

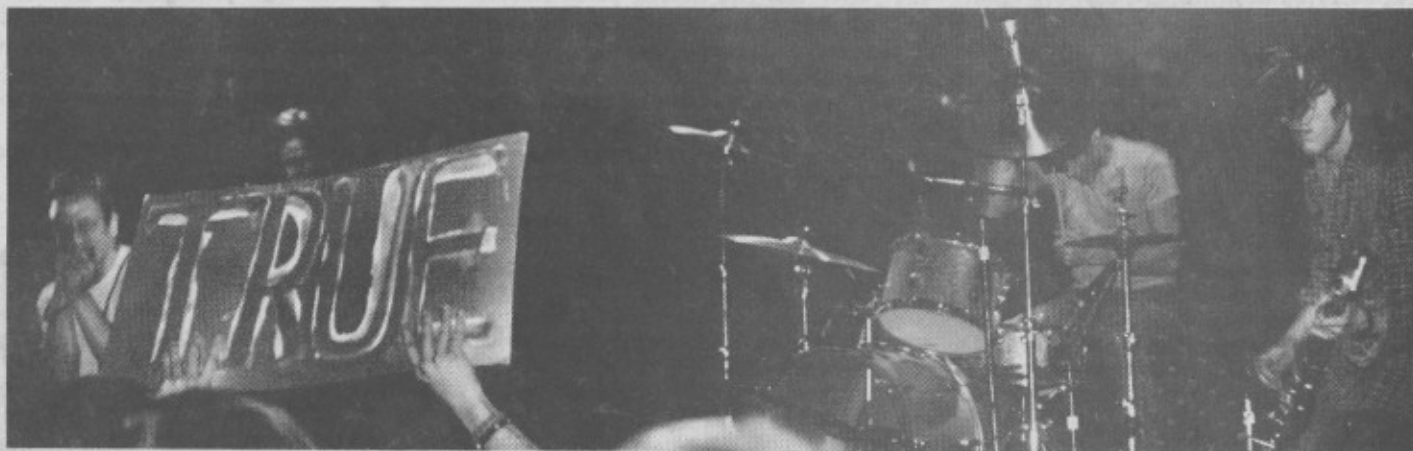
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X₂O

THE JESUS LIZARD



by Jeff Larkin

The Jesus Lizard is no more a spiritual transfiguration than a blessed reptilian wonder, although anyone who has actually seen the latest mutant offspring of the legendary Scratch Acid may argue the point. Led by the group's undisputed king of vocal damage, David Yow, the Jesus Lizard has none too discreetly begun to slither in a lumbering fashion through the seething underground of alternative rock, becoming critical favorites with the college set as well as the vanguard elite of the scumrock scene. Following the demise of Scratch Acid, bassist David Wm. Sims and Yow teamed up with Duane Denison on guitar, recording a short but sweet exercise in emotional terrorism, the "Pure" EP, lovingly referred to by Yow as having "three cocks up its ass." Eventually this trio of sonic mercenaries would trade their drum machine for part-time Phantom 309 drummer Mac McNeilly. The combination of influences is a distinctive combustion of dramatic twelve-tone harmonies and hard-hitting, gut-busting noise that nobody in their right mind would be able to hum along to.

The group recorded a 45, a sort of cover medley of "TV Has Eyes" and "Abstract Nympho" (by San Francisco's legendary avant-garde ensemble Chrome) followed up by the long-player "Head," a mad pastiche of ruptured spleen tuneage that sticks to the inside of your cranium like a steel plate. Tours were immediate, usually leaving audiences with their mouths hanging and their pants dragging. The callous though clever good-natured deviance of the records could not even begin to convey the tight-knit chainsaw fury that the group emanated onstage. In May 1990, after a particularly festive performance at the Uptown Bar in Minneapolis, I had the good fortune to pin

down David Yow and pump his brain for whatever uncontrolled substances might have been swimming around inside. The interview began with a lesson in journalistic etiquette. **David Yow:** Okay, the trick to interview(ing) is to try and figure out the good questions—not questions like, "What are your influences?" Fuck that. That's one of the stupidest questions because you could go on forever. It's just a stupid question.

Your Flesh: Unless you're talking about other types of influences than music.

DY: Well, that's what I mean. Your whole live, everything that comes in...YOU are an influence. Also, when it is a band question, what groups influence you, then it's really incomplete, because you say some names and then you end up with this one idea that's really inadequate.

YF: As far as the Chrome cover, could that have anything to do with Rey being in the band, since he's been touring with Helios Creed?

DY: No, because we decided to do that before Rey was in the band. It was kind of a weird coincidence too, because we played in San Francisco the week before Helios played there. When they were in town, Rey came to the show—he was late, he got there after we played—we were still in town when they played, and they played those same two songs back to back. I hate to be an asshole, but they sucked. I mean, Chrome was fucking great, Helios—live—is dogshit. He's just terrible.

YF: It could be debated to death whether or not this band has taken a different approach than when most of the members were in Scratch Acid. What do you feel is the biggest change you've made?

DY: As far as I'm concerned, I try to be a little less monotonous, as I was in Scratch Acid. I try to do new things that I haven't done before. I think the

whole band is really different as far as dynamics, arrangements, I think the quality of the music is a lot better.

YF: It sometimes appears that your lyrical bent is towards social or moral decay, crippled emotions, behavior that is generally considered shocking or disgusting. Why is there such a fascination with such subject matter?

DY: I know what you mean. I don't think I deal with as much as I did with Scratch Acid, lyrically. But then again, lyrics are complete bullshit. Lyrics are an excuse to have a singer in the band, so you don't have to be an instrumental band.

YF: Why did you include a lyric sheet in *Head* if the words carried no meaning?

DY: Kind of a gag, you know?

YF: Reading your lyrics does establish a sort of running theme in your songs, where bodily functions gone awry serve as metaphor for many social conventions. Do you consciously put that in there?

DY: That's weird that you asked me that, because the other day I was sitting in the bath thinking about that, thinking about what the fuck do I say in interviews when people ask me that shit. I write so much about smells, shit, piss. I don't know why, I really like gross stuff. A lot of people think that I'm a gross person.

YF: Your "Skinny Friend Steve" once mentioned in an interview that he held a similar fascination but that it functioned as communication with the largest common denominator. Do you feel any of that in your songs?

DY: It's kind of a personal thing, but I guess it's not that personal. That's a weird thing to me too. I wish I knew exactly why, but I don't.

YF: Being as you are the singer and you write the lyrics, do you see yourself as consciously trying to make any kind of specific statement about your life, or anyone else's?

DY: No. I don't have a message, or anything like that.

YF: Any conscious decision on your part as to what you do comment on and what you don't?

DY: It's kind of weird, I don't know why I wrote the way I write. I don't know if that sounds stupid, but I just write about things that interest me. Sometimes I get little ideas that sometimes expand into bigger ideas, sometimes some of the songs are actual things that happened, sort of distorted, and then combining other actual things that happened to where there is no linear significance. It's just something that means something to me and not necessarily to somebody who hears it or reads it.

YF: The band does an instrumental, "Tight and Shiny," which I've seen you accompany visually a couple of times onstage (actually, what David did was play with his testicles while the rest of the band played their instruments). Was this a carefully choreographed stage move or just something to do until the music stopped?

DY: Essentially, first time I did that...it just went over really well. I didn't want to go sit down, or just stand there with my thumb up my nose or something.

YF: Just for objectivity's sake, do you give much thought to how an audience interprets something like that?

DY: Oh, I love it man, it's really cool. There have been people who have been really pissed off by it. There have been people who think it's really funny. There was one girl in Chicago who called me a sexist because of it, she got down on me so fucking hard it was ridiculous. There was a girl in Sacramento...it was a small stage, a lot of people there—it was packed up to this little stage, about five inches high—and while I was doing that, the mike stand was already broken so I tried to hand the mike out to somebody to hold it up to my nuts. I put it to somebody else and she grabbed the mike and held it to my nuts, and started playing with my nuts, kinda caressing 'em...and the whole rest of the show, it just got haywire with this one girl.

