

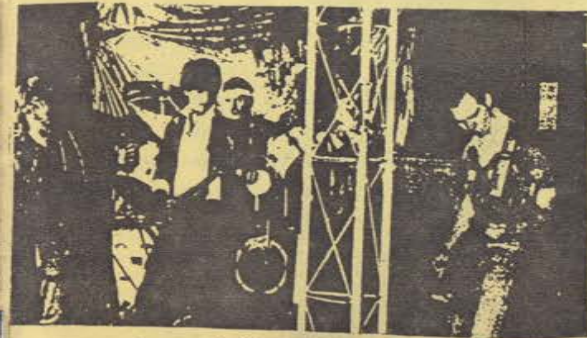
RAPID FIRE

MAGAZINE

WARDS S TORM BRATTLEBORO

RFM: June 25, 1988 -

The Wards Vermonts Punk band stormed into the small town of Brattleboro for a wild gig at the Mole's Eye Cafe. After the Wards arrived



The "WARDS" at a recent gig.

IN THIS ISSUE: Are oldies killing rock 'N' roll?
Considering the New Alternatives.
1988 YAMAHA V-MAX!!!!!!!
Record and tape reviews.
Concert updates and reviews.

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in the next issue. Hope to hear from you soon. Any band that sends us your works will be able to be reviewed and a free 1 page ad. See this issue.

(Wards)

at the club, it was very clear to the lead singer Tea Curley that this place wasn't going to be very easy. The boys and their road crew unloaded the equipment and slowly set up the show. The People of the Mole's Eye Cafe didn't really raise their eyebrows as Satan-guitar and Seman - Drums, Monster Grim-Bass put the set together. This place was small. Like the size of What Ale's You in downtown Burlington. This was a jazz club and the show was ready to began! Tea had decided that a sound check was ruled out and that the show would start without one. I took off to a nearby town (Newfane) to get a camp sight and raced back to town to catch the first set. As I walked into the bar I pickup up two young ladies from Brattleboro and got them to see the show. The Wards opened up fast and Tea shocked the crowd when he freely moved from left to right. He visited everybody's table and the folks up from Boston started to slam dance. As the Wards ripped into the first set the folks at the bar grew very nervous. The regulars ran away. The townies were shocked. Then Tea sang If You Die and the show came to a fast end. The people at the Mole's Eye came out with \$400 US. Dollars and said, "Take this and stop. So the Wards took the cash and partyed the rest of the night. The boys from Boston, (c. Roy, Benji, Chuck, Willis were hot!! They came miles to see the Wards only to be shot down. Next Wards show is in Battery Park, August 9, Saturday and then August 20 at the Burlington Teen center.

Record and tape reviews - "Headlock" tape. 14 song tape that rules. Ex-Wards Bob Parker and Mike Bettis team up and rip and fire away. This is a must buy.

Henry Rollins Band---"Lifetime" record and tape. This material by the former lead singer of Black Flag is back was class. This is the most exciting stuff on today's market. If you ever wonder what Jim Morrison of the Doors and Janis Joplin would sound like today, this is the stuff. Get this one! A+.

PLAYERS

Top 10 band list: 7/27/88

1. Soul side
2. Wards
3. Headlock
4. American Standard
5. Henry Rollins Band
6. Motorhead
7. DY
8. Slayer
9. Zero Tolerance
10. Hollywood Indians

POP VIEW/Jon Pareles

Considering the New Alternatives

YOU MAY HAVE NO idea, this weekend, an unfamiliar subculture wandering around midtown Manhattan and the city's rock clubs. Those people with high-concept haircuts and plastic rectangles dangling from their shirts have arrived for New Music Seminar 9, the quasi-convention of the "alternative" music business. With panel discussions and exhibitions at the Marriott Marquis, showcase concerts all over town and enough networking to boggle a neurophysiologist, the New Music Seminar has evolved from a cabal of disaffected music-business people to a hotel-filling annual institution with a \$285 registration fee. It has been courted in recent years by major record companies that want to stay up to date, yet it still attracts fringe elements, eager beginners and even a rebel or two.

