

CLINT RUIN & LYDIA LUNCH 'Stinkfist'

(Widowspeak/WSP 14)

AND SO it came to pass that Lydia cried, "Let there be drums", and lo, there were drums . . .

The cryptic message on the run out groove reads "Sandy Nelson with a meat cleaver", but the effect is more like eight Sandy Nelson clones banging on oil drums with cast iron rolling pins. Let's just say it redefines beating off . . .

This year's been something of a feast for Lydia devotees what with the *eventual* emergence of 'Honeymoon In Red', 'The Crumb' and now the real return to basics, 'Stinkfist'. This latest installment sees her bonding with companion/soul mate/lover, Clint Ruin, to produce a mutant hybrid which falls somewhere in between the defining characteristics of their own respective bodies of work.

Featuring the rhythm section to end all rhythm sections, including Cliff Martinez (ex-Beefheart, Red Hot Chili Peppers), DJ Bonebrake (X), Spit (Fear) and Roli Mosimann, besides the dynamic duo

themselves on various combinations of drums and metal - 'Stinkfist' is a percussive diatribe. It's a sprawling voodoo drum mantra driven by primal sexual instinct. This *is* sex beat.

By way of contrast, 'Meltdown Oratorio' is a veritable motorway pile-up of nightmarish imagery. A spoken word soundtrack to a world sliding into the abyss; a lament to the death of pleasure. In the beginning it's all quite distinct from the punishing spiral pulse of 'Stinkfist', but as the descent into the maelstrom proceeds through parts two and three - 'The Crack' and 'The Meltdown' - everything starts to merge. 'Son Of Stink' finally rises from the rubble to complete the cycle.

'Stinkfist' is the sex(iest) disc of the year from the hardcore life's first couple of letters. It's the end of rock as we know it (and it feels fine).

GRAHAME BENT

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