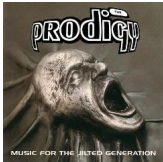


The Prodigy - Music For The Jilted Generation (1994)

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The Prodigy - Music For The Jilted Generation (1994)



1 Intro 0:46 2 Break & Enter 8:24 3 Their Law (Featuring - Pop Will Eat Itself) 6:41 4 Full Throttle 5:03 5 Voodoo People 6:27 6 Speedway (Theme From Fastlane) 8:56 7 The Heat (The Energy) 4:28 8 Poison 6:42 9 No Good (Start The Dance) 6:18 10 One Love (Edit) 3:53 The Narcotic Suite 11 3 Kilos 7:26 12 Skylined 5:58 13 Claustrophobic Sting 7:12
Liam Howlett - keyboards Simone - vocals Maxim Reality - vocals + Phil Bent - Flute [Live] Lance Riddler - Guitar [Live] (tracks: 5)

The Prodigy's response to the sweeping legislation and crackdown on raves contained in 1994's Criminal Justice Bill is an effective statement of intent. Pure sonic terrorism, *Music for the Jilted Generation* employs the same rave energy that charged their debut, *Experience*, up the charts in Britain, but yokes it to a cause other than massive drug intake. Compared to their previous work, the sound is grubbier and less reliant on samples; the effect moved the Prodigy away from the American-influenced rave and acid house of the past and toward a uniquely British vision of breakbeat techno that was increasingly allied to the limey invention of drum'n'bass. As on *Experience*, there are so many great songs here that first-time listeners would be forgiven for thinking of a greatest-hits compilation instead of a proper studio album. After a short intro, the shattering of panes of glass on "Break & Enter" catapults the album ahead with a propulsive flair. Each of the four singles -- "Voodoo People," "Poison," "No Good (Start the Dance)," and "One Love" -- are excellent, though album tracks like "Speedway" and "Their Law" (with help from Pop Will Eat Itself) don't slip up either. If *Experience* seemed like an excellent fluke, *Music for the Jilted Generation* is the album that announced the Prodigy were on the charts to stay.

---John Bush, AllMusic Review

It was their chart-topping 1996 single, "Firestarter", that first took up lighter and aerosol and

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burnt the name of The Prodigy – and the piercing-covered gurn of Keith Flint – onto the national consciousness. But if you want to mark the point this gang of Essex ravers first learnt to unite the chemical rush of acid house and the anti-authority attitude that had hitherto been the preserve of black-clad anarcho-punks like Crass and their ilk, not loved-up glowstick twirlers, look back a couple of years to their 1994 album *Music For The Jilted Generation*.

Recorded against the backdrop of the Criminal Justice Act, the '94 legislation that effectively criminalised outdoor raving – ‘How can the government stop young people from having a good time?’, reads a note on the inner sleeve – *Music...* simmers with righteous, adrenalised anger, rave pianos and pounding hardcore breakbeats augmented by gnarly punk guitar, wailing sirens and on “Break And Enter”, the sound of shattering glass. At no point is this merely a band coasting on edgy vibes and bad attitude, though; rather, this is a record that saw Prodigy mainman Liam Howlett maturing as a producer, increasing his palette of sounds and instruments without diluting The Prodigy’s insolent rush, and simultaneously smash ‘n’ grabbing from a diverse range of influences that would be neatly integrated into the band’s design.

On “Their Law”, a guesting Pop Will Eat Itself supply a vitriolic vocal aimed at the powers that be. The knuckle-scraping guitar riff from Nirvana’s “Very Ape” forms the scuzzy chassis to the flute-augmented ‘Voodoo People’. And “No Good (Start The Dance)”, with its Kelly Charles vocal hook, proves that despite The Prodigy’s punk snarl, their pop impulse remained intact.

Best track here, though, is the immortal call-and-response track “Poison”, marking MC Maxim Reality’s on the microphone. And in a surprising nod to the emerging phenomenon of the chill-out room, Howlett divides the album’s final three tracks off into “The Narcotic Suite”, a spacey, synthesiser-powered closing stretch that closes the album like a valium comedown. Anyone who called The Prodigy a one-trick pony clearly never heard this. ---Louis Pattison, BBC Review

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