

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE

VERMONT'S MUSIC & ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

ISSUE 6

MAY 1992

Do It Now! Benefit Photo Spread!



New and improved!

Humongous new size!

PICTURES ON THE CEILING, circa 1992

Also in this issue:

Chronic Decay Gig Review

Public Enemy At Memorial

Rare Wards Photo

L.A. Scene REport

\$1.25

RAPID FIRE #6

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ATTENTION MISTER GUY FREAKS and fans of 60's rock, blues and folk. Mr. Guy's latest release, "Fistfull of Sky", available Jan. 1992. 50 minutes, 12 songs, chrome cassette. \$5.00 US, \$5.00 overseas. Payable to: Third Eye Records, PO Box 385, Cheltenham, PA 19012, USA. No foreign checks. Send SASE to Third Eye Records for free catalog of available releases.

From The Crew:

The first thing you'll notice is the massive expansion in size RFM has undergone since the last issue. Also of special note is the photos accompanying the DINF benefit feature. Bands, send us a profile and picture for RFM # 7. There will be a whole page devoted to just Bands. Keep the writing coming in and RFM#7 should be out in July. See you in the streets.....

Third Eye Records

P. O. Box 385

Cheltenham, PA 19012



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- Paul Allison, Publisher
- LG Tindall, Editor
- Johnny Smooth, Photographer
- Rat Dog, Maintenance & Mechanics

ADVERTISING RATES

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Submittals

Rapid Fire encourages contributions in the form of money, articles, photos, tape/CD/ILP reviews, fiction, gig reviews and anything else with some kind of value.

Send your material to:

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Letters

Yo RFM,

Like, what's happenin', Daddy-o? I dug RFM #5. Peg Tassej and Proud Of It is the coolest name for a band since Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen. It was refreshing to read about a place where there is actually a cool scene happening. A scene can only work when creative people work together. Don't take it for granted, because it's not happening in too many places nowadays. For example, here in the Philadelphia-South Jersey area there's no scene, just a cold-blooded attitude on the part of the club owners. They won't give you a gig unless you have a "following", which means they expect you to bring a busload of fifty people. In other words, the artist not only provides the entertainment, he's expected to provide the audience as well. You're also expected to look and sound a certain way. Specifically, you're supposed to play only commercial heavy metal, have big hair, wear leotards, have a cute appearance and a pouting facial expression. It all sucks and I refuse to buy into it so I follow my own path and think with my own mind. The right wing reactionary mentality that is trying to turn this country into a fascist concentration camp and destroy the ecology in the name of material profit, is also trying to silence real rock 'n' roll, so all you freaks out there keep playing underground music and keep writing underground zines. Don't make it easy for the rich bastards to steal our freedom of speech. I have a question for all zine publishers: how come you guys don't write the month and year of publication on the front cover? If the zine becomes a collector's item twenty years later, it would be helpful to know when the thing was written. Also, please be advised that when I received RFM #5 there was 23 cents postage due. I don't care about paying 23 cents but your next subscriber might, so please check your postage when mailing. Well, I guess I got enough off my chest so I'll sign off. I've never been to New England, but it feels like it's a cool place and maybe someday I'll come up to Vermont and say hi. Like Bon Scott says in "Ride On"... one of these days, one of these days.

Mister Guy.

To The Predator,

This letter is regarding the Master Musician from RFM #5. I know exactly who you are ... you're the rich white shithead who was really upset that a bunch of poor punk rock guys (namely Chronic Decay) did so much better than you at the Battle of the Bands. Gosh, fella, maybe you should have had your mom pay off the judges! Then you'd have a fighting chance against the real talent that beat you! Sure, they might not make a whole lot of money at it, but who cares? They don't care so much about money as they do their talent. As a Master Musician, you shouldn't either! But you know what? No matter how expensive your guitar is, if you can't play it, it isn't worth a shit! Maybe you should hire some REAL musician to play behind you, and you can stand on stage and fake it. Throw around your expensive haircut, and flash your ritzy clothes ... that won some people a Grammy not too long ago! Chronic Decay were in RFM #5, they have a demo out, and they took second place in the Battle of the Bands ... how about YOU? Guess you know what to ask your mom for this Christmas! Well, Mr. Master Musician ... maybe all your money can buy you a good guitar, a high paying career, and all the social prestige you want, but if you have no talent, leave music to the real musicians ... un-rich as they are. They may sound like jackhammers to you, but there's a lot to be said about jackhammers ... not that your soft, manicured jewelled hands will ever touch one!