Sooner or later, one of the panel discussions will run aground trying to define "new music." The phrase doesn't mean the same thing it will at the annual New Music America festival in Miami in December (contemporary composers working outside the narrow Western classical tradition) or for the invaluable New Music Distribution Service (independent recordings, most of them skirting pop). The seminar's new music is mostly rock, frequently on independent labels and generally



The Meat Puppets—Independent labels have become the minor league instead of a separate realm.

un- or under-discovered. Abrasiveness, choice of instruments, fashion sense and an unquantifiable hipness also have to be factored in; by mysterious equanim, established bands like Devo, Run-D.M.C. or Ornette Coleman's Prime Time would likely qualify as seminar-style new music, while newer pop acts like Billy Ocean or Henry Lee Summer would not (no loss).

The seminar, in part thanks to its own fuzzy terminology, gathering draws would-be heavy metal stars, hard-core-rock promoters, rappers with their first single, college-radio program directors and new-age record-label owners. As far as the big-time record companies are concerned, most new music is small potatoes, not worth the overhead. But they hang around, just in case the next big thing is unveiled.

When the seminar started in 1980, it was clear that the mainstream record business had missed something ever since it rejected punk-rock. People were flocking to rock dance clubs to hear music that commercial radio stations wouldn't touch—dissonant bands like the Gang of Four, guitar-riffers like the Feelies, noise-singers like Pere Ubu and DNA, rappers like the Sugar Hill Gang. Around America, and the world, musicians and entrepreneurs were starting grass-roots outlets, the seminar, by bringing them together, helped link up local scenes and may have helped newcomers survive.

When an independent LP arrived in

the mall back then, it was likely to stand out—to be inspired, eccentric, brilliantly amateurish or downright awful. The major labels, hurtling from a slump that didn't bottom out until 1983, weren't taking chances, so independents claimed the lower rungs of the music business, allying themselves with college radio stations and club owners who didn't need million sellers to thrive. As bands like R.E.M., U2 and the Cure began selling hundreds of thousands of records, it became clear that the "alternative" circuit was on to something with commercial potential, and the major labels started paying closer attention. Now, independent (and foreign) labels serve as unpaid A&R consultants for the major labels.

But by acting like the minor leagues instead of a separate realm, independent new-rock outlets (including some college radio stations as well as many smaller labels) have begun to mimic the majors, copying last year's formulas instead of shredding them. The current, much expanded crop of independent releases too often yields old hat in new sunglasses—Byrds imitators wishing they were R.E.M., hard-core bands trying desperately to be offensive, "world beat" bands whose ethnic-music borrowings would be laughed off stages from Afghanistan to Zaire.

A hefty proportion of new music has a revivalist tinge, defying the supposedly too slick 1980's by harking back to the guitar-driven, homemade-sounding rock of the late 1960's. One

band that currently reigns on the alternative club and college-radio circuit is the Meat Puppets, an Arizona band whose most recent album, "Huevos," rehashes 1970's country rock, delivered in a looser, more offhanded way with bratty or mock-psychedelic lyrics to give it a sardonic 1980's touch. Enjoyable as it is, it's closer to classic rock than new music.

But while new music can be as willing to stereotype itself as anything else with profit potential, there are worse alternatives—and they're in the Fortune 500 and across the FM band. The major labels and rock radio stations reinforce each others' conservatism. Given a box of the latest releases from CBS Records and from its larger independent label like Homestead or SST, CBS is likely to have the higher proportion of junk.

What brings the major labels to the New Music Seminar, and has them scanning college-radio playlists thru the weeks in between, is a certain artistic amazement. After years of releasing music that needs to be marketed to a fare-thee-well, and might not break even at that, they do help gawking at music that people are out—music in which performers be audiences from the ground up, and where reputations grow by word of mouth rather than snappy editing or MTV. Many people care about music as something more than a consumer commodity—and the alternative network increases the odds that they'll find the good stuff.



