

# Yikes! SPINAL TAP Returns

The Editor takes a listen to England's Loudest Band



And that's The Majesty of Rock! the fantasy of Roll! the darning of the sock, the scoring of the goal! The farmer takes a wife. the barber takes a pole, we're in this together...and ever...

from "The Majesty of Rock"; Break Like the Wind, (Ploymer Record).

The first single from *Break Like The Wind*, the latest project from the chairmen of the board of the "where are they now" club *Spinal Tap*, shows that the eight years since the release of their last, and most successful album *Smell The Glove* have not been good to England's self-acclaimed loudest band. Over-produced, uninteresting and a true giant leap backwards in musical evolution, the only thing that has changed about *Tap* (besides drummers again) is that they haven't lost the only force that made their earlier work a success on a kind of circus-geek level; that is the filthy, sexist, school-boy mentality lyrics we have come to expect from previous releases, the likes of which have moved reviewers of albums like *Shark Sandwich* to write things like simply "Shit Sandwich", and for *Intravenous DeMilo* quotes such as "If God created the heavens and the earth in six days, what day did he create *Spinal Tap* on and why couldn't he have rested on that day too?" A truly uninspired romp into tri-chord distorted cheese the likes of which we have not been forced to endure since *The Cult's* release of *Sonic Temple*, *Bitch School* (produced by Jon Bon Jovi for those who might think this means anything) is not only asinine in lyric content and musicality, but bears a pathetically obvious resemblance to *Hell Hole*, the big hit for *Tap* from *Smell The Glove* eight (all too short) years ago. *Bitch School's* only hope, really, is to take advantage of protest already given by several militant women's organizations based on its "sexist" content. Guitarist Nigel Tufnel (who, upon the rejection of the initial cover jacket for *Smell The Glove* [depicting a leather bikini-clad woman on all fours with a leash around her neck and a man's hand holding out a glove for her to sniff] when told it was sexist proffered his classic statement of true ignorance: "what's wrong with being sexy?") sidesteps these latest complaints, saying: "We've heard that people have commented that 'Bitch School' is sexist. But basically, if you listen, you'll hear what it really is. It's about dogs —about training dogs! The three of us (Tufnel, Smalls, St.Hubbins) love dogs. Read the lyrics —'You're so fetching when you're down on all fours.' How can you misconstrue that?" To attempt a comeback based on an eight year old tune with an eight year old theme that was sadly conceived in the first place marks no new ground for this sad bunch of 'musicians' who were so obviously old and tired in 1984.

Sporting a long list of out of work ex-heros (including the likes of Jeff Beck, Joe Satriani, Steve Lukather and Cher), *Break Like The Wind* combines minimal thought and energy with the latest in recording technology to produce an unmotivated, uninteresting, and offensive conglomeration of slapped-together tunes, the only saving grace of which is that the people who liked *Smell The Glove* (I think he lives in Cincinnati) will enjoy this album because it is the same thing; trash.

*All The Way Home* deserves mention, a re-mastering of the 1961 demo representing the first song (and what should have been the last) ever written by long-time friends St.Hubbins and Tufnel simply reinforces the fact that in the face of eight years of stagnation and boredom, *Tap* could not even come up with enough new original material to make a full LP.

A long list of inconceivably wretched compositions (the most appalling of which include the attempt by *Tap* and *Cher* to produce a rock ballad of which Smalls says: "We'd seen so many power ballads getting play at the end of the Olympic games and things. We thought, 'this is a good place to get played. We could do that.'") rounds out a journey into what St.Hubbins himself says is "good old generic rock and roll." At least *Tap* got the first two categories right - it's old and it's generic.

From the bumbling bass lines of Derek Smalls to the incomprehensibly stupid lyrics and the whining of Nigel Tufnel's patented (not that the copyright would be in any danger of infringement) chainsaw-style guitar solos ("My trademark is my solo's" said Tufnel in the 1984 fiasco known as "This is Spinal Tap"), *Break Like The Wind* lives up to its title - smelly, rank, loud, and gone in a few short moments leaving a lingering stench.

Do not purchase this album. Any revenue could only mean that we might be subjected to yet another *Spinal Tap* flatulence-oriented work in another eight years, and I don't think the social fabric of our already shredded music industry could stand another onslaught of the magnitude of *Break Like the Wind*.

## INSIDE THIS WEEK:

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE - ARTHUR MILLER CLASSIC AT MEMO HALL  
SPANISH NIGHT - ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL EVENING OF DANCE AND DINING  
ENTERTAINMENT POLAR STYLE-CARIBBEAN NIGHT AND UJAMAA  
CHANGE OF HEART - MORE FUN AND PROLIC AT THE SOCIAL CLUB  
MUSIC FOR ALTERNATIVE SPACES - SPACE TWO AT GALLERY CONNECTIONS