

SPIN

In Spanish, **La Muerte** means death. In music it means a great and grating hell in which Batman takes acid and the ghost of Nick Cave lies screaming his most subterranean grumbles and rockabilly-edged squeals. La Muerte weaves happy, low-notes-only dirges on *Peep Show*, a 12-inch, live-and-studio EP. This is a record of swampabilly, a cross between surf and the darkest, dirtiest gooze. Frankenstein's monster could not grumble deeper than Muerte's cancerously growly vocalist, or with more blunt, heavy urgency. You'd have to string a clothesline instead of a guitar to play lower chords. On the backside, Syd Barrett's "Lucifer Sam" gets a surf-a-dirge treatment when a psychedelic cloud of electronic birds twitter and squiggly guitars tremble as if it were their last play on earth. La Muerte's version blows the original right out of the swamp. That swamp can be found at Soundwork, 95 Rue Van AA, 1050 Brussels, Belgium.

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