GUILT PARADE COPROPHOBIA

(Fringe)

It must be true to say extremely enjoyable. that by far the largest Overall, the tone of 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 and western piss-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 "Animals That Speak bones about it Guilt Like Men". Also worth Parade don't piss around. If anything very substantial World even faintly smacks of Gone Mad (the discrimination subjegation, then the Retentive) shades of crap out of it.

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

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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 experience case!! whole

"Eoprophobia" is a one. humourous Beardall (and coauthor/genius 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 still has me rolling in the custard even now, two years after its inclusion on the previously released independent cassette mentioning are the or frustrations of the Anal and Parade kicks seven Monochrome (why can't everyone be just like Arch-nemesis Jeff 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 an 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 crossover appeal. My favorite for heavy rotation is "Religion in American Life (I almost bought the Lie)" a track

At the moment the Parade are out in their Winnebago-from-Hell scorching the Northern Wastelands with their vitriolic polemic. Rumor has it that arrangement and the they're heading our ability to actually way. Remember Mums understand the lyrics and Dads, lock up your (crikey!) makes the little fascists, just in Steve Griffiths

with more hooks than Pin-head, it is eerily

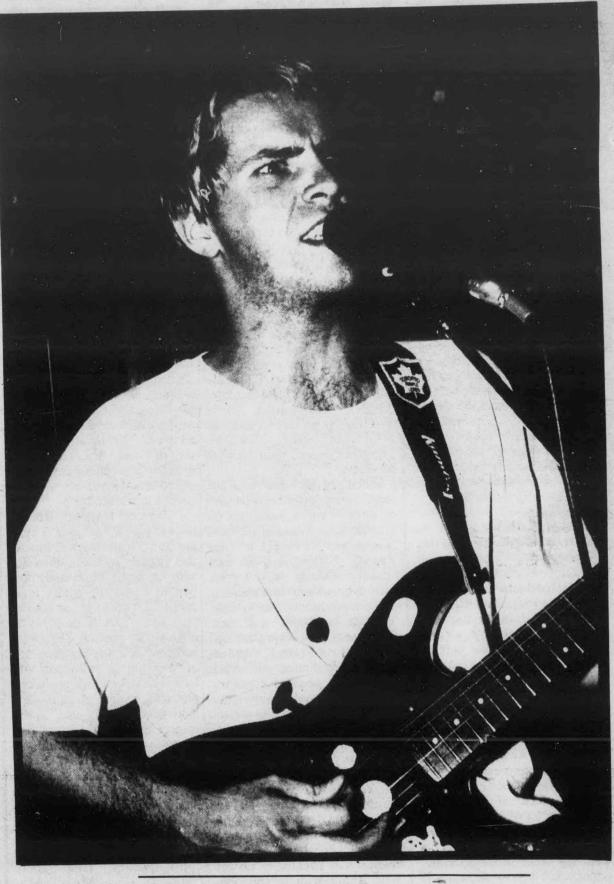
reminiscent of the

Advert's Gary Gilmour's

Eyes and a fine flash

back it is too.





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



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