YF: Maybe she had her own idea what The Jesus Lizard was all about. mescaline before—I've never DONE

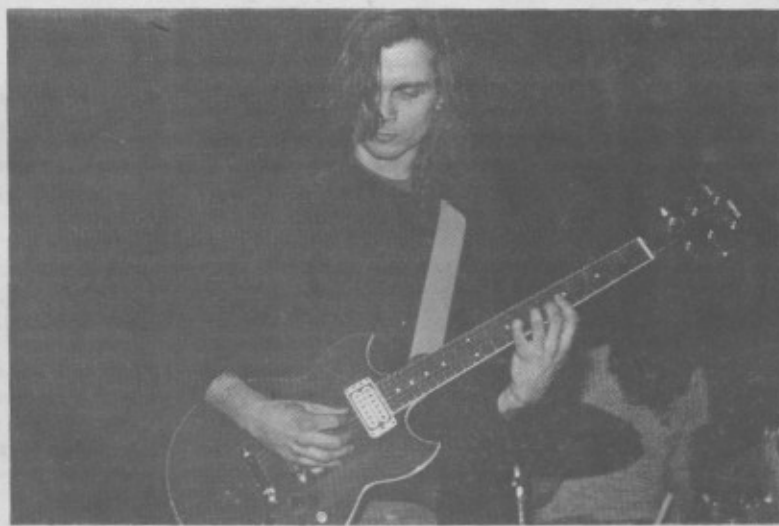
DY: She was a pretty wild chick. Some pretty interesting shit went on in that show.

YF: While we're talking about the band's identity, can you shed a little



light on the name itself?

DY: I'll tell the truth this time. Of course, we lie about it a lot. It's just based on this Jesus Christ Lizard of Central America. It's actually a basilisk, a lizard with those weird-ass collar things. They run water, you know, and they're called the Jesus Christ lizard of Central America. That's where we got the name. Again,



I want to make clear, all these fucking "jesus" bands that are around now—there's a goddamn million of 'em. We came up with the band name...three and a half years ago, after Scratch Acid broke up and we started doing this. Then we stopped doing it. Dave and I went to Chicago, Dave was in Rapeman, Rapeman broke up and then we started doing it again. I'm not trying to make excuses, but...it's really a drag to me now that there's so

many fucking "jesus" bands...but what can I do? We're talking about changing the name.

YF: Is there really that big an affiliation with the Christ contingent?

DY: There's a lot. We fucking played in Milwaukee with...no, I don't want to name so many names.

DY: We've got a few songs since "Head." We've got seven new songs, we're gonna write some more—hopefully, this summer record, I don't know—EP, LP, single—record something. Hopefully work on a video, but it does seem like maybe the budget is a little steep for that from what we want to do. Some of the new songs we've got, I—without sounding like an egotistical asshole—think that our

new songs are better than our old songs. I think we're getting better. I can't wait to get in the studio, I'm looking forward to that.

YF: Are there any new ideas you may have been wanting to try when you record again that may broaden the Jesus Lizard sound as we've come to know it?

DY: Duane, the guitarist, has a whole lot of ideas. He does a bunch of shit with his guitar that we haven't really used on songs. I personally don't want to get much out of the guitar/bass/drums. Actually, I have speculated how cool it would be if we had a piano player. I would love to be able to afford to have a piano player going with us—either a grand piano...of course, that's impossible, so fuck it. When we first recorded that EP, without the drums, there was talk of samplers and all that kind of shit, but I don't think it fits and I don't think it's appropri-

ate.

YF: I once spoke with you about "Pure" and you expressed a pretty low opinion of that record. Was that in retrospect, or was it unsatisfying from the start?

DY: Those songs were written in Austin without words—there were no words to those...well, there were, but we dropped 'em and then we quit doing it (working as Jesus Lizard, that is). Dave then moved to Chicago,

mescaline before—and he had some. I did that, and he and I went to a strip bar. And in America I've never been to a strip bar where girls actually show their pussies, just topless bars where they dance and shit—but these girls, at one single point when there were maybe seven people in the club...there were three girls up there, butt-naked, masturbating onstage. I thought that was pretty cool, I kind of liked that.

YF: For some reason that kind of reminds me of your "Tight and Shiny" episode. Have there ever been any incidents after one of those performances?

DY: On this tour we got banned in Cincinnati for doing that. We played at Shorty's Underground, and the guy that owns Shorty's also owns the club we played at before then. He didn't even see it, his wife didn't even see it, but they caught wind of it, and they got so upset that they pulled the plug on us. They never said a word to us, they threatened the soundman, the bouncer, the bartender—they threatened all these people, you know, "You're never going to work here again," because some asshole showed his nuts...I got such a big yuk out of that. After we finished loading up I went up to the guy and said, "Thank you very much, I really enjoyed myself," shook his hand—no response whatsoever. We got our money, but I thought it was pretty funny that they

were getting so fucking freaked out by it. That whole balls thing, I got tired of doing it, and thought that it was too repetitive. There was no sense in doing it all the time, especially in towns that we had played before, but because so many people wanted to see it...I started doing the old pussy trick, you know, where you hide your dick and balls behind your legs, and stuff...the back view's really hot, I enjoyed that in Boston, I gave 'em a really good back view. I think that's over, I don't think we're gonna do that anymore. I enjoyed it though, as a rest.

YF: Have you ever run into any conflicts within the band for pulling stunts like that without anyone else knowing about it ahead of time?

DY: No, it's really cool the way we all get along. This (the Uptown Bar) is the club where Scratch Acid broke up. We played a couple shows after this, but this is where it came down to it. Rey and Brett had a lot of problems together and shit. When we played here, Brett got pissed off, kicked Rey's drums, and they were calling each other names. Later, after the show, they come down here and they were having a push fight and stuff. The next day...oh, I can't tell this...As far as us getting along, we've had people say that, you know, at houses we've stayed at—"Man, we've had other bands stay here and they're all assholes, they hate each other and

shit....never seen anybody get along the way you guys do," so it's really cool. We're all pretty easy going, willing to work together.

YF: Is this band like a marriage to you? Is this basically your whole life?
DY: Well, that's one thing—before we even called Mac and said "Do you want to play drums?"—we decided that we were giving up our regular lives to do this band. Since we first played with Mac, we've been on tour five months out of the seven months we've been a band. We recorded an album and a single, and the two months we had off...we really want to work hard at this.

Currently a second LP is in progress, although whether or not it will feature a piano player is anybody's guess. The sad truth is that America has probably seen the last of David Yow's reproductive glands, although there's no stopping his vocal glands from wreaking havoc on eardrums across the country. Yow himself remains as much of an enigma as before, modern-day idiot savant perhaps, or depending upon your degree of Sunday-School upbringing, an enfant terrible, all 'fessed up and no place to blow. One thing is for sure, he's not gonna dish out anything your way that he wouldn't step in first. Now is that a real gentleman or what?

Fuck that heavy shit...

Do you really want to buy any more records that sound like a half-assed version of Motorhead or the Stooges? What's wrong with having a little melody with your gristle? How about some inventive, honest-to-God, well-written songs for chrissakes? You know, the kind you'll still be able to remember six months from now? And besides, we don't want you to eat our records, we just want you to buy them. Music doesn't have to be stupid to be good, you know...stand up and meet your maker, boy...

SCAT 12: CHILDREN'S CRUSADE *Scorpio Moon 7" EP...\$3.50*

First installment in the Cleveland Archives Series. Children's Crusade were a mid-eighties Cle duo consisting of Fraser Sims (Starvation Army) and Doug Gillard (Death of Samantha). The three songs on this disc are culled from unreleased recordings committed to tape just before the group disintegrated. Numbered edition of 1500—not for sale to losers or lonely people. Pressed on the best looking color of vinyl in existence...black.

SCAT 11: *Seven: Scat Records* *Quarterly #4...\$5*

In-house propaganda magazine focusing on the 7" format. This issue (the new one, pilgrim) features a Prisonshake 7" and interview, fiction by Christopher Marea of the Soul Vandals, 7" reviews, toys, and other worthwhile crud. Numbered edition of 1500—about as nasty and brutal as soda pop.

SCAT NINE: 4 COYOTES *Float in the Eye 7" EP picture disc...\$5*

Formerly the Ghost Sonata. This here's a four song melody bash with plenty of heft in a numbered edition of 2000. Liquid moans to soothe your skull, baby. Much jangler than the Cows. Not recommended for people with excessive chest hair.

