

JESUS LIZARD



JESUS LIZARD

# HIGH DECIBEL DERRING-DO\*

CHRONIC HEADACHES  
BED-WETTING  
HYPERTENSION  
NEUROLOGICAL ANOMALIES

*These are only a sampling of the joys associated with being a member of the **JESUS LIZARD**. This they endure so that you might be happy, you the listener, you the writer, you the fan or asshole. It is these things that help the **JESUS LIZARD** do what they do best: **HIGH DECIBEL DERRING-DO**. We mention all this only so that you can more easily put yourself in their slippers while reading the following.*

## **PURE**

This one has a drum machine (oh well, only 3 Lizards had assembled), but it is no doubt in the top ten of all bad records. Drummer Mac joined the band in time for the "CHROME" 7" which followed **PURE**.

## **HEAD**

At the time this was being recorded all four Lizards shared the same digs. They knew each other. **HEAD** is masterful in dynamics and subtleties, and ruthlessly puissant. Jesus! The "MOUTHBREATHER" single set the mood nicely for the record to come.

## **GOAT**

Revealing the growth and evolution of the band, **GOAT** is a shade more mature than previous offerings. Several bloody noses and nervous breakdowns accompanied the writing of this record. The structural ebb and flow of "Monkey Trick" make it a glorious epic. "Then Comes Dudley" is unstoppable ('til of course it stops). "Mouthbreather" activates even the most languid retard, while "Seasick" drowns even the most expert swimmers in their own juices.

## **"Wheelchair Epidemic" 7"**

The Dicks were (arguably) the best punk band ever. "Wheelchair..." is one of their songs and sports the *all for one and one for all* HEP! HEP! chorus. It's a classic. The flip is an original that some have deemed evil and dangerous in it's riffery.

## **LIAR**

After viewing the cover, catch your breath. **LIAR** is the culmination of hard times and a love of labor. The **JESUS LIZARD** delve into some uncharted musical territory on this fucker. Stripped-down, built-up, recalculated and sweated on...**LIAR** tells the truth. Where "...Dudley" stopped, "Gladiator" kills without *any* fancy footwork. Like the theme to a B-Western, "Zachariah" lopes lonesomely along (hic), but is so damned grand. The **JESUS LIZARD** make their first stab at dizzying psychosis with "Whirl". "Puss" does not pussy cat around nor do the other six tracks on this slab. These guys are crafty and this record exhibits their progress and singularity. **LIAR** is a legitimate step forward so what the hell?!

DUANE DENISON	guitar
MAC McNEILLY	drums
DAVID Wm. SIMS	bass
DAVID YOW	vocals

\***der ring-do** (der'ing-doo') *n.*

1. Daring action or spirit: daring <The music of the **Jesus Lizard** is certainly high-decibel *derring-do*>.

## DISCOGRAPHY

**Pure** EP/CS Aug '89

"Chrome" / "7 vs. 8"  
7" single Feb '90

**Head** LP/CD/CS  
Apr '90

"Mouthbreather" 7" single  
Nov '90

**Goat** LP/CD/CS Feb '91

"Wheelchair Epidemic" 7" single  
Jun '92

**Liar** LP/CD/CS Oct '92

"Puss" on split single w/Nirvana  
Jan '93

All recordings released on  
Touch and Go Records.



P.O. BOX 25520 CHICAGO, IL 60625 USA  
10 MYDDLETON RD. LONDON N224NS ENGLAND

For more info, contact:  
Touch and Go Records  
Noelle Giuffrida  
312-463-8316

For booking info, call:  
Billions and Billions  
Boche Billions or Dave Vicelli  
312-235-8214

# KERRANG!

September 26, 1992



## THE LIZARD KING

**JESUS LIZARD's frontman DAVID YOW is a savage vocalist who brings new meaning to the phrase 'balls-out rocker'. As the band prepare to record a single with Nirvana, MIKE GITTER checks out the tales of ordinary madness...**

**F**OR DAVID Yow, Jesus Lizard's unpredictable, scampering savage, playing rock 'n' roll is a contact sport. He's got the scrapes, bruises, cuts, stitches, red eyes, sprained ankles, scabs and aches to prove it. The man's a *bona fide* rock 'n' roll casualty - literally.

"The most comical injury ever?" he grins, like Robert DeNiro's reprobate understudy from 'Cape Fear'. "We were doing shows with Sonic Youth and we'd done a show during which I smashed my elbow. It was sore, but it was no big deal.

"Two nights later, I smashed it again and after the show, I happened to scrape my hand against it and there was this huge *thing*. It looked like half a purple banana sticking off my elbow! It was probably as big

around as a 50-cent piece and it stuck out about four inches and was curled up and solid purple.

"It was really weird. Talk about water on the elbow! I was laughing so hard."

