

## THE BREEDERS LONDON MARQUEE

SATAN'S ANSWER to The Bangles are currently under the production whip of top Rock Goblin Steve Albini in a studio near *you*, but tonight they came to bury the band who preceded them — stout believers in rock “antics” all.

Woefully under-rehearsed yet engagingly up to prove it, The Breeders — Pixies' Kim Deal on acoustic guitar and rag-doll vocals, the Muses' Tania dancing on the grave of guitar worship, a willowy refugee from Perfect Disaster and the Obligatory Male Drummer (from American band Slint) pistol-whipping a previously come-quietly kit — followed the '90s' stark, death-of-love blueprint for rock, or if you prefer, hugged the cool coastline of Pixies' primed punk. 'Louie Louie' played by epileptics, time signatures scrawled by illiterates, tunes worried till worn out then freed to win again. In short the same boorish insouciance, that same delicious dumbstruck delivery.

They launch into The Beatles' 'Happiness Is A Warm Gun' — and

fleetingly reveal their moms to be Joan Baez. But it's a glitch in an otherwise barbaric display of boneheaded brilliance. Just when they start to repeat themselves, they go.

Upstairs, gloating like Lincoln's assassin in the gods, Albini sinks further down into his seat. His girls done good.

**Bobby Surf**

## DIE KREUZEN LONDON ISLINGTON POWERHAUS

PERHAPS IF more people knew about Die Kreuzen they wouldn't undergo such sweeping stylistic changes. From hardcore freaks to metal maniacs, from purveyors of soft metal to this indistinguishable mess, you just can't keep up.

Nerves might've been the problem, 'cos honestly these guys burnt ass just before Christmas at the Fulham Greyhound. Or maybe they were just disgruntled and fed up with catering to meagre handfuls. Whatever, tonight was a real