

Finally! An album from the Great Apes

 By [Johann M. Smith](#)

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Let's just jump right in and cut straight through: thank God this album is available for [free right now](#), because these words will never be able to explain the grinding, rickety noise that is the Great Apes eponymous debut. Basically, there are only two ways to understand this album, if done without actually listening to it: 1.) If you have a mean elderly conservative Afrikaner grandfather in your family who detests porn, surprise him with the dirtiest hard core smut you can get your hands and watch his face. 2.) Or get a can of axle grease. Smear it on your screen. Set it alight. And watch this paragraph burn and melt.



Finally, SA can proudly claim that it has that definitive album that can irritate parents in the many generations to come. Pure garage filth done as madly and badly as the little leftover morals hidden far below their thick skins would allow. As for the lyrics, you can't make sense of them. Does it matter? Light up a skyf and jam! Buy a Ford Cortina and stick it to the man! Get a hot broad and drive down the N1 like an uncaring drunk bastard holding a beer can! Or rather, do what we do in the 21st century: just listen to it and pretend you've been in the company of the questionable common hard-boiled kind who offered you addictive drugs that you declined. Yes?

Get your kicks

Still reading? Why? [Click the link](#) and play that shit! This article isn't going anywhere! It's just a gratuitous stream of conscious riding the wave of hard rock. All eight songs sound the same: like a V8 going 200km/h with an engine block that's about to crack. Why complicate things, it is what it is, and it is the Great Apes. A very apt name, because Jaeken Coetzee pounds the drums like a gorilla on heat and you're the innocent tourist on the wrong side of the forest. Run or take out a shotgun, bru.



This is the kinda thing that you only see on TV if it's a documentary that Ruda Landman did on the declining state of youth in the 1990s. It's like running through a storm of bullets in Mitchell's Plain and surviving the worst bar brawl in Voortrekker

Road, Parow. Pure youth anger taking shots at the world just to see if there is a god or hell out there.

Don't be mistaken, these boys aren't suicidal fools. They just know what to do to get their kicks. The very same that will take your teeth and eyes out. There's very clear philosophy behind all of this: only once you create that which is invulnerable, that which cannot be reacted to in any kind of foreseeable way, can the new exist. Enjoy responsibly. Use a rubber. And don't do drugs. The devil is back to claim his pound of flesh. Love it or fuck off.

www.thegreatapes.co.za

Images by Adam Kent Wiest

ABOUT JOHANN M. SMITH

Johann MSmith is a music journalist turned content hacker. Known as the IDMMAG launch designer, Johann specialises in entertainment, travel and social commentary. Or as he puts it: "I speak as and for companies through social and design."
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