**J**ESUS LIZARD crawl like alligators through the sewers of the American Dream. Is it any wonder they're from Chicago, home to Al Capone, John Wayne Gacey and Al Jourgensen? Their deranged Metal-blues reeks of a real neurosis. Driven by bassist David Sims' and drummer Mac McNeilly's tense, claw-like rhythms and Duane Denison's face-full-of-knives guitar skronks, they're the Birthday Party on steroids, David Lynch jamming with Metallica.

Bend an ear to the Jesus

Lizard's latest, 'Liar', and get ready for a pair of reptilian fists to claw through you.

It's Yow's savage bodily contortions and twisted vocal dissertations that keep you squirming. Then there's those scrotum tricks... Use your imagination on *that* one.

Yow grins. "I don't do it any more. Too many people shouting, 'Show us your dick!'. I'm not about to show somebody my dick. Balls aren't that big a deal, y'know. Surprisingly enough, they've never got hurt, either."

**D**ISCOMFORT IS Yow's business. It comes with the job. "I've read reviews where they call me a megalomaniac, a crazy man," he explains with a howl. "It's funny. I think I come off more as a clown or a fool. I guess

**"I'm not about to show somebody my dick. Balls aren't that big a deal, y'know..."  
- JESUS LIZARD's DAVID YOW**

the violence of it could be misconstrued as manical. I'm really a nice, sedate guy. Ask my wife."

Sedate? A one-time art school drop-out, David Yow and his bandmates' history is anything but. Remember Scratch Acid, the frontman's erstwhile Texas-based outfit with bassist Sims? Not exactly a pretty sound, but a cathartic one. The band broke up when Sims and Scratch Acid's drummer Rey Washam got a call from Steve Albini, needing a rhythm section for the blistering Rapeman.

"Last night was our 300th show. So it's been 300 shows in three years, two months and four days." And a couple of singles, two LPs - 'Head' and 'Goat' - and a drum-machine propelled EP, 'Pure', that was recorded, "when the band was more of a project".

**A** SPLIT single with Nirvana is even in the works for later this year. Apparently, Kurt and Co came up with the idea before the punk rock goldrush, when they were still a SubPop band. If anything, that sort of cashing-in is what the Jesus Lizard hoped to avoid. They've had offers, but, says Yow, big business is none of their business.

"I don't see us selling enough records to make a major label happy. Maybe if some weird chemical thing happens and the tastes of everyone in the world suddenly change... I don't think that'll be the case!"

"The lyrics vary a lot; they're either from personal experience, something I read, something I dreamed, totally nonsensical," Yow quips.

"Then other songs like 'Rope' are a lot more direct," he grins. "Albini lent me a book called 'Auto-Erotic Fatalities', and there's a story in there about this guy that was over at his girlfriend's house, and the girlfriend and her parents went shopping.

"When they got back, he wasn't in the house, but there was this trail of blood that led out into the backyard. They found the garden hose on and a big hole dug. He was hanging from a tree naked with a trowel up his ass! Imagine if the suicide failed. Now that would be *really* embarrassing! What would you say? 'I don't know what came over me'..."

A true poet. \*



## THE JESUS LIZARD

### Liar

The Jesus Lizard are sex. That's why everybody raves about them, save for followers of televangelists, some Republicans and a few orders of nuns. There's an old unisex axiom that goes: *there are only two kinds of sex, good and excellent.* (If you're a virgin, don't read this review. Just go out and buy the damned thing. It's the same price as a dozen rubbers. Trust me.)

The band encapsulates the male propensity to be hyperactive and hurried about the act. Yet the members are always concerned with the satisfaction of their partners. Drummer Mac McNeilly's wife refused to return phone calls to discuss whether or not her husband was a Grade A mattress thrasher, but repeated listenings of "Boilermaker" and "Rope" tend to prove this true. Fact: an adjective frequently used to describe David Sims bass playing is *pumping*. Explore his realm of the senses during "Gladiator" and "The Art Of Self Defense." Duane Denison is just as brusque as his bandmates but his guitars can be gentle and mysterious as on "Slave Ship." And finally, ladies and gentlemen, do you remember those moments when the sex is really hot and sweaty and when you're not using your mouth, you tend to make noises come out of it that you can never make any other way at any other time? Listen to David Yow during the lasciviously titled "Whirl" and discuss with your partner what you feel.

Now given the contexts in which the band members are framed—the pounding, the pumping, the gentle force and the babble of ecstasy—listen to the bounce of "Perk," the cock-rock posturing of the coincidentally (???) titled "Puss," as well as the many other blood- and sweat-engorged liaisons wrapped in tongues and limbs with high viscosity, and you'll understand why the Jesus Lizard are sex personified.