A Master Music Fan

Rat Dog.

Who is the Master Musician? Hal Obviously a jealous pansy who can't get a gig!!! Notice he did not have the balls to send in his real name? Why? Because he sucks! The Master Musician is an unheard-of joke! Master Jackoff is more like it! Rat, I hate to see that kind of response leaving a sticky stain in RFM.

A Call To Arms,
Power Drinker

Rat Dog.

I am writing in regards to the letter printed in the "letters to the Editor" section of Rapid Fire #5 signed "A Master Musician". This individual obviously has little to no musical insight to assume that hardcore and speed metal (and I can probably assume he lumps death metal and grindcore in there as well!) are not legitimate musical forms. He certainly doesn't voice his confidence for his own musical tastes or their validity; both lyrical, social and/or political. Could it be that this "musician" is hip to some "established" form of music that we are ALL supposed to like? I don't think so. Judging from the close mindedness of this person's words: expression has guidelines

(or a set of rules), you can tell a book (or a band, for that matter) by its cover, and we are all wallowing in some form of contrived ignorance.

Does this sound familiar? It should! The P.M.R.C. and the religious right wings (is there a difference?) think exactly the same way. And what's with the anonymity? No opinion is worth expression unless you can back it up personally, and that includes having the balls and self-respect to back up such harsh words with your real name. If you fear retribution, you don't deserve to criticize.

If you don't like it, don't listen to it (or read it or view it). Does it have to be said a million times? I wish I could find an intelligent point through all of this person's namecalling and self-righteousness, but I can't.

Matt G. Paradise
22 April XXVII A.S. (1992 C.E.)
Editor, GRIND! Magazine

ED. - It's scary when serious intellectual debate escalates to the point where three exclamation marks are required to end a sentence. Rest assured, however: we always wear surgical gloves when opening mail addressed to RFM.



MISCELLANEOUS STUFF

SCENE REPORT: Portland, Oregon

Greetings from Puddletown. Long regarded as Seattle's "kid brother", Portland is finally coming into its own as a wellspring of vital music. POISON IDEA, DEAD MOON, THE WIPERS and DHARMA BUMS certainly helped establish an underground scene. But there are some new bands (and labels) that you really ought to know about if you like to catch bands at their early explosive stage. CRACKERBASH and SPRINKLER are the big news. Both have not only Portland but also Seattle by the balls. A Sub-Pop record could be in the works. Meanwhile, CRACKERBASH put out a great 7" on Imp Records. Imp has incredible good taste, having also put out stuff by MUDWIMIN, OSWALD FIVE-O and CALAMITY JANE. Write them at P.O. Box 34, Portland OR 97279.

T/K is another innovative label. They do some weird shit. Write them for info on their releases which include HELL COWS, HITTING BIRTH, SMEGMA and some cool tributes, one JOHNNY THUNDERS and the other GREG SAGE. T/K #11 SW From #620, Portland OR 97204. The most radical band in the area is RESIST. Their first full length LP is totally uncompromising punk. It is available through Words of Warning Records in Wales U.K. If you dig this CONFLICT-style hardcore you should also look for the self-released 7"s by UNAMUSED and DEPRIVED, both Oregon bands. Hmm ... I can't talk about Portland without mentioning POND. This is probably the best new band and their shows are awesome so I hope somebody puts out their music soon. At least two labels have offered to do a record already - Schizophrenic and Rainforest.

