

# GUILT PARADE COPROPHOBIA

(Fringe)

It must be true to say that by far the largest proportion of the North American record buying public really don't give a flying fink about positive statements in Rock n' Roll. "Hell no! Just give me any old banal conformist crap!" You can hear them cry: "If'n I want to be educated or get one of them there purspecktifs I'll go take a shit!" they'll probably continue.

How then will the average purveyor of wank-fodder take to the Guilt Parade. Not very well. Let's make no bones about it Guilt Parade don't piss around. If anything even faintly smacks of discrimination or subjugation, then the Parade kicks seven shades of crap out of it.

Arch-nemesis Jeff Beardall won't put up with any nonsense. Our next door neighbours may seem relatively benign but they're not fooling our Jeffery. "Fuck off America" and "Frustrated Americans" may initially sound like knee-jerk anthems written by poorly educated brats but in the space of three minutes there is enough (admittedly token) analysis of so many aspects of dreadful Americana that, especially an F\*O\*A, one is left rather stunned (and surprised to find oneself singing it in the line-up at the bank).

Ideally categorists will probably place the boys in the seething cauldron of hardcore but, in essence, Guilt Parade are in a class of their own. The very crispness of arrangement and the ability to actually understand the lyrics (crikey!) makes the whole experience

extremely enjoyable. Overall, the tone of "Eoprophobia" is a humorous one. Beardall (and co-author/genius Rich Bird) is too intelligent to expect making even the slightest dent in the dickheads he's singing about. So why not have a laugh in the process? (Poor drunken Asshole). The definitive country and western piss-take still has me rolling in the custard even now, two years after its inclusion on the previously released independent cassette "Animals That Speak Like Men". Also worth mentioning are the very substantial World Gone Mad (the frustrations of the Anal Retentive) and Monochrome (why can't everyone be just like me?), but then every track has something to recommend itself to the more discriminating punter. We have a vicious swipe at Doctor Wallace; jump around on the concept of nuclear proliferation (don't be fooled kiddies!), and as absurd as it might sound, there are singles on this album. Such is the remarkable cross-over appeal. My favorite for heavy rotation is "Religion in American Life" (I almost bought the Lie)" a track with more hooks than Pin-head, it is eerily reminiscent of the Advert's Gary Gilmour's Eyes and a fine flashback it is too.

At the moment the Parade are out in their Winnebago-from-Hell scorching the Northern Wastelands with their vitriolic polemic. Rumor has it that they're heading our way. Remember Mums and Dads, lock up your little fascists, just in case! ! Steve Griffiths



AND ITS ALL OVER BAR THE SHOUTING. GUILT PARADE'S JEFF B. SPOTS A NAZI IN THE FRONT ROW

Photos by Chris Vautour



Brad's upper left #2 molar could use a good flossing!