Afterward you can bask in the afterglow, smoke cigarettes and hold each other to "Zachariah." What inevitably follows is "Dancing Naked Ladies" with Yow's responsible advice from a man who's been there, "You better sleep it off." Heh-heh. You can't get enough Jesus Lizard. (Touch And Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago IL 60625) —Jason Pettigrew



▲ Jesus Lizard = Sex?

# PULSE!

OCTOBER 1992

## SPECIAL METAL SECTION



### Jesus Lizard

#### Liar

Touch and Go

Jesus Lizard's third and best album to date, *Liar*, is a malignant brute of a record. Produced by the king of Big Blackness himself, Steve Albini, it's misanthrope music that doesn't attempt to communicate or make amends. It just goes on stalking and sneering and mumbling to itself in David Yow's Ed-Gein-in-the-graveyard warble. It's the Birthday Party on steroids, full of atmosfear and psychotic visions. Bassist David Sims and guitarist Duane Dennison justify Yow's hate, erecting gigantic constructions of rhythmic tension like "Gladiator" or the steel-guitar-scarred "Zachariah" for the singer to self-immolate all over. And yes, *Liar* does get messy.

Mike Gitter

## THE ROCKET

### THE JESUS LIZARD

#### Liar (CD)

Touch and Go

**L**EAD VOCALIST DAVID YOW HAS BEEN known to slam heads with audience members to the point of needing stitches, contort his body on stage like a human rubber band, fondle his bare testicles with a microphone, and strip nude for publicity photos. The Jesus Lizard delights in primal lunacy. Song titles like "The Art of Self-Defense," "Slave Ship" and "Dancing Naked Ladies," suggest that their third full-length recording will be no less unnerving than the last two.

Three years after their formation, the Chicago outfit still manages to retain the lingering, Texan swampiness that Yow and bassist David Wm. Sims brought with them after the disbanding of Scratch Acid. Like a Gun Club or Birthday Party loyalist, guitarist Duane Denison adds to it with the kind of razor-sharp precision that makes a little treble sound like ghost town alienation. While the repeated twang of "Whirl" swings like a pendulum, "Rope" gallops with a psychobilly feel, and slide guitar turns "Zachariah" into spaghetti western eeriness.

As Steve Albini returns to the mixing board, *Liar* offsets the slinky guitar with the Lizard's trademark industrial, beat-heavy rumble. Sims, with his monolithic bass, hugs the tribal rhythms of drummer Mac McNeilly (who rescued the band from a drum machine a couple years ago) like he's stalking from the backwaters. And as for Yow, his psychotic Nick Cave-ish grunts have become more muffled on this recording, like he's wrestling with a pillow on his face, gasping for air.

—LISA D'ACQUISTO



THE JESUS LIZARD are (l-r): Mac McNeilly, David Wm Sims, David Yow, Duane Dennison

## HERE COMES SICKNESS...

"BLEUUUAARRGGGHHH!"

The belch erupting from the pits of David Yow's stomach is long, wet and delivered with the relish of a true connoisseur. As an artistic statement, it describes his band, The Jesus Lizard, more eloquently than words.

If you're feeling somehow exhausted by American rock, bored into submission by slackers, shaggies and lumberjacked slobs, then listen up. The Jesus Lizard are a deliverance from all this. They're a fierce, guttural echo from the depths of the American psyche.

Led by the volcanic Yow—an insanely inspired showman in the tradition of the howling, gibbering young Nick Cave, with the physical resilience of Iggy Pop and the vaudeville instincts of Lux Interior—the Lizard collectively shag the entrails out of musical decency. They are a blazing furnace of primeval blues, frantically fuelled by guitarist Duane Dennison's magnificent, ripped-up riffs, and capable of hollering out an acrid, viciously humorous heartbreak.

More than any other white boy guitar band, The Lizard evoke all the paranoia, hypocrisy and dramatic contradictions of American society, and place them in a fittingly deranged and desperate setting.

"Really?"

Yow shakes his head in disgust.

"Are you trying to insult us?"

## BLASPHEMY BEGINS AT HOME

The Lizard story begins in Austin, Texas, in the mid Eighties, where Yow and bassist David Wm Sims first headbutted the noise beast in the seminally groovy form of Scratch Acid. Having enlightened the times with such chucklesome toons as "Mary Had A Little Drug Problem", the duo picked up Dennison and mutated into The Jesus Lizard in 1987.

Sims briefly joined Steve Albini's ill-fated Rapeman, preceding a move to Chicago, and the release of the first JL EP, "Pure". Drummer Mac McNeilly quickly replaced the original Lizard drum machine, and the complete incarnation first found

# THE JESUS LIZARD

## DEGENERATION TERRORISTS

Debauched, depraved and dangerous, THE JESUS LIZARD are the most ferocious of current American guitar bands. CATHI UNSWORTH swoons at their degeneracy and talks to them about their new album, 'Liar', and their forthcoming single with Nirvana.

