



TONY VISCONTI AND WOODY WOODMANSEY'S HOLY HOLY THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD: LIVE IN LONDON

(Manicsquat)
Vintage Bowie milestone revisited by associates and admirers.

7/10
As the original rhythm section on Bowie's dystopian 1970 album, Visconti and Woodmansey were long frustrated at never having taken this opus live, and only finally closed that circle at Shepherd's Bush Empire in September last year, with Heaven 17's Glenn Gregory on vocal duties and Spandau Ballet's Steve Norman on guitar. This twin-CD recording of the event captures this core line-up, abetted by a cast of collaborators including fellow-Spandau Gary Kemp and Marc Almond. If the absence of Bowie himself and the late Mick Ronson is of course noticeable, the assembled crew channel enough of those original recordings' troubled flamboyance; the title track itself is aptly mesmerising, and the ventures into the 'Hunky Dory'/'Ziggy' areas in the second half of the set are certainly no disgrace either.

Hugh Gullavri



**VARIOUS ARTISTS
LE BEAT BESPOKE 6**

(Detour)
Turn on, tune in, freak out – underground, overground, rumbling free.

7/10
The essence of 'Le Beat Bespoke 6' straddles the '67-'72 era when mods became rockers, rockers turned hippy and hippies got heavy. The mood of these freshly-picked finds is one of frizzy hair, foggy clubs, open air freak-outs and underground festivals. From the fuzzy stoner rock of Jerry Holmes' 'I'm The Man' and Spontaneous Generation's 'Purple Purple' to Chris Rayburn's 'One Way Ticket', with its thumping drums and 'Are You Being Served' strings, to the in-kraut sound of Marian Ruxell's 'It's So Much The Better' and the galloping garage of The Tears' 'Rat Race', BB6 gathers together a collection of heavy mod, garage nuggets and psych pop that wouldn't sound out of place on the 'Dracula A.D. 1972' soundtrack. A new addition to an already healthy back catalogue.

Dave Collins



**VICTIM
SWAN SONGS**

(Punkerama)
It doesn't make you want to spit, much.

6/10
Irish punk outfit Victim were formed in 1977 by guitarist/vocalist Colin 'Ziggy' Campbell, his cousin, bassist/vocalist Wes Graham and drummer Jeff Beattie and appeared in the 1978 UTV documentary 'It Makes You Want To Spit.' Rhythm guitarist Ken Matthews joined and the four-piece signed up to Terry Hooley's legendary Good Vibrations imprint, delivering the classic single 'Strange Thing By Night.' They became the first punk band to play at the fabled Harp Bar in Belfast, but split soon after. It proved short-lived; the reformed band signed to TJM and moved to Manchester, and an interesting, if chequered, decade-long career followed. Now active yet again, here Victim deliver a brand new album of finely crafted songs that bear little resemblance to their slightly ramshackle early material in construction or production, but happily retain its infectious tunefulness and perky personality.

Suzanne Baldwin



**THE ZIPS
DOWN WITH THE ZIPS**

(Tenement Toons)
Glasgow's truly original punk band still kicking against the pricks.

8/10
With two self-released singles in late '77, which now sell for silly money on a well-known auction site, The Zips have returned from self-imposed retirement these last few years to make up for lost time. This new album sees their 'Zip City Rocker' attitude in fine fettle and Jonzip McNeill's songwriting ever more mature and sophisticated. A recently released solo EP saw Jon collaborate with two of The Mescaleros and this new album continues his fine vein of writing. 'We Are All Berliners' is a furious call to arms and 'Over And Out' sees Fred X get his Mick Jones on in fine style. The Zips have never claimed to be anything they're not and that honesty and integrity shines through this sparkling set of songs. It's good to have them back.

Joe Whyte



**COSMIC PSYCHOS
CUM THE RAW PRAWN**

(Desperate)
Aussie yob punks get brilliantly, hilariously mouthy.

8/10
Forming in the early '80s in Melbourne, Cosmic Psychos have never really given a fuck about what they're supposed to play, do or act. Put simply, they don't give a fuck and are having a great time. And, as the sticker on the cover points out, there's no lack of 'fuck', 'shit' and 'cunt' sung on the album (and one 'fart attack'). Oh and there's a free beer coaster of course – this is true Aussie punk/pub rock. Their first new album in six years opens with 'Better, Not Bitter', with Ross Knight drawing "it's fucking bullshit, maaaate!" Known for their fuzzed out guitar and bass and repetitive lyrics, the humorous and infectious 'Fuckwit City' ("Fuckwit City is the place where you belong") and stand out 'Come and Get Some' ("my middle name is trouble, no it's not, it's Barrie") keep that tradition in fine form. The trio keep things crazy with the menacing, sarcastic title track ("la la la, fuck yourself!"), the mighty, scuzzy 'Toothbrush' ("he was kissing me arse because I'm washing me arse with your toothbrush") and weird 'Bum For Grubs'. The (slightly) more subtle 'Cottonmouth' and 'Pint Girl', the



latter complete with blazing guitar solo, adds balance and makes the raucous, in-your-face songs even more boisterous. 'Ack-Ack' builds to a driving wall of sound and the closing 'Didn't Wanna Love Me' is a surprisingly catchy, yet no less dirty, anti-love song. A boozed up, rowdy and thoroughly enjoyable record. Come and get some!



**TEENAGE TIME KILLERS
GREATEST HITS VOL. 1**

(Rise)
Corrosion Of Conformity founder's punk/metal supergroup.

6/10
When news broke that Reed Mullin, drummer of hardcore/stoner legends Corrosion Of Conformity, was enlisting the help of his myriad of friends to make a banger of a supergroup record, the punk and rock community went into overload. Almost a year later the record finally sees the light of day, but does it live up to the much lauded hype? Partly it does. If you ever heard Dave Grohl's metal project Probot, this is along those lines. COC drummer Reed Mullin backs up some of his friends and peers to crank out a variety of styles and tunes across this twenty track behemoth. The punk elite are represented by the likes of Jello Biafra, Lee Ving and Matt Skiba, who contribute their unique vocal style to some killer songs, then there's the cream of the metal crop - Corey Taylor, Randy Blythe and Tommy Victor, who victoriously snarl over their contributions. Oh and did we mention a lot of the album features multi-instrumentalist Mr. Grohl, here on bass, too? Well, yes he's here omnipresent as ever. However, its gargantuan size is where this record falters slightly. Some of the tracks (and guests on them) are filler, there's a little too much of it and you feel a little like the quality control side of things slipped a little. The majority of this is everything people expected, hell who can argue with the likes of Pete Stahl or Mike IX Williams performances? It just got a little bit carried away in places and isn't as concise and consistent as it ought to be. That said, the aforementioned contributors songs deserve to be heard.

