

I suppose you must have checked out the school's-out summer smash *The Raw and the Cooked* (IRS) by **Fine Young Cannibals**—the disc's been unavoidable. After "She Drives Me Crazy" became a sunstroke anthem, the lads dropped a video of "Good Thing" on MTV—in which Roland Gift's sultry pout was given unequal competition by a bevy of bubble-butt biker boys, meat-racking it up like some uptown queen's vision of a Morrissey wet dream. It's so damn hard to turn the dial past MTV without the eye snagging on one of those come-hither crotches that "Good Thing" quickly shot to number 1 on the MTV chart.

It's hardly worth buying a record like that. It's like saturating the ozone layer—to own your own copy would be redundant. Likewise, you'd be hard-pressed to have missed **Neneh Cherry's** debut, *Raw Like Sushi* (Virgin)—tough, seductive, and original. With "Buffalo Stance," she's locked up the sweeps as the freshest voice on the dance floor. Fresh enough that you may *have* to get her LP, particularly if you're one of those poor souls who have been subsisting on a steady diet of **Sade**.

Save enough today to buy in on a band with a legacy. **The B-52s** were the one band out of Athens, Ga., to recognize that white-trash '50s fashions *must* have come from another planet—and they moved there. When this strike force from Planet Claire tooled in with their debut disc, foot-high beehives, and a sensibility that seemed to predict *Blue Velvet* as much as it recalled *The Jetsons*—gay folk embraced them like lost kin.

Then, in 1986, band member Ricky Wilson died, and the group very nearly broke up. The B-52s had become the first major band to lose a member to AIDS. After three years (working with bassist **Sara Lee** and producers **Nile Rogers** and **Don Was**), they've finally released a new LP, *Cosmic Thing* (Sire). It's wiggly, whimsical, acute, and bursting with life—in short, the best LP of their career.

The band has jettisoned some of their tiresome affectations. With "Deadbeat Club," they rediscover the days when they were fans of the Bangles and the Roches and played weekend porch parties in Athens while toasted on MDA. "Love Shack" reinvents the rusty-roofed juke joint and "headin' down the Atlanta highway, lookin' for the love getaway" in "a Chrysler as big as a whale." They obviously snapped in the heat and made a beeline for Planet Claire.



TIMOTHY WHITE/ONYX

The Return of the B-52s And Then Some

Flashing forward, on their current single, "Planet Z," they catalog the planet's problems and insist that with love, we'll solve them. They use their trademark zany sound while sharpening their lyrics—sounding like a Greenpeace benefit being staged by bikers at Pee-wee's playhouse.

Ricky's death daunted the band, but it didn't cow them. *Cosmic Thing* is a celebration of life, love, glitter, and gratitude. The last cut, an instrumental, is titled "Follow Your Bliss." It's an inspiration you can dance yourself dizzy to.

Keep an eye out for *The Lunachicks'* double EP on Blast First. I'm not telling which two members of the bad-girl quartet are sleeping together; just open the gatefold picture and guess. Then slip on side 4's "Jan Brady," an ode to the middle daughter of *The Brady Bunch*. The chorus rants, "Jan Brady has returned/ To fill my soul and body./ I am Jan./ Jan I am./ I like green/ Eggs and ham." *The Exorcist* meets Dr. Seuss in rerun hell. The Lunachicks' next project is for the film *She-devils on Wheels*. Shouldn't that be *Lucyfer's Womyn's Motorcycle Contingent*? Thought not.

Speaking of how original gay people are, culture scavenger **Malcolm McLaren's** first single for his waltz-funk fusion project, *Waltz Darling* (Epic), is the 12-inch "Deep in Vogue," a celebration of the New York phenomenon of "voguing," fake high-fashion drag with dances based on runway

moves. . . . **Dead or Alive** are back with a new LP, *Naked* (Epic), with leader **Pete Burns** still camping in dominatrix drag and singing, "Fuck me, hot thing," but sounding as if he really couldn't care less. . . .

J.D.'s, the brilliant homocore mag, is back with Issue 5 (*Recruiting*) and Issue 6 (*Skateboards*). For an authentic whiff of the dyke-fag-sex-punk underground, send \$3 in cash to P.O. Box 1110, Adelaide Street Station, Toronto, Ontario, M5C 2K5 Canada. . . . San Francisco now boasts a fearless dyke-punk band, **Lesbian Snake Charmers**—a name to remember. . . . **Kitchens of Distinction**, the top ten U.K. indie band with an openly gay lead singer, has finally released its ravishing debut disc, *Love Is Hell* (One Little Indian/UK). The title was taken from "what my last boyfriend wrote on my toilet wall before he left," explains lead singer-lyricist **Patrick**. . . .

Finally, for fall records, look forward to a second LP by Iceland's **Sugarcubes** (Elektra) in October. A month beforehand, the new single "Regina" arrives. The B side is yet *another* remake of the band's first single, "Coldsweat"—this time titled "Hot Meat" and done as a C&W number. Hey, Cubes, don't stop! I can't live without the samba, waltz, and Celtic-soul versions! Mercy!

Till next month, stay gay.

—Adam Block