Pic: STEVE GULLICK

their uncompromisingly brilliant form on the Albini-produced "Head" in 1990.

Obviously, Chicago—the home of mobsters, murderers and Ministry—suits these chaps well.

"Me and David Sims live in this place called the Zone. It's a Puerto Rican gang neighbourhood," elaborates Dennison. "There's a park across the road where people turn up dead with their heads sawn off. Like, there was this girl out in a canoe who saw this shopping bag floating towards her. She picked it up and found a head inside."

"And then these girls killed some guys a little while ago," Mac adds, with a worrying enthusiasm for the carnage. "And an entire family were murdered at home. But it's too easy to focus on the negativity. Chicago is a world-class city where important things happen every day!"

"Head" was followed by last year's even more adventurous "Goat", on which JL proved that hardcore in the right hands could blur any amount of musical boundaries and mutate into the most unlikely forms—even "Nashville metal", as one bemused reviewer flounderingly described that particularly mind-boggling record.

Around the same time that "Head" was released on an unsuspecting world, Yow abandoned the infamous

shit-slurping of his Scratch Acid days and took up indecent exposure as part of the band's live performances.

"I could go in to the Dionysian/Apollonian analysis of that," muses the singer. "But it's really cos I like having fun—depending on how the night's

"We live in this place called the Zone. It's a Puerto Rican gang neighbourhood. There's a park across the road where people turn up dead with their heads sawn off"

—Duane Dennison

going. If the crowd really sucks, I'll go through this metamorphosis that starts with me being normal, trying to do good. Then I get pissed off with a lot of the audience and adopt this attitude of, 'Well, f\*\*\* you, I'm not gonna do anything.' So I just stand there—and that pisses me off even more. So then I get into it above and beyond the call of duty.

"Sometimes I just feel the need to be naked," he adds. "But I feel that's normal."

## THE BOY WITH THE TROWEL IN HIS ASS

"WE play what we would most want to hear," says Duane. "We don't hear many other bands that are as intense and as in-your-face as we are. An awful lot of what's coming out of the US at the moment is very safe, repetitive and formulaised. Our stuff is a little harder to get into, it's more of a challenge. Good music's not supposed to be easy to digest, easy to listen to."

The Jesus Lizard's new album is "Liar", a leering, terrifying beast which is leaner and even more pared down than its predecessors. Wild, debauched, manic and gleeful, it takes C&W and the blues into a deranged noise nirvana, and stands quite alone in the current landscape of raucous Yank rawk.

"I think it's our best record, and I hope we can continue to put out records that keep getting better," reckons Yow.

"Cos, that's not the way it usually goes. Typically, I think, a band's first or second record is best, and then they go down a lot after that."

One of the album's immediate talking points is "Rope", which features the intriguing line:

"No mason nor bricklayer he/But a

trowel was in his ass."

"That was from a book Steve Albini gave me," explains Yow, "about auto-erotic suicides. There's this girl and her boyfriend, and the girl goes out shopping with the boy's mother, only to come back and find out that he'd hung himself in the backyard. With a trowel shoved up his ass. Imagine if it had gone wrong, and he'd lived. How would he have explained that? 'Gee, I must have slipped up, and this trowel was sticking out of the ground...'"

The Lizard claim, however, that this is not entirely typical of their lyrical preoccupations.

"Most of our songs are love songs," states Mac.

"Yeah," furthers Yow, "but not necessarily the boy-meets-girl variety. On 'Head', we had a love song called 'If You Had Lips'. That's a love song—it says, 'Hey, shitmouth, I love you.' But I think there's enough people covering the romantic aspect of love. And, anyway, I've tried writing romantic stuff, and I feel stupid singing it. I sing love songs to my wife," he adds, fondly. "They're usually gibberish, but she knows what I'm saying..."

## TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

If you're still not convinced that you should immediately investigate the Lizards' seam of raw

thrills'n'filth, then tough.

Before long, you may have no choice in the matter. The Jesus Lizard have recently made a double A-sided single with that not unpopular little combo from Seattle, Nirvana.

"The whole idea originally happened when they were just a band," explains Yow, "and we did a gig with them in Hoboken, New Jersey. I particularly liked Kurt's voice, so he and I decided to put each other on the back and say nice things to each other, and then I suggested that we made a single together. They were on Sub Pop then, and Sub Pop had just done the Mudhoney/Sonic Youth single. So I said let's do this on Touch And Go (JL's parent label)."

"They thought it was a great idea—and this plan was put into effect—until the next thing you knew they went and got signed and became The Beatles. It's taken this long, and a lot of whining from Kurt, for DGC to give the go ahead."

