

THE McALLISTERS

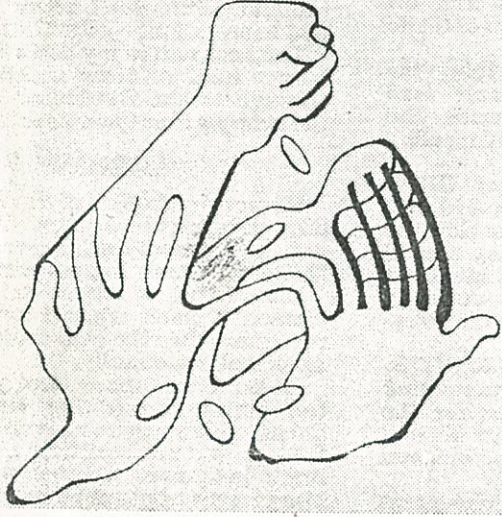
THE McALLISTERS Too Much Money Propaganda
Jolly Good RARE The McAllisters have lots of good ideas, lots of heroes, and love to rush themselves into oblivion to expose all of this on one piece of vinyl. There are five tracks here, thrown into the Mcshredder, where they come out as a beaty sub-psyche nonsense, all sugar-coated and unripe. It's a struggle and no-one wins in the end. The rematch promises to be better, though. JE

TOP
 abrasively excellent 'Too Much Money Propaganda' EP by the McAllisters on Jolly Good Records - spiky red-hot knife guitars that spray radio-active Fall-out!

EVENING POST, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1987

BORN in a garage somewhere in Bristol as a two-piece guitar and drums The McAllisters cut their teeth on re-workings of Roxy Music and Led Zeppelin tracks.
 Now a five-piece they have grown into a forceful and intense band — not yet mature but full of the rebelliousness and enthusiasm of adolescence.

THE McALLISTERS



TOO MUCH MONEY PROPAGANDA

Their debut EP released this week, Too Much Money Propaganda on their own Jolly Good Records label, is a demanding, but ultimately rewarding work.

There's nothing throw-away about The McAllisters. Their early work has been compared to The Fall or New Order/Joy Division, and that moody influence is very much in evidence on the EP.

But the most striking feature is the band's energy: "A slaving musical beast in a jungle full of anaemic anorak bands and Hip Hop HM," is how the McAllisters describe themselves.

The EP has already found favour with John Peel, who played a track on his Radio One show.

On Wednesday The McAllisters — Mark (drums), Frank (guitar), Dave (vocals, keyboards), Andy (guitar, vocals), Chris (bass) — play the Tropic Club to launch the album, with special guests The Seers.

Inside it's much the same story: these boys are all attitude, deliberately embracing repetitiveness, getting into a groove and battering it into submission. The bad-tempered guitar of 'Lamentable' is more like spluttering machine-gun fire that makes Sham sound like Sade. 'Grey Suit Rebel Search' shares The Fall's old penchant for speedy, silly keyboards over ramshackle guitars. David Thomas's vocals are in the great tradition of Mark E. Smith's too - you know he's got a lot to say but you can't hear much of it, which either leaves you frustrated or increases your determination to listen. Or both.

'Mother Confessor' and 'Poetry Corner' are grinders and growers, stripped of any friendly approachability, antidotes to the spreading disease of sickly pop condescension. 'Terry and June Will Eat Themselves' is a black comic snidey stab at popular culture with a 'comatose Caligula who calls the shots' and predictions of 'flat-top rebellion.'

So who will love The McAllisters? It doesn't matter. It's who will listen to them that counts, and this vicious little bit of vinyl should be enough to ensnare a captive congregation. Cos after all's said and done, The McAllisters don't really hate you: they just want to put you straight about a few things. (Doc)

New Musical Express 21st November, 1987

REVIEWED BY JANE SOLANAS

THIRST: Riding The Times (Rough Trade)
THE McALLISTERS: Too Much Money Propaganda (Jolly Good)
With The Fall finding singles chart action in the post-Smiths climate (all those suicidal NME letter writers have to transfer their deep need for a white, Northern messiah somewhere, and Mark E Smith and Lloyd Cole are the main contenders for that Cross); here comes the inevitable Fall-out.
 At least Thirst can boast ex-members of The Fall to explain why they sound exactly like them...
 The McAllisters are a Bristol band who, like nearly every band that comes from that city (including the grossly over-rated Pop Group and its continuing offshoots) are precious and boring. Their attempt at Fall-out is naff, so expect to see The McAllisters (and Thirst) at the top of the Indie chart quite soon...

SINGLES

The McAllisters
Too Much Money Propaganda 12" (Jolly Good Records)
 Back cover, The McAllisters face both ways simultaneously in hideous parody of a family photo gone wrong, with scuffed shoes, scruffy clothes and that down-at-heel dole office look of people who don't spend their spare time jerking off in jacuzzis.



McAllisters (see singles)

