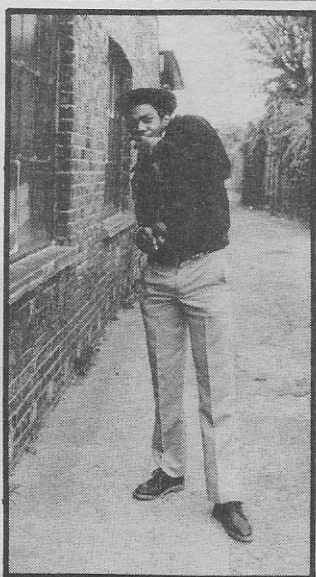


SINGLE OF THE WEEK**FETUS ART TERRORISM: The Calamity Crush (Some Bizarre)**

The Holland Dozier and Holland of Hardcore! Forget disease, forget the vermin serum, forget the wonderful wasted living on the sleaze line chic. Forget the 'we all have to suffer in the war on pop' claims of the fanatics. With the manic, drilling, stabbing sensurround of F. A. T. your fears are at an end. What a funny, misleading acronym to be sure. Seldom has there been a record more finely pared to the bone.

In the best, truest sense of the world FAT has a rock 'n' roll heart. There are no sated tinges of satisfaction on this record – a full frontal assault on stamina and desire – just a head full of crazed dreams, wild connections, explicit and determined fantasies. But even as he drenches himself in the style and fury lost and found at various points during the last three decades – thrashing the Memphis Flash, 'Good Times' rap mix splattered and tormented to submission – FAT displays a mastery of studio technique that would put any number of competitors, in any number of areas, to withering shame and envy. He has it all down in terms of echo, impact, attack and overlay. Nothing is overplayed, everything is lethal, could be the motto here.

**SINGLE OF THE WEEK****PAPA LEVI: Big And Broad (Island)**

Along with Jim Foetus the most exciting music being made in Britain this week. This has the sort of hunger and cocksure determination that defines the output of those whose music is made from love and need rather than aesthetic/product considerations. Locking horns with a rhythm that flickers and then slashes the air like a rapier, Papa Levi's voice cajoles, cackles and joins the musical motherlode to make the speakers bubble and bounce as the raps get faster, furious and more crazed.

Having already developed an inimitable style, with the same consummate speed and alacrity as Linton Kwesi Johnson, Levi is still defining the art of worldly wise cool on his own terms, unwinding himself through this piece as both a canny raconteur and devilish humourist. The crack seems to be about having fun with his critics while prodding and deflating his own myth. "Hang them from a coconut tree with a microphone cord . . . In the pages of Black Echoes my face looked but 'ard/ But still me big, me broad, me massive, me 'ard . . ." are some words loosed from their moorings and plunged into a cauldron that gets hotter and fuller with every verbal flurry.

I wouldn't pretend to know what it's all about – patois and references bypass in the maelstrom. But that's the sort of mystery and charm I can deal with, the sort many records could benefit from.