Schizophrenic did the I-5 Killers compilation and SUGARBOOM among other things. Their address is 115 NE Liberty, Salem OR 97301. Rainforest Records is the same company that did the outstanding punk LP by AFFIRMATIVE ACTION. R.R. also released cool 7" records by Portland's YOUNG TURKS and CAUSTIC SODA (on green vinyl). Oh, yeah ... I work for Rainforest so of course I'm biased, but listen to your radio and decide for yo'self! Reach us c/o Rainforest, 8855 SW Holly #110, Wilsonville OR 97070.

Well, that's it until next time; then maybe we'll check out THRILLHAMMER, THE TONE DOGS, GOTHIC BLUR, ANGSTEPPEN, M99 and some live clubs like Satyricon and the all-ages X-Ray Cafe.

Ray

BODYBAG SLAM

Punk-rappers BODYBAG SLAM hail from New Orleans,

Louisiana. They relocated to the NYC area in October 1991 and are taking the Northeast by storm. Since their relocation, the band has performed in such NY/NJ venues as CBGB's, Bond St. Cafe, The Pipeline, and Studio One. Their powerful "Rap 'n' Roll" can be heard on college stations throughout the NY, NJ and PA areas and is gaining a widespread listener appeal. Bodybag Slam has also been filmed for a promotional spot to air nationwide on Power Play Television and is in the process of filming a documentary for the underground music video show, Channel X. Merchandise, additional information, bookings etc. can be obtained from 3 Halves Entertainment c/o Judy Noll PO Box 1312 Teaneck NJ 07666.

PRONG EP REVIEW

by Ace Flyer

Prong - 5 song demo from the up & coming Epic Records release, Provs You Wrong. This seems like the correct album title for the garbage Prong is putting out these days ... Case in point: I used to go see these guys when I lived in the city (Ed: We assume you mean THE city, i.e. N.Y.C.). They were amazing. Totally tight with a razor sharp edge on their music. That's what made them the new hope of NYC and abroad. With their second major label release, Prong seems to have slacked real hard. Having dropped the direction they were taking on the brilliant Bag To Differ LP, Prong seems to be stuck in some dull void. Too bad, 'cause these guys were one of the finest new breed of metal bands. Damn. Don't even bother with this release.

CHRONIC DECAY ROCKS SALISBURY

by Eric Peterson

I rose from a deep sleep on the morning of Saturday, February 15th. It took me a minute to come back to reality, before I realized I had spent the night on the couch at the decay family household.

After an hour of running around the house, making sandwiches and grabbing the remaining gear, all eleven of us, including band members, roadies and fans, piled into the equipment-filled van which would bring us to the Massachusetts Battle of the Bands.

After about four hours, much arguing, several knees and elbows, two pit stops, one amp repair and ten sing-alongs, we finally arrived in Salisbury. We stepped out of the van and immediately hit the beach since several of us had never seen the ocean. Then we wrote "Chronic Decay" in big letters in the sand because we felt it was the right thing to do.

It was about 4:00 and we still had two hours to wander the town before the doors opened. The town appeared to be less of a town and more of a closed carnival: there were arcades every 100 feet and restaurants in between. I'm sure this town would thrive again once summer hit, but for now it was almost a ghost town.

We went into the Escape Club around 6:00, but the first band didn't start until around 7 with the first of 6 sets, each 35 minutes long. They were called Perpetual Assault. They were your typical speed metal band from out of Portland, Maine, if memory serves me correctly. They were good musicians with a good clean sound, but something about them was too generic, and their long drawn out guitar solos with a lack of vocals got boring after awhile. They failed to do it for me.

The next band was Mortuary (no, not *the* Mortuary: they're changing their name to avoid confusion). They were a thrash metal band from Plaistow, NH, a little on the generic side and sounded alot like Anthrax or Metallica, but they really had their stuff down. They had a good, tight, clean sound and good vocals to boot... I knew they would be a hard act to follow.

