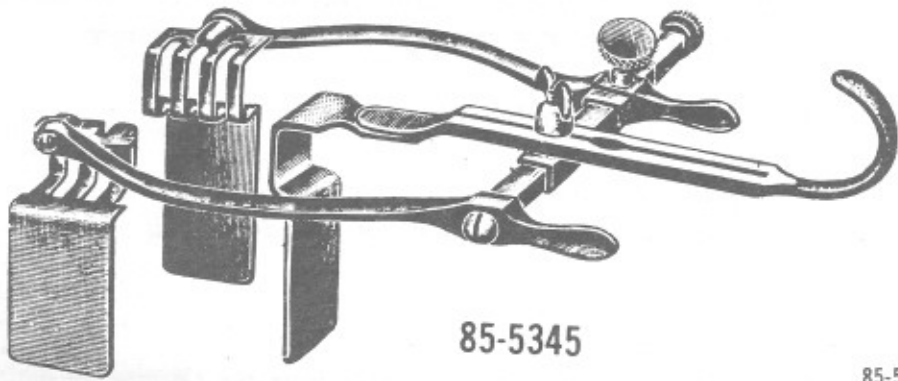


# the JESUS LIZARD



85-5345

85-5345 Bladder and Suprapubic  
Retractor, with 3 blades.

# PRESS



# the JESUS LIZARD

*A Passion That Found It's Food In Music.*



Unique taste and succulent design have set *The Jesus Lizard* very far ahead of other contemporary chefs. This should come as no surprise considering their past experience. Live, these masters of extremely spicy cuisine add to already powerful recipes with a formidable culinary license. Touring North America and Europe virtually nonstop for over two years, they have paused only a few times to prepare some outstanding meals. The menu offered by *The Jesus Lizard*, although delicious, is overwhelmingly hot at any temperature.



## APPETIZER-Pure

A boldly flavoured dish that eagerly satisfies, but is not too filling, so as to leave plenty of room for the edibles still ahead.



## ENTRÉE-Head

Marinated in two San Francisco wines from the Chrome vineyards, this ten layered masterpiece does much more than necessary to maintain life and promote growth. Head Chefs Denison and Sims cook with precision and resolute skill while fellow cuisinier McNeilly liberally garnishes the beets. All this is then courteously served to you by Head Waiter David Yow. Head is surely fare fit for a king.



## DESSERT-Goat

No doubt a crowning glory. Here the sweet and sour contrasts of this fabulous delicacy meld to send the palate reeling. A treat that is impressively delicate and intensely strong, all within each mouthful. True wizards of their art, *The Jesus Lizard* make Goat with a knowledge of sustenance and an uncompromising desire to create something of tremendous wonder.

Enjoy. Indeed, enjoy!



## SPECIALS

### COCKTAILS

*'Wheelchair Epidemic' / 'Dancing Naked Ladies'*  
7" single

*A spring favorite...a clever version of the Dicks' classic along with a fresh Lizard original. Served with a pink and blue umbrella.*

*'Pop Song'* (from Dope, Guns, and Fucking #7)  
from the compilation 7"

*Don't let the name fool you, sip this slowly as you prepare your palate for your entree of choice.*

### HARVEST ENTREE

*Liar - served beginning October 5th*

*10 sumptuously rich dishes each with its own distinctive flavor and aroma. A culinary triumph indeed.*

# Chicago Sun-Times

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1991

## Jesus Lizard scratches up new life with frantic pop

### ROCK

By Michael Corcoran

In a sea of new bands named after Jesus (Jesus Jones, Liquid Jesus, Jesus Chrysler, etc.), only Chicago's Jesus Lizard has risen from the dead.

Their frantic, incendiary, walloping performances announce the spiritual resurrection of singer David Yow's Scratch Acid, which practically invented "grunge" eight years ago. That revered Austin band broke up in '87, and two members moved to Chicago to join with Big Black's Steve Albini for the short-lived "supergroup" Rapeman. In contrast, Jesus Lizard seems poised for a long run.

Though the Acid's combination of metal riffs and punk fury has been missed, except in Seattle where countless bands have sprung from Scratch, Jesus Lizard not only accepts the torch but sprays lighter fluid on it.

Bassist David Sims, a holdover from Scratch Acid, throws down his heavy gloppy basslines. Yow's demonic yowls, Duane Denison's six-string detonations and drummer Mac McNeilly's wooden assault combine to create a sound that's almost more physical than musical. Like a flash of white noise and a loud salvo, Jesus Lizard will actually knock you back a few steps if you get too close.

Offstage, the diminutive Yow (his real name) is soft-spoken, polite, witty and unassuming. He's kind to animals and stammers over punch lines. When he's in front of that three-piece locomotive, however, he unleashes a barrage of dives, leaps, grimaces and tortured shrieks not seen or heard since Iggy put more Pop into a singer's role. Unlike the Ig, though, whose monstrous exhibitionism has been almost choreographed by the years, Yow's herky-jerky movements and clumsy rage give him the impression of

being possessed by a greater power: the music of Jesus Lizard.

With bassist Sims and guitarist Denison getting things started with a song structure and melody line, followed by McNeilly's drum parts and lyrics by Yow, the Lizard songwriting assembly line is sometimes excruciatingly slow and deliberate compared to the rapid-fire live delivery.

"David Yow writes most of the lyrics, and he's very careful to avoid the usual rock clichés," Denison said. "In addition, he's always looking for words that sound right, just as we're searching for the right notes, and that can be a very tedious process."

There's craft before the eruption, which has been recognized by Jesus Lizard's satchel full of good reviews. The band's 1989 debut EP "Pure" signaled the arrival of a new musical force, while the following LPs "Head" (1990)

and "Goat" (1991) have charted in the College Music Journal's Top 20. The band is currently writing their next album, but before that comes out they'll do a split single with hot Seattle band Nirvana.

"Things are really happening fast, not just with us but with several Chicago bands, and that really gets the juices flowing," Denison said. "Groups aren't just sitting around and complaining, they're getting out there and getting things done, taking care of business. That's why the scene is happening right now; everybody is inspiring everyone else."

### Jesus Lizard

- 11 p.m. tomorrow
- Cabaret Metro, 3730 N. Clark
- Tickets, \$8
- 559-1212 (Ticketmaster) or (312) 549-0203

## DISCOGRAPHY

One track on AMPHETAMINE REPTILE RECORDS  
Dope Guns And Fucking #7 compilation  
and a split single with NIRVANA on  
TOUCH AND GO RECORDS soon to be released.