♥♥forthcoming: new 4 Coyotes 7", Seven #5 w/Puff Tube 7"♥♥

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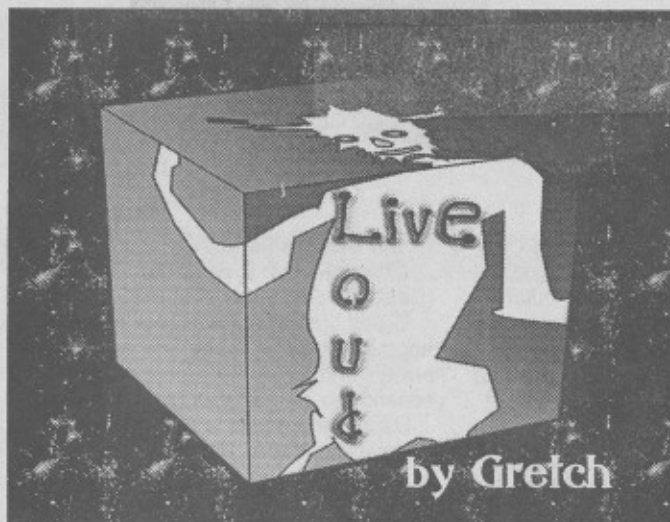
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**The Jesus Lizard;
Dec. 8 at The Palace**

OK, this was the scene: David Yow, the Jesus Lizard's frontman and spazztic vocalist, was getting tossed over the heads of the crowd and spitting every now and then (I just don't know why), and the audience all freakin' out. Of course, L.A. can't help but limit the fun: a planked barrier



PR Photo!

cade and security guards ringed the stage.

The Jesus Lizard put on a great show. David Yow's distorted, punky vocals, plus Duane's guitar, Dave's bass grooves and Mac's thundering drums created general mayhem. The Lizard played songs from *Head* and some of their newer material.

I couldn't help but fucking slamming myself while taking killer photo shots and immersing myself in the Jesus Lizard's music. For those of you into weird, out-of-the-norm music, the Jesus Lizard could change your life.

**UK Subs, Rhythm Collision, The Fixtures, Das Klowns
Dec. 23 at the Showcase Theatre in Corona**

I was expecting an angry mosh pit and a suffocating atmosphere when I arrived at the Showcase. But it was pre-Christmas and people were broke, so just enough crusty people, bored natives and fanatics showed up.

"Fuck Christmas!" yelled Das Klown's frontman, who was wearing a stupid-looking ball on his nose (yeah, it's what he is, a clown all right). Even that didn't spark the bored audience. Das Klown was OK; I liked



Jesus Lizard:
Photo by Gretchen

some songs, but they didn't impress.

The Fixtures, a pretty tight three-piece band with a female bassist (she's good) picked up the mood. But, Rhythm Collision and UK Subs were the night's stars. Rhythm Collision was a pretty cool upbeat punk outfit. Don the drummer can holler as well as beat the hell out of a drum kit...I liked this band.

UK Subs, with that old punk man in a beanie rockin on vocals, were awesome (even though it's not the original members). When they played "Warhead," violence just burned between two punks in the crowd, and they nearly started a freakin riot. UK Subs had to stop the warheads in the crowd from breaking up a good show. I was going to join the pit and slam, but I was too busy taking pictures of one of the hottest punk bands that's still living (unlike the Rolling Stones, who are old and suckingly obsolete). Punk's not dead.

**Alternative Gathering Campaign Benefit Gig, Dec. 26
at the Alamo Club with Final Conflict, Litmus Green,
Autonomy, et al**

Picture this, Litmus Green's frontman Rev. Sean with a cool anarchy sign growing out of his hair, mohawk-haired guitarist Ed and the other two talented punk rock members revving up the mosh pit and making



Litmus Green: Photo by Maggie St. Thomas

punk rockers hot on their spikes. That was the scenario at Alternative Gathering Campaign's benefit gig for Food Not Bombs.

So this anarchist and issue-oriented band, Litmus Green, is rockin the audience with socio-political songs, but doing it sarcastically. They brought their own props—a Power Ranger Piñata that swayed and slammed with the pit. Although the Alamo Club wasn't packed, Litmus Green gave a great hard-core punk-rock show. This band is getting hotter, and they're not singing bullshit punk-rock and being chauvinist-macho musicians. All I can say is they ruled that night. Praise Bob! Right, Rev. Sean?

**Lagwagon, Tilt and Strung Out
Jan. 15 at the Icehouse**

There was too much "slack" going on outside the Icehouse (and it was freezin' cold) when I got there. The gig was halfway over and people were still in a humongous line, being harassed by the security troops. By the time I got in the steaming Icehouse (ironic, huh?) Tilt was making a clamorous East Bay sound and Strung Out had already played.

Headliners Lagwagon attracted a good turnout. There was a monstrous pit and this Goleta band's material consisted of up-north punk-core stuff. Their vocalist Joe has that "small-but-terrible" persona. I mean, literally he's short (ha-ha,) but he belts out the vocals—tinged with old metal influences of Judas Priest and King Diamond—and gives it his all. In the midst of the racket, there was an electrical difficulty (in short, a blackout), so they had to interrupt their set. Lagwagon is good enough to play with Jawbreaker, but not as good, of course. Lagwagon had a pretty decent gig and that was that.



Didjits: Hornet Pinata LP

-Bigor

Udarec v srce in glavo. Špon nabit do konca in volumen kot kaže tudi. Surovi zvok rock and rolla je zelo izrazit, kljub temu pa Didjits ne pozablja, da smo vstopili v leto 91 in da se pripravljamo na 21. stoletje. Torej gre za plato, primerno današnjemu datumu. Vendar je osnova grajena na preteklosti in na želji igrati nekaj dobrega in surovega. Poleg vsega ostalega sta tu še dve priredbi, ki pojasnita (s)početje Didjits: MC5 s Call Me Animal ter Jimi Hendrix s Foxy Lady.

Touch and Go

L7: Smell the Magic LP

-Bigor

SubPop je sprejel pod svoje okrilje še en dober ženski band, ki nosi ime L7. Žensko histeričnost in potrebo po svojem lastnem kriku nosi ta odlični rock band. Plata je sestavljena iz šestih komadov, ki so izrazito ženski, vendar tokrat brez keke ženske intimnosti ali podobnih zadev. Po dolgem času zopet slišim en veliko bolj agresiven ženski band. Pri produciranju te plate je sodeloval tudi Jack Endino, ki je produciral prvi komad na plati Shove. In pri tem bi rekel, da je veliko bolj subpopovski zvok kot pri ostalih petih, ki jih je produciral Michael James. To pa ne pomeni, da so komadi slabi oziroma slabo producirani. Nikakor, plata je odlična in pravi skok v žensko histeričnost ter upor mačističnemu rocku.

SubPop

Big Chief:

-Simon

Get Down and Double Check 7"

Bend je v lanskem letu postal nadvse razvpit, nenazadnje zato, ker mu je uspelo izdati štiri single pri štirih različnih založbah. Na temle se nam predstavi z dvema komadoma v totalnem in pretiranem Sub Pop stilu. Naslovni komad je totalen grunch trip, le nekoliko preveč spominja na "Come On Down" proslulih Green River. Drugi, "Built Like an Ordeal" tudi ne zaostaja. Bend se baje poigrava tudi s funky zvoki, sicer pa se jih najbolj splača preveriti na LPju "Drive It Off", na katerem je založba Repulsion zbrala vse single. Govoril sem, howgh!

Get Hip Rec., POB 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317 USA

The Jesus Lizard: Head LP

-Bigor

Če so Big Blackom sledili Rapeman, potem je treba zapisati sledeče: "Rapeman je umrl, toda njegovo pot nadaljujejo prav oni - The Jesus Lizard." Če se pri Rapeman čuti vpliv še enega banda in to norega banda kot je Scratch Acid, potem je treba omeniti, da sta tu dva člana tega norega banda, ki sta potem posiljevala, danes pa se predstavljata kot organa Jezusovega kuščarja. Da pa bi bila slika še bolj popolna, je plato produciral nihče drug kot our skinny friend Steve, ne pozabite dodati še Albini. The Jesus Lizard so fenomenalno združili svojo preteklost v eno veliko celoto, ki jo kar lepo gonijo naprej. In čeprav vstopamo v 90-ta, nas prešine ideja na Birthday Party, ki so vsekakor tudi v njih dobili svojega naslednika.

Touch and Go

Killdozer: For Ladies Only LP

-Bigor

Kljub vsemu sem jo vzela v roke in jo preposlušala. Hal Fantje so fenomenalni. S svojim počasnim stopicanjem skozi zgodovino puščajo za seboj globoke sledi in istočasno brišejo sledi drugih. Ironija pa taka, da ne veš niti kje začetj poslušati plato. Fenomenalni glas Michaela "Romance", ki nas prej spominja na srhljivko kot na romantiko, nas nosi skozi celo plato do konca. Rock and roll ni umrl in tega Killdozer tudi ne bodo dopustili, če ne kdo drug, bodo prav oni ohranili ta zabačeni rock and roll sound, ki je danes že pozabljen.

