

# SUCC SEX

SUCCSEX  
Sexx Machine  
(EPIDEMIC)



Yumme eh girls? - Succsexx visibly showing the signs of too many hours watching PBS wildlife specials.

In the fickle constantly shifting hierarchy of popular music, there is no doubt in my mind that, from the business end, Metal currently reigns. Metal, itself a cornucopia of sub-genres requiring extensive classification (black, thrash, acid, death etc.) is certainly pulling in the readies. The likes of G N'R, Poison and The Cult are veritably stuffing it down their spandex and even the rather more glorious contingent represented by Metallica, Anthrax and Megadeth are doing rather nicely too, thank-you very much. So it is that every sub-hominid

reptilian A and R sleazo is out on the prowl; looking for the next bunch of quasimodish pretty boys filled with the sort of gumption to the moshers soaking their gussets and/or committing hari-kari in the nearest monster-bastard bass bin. Skid Row are on their way up, but than again so might be Succsexx.

In a medium where gender enlightenment is at best Victorian, it is completely pointless to express any form of outrage at the sort gratuitous chauvinism that gayly litters the

questionable lyrics. On Sexx Machine however, I get the distinct impression that this Toronto quintet are out to direct as much flack at themselves as possible.

*Tough titty if the milk tastes shitty.  
Its a city full of real pretty Kittys.*

Squeal's lead henchman Saxx Creed, slightly quashing his outside chance for this year's Nobel laureate. But no matter.

The title track is so damned good from a dangerously infectious

perspective that nearly all is forgiven. Right from the opening crunch and grind of electric guitar the listener is terminally hooked. After this little better has riffed itself back under the nearest rock, the remaining three tracks on this first E.P. are rather pale in comparison. 'Asleep in The Garbage' has the commendable B-side feel and certainly packs a bigger-than-average Kidney punch, but Headbands n' Heroin is as grating as it is rather predictable. Just to make sure that every one of Dworkin's disciples have been offended we close with '(She's A) Bow-wcw (woof-woof!)'. Alright, it's

obvious. These guys know exactly what they're doing and who they will eventually appeal to: The 'obnoxious-factor' aside, the performance is tight, aggressive and very well executed. Even though the pseudo-lefty on me was wincingly painful, I found myself grinning through every minute.

Suppose I'd better turn myself in now before any serious damage is done.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

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