T&G#43 12"EP/CSEP( also on T&GLP#54CD )

T&G#53 7" Single

T&GLP#54 LP:CS/CD( CD includes T&G#43 )

T&G#66 7" Single

T&GLP#68 LP:CS/CD

PURE

CHROME bw 7 VS 8

HEAD

SUNDAY YOU NEED LOVE bw

MOUTHBREATHER

GOAT

## VIDEO

"NUB" from the LP GOAT

This video won first place in  
The 1991 Chicago International Film Festival

# THE JESUS LIZARD

*"More than any other American guitar band, The Jesus Lizard are an enema for the soul, metal supremacy pitted against metal delinquency, a sledge hammer exorcism."*

## MELODY MAKER

*"...one of the world's greatest live acts."*

## RABID

*"I don't know how long David Yow will survive, but for now he may well be the best singer/showman in the United States."*

## PUNCTURE

*"The Jesus Lizard reigns supreme in their own world and on occasion make their presence known to us common folk with scarily twisted live performances which have yet to be matched in intensity."*

## FLIPSIDE

## SOUNDS

### THE JESUS LIZARD/SUN CARRIAGE Camden Underworld

FIRST THINGS first. The goon on the door turns to his colleague — "I always wanted to be a comedian. Then I could smack anyone who didn't laugh." Hmm. We'll be hearing about him again later.

Sun Carriage are a lesson in minimalist melody. Their speciality is in brief searing, disciplined attacks coupled with a most prepossessing skill for compact little rhythmic cycles. The unsmiling, non-speaking trio go about their business in a concentrated, clinical style, not giving any way to distractions. An American calls remotely from the back, "Move around a little!" Not a chance.

The bearded singer faces barely a third of his public, keeping his riffs well-hidden beside his lazy bellowing. "Ian Astbury!" one or two dissenting voices remark, slightly unkindly. "The Minutemen!" another offers slightly more reasonable. It's a tight, naggingly difficult unit, this one. And though it's early days, it might be reasonable to expect Sun Carriage's wheels to burn awhile yet.

At last, The Jesus Lizard. They were always gonna be hot, but hey, this

is something else again. The three musicians combine to build a wall of tension, Duane Dennison's guitar scales all over the botchy tight platform his fellow reprobates create. Bassist David Sims makes like a nutter, looking every inch the dumbo '78 noo-waver and staring out wide-eyed while his fingers do the walking. The whole is some kind of sound of experience, and they're not tossing around — The Jesus Lizard is too smart and old to bother with self-indulgent bartering and back-slapping.

Then there's this other guy. Surely a failed Martin Scorsese extra and ugly asshole, David Yow flexes his quickly bared torso and hoists it into a sea of heads and hands. He gurgles, stutters, shouts, but rarely sings. Yow is the focal point, the one everybody wants to f\*\*k up, and he maintains some kind of composed, sweaty arrogance just to spite them. Then the goon is back! Everybody hates the goon, and the feeling is obviously mutual. He's up onstage and Yow gives him the finger to his back — cue cheers.

Whether it's the pounding 'Nub' with its insanely mighty slide guitar, or the almost delicate genius of 'Pastoral', Jesus Lizard songs are swell, ma. Thrills aplenty, see you next time.

James Robert

## LIVE REVIEW

The Jesus Lizard/Fudgetunnel  
Camden Underworld

THE UNDERWORLD IS SO designed that entering it is like going through the levels of some bizarre noise initiation rite — what could be crunching gravel at the door becomes by turn of its catacomb-like twists an inferno of such intense volume that, on finding the stage, it's instant partial hearing shift for a week. Fudgetunnel are playing, the walls are indeed vibrating, and there's a hellish, polluted sound ringing in my

ears. This band know that rock is not a clean or pure music, but filth-ridden, unreasonably loud, forbidden, breaking all the hygiene rules of art. Fudgetunnel probably, perhaps unwittingly, rip off all their riffs from obscure '70s blues/metal bands, but never before were they played with this palpable sense of liberating nausea, where loss of control is the only possible response to such sound degradation. Churning hypnomonotony it may be, but this is noise revivalism like Loop never dreamed, a lurching juggernaut that demands you

groove or be steam-rolled over.

The Jesus Lizard are more precise, preferring a bass sound that doesn't just pummel, but actually loosens teeth inside your head. Opening with 'Then Comes Durdley' is one scary statement of intent, singer David Yow immediately establishing himself as the focus of the show, a rodent-like figure writhing around the stage in his own theatre of the absurd. Because this band are dramatic, no doubt about it, Kerb drill riffs that trade with peculiarly tasteful guitar runs, hardcore thrash turned suddenly into blasted torch

song. And it's this awareness of the subtler dynamics of anger and power that makes the Jesus Lizard special, moments of sheer brooding claustrophobia that sharpen the edge of such crowd pleasers as 'Monkey Trick' and 'Mouth Breather'.

Yow, caught between these visions of mania and desperation, almost becomes a tragic hero — stripped to the waist, he throws himself into the crowd, but the crowd just throw him back. Now that's pathos. A consummate experience.

JOE BANKS

# (JESUS LIZARD CONTINUED) LIVE

LONDON STUDENT

Ath

## Lizard king

Rick Weller bows down to The Jesus Lizard in The Underworld. Photos: Bob Stewart.

The visit of Chicago noise-heads, The Jesus Lizard, to these shores is a rare treat for a seething Camden audience as the band tear through an exhilarating set of ear-splitting resonance. From the Big Black school of musical outrage, they arrive in this country hot on the heels of their Albini-produced second LP, *Goat*, and they immediately launch into album opener *Here comes Dudley* with its slow, hypnotic rhythm and punishingly razor-sharpriffs. Vocalist David Yow throws himself around the stage, and into the crowd, like a frenzied psychotic, visually recalling Stooges-era Iggy, vocally recalling Albini on *Kerosene*. Playing to a multitude of heaving bodies, stage divers and lurchers in the intimacy of The Underworld, they proceed to power their way through most of the material from *Goat* including smouldering versions of *Monkey Trick* and *Karpis*, creating an even more manically raucous sound than on record. The Jesus Lizard make the kind of high-powered discordance not seen or heard here since Big Black's acrid demise. They return in April. Miss them at your peril.



The Jesus Lizard's David Yow down in the Underworld.

PUNCTURE

### NATION OF ULYSSES / NO MAN / JESUS LIZARD Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ

DC's Nation of Ulysses may not be welcome again in Hoboken after their singer did a back flip and landed on the Maxwell's sound man, but their twenty minutes were highly enjoyed by those present. I hadn't seen a hardcore band in ages, and memories come flooding back as I watched in awe a band that managed to produce something new in such a tired medium. The fact that they didn't play for long probably maximized their impact, and their stage antics were fun beyond belief; the Nation of Ulysses may well be the young heroes of hardcore needs in order to get out of its rut.