Touch and Go (Reprint 7" boxa s priredbami)

Living Colour: Time's Up CD

-Aleksij

Dolgo pričakovani album črnskih heavy metalcev (kakor so jih označili v državnem tisku) "Time's Up" je v meni porajal velik dvom, saj je že na prvi plošči bilo opaziti velike komercialne apetite Newyorčanov. Tudi tokrat na plošči sodeluje veliko ljudi, nekaj tudi zelo popularnih, npr. Mick Jagger, Queen Latifah... Ob prvem poslušanju sem se začudil, saj je prvi in naslovni komad zelo hiter in agresiven, kaj takega od L.C. ne bi pričakoval. Takoj prepoznaven sound, na katerega je ponovno dal nalepko Ed Stasium srečamo v komadu "Pride", ki me prekleto spominja na "Middle Man" s prvanca. Zelo všeč mi je tudi bluesy "Love Rears Its Ugly Head", saj je zelo dobro aranžiran in mu vokal Vernona Reida daje prav poseben čar. V "Someone Like You" pa se prepletata dve resnični zgodbi, smrt Muzzovega brata in Coreyvega očeta, učitelja, prijatelja. Glasba je ponovno primerna temi, saj je odigrana z veliko občutka in ljubezni, kot sta jo člana čutila do umrlih. Od ostalih pesmi se mi zdi najbolj nepogrušana "Elvis Is Dead", ki je pravo tlačenje kislega želja, najboljša pa "This Is the Life", zelo psihedelična, z odličnim basovskim rifom, ki te kar meče k tlom. "Time's Up" je vsekakor ugleden naslednik odlične "Vivid".

Epic/CBS

Awful Truth: CD

-Aleksij

Trio prihaja iz Texasa, in že po tem nas spominjajo na kulturne King's X. No, tudi nekateri odlomki v vseh osmih komadnih blazno spominjajo nanje. Kljub slabi opremi (brez besedil) disk uvrščam v sam vrh ameriške novoročkovske produkcije. Zelo dobra glasba nam v vseh komadnih nudi neomejeno lirčnost, kakršne smo navajeni pri odličnih King's X. Bend nas z božanskim večglasnim petjem, do potankosti spojenim z glasbo, vsakič popelje v sanjsko deželo. Glasba je na trenutke dokaj psihedelična, a nikoli ne deluje paranoično, temveč zaspano in težko, k čemur pripomore David z odličnim obvladanjem kitare. Vendar pa to ni le novokomponirani hard rock s koreninami v 60-ih in 70-ih, tu je mogoče slišati tudi zelo hitre novometalske pasaje, obogatene z bliskovitimi in preciznimi kitarškimi solazami. Komadi so večinoma dolgi, a nikoli ne delujejo monotono, temveč te s svojo melodiko ponesejo na trip od začetka do konca. In kot pravi zadnja pesem: "Can you hear me Mary, can you understand these words?". Mislim, da tako glasbo lahko poslušajo tudi gluhošči, saj ni zgolj zvok, ampak občutek, ki jo obdaja.

Metal Blade

Jingo De Lunch: Underdog CD

-Aleksij

Po odličnem "Axe to Grind", na katerem Jingo de Lunch v primerjavi s prvo ploščo "Perpetuum Mobile" pokažejo veliko naklonjenost hard rocku tokrat z odlično produkcijo, kjer ni nič puščeno za vrana, pokažejo to, kar jim na prvih dveh albumih ni. Hard rock z ogromno melodije, ki te tako prevzame, da si prepevaš še cel dan in jih ne moreš spraviti iz glave. Zelo dobra glasba z odličnimi aranžmaji in prvoklasno izvedbo pa ne bi bila prava, če Yvonne ne bi pela tako prepričljivo in pofukano dobro in prepletano z zelo osebnimi teksti, v katerih lahko vidiš marsikaj. Predstavlja si HR Bad Brainsov, ki prepeva komade kakih D.I., a da mu je dodana zvočna slika Jingo De Lunch. Cela dogodivščina se prične s priredbo "Growing Pains", ki jo v originalu igra italijanska zasedba Upset Noise. V izvedbi JDL je še boljša, saj so kitare angelsko zaigrane, kakor Upset Noise le sanjajo lahko. Zelo ognjevit in direktna "New Key" me glasbeno zelo spominja na prvi LP in bi morala ponovno pognati kri po žilah starim fanom, saj jih je mnogo Jingo De Lunch že odpisalo, češ, kaj bi s takim heavy metalom! Glasbeno je skupina ostala na isti ravni kot pri prejšnji plošči, le da je tu zaradi večjega budžeta vse bolj dodelano in izpopolnjeno: kavbojska solacija na "What About", mutiran Yvonnin voica na "In My Head", slide kitara na "Reason", ki jo odigra producent Manny Charlton. Na drugi strani je prostor za trše komade, a tudi za lušno in prijetno "Reason", pri kateri Yvonne pušča dušo (se ne dere). Vsekakor je tudi tokrat mojstrovina naslovni komad, v katerem Yvonne pravi: "No color blind for black & white". Pred tako ploščo se lahko le priklonim.

Phonogram

Shudder to Think: Ten Spot

-Simon

Po zelo dobrem prevencu, na katerem je skupina uspešno mešala DC zvoke s hipijevskimi vplivi je tu zares "ah" plošča. Craigov neobičajni vokal tokrat prevzame vlogo voditelja po pretiranih, razkošnih in prisrčno premaknjenih melodijah. Instrumentalna podlaga je izvrstna protiuteč, ki glasbo v trenutkih nevarne vznesenosti vrača na trdna tla: posebej kitarški prehodi in uvodi (npr. "On the Rain") so pravi užitek. Plošča, ki se spretno izmikla klisejem hardrocka, psihedelije in MOR muzike, in vse to enkratno zliva v svoje početje. Še en neopredeljiv in odličen DC bend!

Dishord

Holy Rollers: As Is

-Simon

Holy Rollers stojijo z ramo ob rami z Vile Cherubs. Shudder to Think in podobnim DC bendi, ki svojo glasbo naslanjajo na rockerske tradicije, hkrati pa ji daje svež in razpoznaven zvok. Pri tem pa gre za skupine, ki se vendarle toliko razlikujejo, da ne moremo govoriti o kakšni novi DC tipičnosti. Glasba Holy Rollers je izjemno razgibana, s pestrimi in trdnimi ritmi in močno kitarško podporo. Kitarist, basist in bobnarka izmenoma prevzemajo vokale, ki varirajo od skoraj-psihotične zasanjanosti do skoraj-artizma in skoraj-najboljših DC vzorov. Skoraj zato, ker je bend vse preveč distanciran, da bi se slepo prepustil pretiranemu bratenju z že slišanim. Besedila so osebna/družbena, nikoli banalna - po tej plati je zelo zanimiv (pa manj uspešno uglasben) komad "Ode to Sabine County", uničujoč opomin rasističnemu nasilju v zaporih. "As Is" je "kot je": inteligentna, a zato nič manj energična in močna novoročkovska plošča, ki sodi v vrh lanske DC produkcije. Naj omenim še, da so na njej vsi štiri komadi s 7" "Origami Sessions", čistejši in bolj polikani.

Dishord

Alice In Chains: Face Lift CD

-Aleksij

Poleg Soundgarden tudi Alice In Chains prihajajo iz neizbrpnega nahajališča, ki ga danes predstavlja Seattle. Tudi tu govorimo o modernem hard rocku, s katerim uspevajo skupine po Ameriki. CD slavnostno odpre agresivna "We Die Young", a kljub agresivnosti se Layne Staley izkaže za več kot izvrstnega pevca. Seveda danes ni več originalnega benda, tako, da imajo tudi Alice In Chains določene vplive, katerim so podrejeni. Cel izdelek pristopa k glasbi zelo psihedelično, kar se najbolj kaže v komadih kot "Love, Hate, Love", "I Can't Remember", "It ain't Like That" in "Confusion", seveda odlikovanih z odličnim večglasnim petjem vseh članov skupine. Skupina svoje početje izraža tudi na drug način, "Sunshine" in "Put You Down" sta prav odlična glamersko obarvana komada, v katerih kljub vsemu ni slutiti komercialnosti. "I Know Something 'Bout You" je prav privlačno zaigran funky komad, ki kljub prenasitenosti s tem glasbenim stilom ne izpade stereotipen. S produkcijo se je trudil Dave Jerden, ki je imel opravka tudi z Jane's Addiction, plošča pa je posvečena Andrewu Woodu, umrlemu pevcu Mother Love Bone. Ne zamudite tega monstrozno dobrega izdelka - vsekakor je to plošča, ki ne pozna meja in zaradi kakršnih hard rock še danes živi!

