

# ENTERTAIN MEAT

VIEW FROM THE HILL  
"In Time"  
(Capitol/EMI)

*I found it difficult to let this one play through to the end... And how to describe music qualified by the press release as "(music) that swirls around in a blend of smooth velvety vocals and seduces the senses", that record stores class under new age jazz and that sounds like Olivia Newton John meets the Bee Gees?*

*This album is unimaginative, flat and aggravating. The lyrics are repetitious and drowned with the annoying combination of pop and soul. It's only redeeming quality is that the sleeve is slightly interesting. Avoid at all costs.*

ANDREA N.

## SALT 'N PEPA

Hot Cool and Vicious  
(Next Plateau/Polygram)

**You remember rap doncha? Now over ten years old in its current manifestation and still roll roll rollin along. Yes they're still putting out turf orientated bits of nonsense about one group of chappies that have far bigger plonkers, drive far bigger cars and do far more bonking than the guys on the other side of the bridge.**

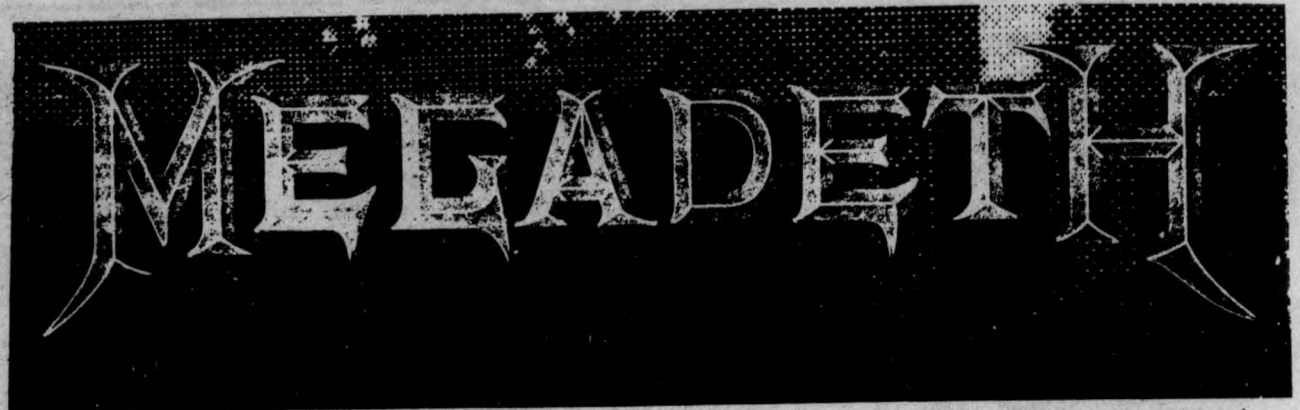
Suprizing then that all young white liberal types pretend to love this stuff; stuff which is violently sexist, bigotted and even grossly racist (yes I mean you Public Enemy). Oh but the beat; the sheer inventiveness of the sampling and sound collage construction! Its enough to turn a poor things thing y'all. Thankfully the acoustic branch of urban noise terror the continuously mutilating beast that is Hip Hop thrives. But this rap business... I don't know. A lot of it is as god awful boring as a Wilfred Longmead record review.

**When the gals get going though, the fare is usually a lot more inventive - check out the Cookie Crew and even the original Roxanne. Now, straight out of a Queen's N.Y. Sears department store, came these delightfully cheeky young ladies Salt n' Pepa and ace DJ Spinderella with the appropriately titled *Hot Cool and Vicious*. A well named debut album indeed as th'ole body jacks and-pops involuntarily making anything more complicated than chewing gum an extremely hazardous proposition. For God's sake, leave Daddy's power tools alone when any of these little beltors are on the woofers. To sample Mr. Richard Bird... you know what its like when that psychopath suddenly bursts into your room at three a.m. and whops you over the head with a steak tenderizer? Well this is about three hundred times more exciting. True, *Beauty and the Beat* and *Tramp* drags their heels quite noticeably at times, but this is a small complaint indeed for an album that makes your dirty laundry scamper around the room several times before spontaneously disintegrating into glowing dust.**

Oh yeah, to all the anally fixated bone-heads in the conditioning room that tore this out of the cassette player to be replaced with the barrel scraping shit of Aerosmith? 'Get up on this ya braindead homeboys!'

CINDY DE SOUSA

## GET UP ON THIS!



"So Far, So Good, So What"  
(Capitol Records)

**By Godfrey those were the days! 'Nary had a couple of bars of any Rainbow song came filtering through the crappy monitors at the local disco than all the lads would cease slobbering over the birds for a few minutes, jump up, sprint to the dance floor and... erm... pretend to play guitars while shaking terminal acne ridden faces and greasy locks all over the shop. Its true... I know, I was that soldier.**

Megadeth while subscribing to a few of these tendencies really aren't all that bad. One thing I can't stand is a group that are essentially a bunch of animated pricks that cover up their own inadequacies by spouting out heinous crap about their formidable success with women. These bastards ought to have their testicles sewn up their nostrils. Megadeth seem safe... for now. There is apocalyptic terror though in tracks such as *Setting the World Afire* 'Red flash clouds choking out the morning sky/They said it'd never come but we knew it was a lie' - yeah, so on and so on we've heard it all before guys and sounds especially suspect to a gang that actually believe in armament.

Interestingly, *Anarchy in the UK* is given a rehashing with none other than the venerable Steve Cook (guitarist of the late Sex Pistols) shows up for the fun. Unfortunately, its a tame little monkey against the original monster and they even get the lyrics wrong (for shame!). Too bad. Incidentally, it also appears to be the single as I also got sent the video. If it was left as a scary high-speed montage of surreal cartoons and gut wrenching imagery, it would have been excellent, but as it is there is live footage of the band, which is as exciting as menstrual cramps, together with a continuing play-act segment of an all-American apple-pie boy getting the business from a group of mad scientists. The end result is, very nearly, total crap. But they're all so angry see, and this young reviewer tends to suspect there might even actually be some intelligence lurking underneath Dave Mustaine's battered cranium. Goodness me! Heres a song called *Liar* - "Start trouble, spread pain/Piss and venom in your veins/Talk nasty, breathe fire/Sweat liquor, breathe snot/Diseased health hazard/Scumbag filthy bastard!" - and that's just for starters! This young man is definitely not going to get interest from the Hallmark greeting cards company as a verse writer! O.K. I loved it. It's fast, snappy and damn fine listening for people like myself that occasionally would like to beat the piss out of those shit heads from any ballclub that revel in abuse and discrimination. All together now... "Hair matted, teeth decay/Greasy face, drunk all day/Rot in hell it's time you know/To your master, off you go" Phew! That feels a lot better doesn't it?

NANCY MAXIME



Salt, Papa 'n Spinderella. *Entertainmeat's Women of the Year. Get up on this.*