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MEESE IS a PIG

ARRINGTON—THE WASHINGTON POST

Arresting: The pointed poster

Wall Writing

Is Attorney General Meese getting back at some youthful critics? Four people in Arlington, Va., have been arrested by local police for plastering anti-Meese posters on public walls—"Experts Agree! Meese Is a Pig"—and four more were ticketed by Washington cops. One man says he was called for questioning after an FBI agent found several of the posters in his car.

The poster campaign began

with local punk-rock musicians, The Washington Post reported. On the night of May 16, about 500 signs were plastered on traffic-signal boxes, construction sites and walls in and around the capital. The FBI denies it is investigating the poster hangers, but a source says one agent did make inquiries before deciding that the defacement of public property did not warrant bureau attention. "No requests [were made] by anyone at the Justice Department to initiate this investigation," says a Justice official.

CONNIE LESLIE with bureau reports



It's back, and it's still the definition of horsepower

LET'S TALK EXTREMES. LIKE MAX MOTORCYCLES without compromise, devoted to a single, unwavering cause. Let's talk V-Max. When it comes to horsepower, Yamaha's V-Max is an extreme the likes of which production motorcycling has never known. Max isn't a flashbike, Max isn't particularly into profiling, touring or roadracing. Max means horsepower. And everyone knows it.

Matter of fact, the V-Max is an extreme example of an extreme. In the constantly changing world of modern performance motorcycles, the average model has a life expectancy of about two years. It's new, then it's sold, then it's gone, replaced by something flashier or new, then it's then gone in short order. In that environment, the mere thought of resurrecting a 3-year-old motorcycle that hasn't been in production for a year is unthinkable. And to imagine that this recycled cycle could step in right where it left off at the top of the performance heap, if unthinkable.

But that's exactly what the V-Max has done. After taking a year's leave from the annual first-model wars, it has returned for 1988, exactly as the most troubling brute it was when it was introduced in 1985.

The V-Max was dropped from Yamaha's 1987 lineup because it had been eclipsed by something even more extreme. It was omitted because it was in greater supply than demand, a situation that came as no surprise to Yamaha. The V-Max was never destined to be a high-volume seller, but instead was designed to be a corporate flagship, to make a performance statement, to be a fantasy machine that most people would rather think about riding than actually saddle up and hit loose: an extreme, in other words. And as 1986 drew to a close, Yamaha still had a supply of V-Maxes in its warehouses, precluding the need to build an '87 model. They were still available, and they were still the meanest thing on the road. Those '86 models have now sold out, so Max is back—although technically, he's never really been gone.

And he still comes pre-untamed horsepower. There are other bikes that can manage higher top speeds, but only because they have better aerodynamics. There are others that might run a faster quarter-mile, but only because they weigh less. Besides, none of that tells the real story of the V-Max, a bike that pumps more torque, more horsepower and more adrenaline than any production motorcycle ever made. That's all it has to do, that's why it exists.

Indeed, riding a V-Max seems all too much like indulging in one of those forbidden pleasures of life. But twisting

Are 'oldies' killing rock 'n' roll?

Do you like good music? If so, be careful. It's a trick question. Because the fact is, when it comes to rock 'n' roll, too many people today think "good" music equals "old" music, with some pretty sad consequences. Not only are there too many sleazy comebacks - too many CD reissues of the Beatles, too many new albums by old folkies. Worse, the other symptoms - which range from replays of "Stairway to Heaven" to the abomination of Eric Clapton's performance of "After Midnight" for a Michelob commercial - may even ring the death knell of rock as an authentic form of pop rebellion.

For what is one to say? Frankie Valli's back. So is Roy Orbison. And the same goes for Carl Perkins, Fats Domino and the Raucals.