I will use the last drop of sympathy in my hardened heart to spare you an account of Roger Miller's No Man. Suffice to say, it was a major embarrassment. Electing to cover Mission of Burma's "This Is Not a Photograph" was a particularly masochistic decision, since it only emphasized the mediocrity of Miller's new material.

Jesus Lizard are the Touch & Go band that people who usually don't like this label's acts enjoy the most. They have polished their tension-and-release music to perfection, and their live show is mind-blowing. I don't know how long David Yow will survive, but for now he may well be the best singer/showman in the United States. Rock and roll's taste for self-destruction, the myths surrounding drugs and booze, and the idea that in order to be "genuine" you have to be wasted, are cliches as empty as they are stupid; but Yow's fight against his demons is permanently etched on his ascetic chest and wiry muscles, and the most jaded observer must acknowledge that the man truly believes in what he's doing. Jesus Lizard are the stuff legends are made of.

—Elisabeth Vincentelli

Q C QUAD

## Jesus is Way Cool

The Jesus Lizard at CBGB's December 1

Before I actually begin this concert review, please indulge me in these simple complaints and harangues for a moment. I promise it will be short and painless.

First, where the hell does CBGB dig up some of the bands that play there? An average of five bands perform at the legendary club on a given night (six on December 1, the night in question), but most of these acts are totally worthless! Most of these boxes don't even try anything original. I mean, since when is اسپر WDRE's playlist considered "alternative" or even "new"?

Mind you, I'm not expecting quality merchandise from every band I see, but this is ridiculous. I know for a fact that there are plenty of original musicians in New York seeking audiences, so how come the lion's share of stage time goes to disposable, faceless posters hoping to become disposable major label faceless pop-stars? Two-words: quality control. Keep them in mind.

Actually, speaking of faceless posters, it could be said that the Jesus Lizard's (build on, I'm getting to them...) immediate warm-up, Springhouse, are nothing but a combination of the Smiths and the Cure (as a matter of fact, that's what Huling Stone said not too long ago). Please consider, though, that their leader is one Jack Rabid, an honest-to-God rock critic (currently in Rockpool and his own fanzine), and someone who intuitively knows how to write a great pop song (rather than imitate one). Their sound is injected directly into your mainline, creating a state of Pure Pop Thrill. They more than made up for the preceding bands, who, need I note, were complete posers.

This is sort of unfortunate, because a half hour after they left the stage, the Jesus Lizard—Springhouse's total opposite—came on. You see, the Lizard don't inject pop into your veins; they'd much rather just pop your veins. Sloppy yet precise; loud yet intimate; extreme yet subtle; here are four people who know what to do with their instruments.

Led by former Scratch Acid vocal terrorist David Yow, they heated up CBGB's like a jukeie heats up smack in a spoon. While the band far exceeded government standards, it was Yow that the surprisingly large crowd watched. With a vocal style akin to Penn Jilva's David Thomas being savaged by pit bulls, and great athletic skill (he flipped himself into the crowd several times), he toned an otherwise fantastic show into one to tell the grandchildren about before you stoppage their ears with Jesus Lizard records like PHRE and HEAD (a new one will be out soon, praise the lord of limbo).

If you're particularly enlightened, you can call them punk rock. I mean, it ain't exactly news that punk is now nothing more than a rotting maggot corpse in the toilet bowl of pop culture. What the Lizard do is take the corpse and perform a Dr. Frankenstein on it with any number of toxic substances, reviving it in a new and twisted form and making it dangerous, it dangerous not only to your perceptions of that stale larty stuff you call music, but also to itself, insuring that it will snuff itself in a glorious fireball before it ever grows old and boring. Perhaps this is nothing but an overdone attempt to preserve the illusion of eternal youth, but I get the feeling that if you told this to David Yow, he'd just do something to you concerning his bodily functions which good taste disallows me from mentioning. Avoidance response? Sure, but the whole point of this is to say that the Jesus Lizard defy all bulls\*\*t critical evaluations (such as my own). While grey indie nose rock in the 90's may be critically irrelevant, but who cares? Certainly not the crowd at CBGB, who obviously much preferred being morally (or sometimes physically) assaulted by HEAL LIVING BREAHHING PEOPLE rather than pay 30 bucks to see a pair of dreadlocked MTV puppets lip synch songs so overproduced that the sounds could not possibly be traced back to any actual instruments.

Punk is dead. Long live the Jesus Lizard.

—Scott Bresinger

## THE JESUS LIZARD

'Goat'

(Touch &amp; Go) \*\*\*1/2

THE JESUS Lizard is a monster with few equals right now. They make a music which could conceivably be the result of the group being locked for a length of time in a small room until something gives and some bewildering sound begins to make sense. In fact this is entirely probable - like their first LP proper 'Head', 'Goat' first breathed life in the Chicago studio of spindly asshole noise guru Steve Albini.

Some of the obvious Albini production trademarks are there, in the tight crash of drums, splinter-sharp guitar and characteristic vocal distortion. The whole has a taut, compressed quality familiar to devotees of the Big Black school of barbarity, but The Jesus Lizard take tension a step further. The closest they have to a true peer is in Bastro, but in comparison Bastro are a heap of laughs. There's a seriously disturbed element throughout the thirty or so minutes of 'Goat', and it's suspiciously prevalent whenever David Yow opens his mouth - an

incomprehensible murmur to growl to full-throated scream, a kind unheard since Mark Stewart in the heyday of The Pop Group.

'Goat', like its predecessor works as a complete piece from beginning to end rather than just as a collection of songs, swinging in mood from bad to worse at will. The curtain razor 'Then Comes Dudley' heads in with a walking pace beat and one-fingered guitar motif, threatening to be vaguely joyous before inevitably falling into something altogether more rabid. You can almost see the animal frothing at the mouth.

But always the tension remains, and as one instrument lets fly another holds off. It's a sinewy nervous creation with as much steam held back as unleashed - a rarity this, more frustration than masturbation.

Attempting to pick out individual songs proves fairly futile. 'Rodeo In Joliet' features a particularly fine shriek, 'Monkey Trick' culminates in a typical winding Duane Dennison guitar line scaling untold heights, while 'Nub' almost finds The Jesus Lizard playing pop, before things get tense again and muscles seize. A relief - or not.

For tough nuts only.

James Robert

BLOCKS ON GOAT

## THE JESUS LIZARD

GOAT

(Touch and Go)

IT seems to me like hardcore is rapidly approaching some sort of impasse, the problem being that the genre that once prided itself on extremity has now realised that there are no longer any more extremes. If the likes of Rollins and Fugazi have taken the road 'out there' about as far out as it can go, the Buttholes still reign supreme for willful weirdness and, still, no-one can match Husker Du's inspired gift for melody, then where to now? That is, I suspect, the question that has been haunting The Jesus Lizard. 'Head', their last (and excellent) album, was something of a triumph, fusing the most f\*\*\*ed up mentality imaginable with the kind of killer riff assault that many current rock acts dream about.