"I'm really eager to see what happens," Duane enthuses. "Cos whatever happens, it'll be good for us. Even if the single flops by DGC/Nirvana standards, it'll sell more records than we'll ever sell again."

"Liar" is out now on Touch & Go. The Jesus Lizard play Bristol Bierkeller October 20 (with Mudhoney), Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut (23), Newcastle Riverside (24), Leicester Princess Charlotte (25), Newport TJ's (26) and London Powerhaus (27)

# REQUEST

NOVEMBER 1992

HATE IS a many-splendored thing for the **Jesus Lizard**. This Chicago four-some wrings more from that one emotion than most artists can muster with a well-rounded emotional palette. *Liar* (Touch & Go), the group's third full-length release, introduces some open space into its once totally hermetic sonic attack. By prying apart the sound's layers but leaving a knot of repetitive rhythm at the core, the Jesus Lizard imparts genuine threat into the explosive "Whirl" and "The Art of Self-Defense." The focal point is still vocalist



THE JESUS LIZARD:  
HATE IS GOOD.

David Yow. Psychically scarred and in desperate need of release, he's the perfect embodiment of societal dysfunction.

The Washington Post  
Friday, August 21st

## No Scaling Back From Jesus Lizard

WITH A pedigree that includes Scratch Acid, Cargo Cult and the unfortunately named Rapeman, the Jesus Lizard is clearly one of the best-credentialed Rust-Belt-brutalist bands around. The Chicago-based quartet has not coasted on that, though. From its 1989 debut EP, "Pure," to the upcoming "Liar," the Lizard has masterfully streamlined and intensified its attack. Though the band's arrangements don't fit together in conventional ways, Duane Denison's art-punk guitar and the rhythm section of bassist

David Wm. Sims and drummer Mac McNeilly create a savage synergy with the charismatically off-kilter singing of David Yow (his real name, reportedly).

Yow's skittering vocals can recall Pere Ubu's David Thomas, and other undigested elements are occasionally audible: The most unlikely one is the hook to "Slave Ship," which derives from the Who's "Boris the Spider." The Lizard doesn't just appropriate such ingredients through sheer force, although it has plenty of that; the album's wall-of-noise has been constructed with considerable skill.

— Mark Jenkins

THE JESUS LIZARD — "Liar" (Touch & Go). Appearing Saturday with Tar at the 9:30 club and Sunday with Tar and Liquor Bike at Max's in Baltimore. ♦ To hear a Sound Bite from this album, call 202/334-9000 and press 8126.

## JESUS LIZARD

Liar  
(Touch And Go)

CMJ



## ON THE COVER

Essential new music as chosen by CMJ's editorial staff

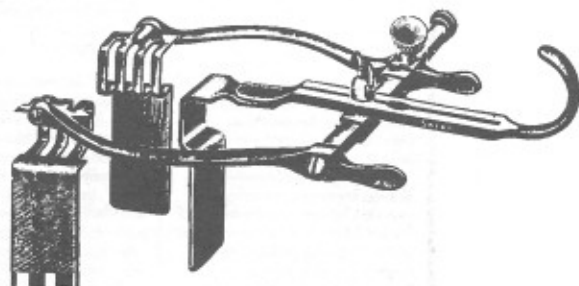
### JESUS LIZARD

#### Liar

(Touch And Go, P.O. Box 25520,  
Chicago, IL 60625/312-463-8316)

**Liar** once again captures the sloshy charisma of vocalist David Yow, the pointed guitar rage of Duane Denison, and the complete in-sync brilliance of rhythm section David Sims (bass) and Mac McNeilly (drums), but the new Jesus Lizard LP adds a new dynamic on its tested formula. One won't find the relaxed gluttony of **Goat**, nor the drum machine calculation of **Pure**, but rather the strained tension of the Lizard's famed, consistent command performances. The fermented power flows from the instruments effortlessly, raising the mere men behind them to heart-stopping heights. The legend of Yow's hyperactive, naked and naughty antics have continued since his tromp on humanity with Sims in Scratch Acid; here he blurts out his rage, letting the sounds spill out of his mouth without paying attention to whether his caustic lyrics are understood. The contradictory guitar work of Denison creates fury by alternately pricking and stabbing, ably conveying simple yet imaginative ideas. His guitar hails glass shards into a bed of heavy, intense bass; where Denison is sharp, Sims is rich, each counteracting the other to strike a perfect balance. Drummer McNeilly's sophisticated style is not lost in the speeding tempo, forcefully smattering each metered time. Proof that at least some bands never put out a bad record: "Barenaked Ladys," "Boiler Maker," "Puss," "Zachariah" and "The Art Of Self-Defense."

