



**KICKING DOWN THE STATUES!!  
PUSHING BACK THE DARKNESS!!  
SPITTING IN THE FACE OF AUTHORITY!!  
ENJOYING A CUP OF TEA!! (what?)**

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# ENTER MEAT

## PUBLIC ENEMY

**IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO HOLD US BACK**

(Def Jam Records)

About three weeks ago after finishing my radio show on CHSR, I sauntered up to the Social Club for the elixir that was needed to get me off the ceiling. Being the end of the summer the atmosphere was pretty unspectacular; a couple of groups of graduate students, unwinding after a week of sweating blood, and some early returnees shooting pool.

One of Simple Minds earlier albums had just finished playing over the P.A. and the bar maid asked me to go and change the record. Rather than sorting through the middle-of-the-road treasure trove that is the Social Club's record collection, and given that I had Public Enemy's latest on me, I thought 'what the hell, let's give it a spin.'

WHAM! The power of several hundred pneumatic drills started up and liveliness was no longer a redundant concept. 'Bring the Noise' suddenly made the whole room threatening, exciting, full of colour. The bass whalloped into me like a stuttering freight-train and the hairs at the back of my neck did a goose step into my cerebellum. Whoa! This sounds good DUDE! Chuck D's basso profundo commentary on various social evils and the suppression of the human spirit bounced about the place like an acid drenched phantasm, the needling whine of Flavor Flav just giving it the extra push to keep it in orbit. Meanwhile Terminator X's manipulation of squeaks, scratches, samples and a plethora of sound effects that sound like whole families of rodents being jumped up and down in simultaneously jogs about in the background say-

ing 'You don't dance mutha: you dead'. Or something to that effect.

It was too much. I finished the bottle of vapid excuse for beer with my brain doing the funky potato in my cranium and my eyes threatening to bungee-cord out of their respective sockets. To the bathroom then, bathed in the percussive maelstrom, uncontrollably grinning at the handful there, trying to gauge some kind of reaction. But I was too far gone to care. Yeah it felt that good.

On the way back though, total dejection. The unabridged electricity had been replaced with the pedestrian fluff of latter-day U2 (pocket critique-pre-Unforgettable Fire: brilliant. Post-Unforgettable Fire: Nasty whining pop-orientated drivel). Howitzers screamed from my eyes. 'Didn't you like it?' I smiled at asforesmentioned barmaid, barely suppressing an angry whimper. 'Oh come on Steve it was TOO alternative. OK?' 'Yeah, yeah alright.' Sniff.

### STEVE GRIFFITHS

Sweeeek! Sweek!  
SweeeEEEK! Bosh! Buh-Bosh  
Buh - Bosh-Bosh-Bosh!  
Nyaaargh!

The idiot savant cat Porky catapults across the livingroom resplendent in day-glo baseball cap (tilted at a rakish angle) and pink Raybans, issuing a horrendous screaming noise. I can only assume he has managed to persuade Mum to slap the 'Enemy stuff on the platter again.

It's choice meat kiddies! None of your Yo look at my dick/BMW/dance card shit

here! No siree Malcolm! One thing for sure, the essential thing is that you do not regard this as music to sit back to. Get Active! Be in your car! Do some gardening! Shadow box! Lance some Hemorrhoids (don't try this at home kids!) I'm sick and tired of hearing whinging wankers saying "Oooo Rap/Hip Hop Hooow Booring" BOSH! Take that slug-meat! If your BOD has any inkling towards metabolism, move about with this stuff (P.E. in partick)!! Git up on your feet! You cannae hep it.

Black supremacists? You've all heard the crap. Public Enemy want a part of the N. American continent set aside for black people. Public Enemy want taxes banished for black people (as a penance for accumulated imposed suffering). Public Enemy say that given Western Civilisation's standards, if the Palestinians took up arms, went into Israel and killed all Jews, it'd be alright.

But you know, any public orator out to kick Zeitgeist in the bollocks needs to stir up a cess-pit of controversy. This is precisely what Chuck D (leader of the gang) is out to do. Chuck D is an intelligent man. Even though it is left up to Professor Griff (minister of information) to dream up all the superficial, poorly thought out, polemic bullshit, the responsibility always comes smashing down on Chuck's shoulders. No trouble for Chuck. In all the interviews I've read he's there to snap back the right answer. Hard as it might be to believe, you swallow his interpretation. He knows he's working in a very limited medium and ripples can only be made into waves

by manipulating the truth (he admits to this). If he can make any influence on the yuppie generation, just one little series of notches in the naturally prejudiced middle class American public with whom this brand of music is strangely very popular, then a feat has been achieved.

But from your average mobile bohemian viewpoint who cares? The 'meat wants to know - does it do it for me? Mmm Yass F'Sho!!! Cold Lam-pin'.

NEDDY STEBBINS

### BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO

**Taking it Home (MCA)**

Zydeco is dance music that takes its roots from the French-speaking Creoles of Louisiana. It was shaped by Clifton Chenier, who died just a few months ago, and has been carried on by its new leader: Starley 'Buckwheat Zydeco' Dural and His Ils Sont Partis. Buckwheat Zydeco has been making Zydeco sounds for nine years now, though he has been in the music business since his high school days in the 60's, including a stint on keyboards with one of Clifton Cheniers old bands.

Buckwheat has made a number of LPs on independent record labels, including Rounder Records and Blues Unlimited. He made his major label debut with Island Records last year on the album *On a Night Like This*, which received rave reviews and a nomination for a Grammy award. The LP tended to steer away from the more traditional sounds expected from Zydeco (he even included synthesizers on the record).

*Taking It Home* has proved to be Buckwheat Zydeco's return to real Zydeco. He kicks off the album with a good step dance number called "Creole Country," a geographical



sound-off of the Louisiana Creole's stomping grounds. The LP also ends with a continuation of the tune, simply called "Creole Country Part II." Four of the ten songs are boogie-Zydeco numbers that feature the amazing style of accordion which makes Lawrence Welk look like an invalid. The best of these songs is "Taking Home," where Buckwheat's accordion really sizzles. The other songs are "Down Dallas Alley," "Drivin' Old Grey," and "Ooh Wow."

One of the distinctive features of Zydeco is its heavy beat which is based in soul, R & B, and blues. "Things You Do," "Make a Change," and "In and Out of My Life," all combine the three styles very well; they feature some very good horn charts, and still more accordion. The only song that doesn't belong on the album is an Eric Clapton composition, which features Clapton doing some blues-rock guitar. It will probably be a hit single, but certainly does not reflect the real soul of the album. The only other complaint in that the rubboard is so low in the mix that it can't be enjoyed to the extent as on the other LP's, like *Waitin' For My Ya-Ya*.

Buy this album if you want some great party music, and don't forget to listen to my show on CHSR-FM on Wednesdays, 7:30-9:00 pm -and Tuesdays, 1:30-3:00 pm, where you can hear Buckwheat Zydeco and the best blues in Fredericton.

Love Scott