CBS

Helios Creed:

Boxing the Clown CD

-Simon

Heliosov reaktor neustavljivo seva nove ultraaktivne delce. Po preizkušeni cyberpunk formuli in novimi močmi in ritem sekciji tokrat Helios nameni lisergično esenco, ki poslušalca izstrelji v vesolje, kjer je izpostavljen vsakovrstnim neposrednim napadom na psihosomatski živčni sistem. Od uvodnega "Master Blaster", kjer žrtev prenaša izstrelitveni pospešek 100G, preko moreče vsamijske praznine, prekinjane z nasilnimi zemeljskimi reminiscencami ("Go Blind") do končnega pristanka v neznanem. Heliosova glasba je prepovedan sad, in zato najslajša in najprivlačnejša. Jasnje je, kdo se bo smejal zadnji...

Amphetamine Reptile Rec.

PIMP

MAGAZINE

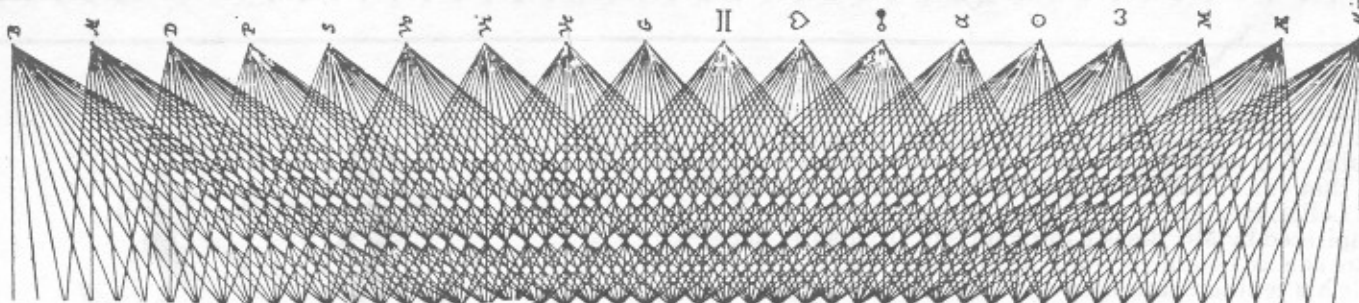
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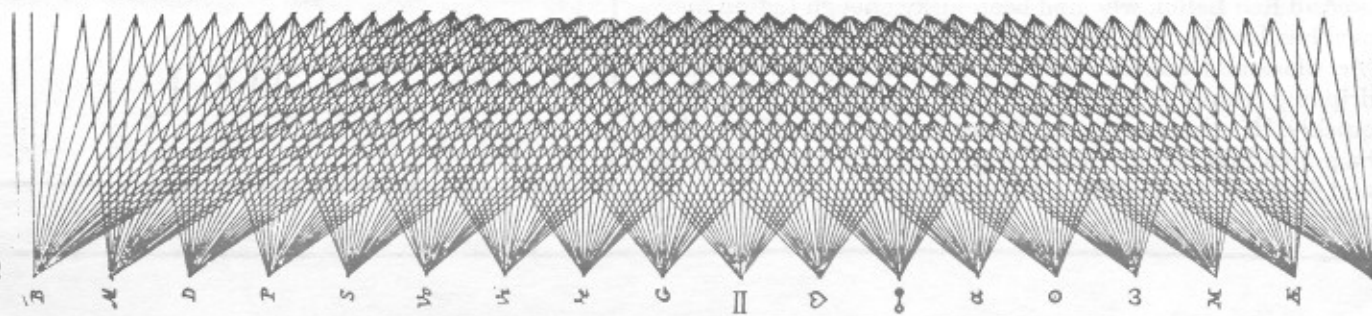
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David Ferguson

JESUS HAZARD PG 22





Once upon a time in the kingdom of Austin, there lived a band known as Scratch Acid. After making three albums and playing many a show, this band unceremoniously died. Later, a couple of the band members journeyed to a far off land, called Chicago. There, with two other journeymen (Duane and Mac), The Jesus Lizard was born. They've now released two albums both on Touch and Go Records--Head and Pure. Vocalist David Yow still sounds possessed while bassist David Sims still looks it. It's haunting. It's hypnotizing.



Mandy--I want to ask you what you think about when you play bass on stage because you always look really possessed.

Sims--I don't know. I'm trying to finish the song.

Mandy--That's it? Well what do you think about when you're jumping around on stage?

Yow--Whether or not I'll throw up.

Mandy--Has that ever happened?

Yow--No, no, never, except last night and a few other times, but I think about trying to do a good job and entertain those wonderful people who are spending their hard-earned dollars. All the smiling faces. All the unsmiling faces. All the assholes. I think about past injuries, future injuries. I think about my sweetheart, and I think about fucking up the new songs. I think about the other guys fucking up the new songs. Fucking up the old songs. That's all I think about.

Mandy--So what's the worst injury you've ever gotten on stage?

Yow--Broken ribs.

Mandy--Did someone kick you or did you fall down?

Yow--No, I tried to beat up a monitor. I lost.

Shannon--Was it hard to make the transition from Austin to Chicago?

Yow--It didn't take long. At first it was kind of wierd because I've got a lot of friends down here, and I only knew maybe ten people up there. But now I've got a lot of friends. It's great. It's a cool town. It's a lot better than a hot little shit hole like this dump. There's a lot of everything up there. If there is something that exists in the world, there's a lot of it in Chicago.

Sims--It's a world class city where important things happen every day.

Shannon--Are you an important part of Chicago?

Yow--Fuck no. Chicago's a big city. Chicago doesn't care about us. No, it's okay. Some of Chicago cares about us, but when you consider the number of people that live in Chicago, the number of people that care about us is pretty miniscule.

Shannon--What's the scariest thing that has ever happened to you?

Yow--In Chicago?

Shannon--Anywhere.

Yow--When you're thirty years old, a lot of things have scared you.

Mandy--Anything pop into your mind?

Yow--In Chicago I got a knife pulled on me. When I was a little boy in Africa, two Arabs tried to kill me. I shit in my bed one time. That was really scary.

Mandy--What's the scariest thing that's ever happened to you?

Sims--I guess the most convinced I ever was that I was going to die. On the last tour driving in the middle of the night through Montana, I was asleep in the back of the van, and the van swerved quickly and erratically. And Dave was screaming. "Look out! Look out! Look out!" It was terrifying. It was a bad way to wake up.

Shannon--What about you Mac?

Mac--I can't think of any time that I've been in fear of my life. When I was really young, and I was going to camp, I stole a roll off the cafeteria line, and I got caught. And a counselor was looking at me and saying, "You put that roll back!" I was scared. I didn't feel too good.

Mandy--Did that stop you from stealing forever?

Mac--Oh yeah I have never stolen after that.

Yow--Except young ladies' hearts all over the world.

Mandy--So what are your favorite hobbies, favorite pastimes? What do you do when you get bored?

Yow--Wait for my girlfriend to get home, and then I'm not bored anymore. Chicago--you can't get bored in Chicago. There's just no way. It's impossible. It can't happen.

Mandy--A lot to do? Do you hang out at the Sears Tower?

Yow--I've never been to the Sears Tower. Well actually, years ago before I lived there, I went to the Sears Tower. But we went to go to the top of it, and it only costs three dollars, which is fine, but it was part of a tour that starts in the basement.

Sims--You don't have to do that.

Yow--Well I didn't know that then. They said, "It's three dollars, and the tour starts in the basement." You've gone to the top haven't you Dave?

Sims--Yeah.

Mandy--Is it nice?

Sims--Yeah it's very nice. You can see three states.

Mandy--Which states?

Sims--Wisconsin, Illinois--

Yow--Alaska, Florida, and Hawaii.

Mandy--So what do you do in Chicago when you're bored?

Mac--Write to my friends.

Yow--Yeah, he writes to his friends, then we come home and read what he wrote and say, "Thanks for the note."

A bird shits on David Sims' shoulder providing everybody with a good laugh, at his expense.

Yow--Ha! Ha! Dave got shit on!

Mandy--Is that a common occurrence?

Sims--We were just talking about this today because it happened to Dave just within the last few weeks.

Yow--I was standing underneath the L track, and this very healthy pigeon shat on me. And it was a big liquid thing. It's the first time I've been shit on by a bird since 1973.

Sims--When I was about 14, I was climbing a tree, and it happened. And it was pretty gross. And I had to walk a few blocks home and hope nobody saw.

Yow--When I was a little kid, I was living in England, and a bird shit on me. And these two English kids were going, "Look, he's got bird dung in his hair." So I beat the shit out of both of them because Americans can do that to English people. They don't eat right, and most of them are dumb, slow, and easy to beat up.

Mandy--So who else do you beat up?

Yow--That's the only people I ever beat up, English people.

Mandy--So were you guys all troublemakers when you were kids?