—Christina Zafiris



# ARGH!!!

## CMJ LOUD ROCK REPORT

October 9, 1992

### JESUS LIZARD

#### Liar

(Touch And Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625/312-463-8316) Since its inception in 1987, Jesus Lizard has been one of the most exciting live acts around, thanks largely to David Yow's drunken, self-abusive onstage revelry. But the band's records never quite lived up to the intensity of its stage performances. No such problem on the wonderfully warped *Liar*, which displays the Lizard men as the scatological brutalists they truly are. From the opening bark of the frenzied "Boilermaker" to the weird, crunchy riff of the closing "Dancing Naked Ladies," *Liar* provides a hedonistic road trip through the multitextured peaks and valleys of Yow's perverse mind. With every jagged note, the band descends deeper into a state of self-deprecating punk rock decadence. Duane Dennison's quirky guitar playing is utterly unique, and Yow's primal howl remains unparalleled. The lyrics on the album may be largely unintelligible, aside from the opening cry of "I'll calm down when I'm drinking" ("Boilermaker"), but the music speaks on its own. While the

band's delivery is less bluesy and more conventionally aggressive than on past releases, it's that added rage that makes the tunes impact with such force. Enter the Lizard's lair with the above, plus "Gladiator," "Puss" and "Whirl." (JW)

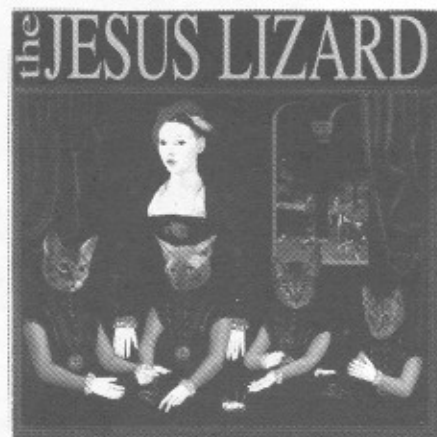
## THE HARD REPORT

**The Jesus Lizard, "Liar", Touch And Go...** One of the most bizarre and crazed bands to have ever erupted out of Texan soil (later transplanted to Chicago), The Jesus Lizard was initially the wreckage that resulted from the teaming of ex-Scratch Acid members David Yow (tormented vocals) and bassist David Sims, with guitarist Duane Denison (who played with Sims in Rapeman following Acid's demise). What occurred following this sonic collaboration is a sound that is devastatingly abrasive, thick and dy-

namic, and their first release an EP called "Pure" (recorded with a drum machine). Following the band's recruitment of Mac McNeilly on drums, their first full length album cranked into reality ("Head" followed by 1991's "Goat"). And now all you lucky people get to experience the bludgeoning textures of The Jesus Lizard for yourself. The band's latest CD, "Liar" should be assailing your lives right about now, and without a doubt it delivers an auditory explosion you won't soon forget. Dissonant, chaotic, and strung throughout with raw, open emotional wounds, "Liar" pillages neat little structures and pries them open with unconventional noiseworks, churning vocals that make L.S.D.'s Stanley sound remarkably tame, and scratchy, scraping guitars. You might also want to note that the song "Puss" will appear on a split single with Nirvana sometime in January (on Touch And Go). In the meantime if you think your brain can handle this kind of cerebral jackhammering... go for it. Try "Whirl", "Puss", "Dancing Naked Ladies", "Puss" or "Gladiator". Ouch.

# RIP

DECEMBER 1992



### THE JESUS LIZARD: *Liar*

(Touch and Go) ††††

Relish the idea of your balls in a vise? Chicago's articulate brutes of pathological noisemongery, the Jesus Lizard, are pretty hep on the idea themselves. *Liar* is the sound of that vise closing tight—forever. David Yow is the shrieking, growling, blue-flame-spitting vocalist trying to wrench himself free of the workbench on which his bandmates have built a steel trap of ungainly sonic tension—the sound of a man suffering an ulcer of the brain, y'might say.