The third band to take the stage was Near Dark. I had talked to them before the show and they were a great bunch of people. they were friendly and talkative and seemed to be the only band really into the spirit of things. They had a good sound with a nice blend of vocals and an excellent stage performance, which included "feeding the crowd" by showering them in dog food, throwing out free matches which read "Vote Near Dark" and a very bold stage dive by the bassist/vocalist, plus they just moved well on stage. Most of the other bands looked like cheeseball glam-rock types the way they ran around on stage. I really enjoyed watching these guys.

Then Chronic Decay took the stage. They started with a slow intro which seemed to puzzle most of the metal heads even after they kicked into such greats as "Cadaver Comics" and "Signs" most of the metal heads remained puzzled at this type of sound which I

call Death Core (call it what you will). many of them also seemed to be repulsed by Aaron's array of stage tricks which included flash paper and spitting fake blood. It was probably for the best that Dana didn't bring any bones with him. Finally people started getting into it towards the end, but the pit remained pretty empty except for the 5 Decay fans and 3 or 4 guys who came to see Mortuary. They put on a good show I thought, with a good tight sound and a good stage show. I always enjoy seeing them and would travel to the ends of Salisbury to see them. However, most of the band members seemed displeased with their performance, especially Aaron, whose patch cord got fried causing the bass to go in and out during "Redneck Law".

The fifth band to take the stage was Insania. They were a typical death metal band and I saw nothing very interesting or original about them and they needed to tighten up their sound a lot. They failed to impress me.

Finally the last band took the stage. I had heard they were kind of alternative, so I expected them to be blah. Was I ever surprised. Atomicust blew me away! along with the other bands too. I can't really describe them, but I'd have to say they were like death metal with a dash of funk. The singer, however, doesn't want to be grouped in with the "metal" label, as he told me after the show. He also said they would be changing their name to Nervewomb. They put on an excellent show with a nice crisp sound with strong vocals and an energetic stage performance. These guys were clearly the best band there.

We waited around a while longer for the votes to come in. There would be two winners picked from each show, one picked by judges and one by fan ballots given out at the door. After about a 15 - 20 minute wait they announced the winners. Two bands were tied so they picked 3 winners: Atomicust, Mortuary and Insania. It was at this point that I saw the flaw in the voting methods: all three of the winners were from nearby and brought in big crowds, while Chronic Decay, Near Dark and Perpetual Assault had 4 - 5 hour drives and didn't bring many fans.

I was disappointed Chronic Decay lost and I was badly bruised from a few Rednecks who were throwing punches in the pit, but for the most part I had a wonderful time, got to hear some excellent music and met some really cool people.

Band Update: The Salisbury gig was Dana and Shan's last show with Chronic Decay. They are now in



GOUGE





Industry Waves

by Eric Miller



* Nirvana rivalled and in some instances beat out Guns 'n' Roses and Michael Jackson for album chart positions. Could it mean we don't want to hear Michael Jackson anymore? Could it be a signal that pop radio is too corporate and rehearsed? Who would have thought they could do it? Hopefully they and G'N'R will provide a long coat tail allowing a listen to other not-so-corporate pop acts. (If you don't like G'N'R & Nirvana lumped together, too bad).

* If you're looking for a job, news is that the East Coast sucks and so does Californ-i-a. This doesn't pertain to the music industry in particular, however it can put beans into the basket of the make waves where you are theory. Don't rush off to NY or LA to make it, make it in Albuquerque or Pittsburgh - who'd have thought so much would have come out of Athens or Seattle? Do beans come in baskets?

* Nirvana news again: There's an article showing up about them everywhere, even Newsweek. It kind of misses the glorious point their success has made, but it does make another equally glorious point in place. In the 60's we had enemies, in the 90's we have problems. "In loyalty to their kind, they cannot tolerate our minds, in loyalty to our kind we cannot tolerate their obstruction" (Jefferson Airplane). "And just maybe I'm to blame for all I've heard, I'm not sure" (Nirvana). "Oh well, whatever, nevermind".

