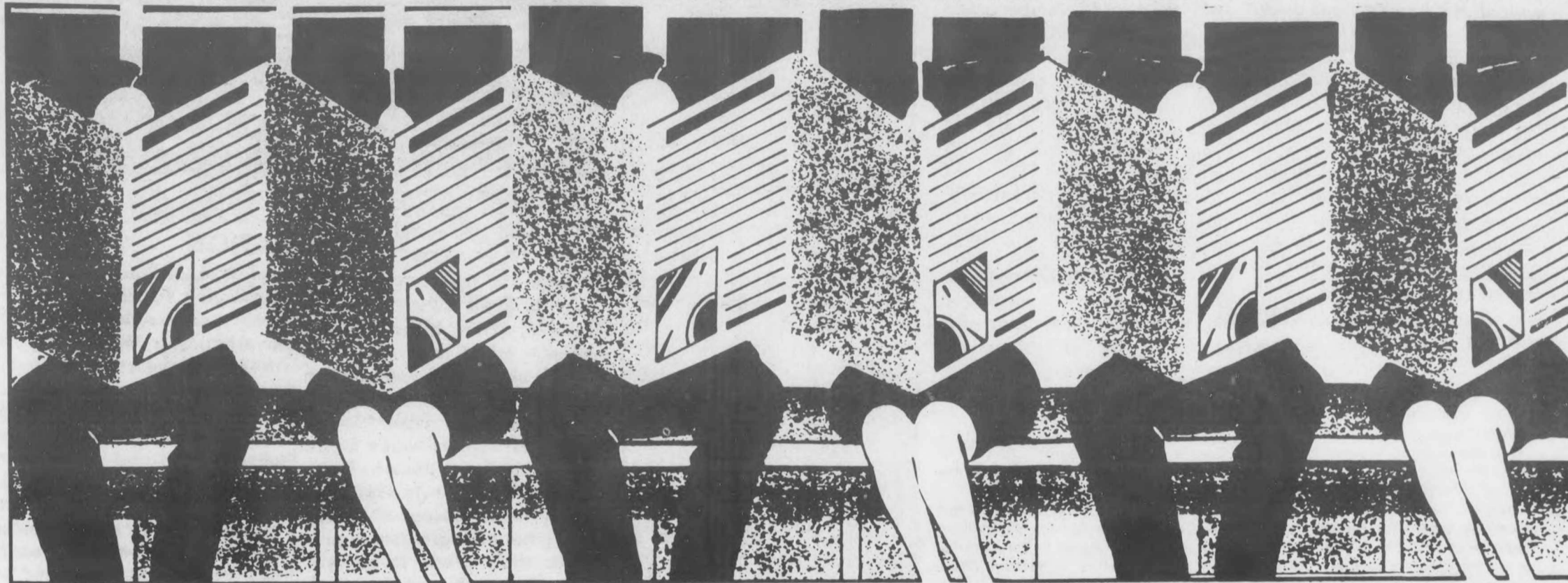
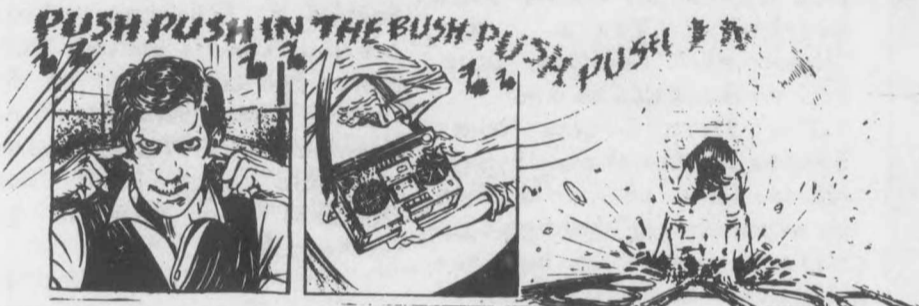


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RAHEEM
The Vigilante
 (A and M Records)

It's so sad that for a musical movement Hip-Hop hasn't really enriched and educated the listener in a similar manner to the other street level phenomenon that happened over ten years ago. Then, during my adolescence, I was dragged through a time when authority was questioned, establishment was scorned and free expression was demanded. We all slung on bust-up fender copies, bashed the crap out of second-hand drums and spat into a rusty microphone. The creativity of the disturbed and angry British youth had been provoked into a cynical cancerous monster that provided a main line of relief for the diseased walking corpse that represented the music industry at that time.

On the streets of New York, Philadelphia and Washington DC, though the homeboys begged, stole and borrowed beat boxes, samplers and rhymed up a storm on every ghetto street corner. Unfortunately, rather than producing a relevant social comment, the genre has more often than not produced a gaggle of gun toting dick heads obsessed with the idea of having a trun-

cheon sized penis that regularly services a plethora of dotting women. All creative energy appeared to be consumed by the malignant urge to dream up insults and slander for hurling at the chaps on the next block, who were doing exactly the same thing.

Of course, I wouldn't be so insensitive as to suggest that the urban environment is not at all responsible for this but one would think that after nine years of this nonsense a more mature approach would develop. Unfortunately other than the commendable likes of Flash, Public Enemy (occasionally) and bits of RUN DMC one is still confronted with a staggering number of mindless violent goofs that sport disgustingly extravagant jewelry. When a certain group or individual says something like 'we're reaching out to educate our people through rap' I get real worried.

Here then comes Raheem, reSplendent in a badly drawn portrait on the cover, his upper lip seemingly being attacked by an odd looking caterpillar. Sure enough there around his neck is one of those

DEFUNKT
In Amerika
 (Island Records)

WHOOSH! Sheets of flame spurt out from my woofers as some gonzo sleazy guitar comes slinking out on to the carpet and rubs around the potted petunias like so many sex-starved panther beasts. Whup! buh-bup! buh-bup! A muscle-bound bass snaps and pops and THEN....(s'hep me!)

this demon brass orchestra from hell, no less, punches me in the face BAPI

'In Amerika' is the welcome return of Joe Bowie's troupe of funky mercenaries on an album that keeps setting the damned fire alarm off all the time. Hot? You better believe it smokey bear-face! Its crunch and grind to the max all the way with real dirty licks careening about the place like cupid's fireworks (extra-strength-triple X-adults only band). WHOOP! Time for a cold shower again! Joey boy has got this ground to air trombone super MX weapon thing-

and it's lethal. FRAZZZZ-POW! Look out suckahs!

Goodness me what else? Well if having a squirming twitching and humping package of unadulterated ultra bonking music, jammed to the rafters with diamond hard jazzy funk n'roll isn't enough the ghost of Jimi Hendrix keeps making surprise appearances (N'er shake thy gory locks at me!) Gosh! See if you can't spot them thrill seekers!

In the meantime, have the neck brace ready and dive off the sofa into a world of orgiastic sweaty fun.

STEVE GRIFFITHS



Hey Joel Come blow your horn! Mr. Bowie of Defunkt in slightly dodgy sensitive artist as beef cake prose.

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