Mac--I was very, very quiet.

Yow--Didn't you steal a roll one time?

Mac--I was the one who always egged the other kids on and somehow got them to do stuff, and I would laugh.

Mandy--And not get caught?

Mac--Yeah, I never got caught.

Yow--I got in trouble one time in the fifth grade for pissing on a guy's neck. The teacher pulled me aside, Mrs. Burnet was her name, and she asked me if I had

urinated on Bruce's neck. I said it was an accident. Somebody pushed me. So I didn't get to go to recess.

Mandy--So do you guys get in trouble a lot now?

Sims--You get smart, learn how to stay out of trouble, learn how to get away with stuff.

Shannon--So you're smarter?

Yow--That's right. Do crosswords without having to look at the answers, stuff like that.

Shannon--Do you have bad dreams?

Yow--The dreams that I hate are money dreams, where I dream I come across a great deal of money.

Mandy--You don't like those? Why not?

Yow--Because then you wake up.

Mandy--Nightmares Mac?

Mac--No, just strange dreams.

Mandy--Elaborate.

Mac--Well one time recently I was having a dream I was in an office building, and I looked down, and there was this big moving truck, and there were small infant babies on magic carpets flying slowly into the truck. And I didn't know what that meant. That was just one. I had another dream where I walked into this place, and this guy was serving orange sherbet, but it was cheddar cheese ice cream. And then I walked into this bathroom, and there were all these stainless steel urinals, about 50 or so. I guess I needed to go to the bathroom. So I was there relieving myself, and I turned around, and there were these little kids that were putting these little firecrackers down at my feet. And they were long, and they were dark blue. But instead of popping when they lit them, they made little musical sounds.

Mandy--It's your turn.

Sims--Well the only thing I remember recently--I thought this was kind of funny, but there's this girl I'm going out with, and I hope you can print this, but in this dream I saw two polaroids. One of them was a head and shoulders shot of her, and she was dressed up like one of Santa's elves, and she was phalating me. And in another one, I was dressed up like Santa Claus, and she was dressed up like a reindeer, and I was fucking her from behind.

Shannon--Do you believe in magic?

Yow--Only the magic of a young girl's heart.

Shannon--So you're romantic?

Yow--Oh very!

Mandy--What would be the ideal romantic date?

Yow--I would first buy my sweetheart some flowers, and then I would take some pencils and stick them in her ears and yell, "Whip some skull on me bitch!"

Mandy--My heart is melting. So are you guys doing a regular tour now, or did you just come back to Austin because you like it a lot?

Yow--Well, we didn't do that. We did it because we're going to get really rich. I mean we played Dallas, Houston, tonight Austin. We're getting so much money from all of this that we couldn't avoid it.

Mandy--So you're generally raking in the bucks now.

Yow--Oh like crazy.

Shannon--How famous are you?

Yow--Whew! Words can't describe. We're getting used to it though. Mac is taking martial arts classes.

Mandy--What other special interests do you have besides martial arts and writing letters?

Sims--He likes to burn incense, but we won't let him.

Mac--Yeah, I like burning incense and playing psychedelic music, when they're not around.

Shannon--You're all New Agers, right?

SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

Digits
J.L.

#1

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ALL
WEEN
and a
Trenton
Hooker



Record Reviews

Fluid - "Glue E.P." (Sub Pop): 0000

The CD of "Glue" includes the "Roadmouth" LP as a bonus. If you know the Fluid, then you know what this is like. If you don't, then get to know them, they are going to be the next big thing, as popular as Iggy and the Stooges ever where, just give them time. Catch them now. They sound similar to The Sonics and that is cool. Pick up this EP, or better yet get the CD, and flip to "Black Glove," an anthem for the 90's.

Fugazi - "Repeater" (Dischord): 00.75

Fugazi's first full LP. Ian Mackaye doesn't use fuck in the lyrics as much. I like the album. Powerful and intovative. Less powerful than the first two EP's. They are beginning to get more and more popcore. It's O.K. When compared to "Fugazi" and "Margin Walker," it is a good contrast. Pick it up on CD, it has the "3 songs EP" as a bonus and it's only 9 bucks.

**God Bullies - "Dog Show" (Amphetamine Reptile):
000.5**

The God Bullies are one of my all time favorite bands, so you can guess how this review will go. Their first album "Mama Womb Womb" is one of my top ten hardcore albums of all time, and this one is a decent follow up. The majority of the album has a religious theme, sort of a follow up to the song "Fear and Pain" on the Womb LP. The energy given off by this is so fucking strong. Just by listening to the track "Monster Jesus," you feel as though your soul is bound for Hell. The God Bullies are a band that can be compared to the Butthole Surfers, but not really. They have a style all their own. It is mix between noise and and grunge, and what a beautiful mix it is.

**Halo of Flies - "Singles going Nowhere"
(Amphetamine Reptile): 0000**

The first thing you see is the album cover. It is a parody of the Buzzcock's "Singles going Steady." This is a collection of their singles, and unless you are Don Rettman, or have a shit load of money to throw around, you'll never find them. Then you open it, and plop this masterpiece on the turntable. Tom Hazlemeyer is God. Fuck all of your homo guitar geeks - Hazelmeyer is the man. They are a band that revive the old roots of punk. They grab those roots and grind them to a fine dust. They chop this dust into perfect lines, and snort. What the hell are you reading for, go out and buy this, right now.

Harry Crews - "Naked in Garden Hills"

(Widowspeak Productions): 00.5

This is an all girl project including Kim Gordon, yes the Kim Gordon of Sonic Youth, Lydia Lunch, yes the Lydia Lunch, and Sadie Mae on Drums. The band take their name from the author, Harry Crews, and they play songs written about his books. The entire album was recorded live in Europe in September of 1988. What does it sound like? It sounds like a mix between The Happy Flowers and old Sonic Youth only a bit more on the sloppy side. This is one of those albums you have to listen to a few times to get the feel of it. It's bizare, hey use your own judgement.

Jawbreaker - "Unfun" (Shredder Records): 0000

Bob Conrad claims that this is the album of the year, I think it will definatly fall in the top 5. It rocks, enough said.

Jesus Lizard - "Head" (Touch & Go): 000.5

Listening to this album remind you of a tarpit. Great grunge for the whole family. "Head" continues the great grunge tradition that "Pure" began.

*anybody that can be emotional screaming about cakes or shirts definitely deserves your respect. (PO Box 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)-Tom Scharpling

Hypnolove wheel Candy Mantra
(Fabian Aural Products LP)

Turn!Turn!Burn! was Hypnolove's watershed- their ascension from good to incredible. It displayed a massive knack for songwriting and an genius for changing tracks in the middle of a song without the forced cleverness that dogs most others. Candy Mantra takes it a step further- pop is a more dominating force than the manic energy of Turn!- at first I thought they were getting more relaxed. But repeated plays shows Candy Mantra to be a step up from their debut. The musicianship has improved, and the bursts of lunacy are more subtle than on Turn!. They may not slap you in the face, but they hang around a lot longer. Every song is a home run. You might laugh at me in a year if I'm wrong, but I feel that Hypnolove is on the verge of true greatness- the kind that makes everyone take notice. (655 Carroll St., Brooklyn NY 11215)-Tom Scharpling

The Jesus Lizard - Head (Touch & Go LP)

The Jesus Lizard make their way through life by drinking a lot of beer and beating the shit out of their instruments. David Yow screams and punches out ceiling tiles probably more than most men, but for a chap so rambunctious this band has an incredible sense of dynamics- check out "My Own Urine" or the very catchy instrumental "Tight n Shiny" for proof. The real live drumming of Mac McNeilly in particular makes this band swing. The lyrical content is another matter entirely- "Waxeater" is especially shocking, the kind of garbage that liberal creeps consider "art"; it belongs in a furnace, not on a major label. But it's

on powder blue vinyl, so it can't be all that bad. (PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)-Craig Chapman

Ice Cube Amerikkka's Most Wanted
(Priority LP)

Ice Cube's first solo outing after his departure from NWA (he quit due to Eazy-E's short arms and deep pockets- Ice Cube pulled down a mere \$30,000 per annum at the height of Straight Outta Compton mania) was recorded with the help of the gents who supply Public Enemy's relentless sound. The result is a record that falls short of Compton but wipes up the ground with Fear of a Black Planet (you can't put the message too far in front of the music without biting). "The Nigga You Love To Hate" sets the pace- through the course of the album, Ice Cube sticks it to women, black people, white people, cops, ~~Calvin Johnson~~, hangers-on, and numerous others. But you probably know that already. (Available in stores)-Tom Scharpling

Mark Lanegan The Winding Sheet
(Sub Pop LP)

I don't think anybody was expecting a record this warm and smart from a member of the Screaming Trees at this point in the game. Stripped down to bare elements (acoustic and electric guitar, organ), The Winding Sheet carves itself a subtle niche primarily because Lanegan isn't always bellowing- he allows his croon to drop to whisper's level. A lovely companion to Fakebook, this album stands for what Bob Mould would've liked to achieve post-Du; something that cares without being maudlin, sensitive without being self-serving. "Tasteful" is an adjective that seldom fits Sub Pop product. (PO Box 20645, Seattle WA 98102)-Tom Scharpling



**“THE WHOLE RECORD IS ONE
BIG COOL ACCIDENT, I GUESS.
THERE WASN'T THIS MASTER PLAN.”**



they looked silly and took themselves far too seriously. They have great songs, amazing vocals and production that would just tear the paint off walls. It just sounds so crappy in such a beautiful way.”

