

▶ VINYL FINALS ▶

BY JOHN STRAUSBAUGH

Clint Ruin and Lydia Lunch
Stinkfist

Blast First

Clint and Lydia work hard at being punk's first couple, a cross between Sid & Nancy and Fred & Wilma. Ms. Lunch wants to be the kvetchiest, foulest-mouthed, most obnoxious bitch goddess slut in show biz. Next to her, Madonna really does look like a virgin. Mr. Ruin just wants to bang on his drum all day, making loud, harsh, ugly, hellish noises of the industrial breakdown sort. Cute couple. *Stinkfist* has gone through a number of incarnations before this domestic EP. On the "Stinkfist" side Lydia makes squelchy orgasmic noises while an army of drummers (D.J. Bonebrake, Cliff Martinez, Spit, Ruin, etc.) bludgeon the hell out of drums, sheet metal, and electronics. On side two, "Meltdown Oratorio," Lydia plays "the Queen of Cripples" in "the mental institution for famous movie stars dead by the 60s," whining shock-o-rama images of earthquakes, nuthouses, abortion clinics, school bus wrecks, all that. "The road to nowhere is covered with shit, with drunks, with drugs, with fuck," she whines. "It sucks." Profound shit, huh? Then she makes more squelchy orgasmic noises. The band sounds good though, thrashing out a godzilloid hurricane of urban jungle drums and killer guitar fuzz from hell. As post-nuke, end-of-the-world disco inferno tribalism, this all probably sounded kind of new back in '83 when this project first rumbled off the ground. Now it's more ridiculous than revolutionary, a big noise of hype flogging some terminally cliched punk posturing that's well past its expiration date.

—MARCH 10, 1989—CITY PAPER

(BALTIMORE, MD)