

MELODY • MAKER

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Spearheading a new European assault on the senses, LA MUERTE tell The Stud Brothers they certainly aren't A-Ha



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THE Death. In Spanish, La Muerte. La Muerte, in Belgium a group. Where do Spain and Belgium meet? On the map nowhere, but here, over the corpse of a surrealist painter, on the border between hysteria and logic, in the music of La Muerte, that's where they collide.

Long distance from Brussels. A phone call on a Sunday afternoon. It's Didier, guitarist and co-founder of La Muerte. So let's make this simple. This group was formed a year and a half ago by the aforementioned Didier and Mark, the singer, both sick to death of everything that surrounded them.

"We were introduced by a mutual friend because neither of us liked any of the music that was around at the time but both of us wanted to play in a band."

They have released three EPs, the latest, "Peepshow", out now. The philosophy behind each was simple — when no-one is making the music you want to hear, make it yourself. Around the same time a group called Litfiba emerged in Florence, in Yugoslavia, Laibach began to plunder the graphic violence of totalitarianism and World

War Two and, back in Belgium, Front 242 smashed their way to prominence with baseball bats and a beatbox. Here in England, The Jesus And Mary Chain released "Upside Down". Didier sees La Muerte as part of a new European movement — certainly all these groups share a young blood-and-guts energy and, reputedly, all share that same DIY philosophy.

On the release of "The Surrealist Mystery", their first and universally acclaimed EP, La Muerte were given six months by Le Vif Magazine to become an international legend. True or false, such claims are unimportant. What's certain is that, even if La Muerte split tomorrow, "Surrealist Mystery", "The Mystery Goes On" and "Peepshow" will be prized for the uniquely bloody-minded and uncompromising way in which they present sex, violence and chaos.

If you like Metallica for their noise, if the sick-fuck appeal of the Butthole Surfers turns you on, if you're the sort that shivers with pleasure at Nick Cave's neurotic growl, and if you demand more from all of these, for you the choice is clear ... La Muerte.

"Our songs are violent. It just reflects life today, what you see on television, what you read in the newspapers, what you see when you're out with your girlfriend. It sounds chaotic, as if nothing's preplanned but, before we go into the studio, we rehearse a lot. So we know what we're going to do, where we're going to put the noises."

La Muerte are spontaneously chaotic, but effective spontaneity demands careful planning. Let's be clear: if you want to cause maximum damage, if you want to bring the house down, you'll find precisely the right place to plant the bomb.

"All the concepts are our own, from the music to the sleeves. They're nasty, ugly sleeves but people can see them in a shop-window. It's optical art," muses Didier. The art of a bomber.

Didier hangs up. It's Sunday. The next-door-neighbours hate you for what you did last night, Jimmy Savile OBE oozes candy boredom from the radio and it's raining outside. There is a final solution ... "Peepshow/Lucifer Sam" by La Muerte. Bomb the bastards.