

Melody Maker

SINGLES



REVIEWED BY TAYLOR PARKES

SAINT ETIENNE FEATURING ETIENNE DAHO

HE'S ON THE PHONE (Heavenly)

THERE is a war. Huge and hidden, being fought in the baby bedrooms of two million young hearts, or minds: a war between the worm and the quick gazelle, fire and earth, between simple sight and VISION!

Rarely has pop been so polarised, so up for grabs. A war between the ones who say there is a war and those who say there is none. It's happening, unravelling. A war between apathy and antipathy (dumb acceptance and demand), between THE NEAREST THING TO GOD WE CAN FIND INSIDE OURSELVES and plain fear - fear of oneself, of one's own capabilities, of the possibility of rejecting responsibilities, fear of anything more than THIS.

Turn back a couple of pages, quickly, skim through the introduction to this week's cover story. Four words should have belted you across the frozen, mortified mug, and if they didn't, try once more, and if they still don't, then who can say who or what or why you are?

"Campaign For Real Rock". Let's think about that for a second. We've got time. What does it mean, "real rock"? Well, rock that, uh, rocks - OK. What else? Something trad? Rock without artifice, without "pretension". That is to say, WITHOUT SUGGESTION. So: rock that pledges itself to the here and now, as it stands. Which means, ultimately, rock-as-resignation - basically, we're talking about wilful self-denial, the refusal of possibility, a narrowing down of what rock (and the experience of listening to rock) can and cannot be, a whittling away at the imagination until all that remains is noise and light: rock that does nothing but EXIST.

The lines they are drawn, the curse it is cast.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK



Saint Etienne understand these things - and simply by singing and playing and composing and presenting themselves as they do, they represent MASSIVE RETALIATION. They represent WILD CELEBRATION of dreams/daydreams, limitless chance and shifting circumstance, the imagination unbridled and untamed. This is winter disco, sweet, sad and strong. You don't have to buy it, just believe in it. There's a war going on! Out there; in here!

ES
FAN
ICC
it air
unde
land
(prot
half-p
Sudies
parsec
arrang
nonser
part of
those b
never he
I'd rath
it comes
"Uptow
Henley:
Mother"
product
reflects
never at
of a spe
remem
TV movi
and air-
lounges
Everyor
together
as little n
groups,
inspire
admit th
to being
simply c
ALWAY

CHEI
WALKIN
CHER -
up until
moon w
sunset ir
new sin

RAN
TIME BO
HAD I a
might p
the fact
autumn
there is
pairs a
I do not
rainbow
even me
even pu
even br
and one