MINED LIKE A SEWER

COIL
Scatology [K422]

BE IT the humanism of the arsehole, Dali’s odd alchemy of turning excrement into gold, or the slosh fantasies of The Sewage Worker’s Birthday Party touched on in the sleeve notes, there is evidence aplenty that we’re talking some pretty serious shit here.

But ‘Scatology’ is more than an art of talking dirty. Indeed, it would be nothing but a passing snigger if it did not prick the listener’s ears back so disarmingly with the intention of alerting them to deeply buried, possibly base desires, achieved through the assault of disco and discord, of loud, blasting fanfares and more reflective, liquid sax squealings, of primal grunts and acoustic sighs.

Plainly, from such a list of opposites, the middleground is not Coil’s concern. Their aim is to invoke a musical chaos, a beginning-again state where the only limits to rebuilding are the strengths and failings of their combined will. The final track here – ‘Cathedral In Flames’ after the Marquis De Sade – depicts that state most vividly through its matching of a simple yet threatening drum figure and a heaving, churning mass of emulated noise.

And ‘Panic’, with its provision of fear as a key “to crystallise and inspire” (odd: fear as a laxative would seem to be more in keeping with the record’s aura) is their rite of passage through the rubble. Provided, of course, leaving Sodom is their intention: the sluice sounds of ‘The Sewage Worker’s Birthday Party’ poits the peculiar contentment to be had lashed to a toilet bowl, the satisfaction some find in abaseinent.

The record’s achievement is its rendering of such asocial, secret behaviour as a physically bracing music, which remains attractive to the non-initiated without disguising its bizarre origins. Its stench is too overpowering to be either deodorised or ignored. Coil – ex PTV members John Balance and Peter Christopherson, produced in conjunction with Clint Ruin – with them or recoil from them, the victory’s all theirs.

Biba Kopf