Even stranger, now comes a whole raft of more recent rejects, "back" this summer. Among them are Brian Wilson, ELO, Robbie Robertson, Deep Purple and Robert Plant, not to mention such others as Rod Stewart, Chicago and the Beach Boys. No, it's too much to ask them to just go away, but still, these creeping dinosaurs slink everywhere. All manner of bands barely gone are now "back"; all manner of them now return repackaged, remarketed, reinvigorated. Jethro Tull is "back," for instance. So are the Allman Brothers. So are the Moody Blues. Even

Rock

Continued from Page A1

the Clash is "back," ushered comfortably into a decidedly un-punk retrospective that includes a hoary old tune from 1982, "Straight to Hell."

Nor is the return of the undead the least of it. What's going on now in rock music reaches far beyond mere "Fifties Revival" into a general sea-change for an industry - and a culture - dedicated, at least in style, to the shock of the new.

For the first time, in fact, it now appears that rock's aging audiences are as interested in what's already happened as what's happening now. Sixties Mania goes great guns, yet the once unthinkable horror of Seventies Revival has also begun. And not only does oldies obsession make possible one-time events like the 300,000-box sales of Clapton's new release, "Crossroads," not surprisingly a 73-song, six-disc collection of old faves by rock's preeminent guitar-hero. The obsession also limits what hits the charts, as well as what gets played on such radio successes as WPXY on Cape Cod, or Boston's WZLX Classic Hits 100.7 FM, where program director Chris Blake says, "You're as likely to hear Aerosmith as early Springsteen." The result, as the Wall Street Journal remarked this week, is that, "In rock, nothing sells like comfortable, unchallenged legacy."

The deeper ramifications is that today a whole sector of pop culture - the one supposedly most explosively attuned to the new and challenging - has turned safely nostalgic. Or as Newsweek pop music critic Jim Miller complains, "Rock 'n' Roll America" has become "Rerun America."

"There's no forward motion at all," Miller says. "There's no cutting edge whatsoever."

A matter of musical taste

As for what's wrong with this, that's

perhaps a matter of taste.

Plenty of folks, for one thing, no doubt welcome any replacement of rock's endlessly immediate invitations to sex and anarchy with a more distant, less-threatening historicism. Others - not least the revitalized, remunerated elites themselves - wax genuinely enthusiastic about revivalism. "Hell, all I wish is this happened years ago," declares the blustering old guitar great, Bo Diddley, for whom times weren't always so lush, while others such as Chuck Berry laugh all the way to the bank. He pulls down one-night paychecks pushing \$20,000.

Meanwhile, critics and musicologists applaud a return to neglected heritage. "It's great if someone rediscovers Howling Wolf or Hank Williams," observes RJ Smith of the Village Voice. "It's excellent if someone who maybe was just listening to Michael Jackson gets into Marvin Gaye."

Argument for the classics

And then, there remains the point about "plain good music," so often trotted out among radio executives and record company people. These sorts argue, with WZLX's Blake, that old music now communicates better with contemporary audiences than does today's cutting edge.

"There just is a classic rock music now that's timeless," Blake argues. "For some reason," he says, "new music isn't speaking to people's emotional needs. Older music does, whether it's the Beatles or Steely Dan. Maybe it's the melodies, the more idealistic dreams."

But then, not always are those repressed dreams so idealistic or melodic. Few, for example, would attribute to sunny romanticism the cynical reanimations of those churlish metalheads in Aerosmith or Led Zeppelin's phallicentric yelper, Robert Plant. And what about the soullessly machine-like tours of the Beach Boys, the fans of which even a band spokeswoman likened to "Pavlov's dog"? Further, ZLX programmer Blake says something else about his audience that suggests a somewhat less-cheerful view of the present antiquarianism. "People turn to Classic Hits ZLX because they know they'll get something familiar," he says, which of course confirms every worst suspicion. Increasingly, drone-like audiences prefer what they already know.

