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The Smiths, "Louder Than Bombs" (Sire Records)

First, let's talk about economics for a second. For a hardcore Smiths fan like myself, this newly released double LP is a rip-off. For those who don't run out to their favorite record store as soon as this English group releases a single with a "previously unreleased" B-side, this album is a great deal.

The good thing about being a Smiths fanatic is that the Manchester group loves to release singles between albums. Most groups release an album, then release a single off the LP to promote the record. Yes, the Smiths do this, but they also release singles totally unrelated to the LP just as the albums come out. Which is just fine with me. A 'U2 fanatic has to wait 2 1/2 years just for one album I've come to expect a new release from the Smiths every couple of months.

"Louder Than Bombs" contains seven new songs, and 16 songs I already had in my collection.

Many of the 16 songs were obscure B-sides, from the "Hatfull of Hollow" LP, only on import but available everywhere, or singles they've released over the past few years. For people who don't go out and buy everything by the Smiths as it comes out, this collection is a great deal.

The reasons I love the Smiths so much are very personal. When Smiths-haters, and there are plenty of them out there, attack the band, I usually get very upset, feeling as if they are attacking me. I sometimes feel as if Morrissey, the singer and lyric writer, is speaking for me. He articulates thoughts and feelings I didn't even realize I had.

"You left/Your girlfriend on the platform/With this really ragged notion that you'll return/But she knows/That when he goes/he really goes," Morrissey sings on "London," one of the new songs.

Morrissey sings of love, lack of

love and violence in a country where disturbed and angry youths may spend the rest of their lives on the dole, never having a job until the day they die.

Every word Morrissey sings is quotable. He speaks for many people, and those he doesn't speak for simply don't understand him.

"It's music for the terminally depressed," they say. Sure it is, and so what? Some people enjoy a little depression now and then; some people enjoy a good wallow in self-pity. Morrissey has heard these criticisms a hundred times, but still keeps doing what he does best. Last year, on a B-side, Morrissey sang "Unlovable."

"I know I'm unlovable/You don't have to tell me . . . And if I seem a little strange/Well, that's because I am."

While Morrissey sings of life's ups and downs, guitarist Johnny Marr often keeps the tempo and music upbeat, making a beautiful juxtaposition. So for hardcore fans and passive fans, this LP is a must for your collections.

**— Stew Magnuson
Psychadelic Furs, "Midnight to Midnight."**

It's a tragedy to see a good rock band grow up. Some get rich, some get married, some get tired of starving for just a few vague ideals, and some are simply felled by the inevitable wisdom and maturity that eventually ruins us all. It can be rough on a 30-year-old, trying to recall that intense juvenile hate that made his band great in the first place.

Once upon a time, seven young Brits heard the Sex Pistols and liked them so much that they decided to form a band of their own. Seeing as how none of them played anything, they all just picked an instrument and learned to play it. They learned to play together as fast as they learned to play at all. It worked. It was not only the coolest idea ever,

but they became one of the greatest bands ever. Where the Pistols were snarling, screaming fits of anger, the Psychadelic Furs were too cool for that. They were more likely to sneer out from the edge of the shadows and would never let you get a good look at them.

The latest offering from the Psychadelic Furs, "Midnight to Midnight," will disappoint fans of the band, but will probably sound just great to anyone who's never heard of them. Sure, it sounds good, nice, pleasant, and Richard Butler's voice is still one of the most charming sounds in the universe, but the Furs' sound, and especially Butler's indifferent rasp, is much better suited to the caustic angst found on the band's first two or three albums than to the lush pop on the last two.

The three Furs remaining from the seven who underwent that original experiment — Butler, guitarist John Ashton and bassist/little brother Tim Butler — along with your friendly neighborhood studio hacks here and there, have come up with a sound somewhere between "Forever Now," their last decent full album, and Frank Sinatra. Apparently "Talk Talk Talk" doesn't even exist in their memories anymore.

In a song like "Shadow In My Heart," Butler wants us to feel sorry for a "poor little rich girl. . . all she wants is my silver and gold." What? Is this the same band that wrote "She Is Mine?" The answer can only be no. Too many songs are about hearts, and they probably all have wives and girlfriends now, and even get along with their management. They've become the kind of fine young men their parents would be proud of, which just isn't what they started out to be. No wonder the rest of the band left.

One more thing. Call me picky, 'cause I know it has nothing to do with the music, except as an exam-

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