TJL are once again in search of pastures new. In taking on board new influences, they've come up with a record that, while not being original, certainly offers a new twist. 'Goat' is hardcore's "Physical Graffiti"! The tracks centre around huge, staggering, bone-crunching riffs ('Mouth Breather', 'Nub', phew!) that owe an enormous amount to Jimmy Page. Vocally, David Yow's lyrical concerns are again unclear due to his (deliberately) muffled delivery, but I'd guess they're pretty unsavoury. The guy is genuinely disturbed, seemingly basing his entire persona on the crazy asthmatic creep from 'Experiment In Terror'. Scary, I can tell you.

Cuts like 'Monkey Trick' reveal an appealing subtlety, while 'Rodeo In Joliet' (Christ!) is almost Nashville metal.

As hardcore's options diminish further, Jesus Lizard are again finding new ones. Admirable.

DAVE SIMPSON

## PAINT IT RED

THE JESUS LIZARD - GOAT - LP/PIC DISC/CASS/CD - TOUCH N GO



A whole slew of Stateside livework, including opening for Sonic Youth, has sharpened The Jesus Lizard attack to damn near perfection. Goat, their second album, grabs the blues by the neck with one hand, delivers a fatal heartpunch with the other, rips out the lungs and eats them! David Yow is a constant-pain-madman roving the studio/stage for something harder than himself to bump into. Mac McNeily and David Wm. Sims clutch their drumsticks and bass respectively, slowly pummelling the beat and Duane Edison's guitar work is marvellously challenging, evocative, and often simply thrilling. Whether Slowed down (Then Comes Dudley and Rodeo In Joliet) or flipping out (Nub and South Mouth) Goat is a sonic head-butt that'll be sure to leave its mark. Polish up your knuckle-dusters now for their forthcoming April tour.

## SOUTHERN CROSS

## THE JESUS LIZARD

## RECORD REVIEW

The Jesus Lizard - 'Goat' (Touch and Go) SINGER DAVID YOW AND BASSIST David Wm. Sims used to be in Scratch Acid, and the latter was also in Rapeman - this should give you a pretty good idea of what this record sounds like is, taut, twisted blasts of scary, psyched-out hardcore. But that's not the complete picture. The Jesus Lizard, along with the likes of Birch Magnet and Bastro, are finding new ways to overcome the towering legacy of Big Black, surely the epitome of the hardcore genre, who split in the belief that they had pushed the music as far as it would go, and in so doing, convinced a lot of people they were right. While the Jesus Lizard could never hope to capture the spirit of the age as effectively as Big Black did, this is quite simply some of the most exciting, inventive music I've heard in a long time.

Opening track 'Then Comes Dudley' is an excellent example of the Lizard experience, the guitars twitching and edging around the deep, brutal bass, while Yow moans and yells over the top like a desperate man. While the jerky riff power of 'Mouth Breather' recalls the aforementioned members' previous bands, 'Seasick' is leaced with a more prickly fear and loathing at losing control, a less obvious attack on the senses.

Though in places this record sounds almost psychotic, it's never mindless - more mind at the end of its tether, hopelessly serenading the void. Particularly, Duane Dennison's often surprisingly melodic guitar adds a strange poignancy to some songs - for instance, the brilliantly disturbed 'Monkey Trick', or the closing track 'Rhodes in Joliet', which is practically in waltz-time.

This record proves that hardcore is far from dead, and that the future is reptilian. Essential.

JOE BANKS

## METAL HAMMER

## THE JESUS LIZARD

'Goat'

(Touch and Go)

Tracks: Then Comes, Dudley, Mouth Breather, Nub, Seasick, Monkey Trick, Karpis, South Mouth, Lady Shoes, Rodeo In Joliet.  
Producer: The Jesus Lizard  
Studio: Chicago Recording Company  
Country: USA

In the beginning there was Rapeman, Scratch Acid and Cargo Cult - all Industrial/Hardcore mothers and all highly influential. Their common ground lay in the fact that they could create monster tunes.

But that was then and this is NOW. Today we're confronted with a rare hybrid deity - The Jesus Lizard. Whose components include members from all the above. And, not unlike their reptilian name sake, 'Goat' their second album more than proves they too can walk on water. Engineered by Steve Albini, who could even make 'Silent Night' sound like a psychotic hell bastard, the album possess huge amounts of aggression. Infact 'Goat' is so full of attitude not even Mike Tyson would dare too have a go! Even with it's violent tendencies there's something purely seductive entwined within

it's sinister grooves. Singer David Yow lets out the primitive and screams for the sheer pleasure of it. Guitarist, Duane Dennison, pins you down with his tight yet unpredictable twiddlings. It's all backed up by manic bounding of skins and bomb, bomb bassing. The Jesus Lizard show true flashes of genius only to be expected from such an impressive line-up. This is a must for any self respecting record collection.

## TECHNICOLOUR TWINS

5 OLITA 5, THAT AIN'T NO PAGE NUMBER, COCKBITE!

## The Jesus Lizard Goat

Touch & Go

Anybody expecting "just" another sac (sic) full of aural shrapnel to issue forth from this collective's brawny loins oughta be set straight just a few sec's into track one. "Here Comes Dudley" inverts the Lizard's usual *modus operandi*; instead of everyone clawing up to the front of the mix, there's more than a little furtive lurking in the shadows going on. After a while, the thick, strapping, Bad Company riffs are cleaved by David Yow's distorted mumble, which sounds for my money like Charles Whitman if he'd taken over a cheaply-miked radio station instead of an observation tower. Just as lethal is "Monkey Trick", wherein the spacious, foreboding echo conjures up memories of *Mutiny*-era Birthday Party. 'S funny how the less-graphic approach heightens the tension of the truly horrific stuff churned up here. Of course, if a razor-blade gargle is your game, Yow'll gladly engage you on "Seasick" and "South Mouth", a pair of more typical Lizardskins. The Dramamine-dependent might find *Goat* too rough a beast to saddle up, but the rest of y'all should have a ball. (P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

David Sprague

### ALTERNATIVE PRESS

#### THE JESUS LIZARD GOAT

Bands like the Jesus Lizard are a major reason my ears are mere blown-out shells of their former selves. *GOAT* provides nine more ways for me (and you) to slowly go deaf. As you might expect from a group with former members of Scratch Acid and Rapeman, the Jesus Lizard grind out purgative, neighbor-annoying, cow-slaughtering primal scree. It's the swampland freakout that veteran indie scenesters have come to expect from the Touch and Go roster. *GOAT* will boot your posterior seven shades of purple, courtesy of the slashing, broken-backed grooves, Birthday Partyesque guitar miasma, and David Yow's voice, a hysterical conglomeration of phlegm and vomit. This guy's like an extra from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