Audience is maturing

This story reads clearly in the demographics of the present. Rock's baby-boom audience isn't getting any younger, according to statistics of the Recording Industry Association of America. Already, 48.4 percent of last year's \$5.56 billion expenditure on recorded music comes from listeners over 25. Very soon 35- to 59-year-olds, the natural targets for classic reissues and flaccid summertime comebacks by Sixties favorites, will outnumber the 18- to 25-year-olds who tradi-

tionally have bought the newest, latest thing.

What's more, that older cohort spends more anyway, loading up on CD reissues and high-end digital-audio players to purify recorded sound as never before. That means that rock's traditional constituency of excitable, adventurous boys and girls is giving way to rock's own object of ridicule - a generation of old folks. The upshot is that demographic change has made more and more viable what in other times would not be viable: the old, the stale, the familiar.

The viability is confirmed by advertising gambits lately. That's why Atlantic

It appears that rock's aging audiences today are as interested in what's already happened on the music scene as in what's happening now.

records could get away with what some called the longest television commercial ever a while back, highlighting its 12-hour 40th Anniversary Concert with a reunion of Led Zeppelin. It's why Michelob airs often sleek footage of Clapton doing "an exclusive version" of "After Midnight," and Steve Winwood warbling "Talkin' Back to Midnight."

Still buying the oldies

As Triah Heimers, an RIAA vice president, observes: "Big-spending 25- to 45-year-olds still love the Beatles. Traffic, even the old stuff by Def Leppard, and they're still buying it."

"It's not that it's new again," she adds. "It's just that it's still out and it's still hot; plus classic radio makes it hotter, makes it still a lifestyle."

And that suggests deeper implications. It would be one thing if the market for oldies simply complemented sales of vital new acts. But, the fact is, the memory-lane approach to pop looks to be exclusive, despite the protestations of industry observers like Heimers. Too often now, sweet nostalgia is grabbing both market share and air time from the lively spirit that may be rock's only redeeming value. What is one to make, for instance, of the 18-record series "Baby Boomer Classics" by Jello Concepts, which groups hundreds of old chestnuts into 18 slick rubrics such as "Sixties Mellow," "Party Time Fifties," and "More Electric Sixties"? Such retrospection restricts what can happen: it limits the options.

ences harbor much interest at all in new music. For evidence, of course, one need look no farther than the album charts, listen no farther than the Boston radio dial. In radio, WZLX's pioneering swing into "Classic Hits" three years ago exemplifies the hottest radio format in the country, with some 30 stations or so now deploying it in nearly every big market, according to Phoenix radio consultant Gary Guthrie. On the sales charts, rockers whose best work took place years ago all but dominate the standings. As the Wall Street Journal noted, the recent Rolling Stone list of the Top 50 best-selling albums listed no less than 12 products recorded by acts whose first fame came long ago, including such figures as Cher, Boz Skaggs, Robert Plant with "Now and Zen," Neil Young and Joni Mitchell. Beyond that, the list includes two sound tracks - the platinum "Dirty Dancing," and "More Dirty Dancing" - that contain old songs, plus seven more heavy metal records, exponents of that least adventurous, most calcified genre of all. Also strange is that the few new acts on the chart succeed with stylings deeply steeped in the past as precedent. Thus, 10,000 Maniacs sounds like the Fairport Convention of the late '60s; Tiffany like a dozen bubble-gummers before her. It goes without saying that the new Brian Wilson emulates eerily the Beach Boys' 1966 whammy, "Pet Sounds." All this, one can only conclude, constitutes the pop of exhaustion.

Future like Broadway

The ultimate sadness, though, looms in the future, which might sound just like the present. Soon, rock may become like Broadway; sadder still, it might evolve like jazz: a library of dead old favorites. Even now, the sounds of today total up to a kind of living death, mournful for anyone who actually cherishes rock's anarchic capacity for fun, sexy intensity, even genuine vision. No more - beyond U2 and the mutated funk of Prince - does mass rock 'n' roll thrub as a vital, provocative effusion of up-to-date energy. Rather, it's become a slickly-merchandised product line less attuned to any ongoing present than to the demographically-mandated consumption of hankerings: for Woodstock, for "Anarchy in the U.K.," for Elvis Costello and the Turtles. "Rock is dead, there's no passion at all," regrets critic Miller. And RJ Smith of the Voice agrees. "Rock is entertainment now, like the movies: not rebellion," he laments.