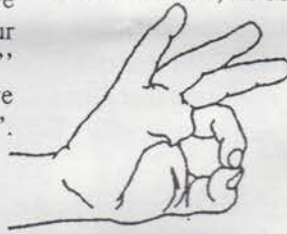
* Lucy in the Sky has returned. The DEA only confiscated 14 hits of acid in 1990. The number jumped to 5,600 in 1991.

* Arlo Guthrie has purchased the church made famous in his movie "Alice's Restaurant". He is using it for a non-profit help center for AIDS patients and the environment. (The movie is great and can be rented at most video stores).

* SPIN thinks Southern Rock is coming back. Are they that out of touch, or am I blind to it? There's equally likely to be a Credence Clearwater Revival revival.

* The first Empire State Music Conference will be held in Rochester, NY on Memorial Day weekend. Lots of industry people will be there along with Billy Sheehan, Craig Cha Chaquico, Mick Taylor and John McVie. 1-800-846-3330.

* If you want your name on the petition to let Arlo Guthrie keep his AIDS patient meditation center please drop Tom a line at RD5 Box 1031, Altoona PA 16601.

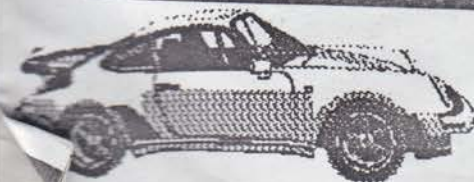


Junk radio

It has come to my attention that a new kind of pollution has infiltrated our everyday society. Wherever we go, be it our cars, stores, shop, malls, bars, the workplace, this pollution is constantly present. It's called FM/commercial radio rot. With large wattage, these stations (we know who you are) play old classic rock over and over again and constantly repeat their individual call letters after every song. Sometimes it's impossible to avoid hearing this abrasive stupidity. Some stations try to joke it up between songs and this is really sickening and annoying.

Local commercial radio has deteriorated into an uneducated, repetitive, repugnant, obnoxious cacophony. I believe it makes people stupid and racist. Next time you hear this, ask the manager of the store or establishment to turn it off or put on college or public radio.

PAUL ALLISON
Bristol



PUBLIC ENEMY

by Tom Cuddy

Cuddy here for the straight shit on the most bullshitted about concert I have ever seen. "Cultural diversity comes to Burlington" or something like that said one of the major media organs. You'd never think they were talking about a concert. Everybody's all stuck on PE playing white (and safe) as milk Burlyville, and nobody's talking about the music, which is why anybody listens to PE in the first place.

My story started when Ku told me PE was coming to Burlington and that they needed people for Security. I was somewhat skeptical but I said I was with it and that I'd get back to him when he knew more. Rumors ran through town like purse snatchers in the weeks right before the announcement. It seems there was some rumor of NWA coming and all the cognoscenti thought "Yeah, right".

However, the day came and PE showed up courtesy of the Rainbow Arts Foundation, otherwise known as Dr. Osiris from UVM. It was billed as a benefit for the R.A.F. and some vague scholarship fund for Old North End kids. This was cool, I thought, if they could take \$20 from rich UVM students and give it to North Street kids. However, it seemed that this scholarship was to come out of donations, not the tickets.

The New Nile Orchestra opened, and was good. Essentially a group of competent jazzers (so-called jazz kwintet) backing a very charismatic singer and an exciting percussionist, New Nile played the kind of smooth danceable in a 40ish ex-hippy sort of way. They could make alot of money here. Then came Lambsbread, playing what seemed to be the exact same set that I saw 10 years ago. They are *so* bad. Their hour-plus set was one of the worst hours I have ever spent. jail is almost better. Why they got on the show is beyond me. A good argument for euthanasia.