That said, only two songs here really stick in my overcrowded head. "Then Comes Dudley" oozes menacingly out of the tarpit like a sabertooth tiger in a lousy mood; it has one of the most malevolent bass rumbles this side of the late Tracy Pew. And "Nub," with its guitars flaming and zooming into the stratosphere, is the sonic equivalent of those air raids over Baghdad (a reprehensible comparison, admittedly, but an accurate one). Any compilation tape of 1991's most powerful songs should include "Nub." The rest of the album throbs with the kind of violent, hellish noise-rock that makes America the great nation it sometimes is. (Touch and Go)

—Dave Segal

### MEAN STREET

#### The Jesus Lizard Goat

Touch & Go

Music noir, from the Nineties' finest progenitor. While Steve Albini (engineering here), and his Chicago unit Big Black, pushed agro-industrial music into a dark realm, a smart-ass attitude often rendered the music less penetrating. You could laugh at/with Big Black, or the spin off band Rapeman, because Albini gave too much away with his extreme sensibilities. The Jesus Lizard sound like Jim Thompson and cloud meaning in the shadow, dissonant power of its tunes. When The Jesus Lizard laughs it's a hollow grunt or cackle, not a smirk or a self-conscious giggle. *Goat* is best when played in a smoke-filled room, with venetian blinds casting harsh lighting contrasts, and a bottle of cheap bourbon by the turntable. Vocallist David Yow's days in Scratch Acid would expect nothing less.

Mark Woodlief

#### The Jesus Lizard Goat Touch & Go Records

Okay, here's the deal: You're drunk. Not mildly drunk, but full tilt barf-o-rama, o-mi-gawd-how-cum-tha-buildings're-bending-like-the-funky-pretzels-they-sell-on-the-street-corner drunk. You're girlfriend/boyfriend/thingfriend just broke up with you in favor of some vaguely organic entity that resembles Soupy Sales. Your feeling too goddamn mean to be depressed, although you consider suicide an option just as long as you can take as many other poor saps along with you in some incredibly violent manner. It's not even really a matter of how, but more when. To other people you may look like you're just going to implode into a tiny puddle, but ha ha ha when they least expect it you're going to EXPLODE and rip 'em to a billion shards of flesh and bone and what have you; and maybe that won't make you feel any better, but if you're lucky you won't feel anything at all or won't have to. Hell, anything's better than how you're feeling now, so what the fuck! At least it'd be different.

That is pretty much the Jesus Lizard in a nutshell. If you've ever experienced that kind of mood (if you haven't then you must be truly sick) then maybe you can appreciate where they're coming from in musical terms. In a mood like that, you don't want Billy Joel; although if that walking dump were to "get in touch" with his anger and do excessive amounts of acid he might turn out to be in the same universe as the Lizard.

Sure they rock hard, but they also rock weird as well. Their stark brain-fired punk works on the age-old but respected principles of tension and release. The thing is, you're never quite sure when that release will come until it hits you square in the face. Furthermore, moral confusion for the Lizard is both a way of life and death. In the song "Seasick," David Yow (ex of Scratch Acid, as if you didn't know) sings, or rather burbles "I can't swim! I can't swim! I can't swim! I can't swim!" It doesn't matter which is the true statement, because by the time he's decided, he's a goner. Thus, Jesus Lizard songs don't thrash, they lurch, and take down anyone in their way.

Blatant, unabashed solipsism has rarely been so appetizing. Just keep eating.

—Scott Bresinger



## KREATURE COMFORTS

Jesus Lizard *Goat* (Touch N Go)

Long awaited second longplayer from this Chicago-based quartet, and definitely their most consistently diggable yet. David Yow's vocals are still mixed way down into the HEAVY mix of Duane Denison's complex chordings, Wm David Sims' relentless bass rumblings, and Mac McNeilly's precise drumming. Total effect? Artfully rendered psychosis. For some reason this band sounds like no other, has a vaguely unpleasant flavor but a true one. One of the few bands (Laughing Hyenas, Unrest, Pavement) on their own mission and executing well.

## THE MINNEAPOLIS ORACLE

## At last: the Jesus Lizard

by ERIK LARSON

The Jesus Lizard crawls from the lowest reaches of the psyche. Simply put, the band represents the depraved, evoking images of sewers, urine, and that briny smell that we won't talk about anymore.

The Jesus Lizard was formed from the remnants of the legendary Scratch Acid, detoured through Rapeman. Guitarist Duane Denison, bassist David Wm. Sims, and drummer Mac McNeilly create a backdrop on sound that allows singer David Yow to gurgle away about anything that smells, drips, or entices his decidedly scatological fascination with the human body.

They have recently released their second full-length LP, *Goat*, on Touch and Go Records, which is a great album. Perhaps not as stomach-churning and earth-shattering as last year's *Head*, *Goat* still is another great late night trip through the mad underworld of disturbed pimps, murderers, necrophiliacs, and cannibals.

"Monkey Trick" typifies the Jesus Lizard. Drums and bass set up the

rhythmic structure, while Denison's guitar tops off the song and Yow croons inside everything. Later Yow rises above the mix, yelling, and is overtaken by a tension-ridden riff. "A monkey trick/an Irish bloke/a childish joke," culminating in a furious pounding only Yow deteriorates into its origins.

"Lady Shoes" is the best song on the album and one of the best songs I've heard this year. Powerful drumming and forceful guitar lines open the song. Yow is virtually gargling his own vomit in parts of the song, angrily spewing vocals, but contrasting with toned down, almost conversational bits. I don't really know what this song is about (as a substantial portion of the lyrics border on incomprehensible), but that doesn't matter, because the vocals are more like another instrument, adding a rich layer texture (rigormortis?) to the music.

Suffice it to say that the rest of *Goat* maintains the tension and anomie that one feels when conversing with a psychopath. The music of the Jesus Lizard is not easily analyzed. In fact, such a study detracts from the enjoy-

ment of the sound. Rather it should surround you, engulf you, like the stench of downtown Minneapolis. Your head should swim in your own bodily fluids, mixed together in a pig's bladder.

Live, the Jesus Lizard is even more engaging with Yow electrifying the stage. Yow flails wildly around (and off) the stage, twisting himself in the microphone cord. On an instrumental track ("Tight 'n' Shiny"), Yow has even contributed to the music by playing his testicles.