And yet, one does not even have to love such pseudo-authenticities as Johnny Rotten, shaved heads or starry-eyed, happy dancing to regret the closing of yet another conduit to pure raucous energy. In that connection, when pop loses its original dream of instantaneous wildness, it loses the best it ever had. The regressive remainder is a tape-loop that isn't getting any longer.



HE'S BACK!

From the Crypt of OPERATION:UNDERGROUND
by Dave Debris

It has come to my attention that there is limited places for our young folks to hang. Yes I am talking about our own concrete jungle, Burlington, VT. Recently I was down south in the Republic of Vermont, well actually the Monadnock Valley of New Hampshire. I had an old friend tell me of this place in Springfield, MA, where cool bands play and people of all ages can go to any day in the week.

My question to the capitalist Bar owners in Burlington is, "Why not here? Is it because the kids won't support your "Buy and Stay Method," or "They're Freaks"? Serious, since the Drinking Age (sort of like the Ice Age) was raised Business must of curbed (like a sleezy dog).

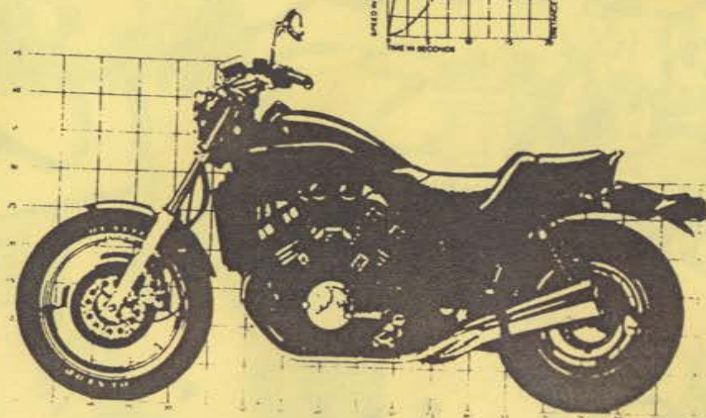
It is up to you to decide Mr. Bar Owner, Can there ^{be} any place that can support the thriving Music scene's loyal followers? Please for the sake of Underground music in Burlington, consider opening for all. Make areas in your establishment for kids to hang and those of age to party.