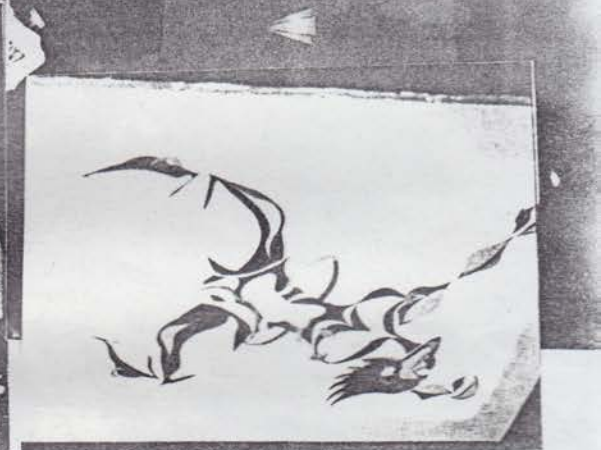
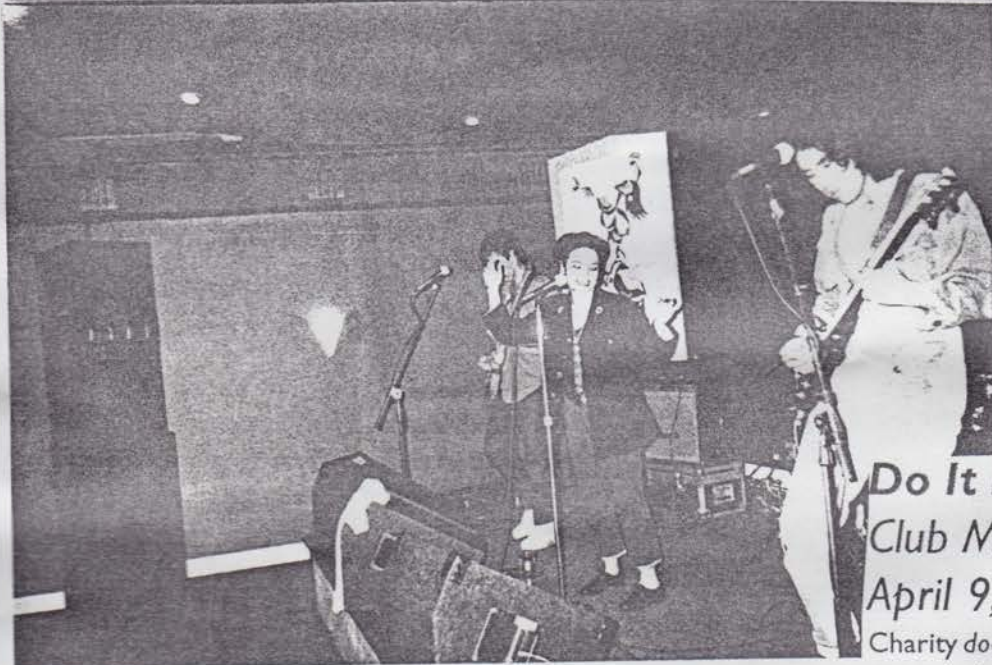
When Lambsbread finally ended their interminable set I was pumped as the intro music started Huge beats from Terminator X's solo album filled the room with tensions and suspense growing. And growing. And... no PE. Someone's yelling old rap style chants and calls, getting the house ready, but it starts to get ridiculous. People are getting pissed. After way too long, when people were getting restless, it was announced that the delay was due to PE wanting their money before they played. This was the kind of fucked up,chaotic sort of gig where that's not an unreasonable demand. I guess Dr. Osiris forked over the cash and the show began with huge beats from the new album's "Lost At Birth". Chuck and Flav were in good form, full of energy and rocking the house. They played

almost the entire third album with Chuck educating the audience between songs with some history lessons. I didn't like the extended version of "Meet The G That Killed Me". Being anti-gay is no better than being in the KKK. Chuck and Flav need some educating, too.

Otherwise, sonically this show was great. I saw PE on New Year's 1990 in New York and it was totally different. In new York they had all the album samples programmed in and pre-recorded backing vocals. Burlington's show was a progression to a more live Hip Hop. One of the S1w's had a headset mike for backups and the music was mostly Beats and Terminator X on the wheels. This resulted in very different versions of the songs, especially on the cuts from Fear of a Black Planet. One area PE was most successful in was making what could have been a big auditorium gig and turning it into a Hip Hop party. Anybody who doesn't think rap is a live sport in every sense should check out PE sometime. They really seem to still love rocking a crowd, and they do it well.

