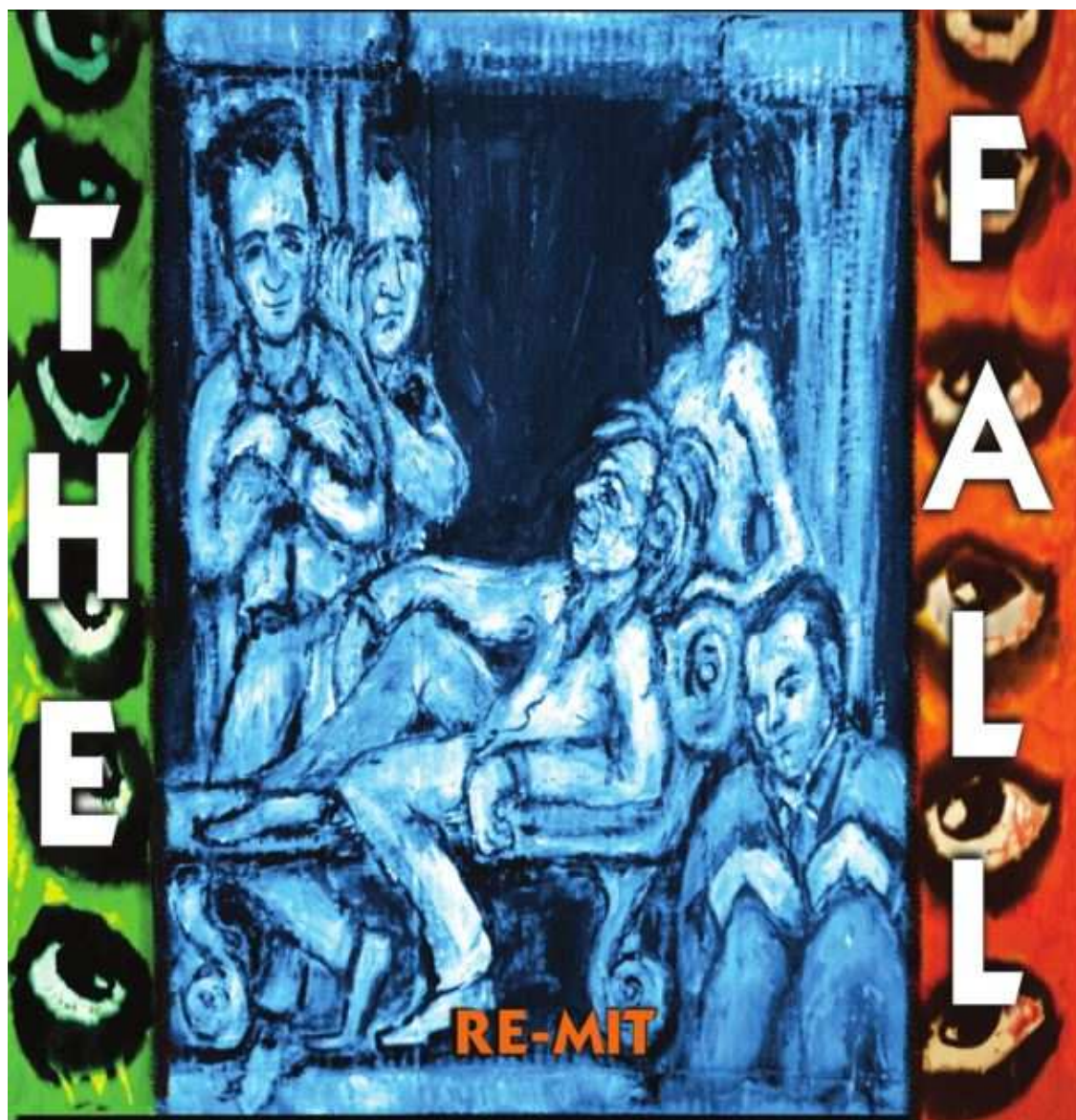


# Virgin

## The Fall - Re-Mit

By [Jack Preston\(/author/jack-preston\)](#) -

May 13, 2013



"If it's me and your granny on bongos, then it's The Fall," once noted **Mark E. Smith**. We all laughed at the time, but there wasn't a Fall fan in the land who thought the band would come to release an album which leaned so heavily on the use of the afro-cuban percussion instrument.

No, not really. Actually, most could have had a

pretty accurate guess as to how the band's 30th studio album, 'Re-Mit', begins. Much the same as their previous four or five LPs, with a long instrumental curve – you can already imagine Smith tottering out on stage in a provincial town as the rest of the band bash it out at the start of a gig.

That's not to say Smith has finally succumbed to the predictability of a winning formula, for starters, their last album was shit. Not my words, his own – I quite liked it. "Are there any Fall songs you dislike," asked [Q Magazine](#) (<http://www.nme.com/news/the-fall--2/68989>) recently. "Yeah. The last album, actually. I don't like any of them. You've got to be honest for the fans."

"I would say five songs on the last record were bad, but I will make it up... Re-Mit is going to terrify people. It's quite horrible. The Fall have had enough and we're coming for you."

Not always a man of his word, although on this occasion Smith seems to have delivered on his mutterings, for

Re-Mit consists of two main components. Firstly a collection of head-spinning, gurgled and genuinely discomforting lo-fi bursts. 'Kinder Of Spine', 'Victrola Time' and 'Pre MDMA Years' all feature some nightmarish distortions and unsettling ramblings. The sort of thing that would put off a first time listener for life, the Fall at their most impenetrable best. Although once Smith has looked you up and down and let you in on the secret, there aren't many things which he could throw at you that won't stick.



The second component is a surprisingly generous helping of funk. 'No Respects', 'Wray' (formerly Sir William Wray - above), 'Hitie Man' and 'Irish' almost caress your hips like you wouldn't think possible, albeit with sweaty, drunken palms.

In terms of soundscapes Re-Mit seems to borrow most heavily from 2007's bombastic, bellicose rant 'Reformation Post TLC', although the spite has been swapped for a healthy jig (the band finally ridden of those traitors, liars or c\*\*s, it would seem). 'Noise' harks back to the heady electro volts of 'Das Boat', while 'Jetplane' recalls **Eleina Poulou**'s finest hour in 'The Wright Stuff'. Mrs Mark E. Smith's lack of vocal presence can be a frustration, but when offered the chance to contribute more than merely keys the results are reliably enchanting.

Closer 'Lodestones' is about as zippy a number you could hope for from the ageing Smith, it doesn't gallop like 'Container Drivers' or snap like 'Conspiracy Kicker' – long gone are those days - but it certainly moves along at a pleasantly brisk pace. A bopping bassline sits on top of some of Poulou's trademark wailing keys, before a Smith shriek and cymbal clash bring everything to a sudden, unassuming finale.

There's no growling, reflective '50 Year Old Man' epic or whirling 'Weather Report' blowout to close things this time. After all, it's only The Fall's 30th studio album and there's plenty more where this came from.

**7/10**

By [Jack Preston\(/author/jack-preston\)](#). Content Executive. Tweets at [@JackPressedOn\(http://www.twitter.com/JackPressedOn\)](#)