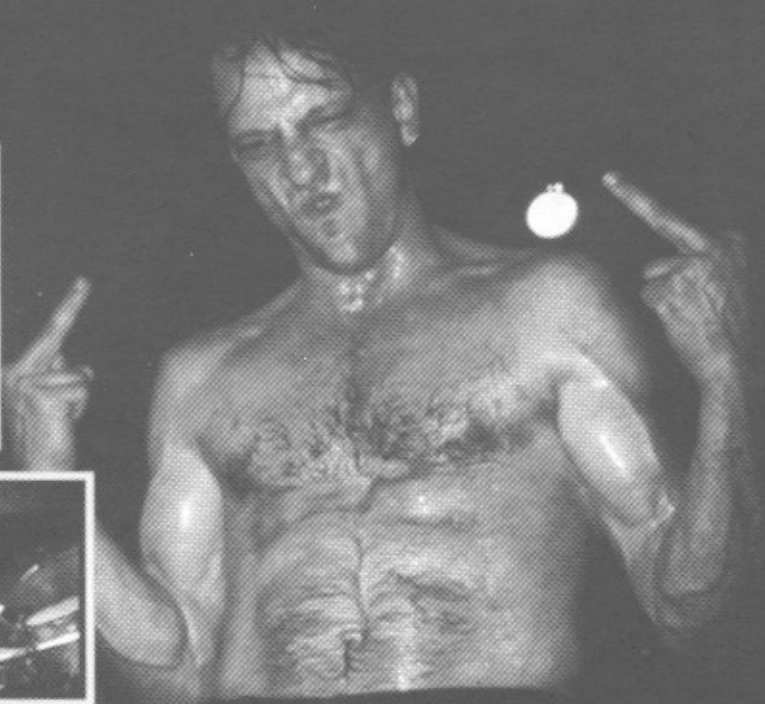
Championed by pals like Nirvana and Kirk Hammett and produced by the king of Big Blackness himself, Steve Albini, the Jesus Lizard's fourth release is more worth your while than any of the post-Nirvana/Jane's Addiction/Chili Pepper chumps the A&R guys are firin' up their BMWs to go in search of. They're all hot and bothered to sign the Jesus Lizard, too, but so far the Lizard isn't buyin'. Arena rock this ain't. It's music from some mental basement. Just listen as the opening track, "Boilermaker," sets the whole thing in motion—a freight train fueled on double portions of fear and loathing.

Hulking, Seattle-style grunge this ain't, either. Oh, it's plenty abrasive at points—something like the Birthday Party jamming with Motorhead—and, sure, Yow's old-man-of-the-woods yowl broods while David Wm. Sims' bass hangs in the air like mustard gas on the hallucinogenic, steel-guitar propelled "Zachariah"; but, y'see, these perverts of sound aren't into clobbering you over the head (which they do just fine) as much as they want to crawl under your skin with ice picks and X-Acto knives drawn. When they start stabbing wildly, as they do on "Gladiator," you can feel the knots twisting in your stomach and that hole in your brain getting bigger.

Something like this could only happen in the American Midwest. Just imagine the sound of every wholesome value turning in on itself and coming back to stalk its originators. Ladies and losers, meet the Jesus Lizard. The sound of pure, driven dementia. —M.G.

# FLIP SIDE

Alice Donut • Didjits • Fishead • Gargoyles • Haunted Garage •  
Humpers • Insect Surfers • Meatwagon • Norbie Sick Teen • Sick Of It  
All • Smashing Pumpkins • Supercollider • Treponem Pal



## The Jesus Lizard

Number 75,  
November/December 1991  
\$2.00

### 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 Dudley' 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



## 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)

ROCKPOOL

David Sprague

# the JESUS LIZARD

# GOAT

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*

## 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 Partiesque 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

## MELODY-MAKER

### 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 realized 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 wilful 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 Juliet" (Christ!) is almost Nashville metal.

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

Admirable.  
DAVE SIMPSON

MELODY MAKER, February 9 1991

## THE JESUS LIZARD

HEAD  
Touch & 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 (surprisiise!) Albini, it is an often disturbing, nightmarish, but never less than 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, immoral 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 geezer 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 line-up, 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 varied extent here than the previous EP, involves screaming garbled 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 taut, trebly renditions of repressed anger will strain without splattering. 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 unattractive. 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

**E-Side**  
MAGAZINE

JUNE/JULY 92



-by Adam Peterson

The presence of David Yow is a demanding experience in sight and sound. His savage bodily mechanisms and contortions have led to his reputation as being somewhat unhinged. His twisted dissertations are genuinely profound. In any other instance, perhaps, a hopeless mental case. But Yow's business is the Jesus Lizard. It comes with the job.

"I've read reviews where they call me a wild megalomaniac crazy man" Yow explains with a howl. "I think that's pretty comical. My girlfriend works here at Touch and Go and occasionally she'll be talking to people and they'll find out I'm her boyfriend. They're like, 'My God, you live with him? Isn't he a crazy asshole?' I'm a really nice, sedate guy."

The Jesus Lizard have crafted a sound powered by riveting cadence and hypnotic rhythms, a mixture of their own brand of snake charming and tribal dance. Yow fronts the congregation less as a vocalist than a shaman, shrieking and howling as if conjuring rain on torrid earth. Bassist David Sims dredges the cracked soil with heavy claw-like apparatus in grotesque patterns. Drummer Mac McNeilly brings the storms down as Duane

Photos by Michelle Taylor

## JESUS LIZARD

Denison delivers the guitar with erosive intonations.

