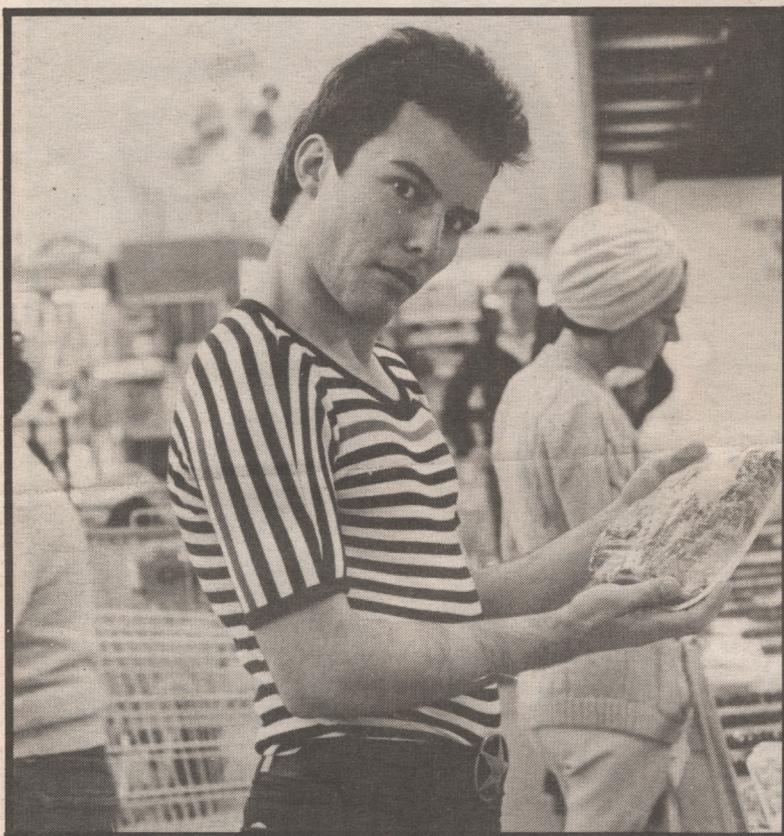


PRAISE THE LARD!



Barf's shoplifting tips number six: stash it under her turban

I was awake. The sheets were sodden. Thank heavens — a dream!

The room still stank of sweat, spunk, cow sick and burning flesh, but at least it was my room, my very expensive hotel room in downtown San Francisco and not some diabolical TV studio from which a mad Biafra would spread his evil gospel. . . . LARD! Which reminded me, I was late for the interview.

BARF ME OUT BEFORE YOU GO GO — THE STORY SO FAR

Satin, in his eternal battle with the forces of good, had chosen Jello Biafra, lead singer with punk band The Dead Kennedys, as his main man on the physical plane. Fortunately the God Squad nailed the little bugger on charges of selling porn to sprogs. Unfortunately he beat the rap. Although the DK's were finished Biafra found other avenues for his anti-American ramblings. He toured colleges delivering rants against America's God-given right to shit on any country it cotton-picking wants to, and released

the 'Spoken Word' album. But his legions of brainwashed and corrupted fans were not happy.

"Gis some MUSIC, Barf!" they screamed.

And thus it was that demonic genius Biafra created Lard!

A FINGER OF LARD IS JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE YOUR KIDS A TREAT

Biafra was in the studio with some clever punk muckers.

"All three of them are in Ministry and they're also involved with Revolting Cocks and Pailhead, namely Al Jorgeson, Paul Barker and Jeff Vork . . ."

A stunning troika of individuals involved in bands that are seriously f—ing with Hard Core's little pointed head.

" . . . and Lard came out the other end, kind of like it does after you eat in certain restaurants."

What has in fact come squitting out of this arse-end of the punk dream is an EP, 'The Power Of Lard', of stunning power and insensitivity. Biafra's whining, rambling babble is set against cardiac arrest drum machines and

Motormouth JELLO BIAFRA is back with a one-off EP, 'The Power Of Lard', that has Prez Bush worried and threatens to usher in a new era of love and compassion. Or so claims paid liar STEVEN WELLS. Come with us as Biafra unzips his latest project . . .

guitars that owe as much to Belgian New Beat as they do to Discharge.

'Lard' was only a couple of days old but Al said 'What are we going to call our alleged band?' The first thing that came into my head was Lard and Al fell to the floor laughing."

