

# MEAT YOUR MAKER

(oo er... Sounds a bit naughty -- Ed.)



# OINK!



*face*



# ENTERTAINMENT

Number one

By STEFAN GREER



## PLASTIC PASSIONS

### BIG BLACK SONGS ABOUT F\*\*\*ING (TOUCH AND GO RECORDS)

Of course they were bound to expect trouble with a title like that. The stupid thing is that this is not a collection of compositions concerning the merits of sexual intercourse in any conceptual context. What "Songs about F\*\*\*ing" is, though, is a tight little belter of a raunchy album that bleeds angst and contempt out of raw perulent wounds, grabs one by the lugholes and drags your face through its septic glory.

Gracious me, some of these tracks seem capable of inducing sonic vasectomy. I know that this winter I won't need any mouse traps. I'm just going to sneak up to the hole in the stairs with my blaster and cream the crap out of the little buggers. The first device I'll try is "Ergot" a real manic screamer that smashes and bashes its way through a cou-

ple of nanoseconds (seemingly) of nerve bursting nirvana-- if that doesn't wipe them off the face of their little murine haven, I'll sic'em with "Fish Fry" in which gristle spitting guitar and hemorrhoid removing monster beat box join forces to punch a hole through one's senses so that the vocalist can dive headfirst into your worthless soul.

It's a bloody awful but wondrous racket with bucketfuls of controlled distortion thrown into the melee with gay abandon. That little needle is always in the WARNING-DANGER part of the dial and at any moment one expects an experience similar to spontaneous combustion to take place.

Unfortunately, the golden maxim of any work of distinction is -- "Yay, verily, when

several tracks be laid down together, lo--there shalt be at least one stinker." On "Songs About F\*\*\*ing" the token stinker is a remake of Kraftwerk's "The Model" which is a complete waste of time. It was a boring little toad the first time around and here, sandwiched between the aural equivalent of a steam hammer orgy, it is completely ridiculous.

In brief, it is short, brutal and magnificent. These boys are not evil: they are young, healthy and disrespectful. Of course, the PMRC are currently gathering up all the copies of this album they can get their hands on and burning them lest a nation's youth be completely deranged. Of course, this piece of evil is completely unacceptable to women married to men that allow incalculable pain and suffering to go on in the other parts of the globe, allow farmers to work themselves to death in their own country, and turn a blind eye to charlatan shitheads sapping the elderly and insecure by preaching any amount of religious nonsense. Pay me money, you poor little bastards and God will love you -- listen to Big Black's "Songs About F\*\*\*ing" and thou shalt burn in hell.

Gong down, any one?

## SONGS ABOUT F\*\*\*ING

