

Beware the Walking **T** Wounded

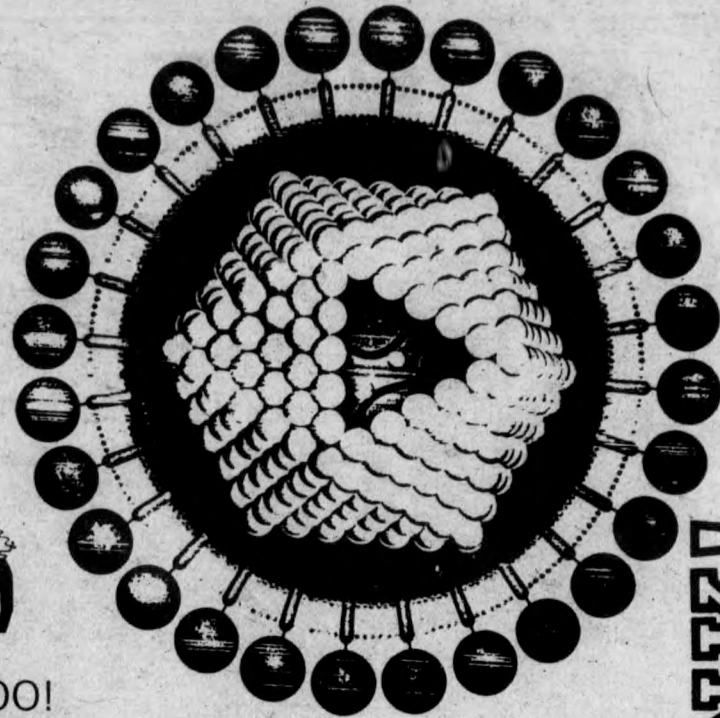
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

ON

MEAT



ATTISHOO!
ATTISHOO!
WE ALL FALL DOWN



SACRIFICE
FORWARD TO
TERMINATION
(FRINGE RECORDS)

INK!



By TOM STILLWELL

LOVE & ROCKETS "EARTH SUN MOON" (POLYGRAM)

EURYTHMICS "SAVAGE"

"Earth Sun Moon", the third release by England's Love & Rockets, is basically a fine album. The songs are well-written, well-sung and well-played.

Love & Rockets have a basic sound that distinguishes them from other groups, yet they're eclectic enough to avoid repetition. So why do I get a gnawing feeling in my gut every time I listen to them?

Maybe it's because they're essentially still the same studied blasé art school dropouts they were when they comprised the instrumental backbone of Bauhaus. Though this is musically pretty far removed from what Bauhaus did, their attitude still gets in the way of "Earth Sun Moon" being a really great album. All the songs have the same cautious, let's-not-get-too-excited feeling.

Personal biases aside however, of their three releases this is probably the best. And though it's not enough to convert those who didn't care for "Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven" or "Express", it won't disappoint their followers either. (There. How's that for tactful?)

As far as A.M. -oriented pop music goes, Eurythmics are about as good as it gets.

In 1986 however, they proved fallible with the release of "Revenge". Though a few of the songs had the typical Eurythmics spark, overall the album was marred by weak material and a basic lack of inspiration.

"Savage" puts the duo back on the right track. Annie Lennox's vocals have never sounded looser and almost all the songs leave their mark, though it takes a few listens for some of them to sink in. Admittedly, much of this is formulaic, but it's a formula that works and rarely gets tiresome.

The best songs however, are those that veer slightly from the trademark Eurythmics sound. The sparse, acoustic "I Need You" and the cock-rock parody of "I Need a Man" let Lennox flex her vocal muscles to her heart's content. And more than anything, the Eurythmics are about Annie Lennox's voice. Only when they lose sight of this and rely more heavily on their instruments (as they do on "Heaven"), do they lapse into averageness.

(Any suspicions aroused by the name of the band and the title of this (their second), long played, may well be heightened by closer inspection. Tracks such as 'Terror Strikes,' 'Reanimation After-life,' 'Flames of Armageddon,' 'Forever Enslaved' and 'Cyanide' might cause us to realize that Sacrifice are in fact one of a number of bastard offspring spawned by Punk and Hard Rock blundering around in the post apocalyptic category of speed/thrash/black/death-metal).

Yes kids, it's all neat and absolutely no potatoes have as this four member gang of miscreants from Ontario paint a grizzly picture of complete disrespect for life in any manifestation whatsoever.

Take it from me, it's certainly not easy listening for anyone who doesn't really fancy being entertained by thoughts of what it might be like to be brutally enslaved by a sadistic messiah, commit painful suicide, survive a nuclear holocaust only to experience unbelievable pain and violent gothic horror retribution. Of course instrumentally one doesn't rack up such concepts on the adagio scale. No sirree blob! What one has to do here is take all our electrical instruments into the nearest Black and Decker outlet and have a couple of hours of fun with all the sharp whirly things therein whilst playing tag with half a dozen axe-welding maniacs.

One aspect that new-wave metal has directly inherited from its 'heavy' progenitors is of course the vocal style. On forward to termination Rob Urbinati growls with the guttural snarl of a slavering wolf

ARTICLES OF FAITH

In this Life

(Lone Wolf Records)

Slam romantics? Seems completely ludicrous on the first conjecture but this is what we have here in the shape of the Canadian five peice band called "Articles of Faith". Catch 'Remain in Memory' for example...

'I could walk away with no regrets / where the palest shadows move / the ghosts will roam this room / and linger at the place where we first met / There's no place for me to run / underneath this sun.

Whew! pass me that rose tinted kleenex. Remember that this stuff is played at about several gigatrons a second, and you might begin to realize what a rare thing it is to find lyrics in a thrash song that don't contain ridiculously simplistic polemic generously peppered with God knows how many 'f*cks' and 'sh*t's'. Furthermore this is FAST! - but clean, squeeky clean. In essence AOF reminds me quite a lot of a grittier yet more sensitive Husker Di. looking at the sleeve notes I see with some delight that this is not such a casual observation as it might first appear since 'In This Life' was laid down in Minneapolis and produced by none other than Mr. Bob Mould. There is no doubt that a five production job has been achieved, have and a sensitive engineer enables the listener to actually listen to what singer Vic Bondi is actually saying - another first in thrashdom.

Listening to 'In This Life' again I find myself continually delighted by lyrical content and the sudden tingling inflexions layered in each song. Phrasing and delivery are particularly remarkable in some instances: on 'wait for me' for example, the opening segment 'I will swallow the glass / that is stuck in my throat / Because I can't find the words to say (how I miss you)' is belted out in about three tenths of a second (no kidding)!

This is a gem even after three years and I strongly recommend anybody that has not yet listened to the great strength of AOF to do so immediately.

Nancy Maxime

NEDDY STEBBINS

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