And who could blame him? Lard — think chip butties and huge, fat-wobbly pigeon fanciers from Northern English counties where the only thin things are whippets, Morrissey and dole cheques. How very un-Californian.

DIE DIE DIE EDWINA

Biafra sifted through the pages of articulate gobbledegook and parody in his treasured notebooks and flung together 'The Power of Lard' which is a HEAVY mock religious ramble against anti-fat paranoia, health-facism and TV Evangelism. It raises cooking fat to the status of a holy icon acute accent a la Robert Crumb's '60s comic *Meatball*, where meatballs fall from heaven, bouncing off the head of folk in the street and granting instant enlightenment.

"Lard controls peoples lives through fear. Fear of not having enough money, fear of the police, but now many people are in fear of Lard. They look in the mirror every day to make sure they haven't gained any weight."

Do you have that problem?

"Not yet but it's getting there. I sure do love those corn chips."

We all know from laughing at American tourists that all Americans are either obscenely fat or look like Rambo . . .

"I think they start out as one and turn into the other, that is what the 'Power of Lard' is all about."

"'Hell Fudge' is about Jimmy Swaggart cruising for prostitutes and 'Time To Melt' is the notorious long track on the other side which people either get hooked on or take off their turntables after 10 seconds. I suppose it falls between early Swans and Spacemen 3."

SPOOKY OR WHAT?

Biafra, who claims not to be a pill-popping junkie so high on LSD all the time that he often forgets to tuck his shirt in his



"Hey, Nancy, wanna peek at my Penis Landscape?" (All along, the Gipper preferred Jello B to jellybeans)

underpants, nonetheless had a disturbing "Cosmic" experience during the recording of 'Hell Fudge'. This suggested, despite his claims not to have personally consorted with any dark spirits, that Beezlebub has a devil put aside for him . . . for him . . . FOR HIM! (guitar solo) . . .

"It was quite hypnotic to record that track. Al said he felt himself floating over the room watching himself play guitar. Perhaps that's why it took so long to finish it."

Well, given that Satan Watchers claim WASP stands for "We Are Sexual Perverts" and Kiss for "Kids In Satan's Service" is it not almost definite that the secret meaning of Lard is "Large Assed Red Demons"?

"Hey, why don't we have a competition for the best acronym of Lard and I'll send a personally autographed can of real Lard to the winner?"

You heard him kids, postcard only, the LARD COMP, care of Steven Wells, NME.

EAST RIVER LARDY DA!

America screws with the head of Biafra much more than Biafra screws with the head of America. Radical artists in the States have a horrible habit of being co-opted, silenced or marginalised. Lard, a brilliant one-off . . .

"I mean, the guy from *Sounds* was asking me 'What does this mean for your future direction?' I mean! Jesus Christ! Don't Las Vegas it to the point where it becomes a PiL that isn't!"

. . . proves that the most eloquent and bitter voice to emerge from American punk is still in there slugging AND experimenting. He's working on a film,

Ricochet, in Vancouver which is "a humorous surreal thriller with political overtones" in which he plays Mutley to a US dictator's Dick Dastardly. He can hardly be a worse actor than Sting or Joe Strummer, can he?

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MOZ?

It's amazing the number of people who come up to me and say why don't you try and mellow out your music to sound like The Smiths so you reach more people? With that sort of music I don't think I could reach anybody, least of all myself. But I better shut up about that; I've never studied The Smiths that carefully because I couldn't stand the music long enough to check out the lyrics. It's a matter of attitude. It's great that they were using that sort of music to say something important but it didn't reach me at all."

Mozzer was brought up on a diet of lard pies and fist fights with broken bottles in Manc pubs. Biafra was warmly cosseted in the fur-lined womb of middle-class America on a diet of polyunsaturates. Both are lyrical wizards once again finding their musical feet. Both come across on record as blood slaving, axe wielding nutters.

"In a way," says Barf, wickedly out of context, "my whole life has been one huge tantrum . . ."

Where JB differs from SM is that he works with musicians who roar rather than clang, drone and simper. (This para has been sponsored by the MOZZER! GO METAL! campaign.)

All around us are pious vegetarians who think they can save the world by looking shitfaced and nibbling carrots. They are taking over. Only Lard can save us. All hail the Power of Lard.