



Clint Ruin & Lydia Lunch Snakefist

Windowspeak/Blast First

Yes, I can do more than pose nude, with a toilet seat cover over my head, for da Pladd Page (see issue of GENERATION with the bunnies on the cover, ta know what I'm talking about). My only regret is that, while I was naked with my toilet seat, the Prodigal Sun/Spectrum's Mick Seige beat me to the *Stinkfist* EP. However, I'm sure Micky won't mind if I review it again (seein' how I promised Jay an' Baby Face that I *WOULD* review it.)

So there you have it, and here it is . . . *Stinkfist*, the somewhat new Lydia Lunch and Clint Ruin record. I use the term "somewhat," coz, in the little xerox promo they sent with the record, they say that Lydia and Clint first cut the track in London, in May of '83. Then it was re-recorded during the filming of "Fingered" in LA. And then,

it was brought back to the studio and run through the loops again. Until, voila! You have this three track EP: *Stinkfist*.

This record features Cliff Martinez from Captain Beefheart fame, DJ Bonebrake from the infamous X, and Spit from FEAR, as well as Lydia and Clint from . . . well, you know where they're from. So you've got a room full of metal and skin (both animal and human) — what have you got? Well, I'll tell you.

You have got blood-bunnies burning up with friction. You have got a two-mile high nuclear prick that can shoot off and leave you looking like cigarette ash. You've got something that you can't control anymore. You've got something that has to come, sooner or later. And you've got fleshy orifices gaped open and pusing with ANXIETY. You've got *Stinkfist*. You've got a title track that starts off simply, with industrial sounds, then a drum beat enters, giving itself away to what sounds like a voice being eaten alive by a rickety tape deck. As the track continues, the garbled warbled chant of "Stinkfist" is heard, smothered under the weight of metallic objects being bludgeoned to the rhythm of an erratic heartbeat.

The mood has been set. It is then time for the second track: "Meltdown Oratorio." The wordless first track is now given a voice. It all starts with what sounds like a foghorn coming in and out between Lydia's liturgy — then it builds. And then it ends. But, it's not over yet. Time now for the post-apocalypse: "Son of Stink." Lydia fades to the tune of, "I'm terminally FUCKED UP." The drums and metal return, seemingly twice as driven as the first time. And under the bantering drums Lydia is twisted. Her words are nothing reduced by the clamour to a lulling vowel (or perhaps, she's reciting the international phonetic alphabet three times fast and backwards). The delirium pauses and then it ends. You're left with the empty static of your stereo. *Stinkfist* has come and retracted; you're left holding on to yourself (or to some dear one), crying, "Injustice!" But there is no more. You can wait for the next Lunch/Ruin, or you can turn the record over and start it all over again; either or, the choice is up to you.

And on that note, I'll end my little sermon. But before I do, I would like to add: Pteradactyls soar overhead, pissing on glaciers, sucking on the monoxide clots that the latest airline disaster has left as a reminder of some fallacy the maggots call, "Reality," but what nihilistic nymphos call, "Stinkfist."

By Virus DNA