THE DWARVES › BLOOD GUTS & PUSSY » (13:06)

“Inspired by The Misfits, actually. Even Blag (vocalist) has a certain cadence in his vocals that’s reminiscent of Glenn Danzig. They were coming from a ’60s background—that *Horror Stories* record they did was pretty much straight-up ’60s revival music. Although I do like that record, they did this seven-inch called *Lucifer’s Crank* that was all live recordings from a radio session broadcast—it sounds really, really great.”

NAKED RAYGUN › ALL RISE » (25:57)

“I wasn’t totally crazy about them, but did like them. Everybody in the Midwest worshipped that band. They were kind of behind their time and yet ahead of their time in one breath. Obviously influenced a lot by that English, melodic, later-’70s punk. I always heard The Buzzcocks and Stiff Little Fingers in their sound.”

THE REPLACEMENTS › SORRY MA, FORGOT TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH » (27:54)

“Amazing record—the best thing the band ever did. There’s an innocence there, and it was caused by accident—it’s really loose. I hate to be like, ‘Oh, the first

record was the best, nothing they did afterwards ever meant anything,’ but that was my favorite. I love *Hootenanny*, too, and I like *Stink*, then they kind of started losing me after that. They started taking themselves too seriously. I know live they didn’t though, wearing dresses and playing KISS covers and barely being able to stand up half the time. The songs are great—they don’t adhere to any real consistency, are pretty sketchy and yet fast. You hear the band fall apart, then come together within a couple bars. Fun isn’t a premium with me, but I really appreciate a sense of celebration. That first record definitely has that.”

JESUS LIZARD › HEAD » (27:21)

“I never really thought of them as making short records, cause they were sort of a jam band, too. They would have these parts live that would be a bit more expansive, and they’d just supply a backdrop for David Yow to poop on stuff or fall all over the place. A band that made really good records, but really, live was where it was at. The same could be said for us, too.”

WEEZER › THE GREEN ALBUM » (28:29)

“I can honestly say I’ve never heard it. I’m not going to play ignorant—I know who Weezer is, and I’ve heard their music. But I have not heard that record. I don’t think you would even get enough bang for your buck with an 80-minute Weezer record. You can write that.”

Jesus Lizard,
Didjite

1299
\$ 200+

WHERE'S TOMMY?

#4



Fall's gotten a lot denser as a band, moving away from that minimalist Gang Of Four sound to a more high-tech weirdness, and that enough is worth buying this for.

Gang Of Four

A Brief History
Of The Twentieth Century
Warner/EMI

Speaking of the greatest band ever to come out of Manchester (sorry, Ian) this compilation shows them off at their peak form. Lord know why this band, which can only be described as post-marxist bop broke up. Melding the sensibilities of the intellegentsia to the raw funk of Parliament, Gang Of Four cut some great tunes, all of which are on this comp. "Return The Gift", "At Home He's A Tourist", the best love song ever, "Anthrax"...the list goes on. Every one of these songs is great. Own it. Marred only slightly by a very pretentious set of liner notes by Greil Marcus. (see A-List)

Thee Hypnotics

Come Down Heavy
Situation Two

Music obviously stopped evolving in 1967 for this band, and "Bleeding Heart" proves it. Great Bonham-style riffs puncture dripping guitar work throughout this album, which has the feel of an unholy union of Floyd and the Stooges. James Jones screams his lungs out on "Half Man/Half Boy", and it's worth it, as is the rest of this album, perhaps save the way spooky "Revolution Stone". A great follow-up to "Live'r Than God".

Randy Holden

Population II
Hobbit

All you Sub Pop fans can ramble on and on about the "heaviness" of Tad of the "grunge" of Mudhoney ad nauseum, but truth is, none of these lightweights can maintain a semi-boner next to the skag-stoked sludge of former Blue Cheer/Other Half axe Holden's monumental and neglected solo effort. Holden's Lp is a megadose methqualone cocktail of lumbering sledgehammer riffs and two-note solos that leaves even vintage Black Sabbath passed out in their own vomit. Blue Cheer's rendition of "Fruit and Icebergs" sent your head spinning in a narcotic trance; Holden's solo rendition is a smack o.d. that'll put your head in the toilet. Holden's weird warbling voice careens in and out of your head like some thought you were too stoned to remember, while monolithic drums and sustain force you deeper and deeper underwater. Bring your own drool cup. It amazes me that this record is not as properly worshipped as it should be. I almost love this more than Funhouse. (-Kurt)

Helmet

Strap It On
Amphetamine Reptile

Speaking of quaaludes, these guys have the market cornered. Slow, driving, throbbing stuff with an intensity previously contained to chain-saws and soap-box preachers. Pulsating is the best word to describe Helmet; like a good vibrator, it gets you in all the right places. Now where did I put that butt plug?

Jesus Lizard
Head

Touch and Go

The best of a spate of stuff from T & G. The addition of a live drummer really helped this band, and songs like the psychotic bomp "One Evening" prove it. As heavy as it gets without weights. Gives you a hell of a headache, though.

The Living

Take The World
Slidd (cassette)

When these guys sent me a press kit, replete with that iconic peace dove on the cover, I purposely put off listening to it until I had to. It looked that scary. Packaging will do that to you, y'know? And guess what? I WAS WRONG. It is not the absurdly melancholy hippie dirges I took it to be, but rather, some smart, if a bit unoriginal pop music. Quite pleasant actually, if not stunning. Fans of those crap college bands like Model A will like these guys a lot better. If they play around here, and you like mellow (but not irritatingly so) pop that sounds kind of like old Smiths, go see 'em. In the meantime, throw money in the mail (\$3? They didn't say in their kit) to Slidd, 253 Alexander St., Rochester, NY 14607.

L7

Smell The Magic
Sub Pop

"Shove" is as killer a tune as you could ever hope for, and the album just accelerates wildly from there. Sick guitar riffs pummel a steady, throbbing bass on cuts like "Death Wish", propelling the whole thing into the pit, onto the crowd, and onto the floor- all the better for you to soak up the beer and vomit.

Lie Detectors

Steel Belted Radials...
demo

This tape is a real mess, a wonder of silly punk rock and goofy subject matter. Probably the worst tape I've ever heard, it's unbelievably painful to listen to, and I love it. Must be heard. Send \$3 to PO Box 366 Sparkill, NY 10976, and revel in the glory that is "Tidy Bowl Man". You must own this.

M.C. Hammer

Please Hammer Don't Hurt Em
Capitol

Yep, I paid money for this, and I wish I could say that it was an inspired purchase. Stealing from the likes of Rick James and Prince was what caught my attention, but this is really nothing more than an interminably long commercial for, and starring, Mr. Mallet. Really sickening.