MAGAZINE

YAMAHA V-MAX

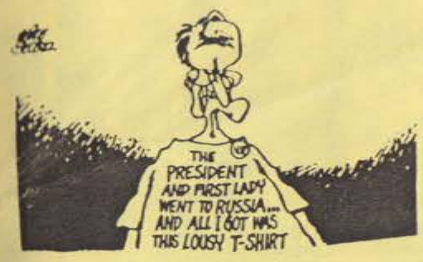
SPECIFICATIONS

GENERAL		DRIVETRAIN		SUSPENSION/TIRES/BRAKES		PERFORMANCE	
List price	\$5899	Engine	liquid-cooled, four-stroke V-Four	Front suspension:	Manufacturer	ACCELERATION	
Importer	Yamaha Motors Corp., U.S.A. 6555 Katiela Ave. Cypress, CA 92621	Bore x stroke	76.0 x 66.0mm	Tube diameter	KYB	Time to distance:	
Customer service phone	(714) 761-7439	Displacement	1198cc	Claimed wheel travel	5.5 in.	1/4 mi. 10.88 sec.	
Warranty	12 mo./unlimited mi.	Compression ratio	10.5:1	Adjustments	air pressure	@ 125.00 mph	
Electrical power	300w @ 5000 rpm	Claimed power	145 bhp @9000 rpm	Rear suspension:	Manufacturer	Time to speed, sec.	
Battery	12v, 16ah	Valve train	dohc, four valves per cylinder, shim adjustment	Type	KYB	0-30 mph 1.3	
Headlight	halogen 60/55w	Valve adjustment intervals	26,600 mi	Claimed wheel travel	3.9 in.	0-40 mph 1.8	
CHASSIS		Carburetion	(4) 35mm Mikuni CV	Adjustments	spring preload rebound damping	0-50 mph 2.3	
Weight	Tank empty 602 lb Tank full 628 lb	Air filter	dry paper	Wheels:		0-60 mph 3.0	
Weight distribution, front/rear, percent:	Tank empty 46.2/53.8 Tank full 45.4/54.6	Lubrication	wet sump	Front	MT2.15 x 18	0-70 mph 3.7	
Fuel capacity	3.9 gal	Oil capacity	5.0 qt	Rear	MT3.50 x 15	0-80 mph 4.7	
Wheelbase	62.5 in.	Starter	electric	Tires:		0-90 mph 5.7	
Rake/trail	29.0°/4.7 in.	Primary drive	gear	Front	110/90 V 18	0-100 mph 7.0	
Handlebar width	28.0 in.	Clutch	multi-plate, wet	Rear	Dunlop Qualifer F20 150/90 V 15	Top gear time to speed, sec.	
Seat height	31.0 in.	Final drive	shaft	Rear	Dunlop Qualifer K525	40-80 mph 3.0	
Ground clearance	6.0 in.	Gear ratios, overall:1		Rear tire revs. per mi.	809	80-80 mph 3.2	
GVWR	1100 lb.	1st	12.80	Brakes:		SPEED IN GEARS	
Load capacity (tank full)	472 lb.	2nd	8.97	Front	(2) 11.0 in. disc	Measured top speed 146 mph	
		3rd	6.82	Rear	11.0 in. disc	Calculated at 9500 rpm	
		4th	5.44			redline:	
		5th	4.70			1st gear 55 mph	
						2nd 79 mph	
						3rd 103 mph	
						4th 129 mph	
						5th 150 mph	
						Engine speed at 60 mph 3800 rpm	
						FUEL MILEAGE	
						High/low/avg. 39/38/39 mpg	
						Avg. range inc. reserve 150 mi.	
						BRAKING DISTANCE	
						from 30 mph 26 ft	
						from 80 mph 120 ft	
						SPEEDOMETER ERROR	
						30 mph indicated 28 mph	
						80 mph indicated 57 mph	

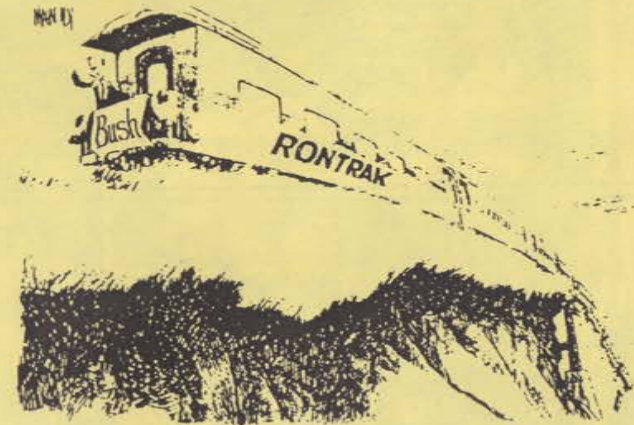


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HEADLOCK
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side A

JIMMY THE LOSER
BALL BUSTER
SUICIDE RIDE
RUN N' GUN
WAR ON T.V.
GET RID OF THE BODY
TABLE FOR TWO

side B

COME OUT STÖRMIN'
SUPER CHARGER
IT
MARKED MAN
RACE TO MARS
GARBAGE RUN
HEADCHEESE



HEADLOCK

14 SONGS · CHROME TAPE
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Get this 14 song tape at Pure Pop or from Mike Bettis. This tape was recorded at the Channel Two Studios located in the town of South Burlington.

HEADLOCK
HEADLOCK
HEADLOCK

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