

BRUTARIAN

NO 8

audio Deprivation

■ **Various - Mesomorph Enduros:** Some rock personages' record collections you'd love to peruse on a rainy day. Providing, of course, that you had nothing better to do. Some you wouldn't even if you had all the time in the world on your hands. Morrissey? Forget about it, he thinks Herman's Hermits make for better listening than Joy Division. Lou Reed? Maybe ten years ago. Last time I bothered to pay attention to him he was talking about his love for Herbie Hancock. Jim Thirwell? Yeah, definitely but because I didn't feel like traipsing around some attic in Brooklyn I gave him a call and asked him to make me a tape of some of the stuff he's been listening to recently. This is the result. It's *kind* of rock 'n' roll but I like it. Most of the tracks have that low, ominous guitar rumble you expect to hear in noisy thrash assault bands c.f. Jesus Lizard, Barkmarket. All of the selections read like a challenge from one combo to the other to see who can sound the most accessibly psychotic (Unsane wins but there's a fourteen way tie for second). We also liked the sibilant murmurings of paranoid schizos the Pain Teens, the white noise maelstrom with a good beat of Foetus, the inebriated bellowing lunacy of Drunk Tank, and the exotic fugue state tribalisms of Motherhead Bug. (Big Cat) ds

■ **Steroid Maximus - Gondwanaland:** Demented, retro-noir sleaze-jazz, psychotic cabaret, middle eastern cartoon music, bombastic bagpipery, Orffish erotostatic hysteria, morbid gothic pomposity, El Salon Mexicorndoggerel, caterwauling caliopedic cacophonies . . . that's right, it's another instrumental collection by Jim "Scraping Wiseblood off the Steroid Maximus" Thirwell. For our money, it embodies all that is essential to this genre: It's repetitive, it's repetitive, it's repetitive and it repeats itself. Buy it, NOW! (Big Cat) ds