They may not be for the faint of heart or mind, but the Jesus Lizard offer up great music. *Goat* shows the band to be up to their standard antics, without sounding stale or old. Although the Jesus Lizard were scheduled to play at the Uptown earlier this year, the show was postponed because Sims burnt both of his arms. Keep your eyes open for a make-up date and in the meantime spin *Goat* for that special something.

## YOUR FLESH

JESUS LIZARD *Goat* LP

Like their reptilian namesake, this lot scampers across the waves rather than moving with the flow or resisting its gravitational pull. Jesus Lizard

continue to break new ground as purveyors of innovative filth, expounding further than ever before on a well-scratched surface of minimal tension and harmolodic rhythm. The fourth vinyl outing from this band of wayward Texans reveals an upbeat edginess merely hinted at previously. Guitarist Duane Denison moves away from the patented cyclical acid-blues riffing which earmarked the group's earlier recordings, opting instead for a threadbare tension of split-harmonics and a heavily distorted barrage of augmented funk—albeit Southern fried. David Sims' bass stalks these tunes like a serial killer bent on leaving a trail; always remaining one step out of reach while maintaining a tight grip on your spleen. Relative newcomer Mac McNeilly expands on the established primal thud theory, chopping up natural rhythm like a combine and gracefully letting beats fly like a fleet of Ninja stars. Vocal mercenary David Yow, who could have been named for his tireless larynx suffrage, remains in a class of his own invention, spitting

out tales of woe and deviancy like so much of last night's phlegm. In case you're still clueless, *Goat* is an aural panorama of delight and disgust, pulled taut one moment by a sinewy thread of riveting terror and suspense, shattered into an ear-splitting cadence from hell the next, suddenly and without warning. The Jesus Lizard have come a long way to establish their credentials as twelve-tone visionaries and perhaps an unlikely Touch & Go supergroup as well, managing to outpace their reputation where lesser groups would be content to simply fall back on their laurels. [Touch and Go] J.free

HOT 15 THIS ISSUE  
ROCK

- 1 **Goat**  
Jesus Lizard (Touch & Go)
- 2 **The Reality Of My Surroundings**  
Fishbone (Sony)
- 3 **Peek**  
Icky Joey (C/Z)
- 4 **Vanna White/You Can't Be That**  
Honeymoon Killers (SFTRI)
- 5 **Temple of the Dog [LP]**  
Temple of the Dog (A&M)
- 6 **Love Boat/The Cumming Song**  
Juan Carlos (Casting Couch)
- 7 **Inside Yours**  
Gruntruck (Empty)
- 8 **Time, Dirt, Money/Brake Tunes**  
Big Chief (Pigboy)
- 9 **W... Cuts My...**  
[...]

the JESUS  
LIZARD

GOAT

## MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

## THE JESUS LIZARD - "Goat" LP

Happy days are here again, the sky's full of cheer again. Without a doubt, this LP is the most representative of their amazing live show, and the best vinyl overall to date. Totally memorable and groove orientated riffage, and David Yow is in top form. Oh, happy day. (ML)  
(Touch and Go)

## THE JESUS LIZARD

## HEAD

## Touch &amp; Go

The Jesus Lizard are a new band (one EP late last year) formed by David Yow and David Sims, formerly of the mighty Scratch Acid (the latter Rapeman, also), and Mac McNeilly and Duane Denison (ex-Cargo Cult). "Head", their first album, will already be familiar to listeners of the Peel show as the record that has had the guru swooning with joy on recent programmes. It's not hard to see why.

"Head" is fab. Again, like their "Chrome" EP, produced by (surprisi!) Albi, it is an often disturbing, nightmarish, but never less than an enthralling, journey through the minds of the f\*\*ed-up of Chicago's battered, bleak, industrial underbelly. The sound is raw yet textured, at times barren and at times explosive. At the heart of it lies a warped worldview that conjures up visions of sodium-lit inner city streets strewn with burning petrol and barricades, flanked by disused warehouses full of junkies, outcasts and bad disease. "One Evening" sees Yow's megaphoned, blurred vocals set against a fierce rhythm and a MASSIVE Denison guitar riff, the spectres of AIDS and junk dancing amid the cacophony. "S.D.B.J." sees Yow almost choking his way through a song that deals in death, the imagery shockingly vivid. "If You Had Lips" strays close to repulsion, the lyrics ("When you smile/I can smell your breath/I can see the shit on your teeth") redeemed by excellent, melodically tense guitars.

"Pastoral" is grimly beautiful, the Keith Levene (circa "Poptones") axe-work shrouding another desolate, immortal vocal. They're painting a horrific picture — partly (I'm sure) for twisted pleasure, and perhaps partly to provoke, although after a while the continually shocking content becomes meaningless.

Musically, though, this is pretty stunning stuff, a gnarled and thrilling assault on the consciousness. Sick genius at work.

DAVE SIMPSON

## METAL HAMMER

## JESUS LIZARD - HEAD

'Touch And Go'.

(EFA)

\*\*\*\*

Tracks: One Evening, S.D.B.J., My Own Urine, If You Had Lips, Seven Vs Eight, Pastoral, Wax-eater, Good Thing, Tight 'n' Shiny, Killer McHann  
 Producer: Jesus Lizard, Steve Albini  
 Country: USA  
 Studio: Chicago Recording Company, Illinois

Messrs David Yows and the gaezer from Scratch Acid aren't known for their subtlety, and so here is a noise album. At times repulsive to listen to - 'My Own Urine' and 'S.D.B.J.' for example. It is no surprise to find Steve Albini as engineer, and if you're into his past work, then this mix of industrial terror, misogynous chokes and f\*\*ked up funky poundings will be right down your sick street. 'If You Had Lips' and 'Seven Vs Eight' are the high points of side one, but the flip offers up the mind numbing 'Wax Eater', and the diverse musical facets of 'J.L.' and 'Good Thing' is one of the rare occasions where the vocals are brought to the fore. It's an impressive build up of tension, the closest in rhythmic feel to the Pixies a la 'Gigantic'. The LP climaxes with 'Killer McHann' with vocals like an asthmatic pervert ranting down the phone over vibrating concrete guitar slabs. A sickening aural assault. We love it!

Drunk 'N' Disorderly

## RAW

The Jesus Lizard slither their way through their second platter, 'Head' (T&GLP#54 \*\*\*½), aided by Steve Albini at the production helm and coming on with all the grace of a slaughterhouse worker on a burger lunchbreak. Deadly!

