Very vile vinyl & dandy discs

Bad Brains I Against I

By ANDREW VANCE

nitially, Washington's Bad Brains seem to be an anomaly. A Rastefarian hardcore band? Sure enough, the sound is a grinding mixture of punk minimalism and Rasta influenced lyrical spiritualism.

The focus of the group's debut album I Against I alternates between brief interludes of Van Halen-type fireworks ("House of Suffering" and the title track), and a more brooding style ("Re-ignition" and "Secret 77"). In the end, however, the whole enterprise seems to collapse because the message gets lost in the mix.

It's not that they're bad musicians, on the contrary their sound is gutsy and precise with resident guitarist Dr. Know managing to squeeze out some decidedly undocile riffs and drummer Earl maintaing a nononsense rhythm.

But the music yearns for harder lyrical material than the reggae inspirations of "House of Suffering": "In this House of Suffering/I

gotta let some joy in/I hear that freedom will win/Oh where Oh were can Jah love be now?" or the mystical reflection of "She's calling You": "Vibrating cosmic waves/Spirit Electricity/Kaleidoscopic treat/In the Endless Sea/Is there one for all."

The gently transcendant tone of much of the lyrics seems incongruous with the energetic stompings of a musical base one normally associates with the sordid narrative of rock and roll excess. But Bad Brains at least succeeds in making a decent foray into some unfamiliar territory and for that alone they deserve credit. Available on Fringe. Rating:

Frozen Ghost Frozen Ghost

By LUIS AGUILA

f Frozen Ghost's destiny is to become Canada's next success story, this album should certainly help. Frozen Ghost is composed of Arnold Lanni and Wolf Hassel (both previously of Sheriff). Lanni, who studied at York, wrote and produced this album. There are no ground-breaking tunes on this album, but it's certainly good radio music. The single, "Should I See," is representative of the other songs: solid melodies and lyrics with some amount of meaning. The album is, in fact, a statement on honesty and integrity, or the lack of it, in our society. It may not be the most original topic, but Lanni manages to throw in some twists here and there to keep the album interesting.

Overall, Frozen Ghost's sound is crisp and the album's production allows Lanni and Hassel's voices to come through clearly. With the recent success of Canadian bands in the U.S. market, Frozen Ghost should have few problems proving that Canadians can, and do, produce marketable pop. Rating: 7

The Dead Kennedys Bedtime for Democracy

By ANDREW VANCE

Jello Biafra and company have returned with another manic assault on the bastions of conservative nerdism. The Dead Kennedys have never been ones to pull their punches, musically or politically, and *Bedtime For Democracy* finds them in a typically vile mood.

The group is rock's quintessential search and destroy squad, hell-bent on exposing the seedy underside of everything from organized religion to Ronald Reagan in a warp speed orgy of drums, guitars, and adrenaline.

There is little that escapes Biafra's frantic sledgehammer, least of all the music industry itself. Songs like "Chickenshit Conformist" manage to say more in five lines than some groups say in their entire career: "Punk's not dead/It just deserves to die/When it becomes another stale cartoon/A close-minded, self-centred social club/Ideas don't matter, it's who you know."

Nobody has ever accused the Dead Kennedys of being overly tasteful but there is a calculated impishness behind the paranoid raving that is hard to resist. The beat is explosive, the images frenzied, but ultimately Biafra's artistic vision owes more to Lenny Bruce than it does to the Sex Pistols.

Other topics on the band's hit-list include American foreign policy ("Potshot heard around the World"), rednecks ("Rambozo the Clown"), Reaganomics ("Dear Abby") and toxic waste dumps ("Cesspools in Eden") with the tone jumping madly from open hostility to inspired satire.

Biafra, however, saves his most pointed barbs for the spectres of commercialism and trend worship in popular music. "Hard-core formulas are dogshit/The joy and hope of an alternative/Has become its own cliche/A hairstyle's not a lifestyle/Imagine Sid Vicious at 35," he concludes.

The Dead Kennedys have proven once again that they are masters of calling a spade a spade and they love telling the world what they've seen. If you've had too much AM radio lately, *Bedtime for Democracy* may be just the rude awakening you're looking for. Available on Fringe. Rating: 7.

DAF DAF

By LUIS AGUILA

When Robert Gorl says in DAF's bio that "this is no time for messages," he's not kidding. In fact, the single most repeated word in this album is "sex" and I lost count somewhere around 47 times. So much for lyrics.

The music is nothing to speak of either. If you want a beat (and not much more) to dance to, then this will probably do. If you actually want to listen to music, try something else. Gorl claims to have studied classical music composition for five years but melodies are almost non-existent in this album. For his part, Delgado claims, "I think that vocal harmonies are sort of stupid, don't you?"—I guess so.

This album is definitely dance club material, and some may actually like it, but if this is the first step to heaven, God has a bad sense of humor. Rating: 2



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Voting will take place immediately following the meeting and on Friday between 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.