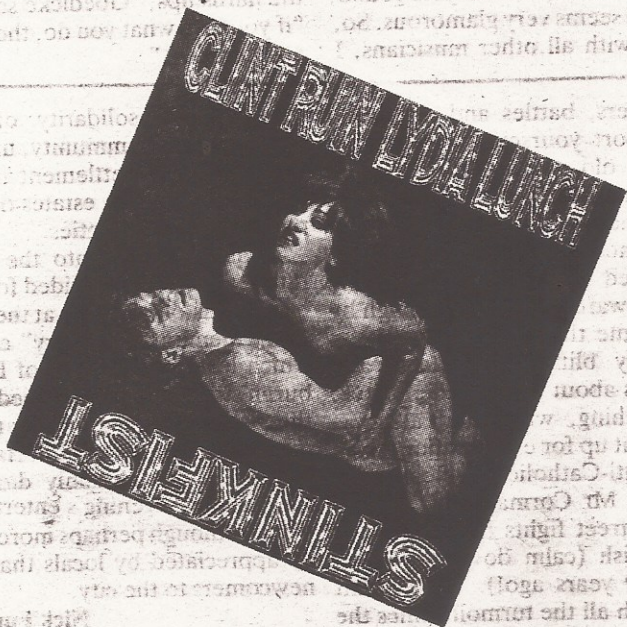


GLASGOW STUDENT



CLINT RUIN AND LYDIA LUNCH

Stinkfist
Blast First 12"

HARK! "The road to nowhere is covered with shit, with drunks, with drugs, with fuck, it sucks."

And lo! "Rifles ricocheting off the bellies of pregnant women, handicapped children poisoned on a schoolbus."

Hmmm. Tiffany? Belinda? Guess again chaps. Yup... that's right, it's Miss L. And who's that helping her with her contact lenses on the cover? Young Master Thrilwell, if I'm not mistaken. Two people who for years have been driven along their gut-wrenching, head-splitting way by limitless quantities of bile, hate and green slimey stuff. Two people with a mission and a mes-

to fathom what it is, but it usually involves making you want to renew your acquaintance with your dinner.

Crikey — here they are now with *Stinkfist*, purportedly "a soundtrack for the end of the world". Judging by all the moaning and groaning going on, the apocalypse is going to occur in the course of some huge cosmic rodgering session, and not a very enjoyable one at that.

Parts two (*The Crack*) and three (*The Meltdown*) are the only real successes of the record as the drumming reaches fever pitch, hammering out a bonk beat of such breakneck velocity that even Clint/Lydia would struggle to keep up with it. Though doubtless they'll now release the accompanying promo video and prove me wrong.

Stephen Barnaby