M.C. 900 FT Jesus

Hell With The Lid Off
Netzwerk/IRS

This pair of dudes was on the Dallas local scene about four months before they got this, their first big record deal. The music is as nasty a mix of scratching, groovy baselines and sampled riffs as ever was, plus you got MC 900's distorted nasal whine oozing in over the beat to give a subtextual finger to those too stupid to know the score and a little streetwise philosophy to those willing to listen. MC 900 is a cold-hearted bastard on wax with tongue stapled to his cheek, grinning and sneering at you like a child molester out on parole. His subject matter is for the

and zeal, Bad Brain Paul Hudson's latest reggae excursion exhibits an overriding sense of good will that silences any charges of religious reactionism on his behalf. Suggested only to those with a true appreciation of the genre, as Charge is without a "Life After Death" or similarly electrified firecut to deliver it (for most) from the throes of redundancy. (OB)

Inner Anger- My Head Hurts LP (Chikara Records)

Pretty fresh, considering the genre (speedcore), with effective forays into hard rock/evvy meddle. Eleven passably produced cuts, but a bit timeworn and tiring in the end. From Kamloops, British Columbia. (OB)

Inside Out- Take You Apart... LP (Meantime Records)

One of Detroit's better showings of late, employing exotic psych and Eastern twists to complement a full on Frightwig-style approach. However, detractively artless songwriting ("Too Butch For You" and "Torture Chamber"), overkilling studio effects, and shoddy sleeve art all frustrate quality. You don't ice a cake with mud. Otherwise, it's a credible debut. (OB)

Jawbox- EP (Dischord/DeSoto Records)

A fresh Washington D.C. trio with the late Government Issue's Jay Robbins on guitar/vocals, and comparable to Moving Targets and Husker Du, but with more drive. Four cuts, well cooked, and garnished with some well-written and inspired lyrics. Quite promising, and look to more. (OB)

Jawbreaker- Unfun LP (Shredder Records)

Good and grainy middle tempo melodies with an obvious DC inflection (Grey Matter/3, etc.) having much in common with Samiam and similar West Coast acts. Twelve selections that are direct and consistent, but with little that is dangerous or adventurous, save for some curve ball tape samples. Adequate. (OB)

Jerry's Kids- Is This My World? LP (Taang! Records)

A repressing of the 1982 classic that still to this day beats the hell out of 95% of the hardcore out there, and that includes their 1989 comeback elpee, Kill Kill Kill. It's a slice o'history demanding reference, for sure. (OB)

Jesus Lizard- Head LP (Touch & Go Records)

One must be kind and patient with retarded children to squeeze any sort of gratification from this. Should oppressive and unrelenting rhythms, shrieks, and mumbles titillate you, consider it. Intangible, difficult, and obsessive--therefore yes and no. (OB)

Keep In Mind- Downstairs EP (Donut Crew Records)

Fiat MOR melodicore with a slight semblance to the D.C. sound, but is admirable in its homespun do-it-yourself nature. Five songs, from Colorado. (OB)

Judge- Bringing It Down LP (Revelation Records)

At least Slapshot's brand of straight-edged fascism has charm and wit. "You! You! You! Boo hoo!"-tantrums and finger-pointing accusations abound, with title track sentiments that have the

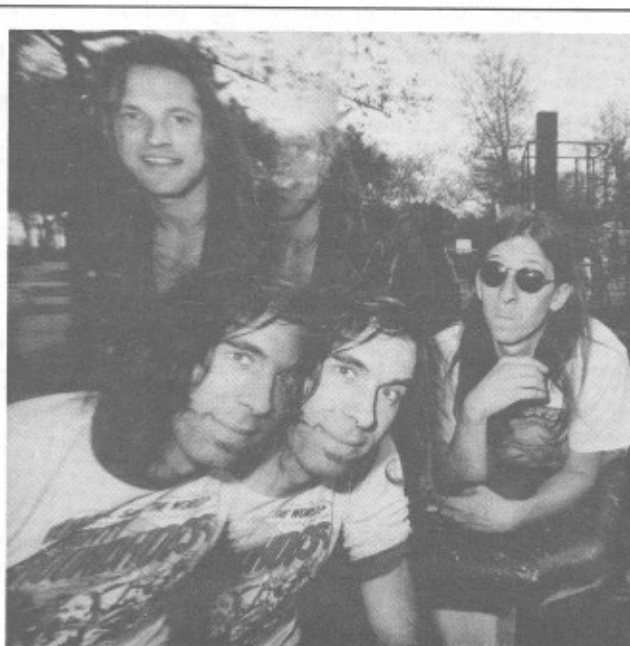


Photo- Michael Levine

Skin Yard- Fist Sized Chunks LP (Cruz Records)

Not unlike a chunkier and frenetic Soundgarden (or perhaps an unemasculated Jane's Addiction), Seattle's Skinyard are honest heirs to the Deep Purple/Black Sabbath megaton mammothry of yore. Fist Sized Chunks is high retro rock expressiveness that's done right up to date, definitively, and stomps almost incomparably--and 'almost' only because it suffers slight spells of sameness and indulgent meandering. Now don't accuse Skin Yard of bandwagoning, because they've got the years, releases, tonnage, and tonnage to their credit. A Seattle staple--hipsters take note. (OB)

gall to read bigotry and substance abuse as being equal on the evilometer. Leagues below Killing Time, but unlike the bulk of past and present Applecore, she's passable. Holy crap, Porcelly does a guitar lead! (OB)

Kinghorse- LP (Caroline Records)

At their mildly perspiring best, Kentucky's Kinghorse might earn a Corrosion of Conformity or Prong parallel, but mostly suffer from some half-assed Black Sabbath derivations and overdramatic rockisms from the Danzig/Mind Over 4 cockrokin' academy, and it's surprisingly no less produced (and colourlessly at that) by everybody's fave rock'n'rollin' role player--Glenn Danzig. Banal and unspectacular, and what else when promo has to push Glenn's production and Pushead's sleeve art far more than the fact that the band might not be all that half bad. (OB)

Kings of the Sun- Full Frontal Attack LP (RCA Records)

What is this doing here? California hairhead rock whose only alternative link might be current Replacements (how dangerous), but otherwise sits comfortably in the Circus of Power/Guns'n'-Roses saddle of Aerosmith indebtedness. "Drop the Gun" is as good as it gets, as this is chock fulla rockisms and tired cliches that shoot from the groin moreso than the cerebellum. Ahhh, fuckin' metal. (OB)

Krakdown- EP (Combined Effort Records)

In a day and age when honest, powerful, and exciting hardcore is about as commonplace as an 8-track tape, it's heartening to hear a band like Krakdown. The band executes its inspired and influenced (Agnostic Front, CFA, etc.) version of New York hardcore with such passion and conviction that all flaws (i.e. a low innova-

tion level, mediocre production, and absence of an insert or info) lose stature. As Craig Setari (Rest In Pieces, Agnostic Front, etc.) once remarked, "Krakdown is hardcore." No argument there. (SC)

Laughing Hyenas- "Here We Go Again"/"Candy" (Touch and Go Records)

Deeper into their self-fashioned mire of hardcore blues--oppressive, masochistic, perverse, pure, lovelorn, and comely in its extremism. Unimitable brilliance that renders nearly all else as charade. Good sleeve work. Look to the longplay. (OB)

Libido Boyz- Childhood Memories EP (Red Decibel Records)

A fair title cut with admirable sentiments (anti-child abuse) as well as a pair of well caught live tracks. But they still lift SNFU shamelessly and do not yet rock. Nice sleeve though. (OB)

Love Camp 7- EP (Bowlmor Records)

Any band keen enough to cull their moniker from a David Friedman nudie gem and base a toon upon a tasteless cinematic classic (adapted from a Gore Vidal novel) featuring Raquel Welch cannot be all that bad. And they're not, hybridizing a Satanic Majesty's... phase Rolling Stones with a musically adept Pussy Galore, particularly on "Myra Breckenridge" and "Take Love Where You Find It". The remainder, save for "Father Serra's Children", anticlimactically soften up, employing a straight Sixties moody garage pop flavour a la Jefferson Airplane, Love, etc. From New York. (OB)

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Ludwig Von 88- Houlala 2 "La Mission" LP (Bondage Records/Distributed by Cargo)

Retarded Monty Python Francophonic cacophony that runs the gamut from Dickies-style punk to ska to dumb asswaddlin' synth gibber and so on, with everything but everything else tossed in. Fun. (OB)

Maelstrom- EP (Taang! Records)

Maelstrom- Step One LP (Taang! Records)
"Megamorphosis", the EP kick off, is a crunchy, bounced out Leeway-esque metal/hardcore hybrid that thumbs it up despite the occasionally obvious Metallica plifering. "Motivation" is a wanked-out weakling, and their adaption of Void's "Who Are You?" is blasphemy by no means, pumped successfully up to date. Step One introduces a non-abused and well-treated funk/hip-hop/jazz element not at all referenced on the EP, successfully crossing Metallica with Peppersque white-boy funk. An overall decent display, save for a few stinkloads ("Rise to the Occasion" and "All I Need"), and including revamps of "Megamorphosis" and the much better "Motivation". Plenty of promise. (OB)

Maniacs- Ain't No Legend LP (Released Emotions Records)

Like small saplings deprived by the shade of the large, light-grabbing trees, England's Maniacs shared a like underappreciation in the Pistols/Clash-dominated punk explosion of the late Seventies. Ain't No Legend is eight shots of vintage punk not unlike Slaughter and the Dogs, Sex Pistols, and Eddie and the Hot Rods. Although released thirteen years after the fact, it holds its own and shows few wrinkles. Give

SOLD OUT, Windsor