## JACKPOT!

**JESUS LIZARD Head (Touch And Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)**—This is the first LP from this infamously lewd (David Yow, specifically), cataclysmically punk rock (live, undeniably), impressively pedigreed band. They stay beet-red from start to finish, exhausting various forms of mutant aggression conveyable through a three-piece electric lineup, in a style commonly associated with Chicago, though particulars here helped write the textbook in Austin (Scratch Acid). David Yow's task, to a more vaunted extent here than the previous EP, involves screaming parbled epithets with admirable stamina and providing a continuous flow of uncontrollable id to contrast the more refined, sculptured rage of guitar (Duane Denison) and the tension-snapping drums of ex-86'er Mac McNeilly. This venting of the spleen is shared by fuel burners like Tar, Arsenal and Slint on the slower segments, but the Lizard doesn't follow a subgenre—remember these were some of the prime inventors. On this LP, and to a broader and fuller extent live, they define and cement how far an exercise in laut, truly renditions of repressed anger will strain without splatting. **Vein-poppers:** "S.D.B.J.," "Pastoral," "One Evening" and "Tight 'n' Shiny."

## OPTION

■ **THE JESUS LIZARD: Head** This quartet (ex-Scratch Acid, Rapeman, Cargo Cult, Phantom 309) has decided to divorce itself from the art-noise scene once and for all. The welcome result is a wedding with the blues. Jesus Lizard is equally capable at crafting a sensuous and melodic — almost gospelish — tune ("Pastoral") as well as a distorted blast of searing, private dick junkjazz ("If You Had Lips"). There are moments of plaster shaking, futuristic metal; there are splayed rhythms framing space age guitar warps and primal savage vocalizing; there are complex arrangements fraught with more dynamic tension than an orchestral score. More importantly, there is a cohesiveness to the whole shebang that is never obscured by the surface chaos. This is the mark of a band that understands the simple beauty and inner workings of a twelve-bar passage; once internalized, the fragmentation and extrapolation becomes easy, and the J.L. would seem to be wise far beyond its relative years.

## ROCKPOOL

Jesus Lizard  
 Head  
 Touch & Go

Bigger (they've kicked out their drum machine and replaced it with former 86 drummer, Mac McNeilly) and considerably, (arguably) better than before, Jesus Lizard returns from vinyl hibernation with their first full-length LP, *Head*. Its sound isn't that different than that of their debut EP, *Pure*, it's just much more cohesive. More like a band than a bunch of people who happen to be playing together. Songs like "S.D.B.J.," "Killer McHann" and "7 Vs. 8" howl and clang, lurching and stumbling in a haze of screechy distortion, while "Pastoral" actually lopes along rather prettily, and is likely to be the only track on the record deemed tolerable by your more pop-oriented friends. As you might have predicted, Steve Albini does his engineering/sort-of-producing thing here, like he did last time around, except now he's got even better material to work with. It's a cliché — but don't miss this one. (PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

Kristin Carney



## LONDON STUDENT

**JESUS LIZARD "Head" (T&G LP)** The Jesus Lizard crawls, like Pynchon's alligators, through the shit-encrusted sewers of the American Dream. It's a dazed, more than half-crazed world of pimps, paedophiles and serial killers. In the rooms and boarding houses repeated like cell-blocks behind the neon-lit streets and boulevards, rape and mutilation form the empirical basis for an ethic of neurotic social fear. "One Evening" forms a temporal paradigm which meets its grisly nemesis in "(None Other Than) Killer McHann". Distorted vocal anguish hails the black nightmare of a spinning musical carnival, its twisted roots plunged deep in the dark swamps of the blues. Thus far has civilisation brought us. Our moral fabric in tatters, Jesus Lizard hold us, the knife at our backs flashing wild in the setting sun, on the brink of social disintegration. But you may not realise until your face is in the gutter, your blood's curdling far down in the drains and Jesus Lizard psychosis is rampaging through your head... (G.C.)

## THE JESUS LIZARD

Head (Touch And Go LP/  
 Cassette/CD)

CONSTRUCTED FROM the bare bones of Rapeman, Scratch Acid and Cargo Cult, engineered by 'skinny' Steve Albini, and sicker than a dying dog, Jesus Lizard look very good on paper. In practice, this industrial strength post-hardcore grunge LP is their only claim to nirvana so far. All the mistakes and miscalculations of previous EPs have been ruthlessly discarded for one complete mindf—.

David Yow, the singer and lyricist, is sicker than most. I guess being mild-mannered and hanging out in Austin, Texas conceals a depraved, corrupted character. The man is a menace to society; his obsessions with shit, blood and voyeurism probably show the makings of a first-class psychopath.

Thank God he sings in a rock band (the thought of him doing anything else is too grievous to bear). Of course, by singing, I mean the sound of cats being strangled, someone screaming hoarsely from inside a closet etc.

The actual music is surprisingly rhythmic. Not exactly dance motions but high-powered sub-R&B overkill with guitars like crystal stalactites. Anyone who thought the four-piece standard r'n'r lineup was creaking or dead should learn from Jesus Lizard. I don't know how they manage to get new sounds, new combinations of notes out of tried-and-tested riffs but let's not analyse too much. Half the fun is in surrendering yourself to the grooves — and they are 'grooves' — instead of sitting back thinking hard.

On the minus side, there's the kind of casual sexism that have made some of their past projects sound untasteful. Songs like 'My Own Urine' and the lines "Hey, shitmouth, I love you" won't exactly endear them to the right-thinking brigade.

I'd like to think it's intentional, and that they know better and are being 'ironic' and 'humorous', but this is dangerous territory. There's even the chance that they're slowly turning into the rednecks and timewasters they started off parodying. (7)

Dele Fadele

MELODY MAKER

EVERETT TRUE

**THE JESUS LIZARD**

**MOUTH BREATHER (Touch And Go)**

The Jesus Lizard put a lid on their guitars, and force them to exist within short, static spaces. This means their energy has a real edge. The B-side is a cover of a Trio song (no, not "Dah Dah Dah"). Don't bother with it. The A-side is from their forthcoming LP, "Goat", and you can most certainly bother with that. If it doesn't bother you, ha ha. Thought I'd slip in a little Victorian humour there.

SOUNDS



THE JESUS Lizard: guess who's not coming to dinner

**JESUS LIZARD 'Mouth Breather'**

The Jesus Lizard, another Chicago combo, manage to approximate Richard Hell's revenge, yanking out the timeless 'Blank Generation' riff like a rotten tooth and then drilling it with thrashing drums and a vocal even a mother would shun. On the flip, 'Sunday You Need Love', a coldblooded white blues, plays more by the rules - but there's nothing here to suggest these Windy City shitstormers would make ideal dinner party guests.

SKATEBOARD

**JESUS LIZARD - MOUTHBREATHER (TOUCH AND GO SINGLE)**

Though Jesus Lizard's 'Head' LP and 'Chrome' 7" were two of the best things all year and this is just as good - a stripped down pure might workout that probably only Tar could come close to. Flipside is a cover of a Trio song - remember them? They were the geezers who made that horrible 'Da Da Da' single with the casio rhythm.

