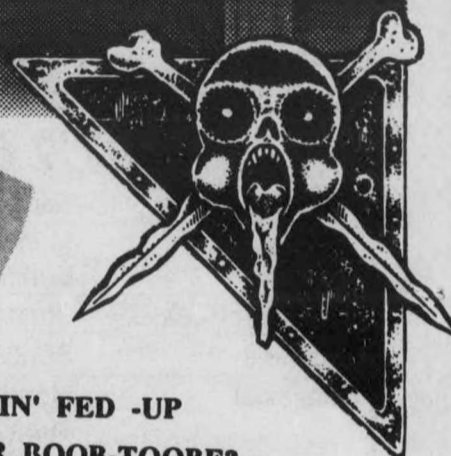


ENEMY



KICK OVER THE STATUES

GETTIN' FED -UP
with YER BOOB-TOOBE?

SOUNDGARDEN LOUDER THAN LOVE

(A and M)

Crunch, grind, thud, thump, wallop, squeal. And so it goes. Watch yourself become transmogrified into a hairy heap of twitching gyrating love-zombie as the construction blocks holding up the bedside table do several tours of duty to the kitchen and back again. No, t'aint thrash - rather a third generation chimaerid monstrosity of Zeppelin Sabbath and big rolls of barbed

wire that thunder out of the severely aerobicised woofers like tumble-weeds from hell. Soundgarden, one of the many superb offspring from the Seattle Sub Pop label, are a brooding bunch of seismic malcontents that shove the Richter status back into any sadly deprived con-stitution - and we all submit gladly.

Completely recommended with-knobs-on



WHOOARGH! CRAZY MO-FO CALISTHENICS A GO-GO!

Chris Cornell of Soundgarden says "UGH! COCKROACH!!" (STAMP-STAMP-STAMP!) just before Green Peach rush the stage in protest

Illustrators: R.K. Sloane, Jeff Gaither, Bill Wray and Bernis Mireault. SOURCE: TABOO (Spider Baby), FLY IN MY EYE Volumes 1 and 2 (Arcane/Eclipse) Many thanks to Cal Johnston for generous loans

THE BLUE NILE

Hats

(LINN / A AND M)

Unrequited passion, coming home to the last love, bittersweet reflections on a star-eyed dusk and frosty dawn.... If your average Norbert told me I'd be going head-over-heels-mental about this sort of thing why I'd probably have laughed out loud. But tell me its the new release by Blue Nile and it's obviously a different kettle of protists.

Of course the whole issue makes me a complete hypocrite. Time and again I'll be busily slagging off some band for having a deficit of imagination and progressive spirit. But then I'll rave up a custard-storm over the latest Blue Nile release, the first in five years (!), and it sounds as if it should have been the accompanying record to a double album that included 1985's Walk Across the Roof Tops.

But it works. Half the problem with so many of the slush-pushers is it a complete lack of sincerity - you fail to believe that "mah-pore-heart-is-broke-in-two" schtick, thus it is thoroughly forgettable. Paul Buchanan on the other hand whimpers, whines, and sighs so convincingly that it is actually quite dangerous to play 'hats' during your own personal crises and binges of nostalgia.

The mega-whinging of course is backed up with some of the most pristine swathes of synth and poignant strings you will likely hear. They took a long time to get this piece of brooding magnificance on the shelves, and the reason is immediately apparent. The production is absolutely perfect.

One of your favorite albums of this year if not this decade.

LoOk OuT! hErE cOmEs MEAT TV!
THIS EVENING'S PROGRAMME GUIDE PAGE 28



MAESTRO FRESH WES

SYMPHONY IN EFFECT

(ATTIC)

Quite understandably, the debut of Let Your Backbone Slide was the source of some excitement. Sure it was derivative to point of incorporating all the 'I'm getting paid lots of dosh', 'my crew are pretty dammed shit-hot' and 'babes want me' references but it was still so fresh and hooky that one tended to forgive the fact that it had all been done many times before.

Unfortunately not all of the material in this album is able to sneak past so easily, Damn! Its all me-this me-that. You just can't get away from it unless we're either killing somebody or dragging through a horrible risible ballad that tickles the epiglottis within seconds. I've whinged about this before but right now I'm getting really sick of it, especially when it sounds as threatening as several damp sprigs of lettuce.

After standards set by the 'Enemy and NWA, this sounds like the music of spoilt middle class brats looking for street identity.

This sort of crap aside, the musical arrangements are pretty duff too, ranging from the uninspiring to the downright irritating: 'The Maestro', a track parodying the wheel of Fortune, is so embarrassing you wonder how it ever got out of the studio.

So why the hell is it at the top of the CHSR playlist? Four years ago I hosted the first rap and hip-hop show probably in the Maritimes prompting much derision from the U2 and Smiths disciples that believed that, even though they were six years late, they were on the cutting edge of alternative music. Now of course dance music is de rigueur: all open-format programmes slide it in together with about tunes, specialty shows. But, the fact that the community has embraced this insipid crap like Symphony In Effect demonstrates how pathetic things can become once the band-wagon jumpers get the flavour (YEEEEEEAAH BOYEEEEEE!)

Steve Griffiths

es

graduates skills and with the positions

s, s,



Canada