastes the media for their irresponsibility and screams for a boycott of sorts.

Both songs rip through the album like a strong gust of wind, especially considering their placement between boring numbers "Yellow Brown" — a song about pollution — and "Tongue Tied," which addresses the tragedy of writer's block.

"The Devil You Know," follows with its toy piano sample-loop introduction. The swirling keyboards and jangling introduction dominate this release, as Edwards announces the new sound to anyone who has made it this far into the disc.

The next number, "Get a Good Thing," continues the streak of good pieces of the album. Edwards looks at the consequences of a lost relationship, with a "tinge of regret/but not what you would call real sorrow." The synthesized bass and keyboards dominate this potential single.

Edwards tackles popular thoughts on decision making, personal and otherwise, in "The Right Decision," the seventh track. While most of us view an



## Doesn't this guy work at Pepper's?

issue as having a right and a wrong solution, Edwards holds that either way you turn, you will incur both good and bad consequences. Kind of elementary if you think about it, but most of us don't. If anything, this number bounces along as Edwards fills us in on something we already knew.

"Your Crusade" pleases only as an anthem of angry defiance. "Include me out/I'm not part of your crusade," Edwards scoffs as he derides "your safety in numbers." The computer-generated

beat and melody grates on the nerves, however, and no amount to listening will accustom the reader.

With *Perverse*, Jesus Jones has proved technical mastery, while stylistic mastery eludes the band for the moment. A good half of the album solidly grooves the listener; only the annoying bad songs keep me from recommending that you buy it for yourself. (They're that bad.) The good half definitely deserves a listen, though, so find a friend who has the album.

## No cure in sight for Leary's annoying new album

## Denis Leary

No Cure For Cancer

A&amp;M Records



Denis Leary is that guy who works himself up into a good rant at the drop of a hat in between the videos on MTV. Apparently, enough people found his one-minute symposiums on topics ranging from bell bottoms to drugs funny enough to give him an album. This doesn't necessarily mean he's that funny, however. Remember, the Chipmunks are still making albums.

The album *No Cure for Cancer* is funny often enough to make it worth listening to. But when it's not funny, it's really lousy. The album opens with the song "Asshole," a funny attack on that peculiar type of American who has made an indelible mark on society by being a jerk. Three other songs close the album. They go, in order, from tolerable to excruciatingly horrible. This only goes to prove that a comedian who insists on doing music (God knows why), is good for one song only. (Of course, Eddie "Party All The Time" Murphy's forays into music haven't even benefited from that law so, as you can see, life is pretty friggin' unfair.)

The stand-up routines raid the warehouse of comedian clichés. The only topic left (mercifully) untouched is sex. Considering the long and boring tirades

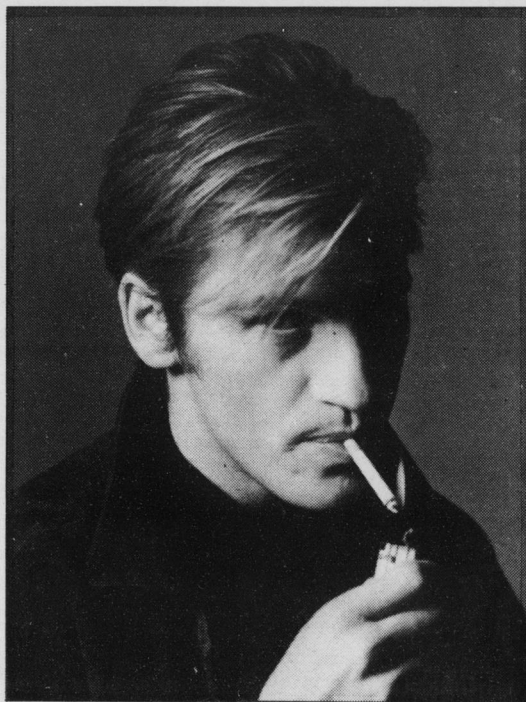
## album

ALEX DeGRAND

he gives on drugs, smoking, living in New York, etc., one doesn't need to see another dead horse be beaten into pre-chewed chunks. The traditional and "shockingly" rebellious stands are taken: I'm-a-smoker-and-I'm-proud, I-did-drugs-and-they-were-bad-but-only-because-they-didn't-make-me-cool-not-because-they'll-kill-you. Leary also does political humor which comes straight out of the latest Gallup Poll numbers. He's one of those countless comedians who would never dare to make a political stand with even a whiff of controversy. It's these mantra-like recitations of the popular will which make one wonder what planet comedians like Lenny Bruce and Bill Hicks came from since they are obviously not from here, the Land of the Lemmings.

Let's consider the audiences at these shows momentarily. After every relentlessly unoriginal pronunciation is made, the audience laughs and claps like trained seals. They must have heard this stuff a billion times before on VH-1 spotlight and probably with better delivery. On the other hand, when Leary gives some stuff that (as far as I know) has yet to become fossilized on the comedic circuit (like comparing Jesus to Elvis), the audience sits there like clueless mice in a Skinner experiment.

With that said, Leary gets two and a half flobbs, but the audience gets a smack in the face.



He doesn't hear us laughin'

## album brief

## Fudge

The Ferocious Rhythm of Precise Laziness

Caroline



Underneath the layers of distortion, feedback and whatever else Fudge threw into *The Ferocious Rhythm of Precise Laziness* ... lies a little substance, but it takes a little bit of time to find it.

This Richmond, Va., quartet's grunge-guitar compositions won't reduce you to your knees begging the stereo for mercy, but after about 20 minutes of droning guitars and monotone vocals, listening can become a chore.

Fudge builds "Wayside" and "Pez" on a sort of catchy-grunge sound that wharks, similar to a typical Nirvana song. One might also add "Mystery Machine" and "Peanut Butter" to the category of passable songs.

One of Fudge's weaknesses is their lack of originality and creativity — nothing really stands out on *Laziness*.

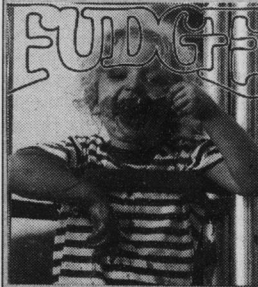
Sure, the album can be fun to listen to, but nothing jumps out to grab the listener.

Six-plus minute songs like "20-Nothing Dub" and "Astronaut" would sound much better with three or four fewer minutes, the former repeating the same bass line for what seems like an eternity. Even the otherwise solid "Wayside" needs a little editing.

The songwriting offers no profundity or poetry, unless, of course, one were to compare the lyrics to New Kids On The Block's. But, like the music, it's passable.

In short, the album title appropriately describes *Laziness* — a ferocious rhythm infected with precise laziness. Put another way, lots of noise with only a little style.

—Jennifer Durham



A job for Wet-Nap Man

Omnibus:  
Plan your time  
accordingly.