MELODY MAKER

SOUNDS

**THE JESUS LIZARD CHROME (Touch And Go)**

I think the Lizard are a conglomerate of various hip Yank punk rock dudes. Find out for yourself if you care. "Chrome" gets the standard E.T. recommendation of the week for kicking-ass-and-lha's-all-you-need-to-know. F\*\*\*ing alright!

**JESUS LIZARD 'Chrome' (Touch And Go)**

Once again stamped with the mitts of studio sorcerer Steve Albini, Jesus Lizard also boast two former members of Texas psychos Scratch Acid. What's even more impressive is their ability to add a fresh slant to the current US grunge boom with a frustratingly catchy tribute to late '70s noise gods, Chrome, which verges on excellence though it descends on you like a swarm of wasps.

RAW

**THE JESUS LIZARD 'Chrome' Touch And Go**

Steamy, sweaty, heavy-handed but almost melodic Metal. With a wacko vocalist who sounds like Elvis with a burger in his mouth. The Jesus Lizard are disturbingly loud and intense. Their guitarist sounds like he's taken a chainsaw to proceedings at one point, then he plays a low holding riff to keep everyone worried. 'Chrome' is a bit like putting your head in a tumble dryer.

MUSIC WEEK

**THE JESUS LIZARD: Chrome. (Touch And Go (Seven-inch only) T&G 53).** Blistering release from a Chicago band with Steve Albini in the producer's chair. The A-side combines a fearsome guitar riff with submerged, yelping vocals and generates plenty of electricity.

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL

**JESUS LIZARD - "Chrome/7 vs 8"**

For whatever reason, and totally out of nowhere. The JESUS LIZARD (ex-SCRATCH ACID, PHANTOM 309, etc.) decided to do sort of a CHROME medley--and thank god they did! Cool, timely idea. The flip is a cool original that has overall better production than the 12". Amazing band live as well. (ML)



# THE JESUS LIZARD

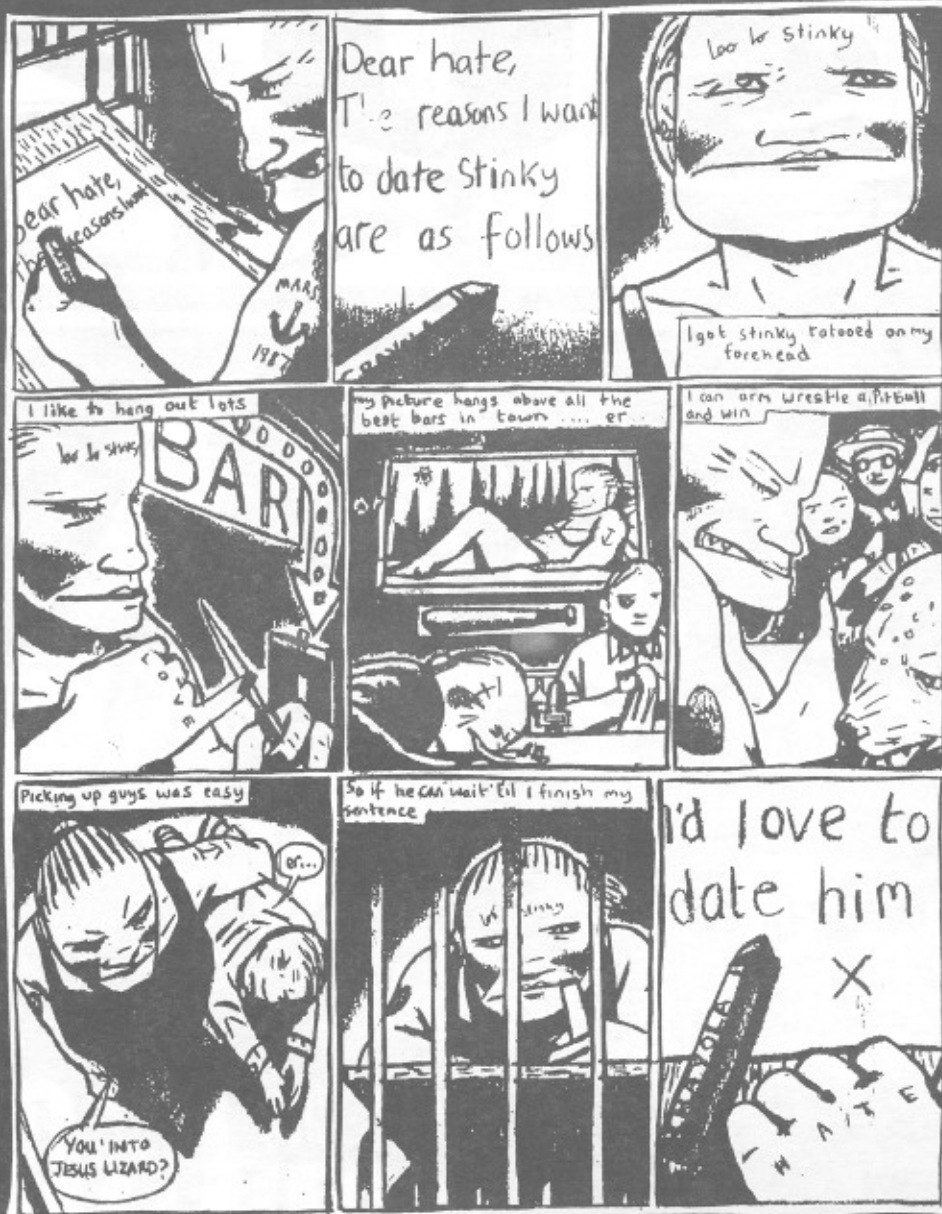


## CMJ RADIO TOP 150

Bayou Naked Bayou

Rank	Artist	Album	Label	Date
35	JELLO BIAFRA WITH NOMEANSNO	The Sky Is Falling And I Want My Mommy	Alternative 1000/Goat	APRIL 5, 1991
36	JESUS LIZARD	Goat	Touch And Go	
28	HAPPY MONDAYS	THIS IS THE THIRD ONE	Touch And Go	MARCH 29, 1991
29	JESUS LIZARD	Goat	Goat	
20	SISTERS OF MERCV	Vision Thing	Elektra	MARCH 22, 1991
29	JESUS LIZARD	Goat	Touch And Go	
22	JESUS LIZARD	Goat	Touch And Go	MARCH 15, 1991
23	ENICMA	Mojo	Touch And Go	
28	KMFDM	Naive	Wax Trax	MARCH 8, 1991
54	JESUS LIZARD	Goat	Touch And Go	

Sing Roast / Homeste



Carol Swain sent this "Stinky Date" submission all the way from London.

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