From the roots of Scratch Acid and Rapeman The Jesus Lizard sprung, but in the beginning its climate was unpredictable. "After Scratch Acid broke up I didn't want to be in a band," confesses Yow. "I really enjoyed the touring but after it was over I didn't really feel the urge."

"I was screwing around with Duane for a while, playing bass with him. I wasn't any good so we asked Dave Sims to do it. We were still in Texas at the time, and weren't having much fun, especially with the drum machine. So we blew that off. Dave and Ray from Scratch Acid said they were moving up (to Chicago) to be in Rapeman. I had lived in Texas for 13 years and was tired of it, so I went with them as Ray's drum technician. When we got there Albini said 'no, we don't want a roadie,' so I got a job in the kitchen instead."

Lucky for him, Rapeman was a short lived operation, and before long he found himself on the vocal path again. The original EP, *Pure*, was a result of the Jesus Lizard's earliest evolution, and wasn't taken too seriously by David Yow. "It was just sort of a project. I did it more as a favor to David and Duane because I wasn't too wild about the songs, and about my parts."

In time, Yow grew into the post-pop, post-punk, post-noise, post-music of TJL, and the anger left over from his Scratch Acid days re-emerged. Since then two singles and two LP's, *Head* and *Goat* have moved the Chicago foursome further from the genres their previous bands once piloted, and closer to uncharted waters. The four letter titles, by the way, are for continuity, nothing more, and the words don't mean a thing.

Lyrically, however, there is more to Yow's twisted incantations that one might decipher. "Sometimes I'll think of a phrase I like, or something will come to me, and I'll build on it. Sometimes they're based on personal experiences. 'Then Comes Dudley' is about this job I used to have. The people that ran this place were fucked-up crazy. The man that owned it worked there with his wife and his mistress lived there. His wife didn't even care that he was fucking this girl all the time. 'Dudley' is sort of about them, the idea of Dudley Do-Right coming along and killing them. 'Monkey Trick' is about the 'knife stick-up place.' I got a knife pulled on me once and Mac calls it the knife stick-up place."

"We've got a new song called 'Rope.' Albini lent me a book called *Auto Erotic Fatalities*, and there's a love history in there of one guy that hung himself after covering himself in mud and putting a trowel up his ass. The song is pretty funny. The line goes — and it rhymes, which is kind of corny — 'he lay beneath the broken bridge/ face down in the grass/ no mason nor brick layer, he/ but a trowel was in his ass.'"

A true poet. There's more...

"The other day I had some pretty impulsive behavior. I haven't done acid in about six or seven years, and someone had given me some. The other day I was looking for lyrical inspiration, so I went out and got a six pack of beer... and I don't even smoke pot, but I rolled a joint and took some acid in hopes that I would come up with some lyrical revelation. Instead I just watched some TV and took a shower. I wrote a couple of things down and at the time I thought they were really great. The next day I read them and they really sucked."

A split single with Nirvana (yeah, you read it right) will precede TJL's third album, *Porn*, which we will hear this fall. Relax, this is not a cashing in of Nirvana's success, in fact the whole thing was planned when they were still a SubPop band. According to Yow, the big business is none of their business.

"I don't trust those people. There have been some majors that have tried to talk us into signing. I don't think we have the potential or popularity to sell enough records to make a major label happy. They're trying to convince us that there's this window opening up for alternative music. I don't believe it. Because Nirvana suddenly became the Beatles every label thinks their alternative band is going to sell millions of records. We sell what I think is a pretty good number of records. We couldn't be happier where we are."



**ROCKPOOL**

June 1, 1992

### The Jesus Lizard

### "Dancing Naked Ladies" Touch and Go

More than most bands in America, The Jesus Lizard is an island. While others are obviously connected to some movement or sound, these guys wade through their own lagoon, creating an intaglio that is engraved with a sense of gushing release, not taking cues from anyone except maybe in spirit, where I would place them closer to the late '70s, early '80s Australian pound of The Birthday Party and Hunters and Collectors than to anything modern and American. Forget that they do a Dicks song, "Wheelchair Epidemic;" when The Jesus Lizard play it, the song is transformed. Lizard howler David Yow is a walking hunk of a mean mad who mutates Dicks' (and now Sister Double Happiness) singer Gary Floyd's operatic bellow into a brand of rage that is his own. On "Dancing Naked Ladies" there is very little apparent movement. The riffs repeat over and over feeding on themselves until the ostensible stagnation begins to boil with restlessness, swirling within itself. Then the bubbles burst and the listener is left with nothing else to do except get up off the coach and start the whole process over again. (P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

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.

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.

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.



MELODY MAKER

**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-lhat's-all-you-need-to-know. F\*\*\*ing alright!

SOUNDS

**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)