As the show ended with a reprise of "Can't Truss It", the crowd had forgotten how pissed they were in the beginning. Too much attention is given to the Image and Politics of PE and not enough to the music. They changed the way people hear music, and that may be their greatest accomplishment so far.

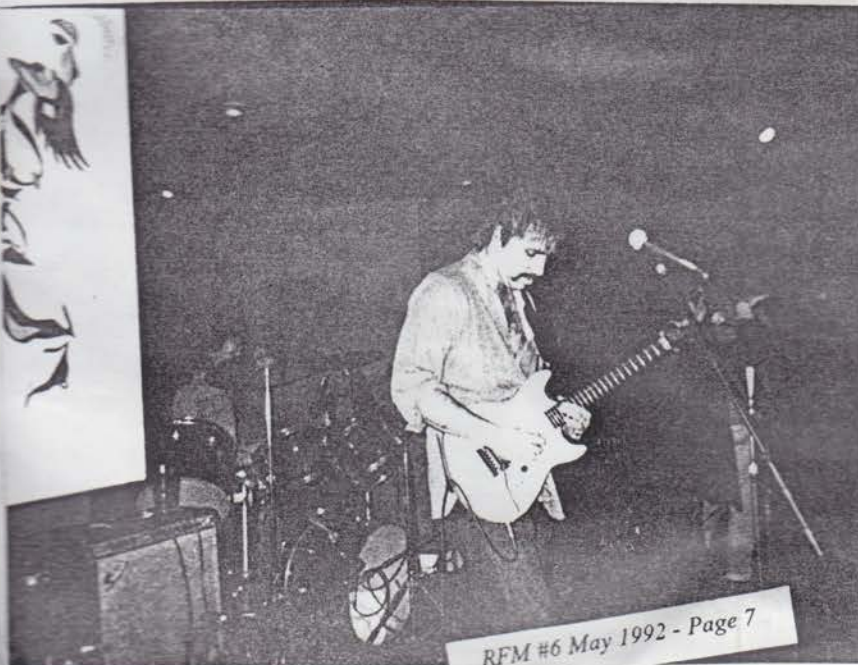




Do It Now! Foundation Benefit
Club Metronome
April 9, 1992



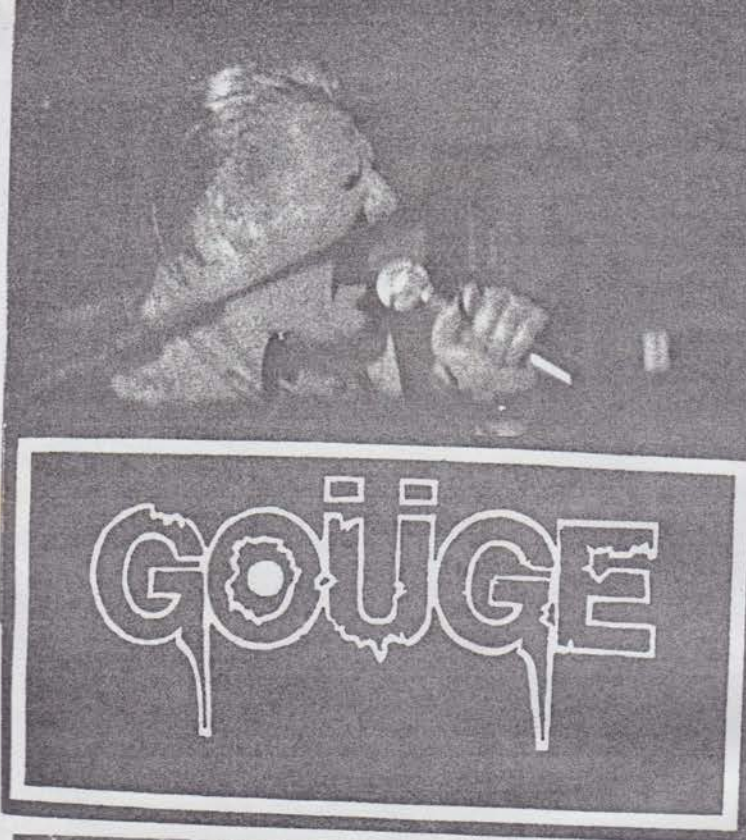
Pictures On The Ceiling



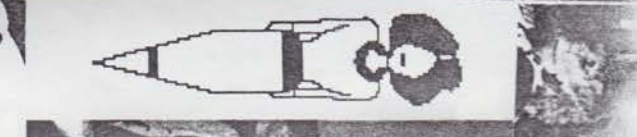
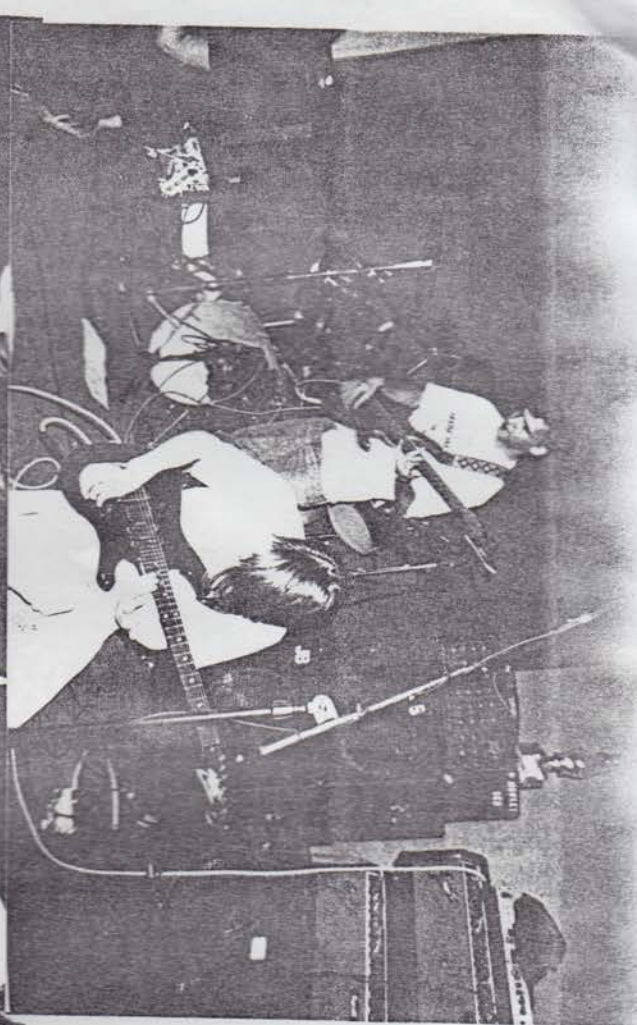
Charity does start at home, as an over-capacity crowd helped prove by jamming the newly-opened Club Metronome to see 6 of Burlington's top alternative bands play for a benefit whose proceeds went to help Do It Now replace instruments stolen from a disabled vehicle after a triumphant performance in Montpelier. The chaotic evening began with a short but decent set from Gouge. Chin Ho followed, turning in a somewhat sedate acoustic set sans drummer. Black Hairy Tongue revved things up a bit, ending their set in a literal blaze of glory. Peg Tasse & Proud Of It remained fully clothed as the dance floor filled with people determined to revel in their natural sensuality. Featuring two ex-Wards, the dark horse of the night was Pictures On The Ceiling, whose fresh post-Eighties sound was greatly appreciated by everyone this reporter spoke with. The crowd, who had kept the mosh pit churning throughout the evening, didn't let up a bit as Do It Now! Foundation came on and played their brand of musical anarcho-syndacalism. Bodies were lifted and tossed about the pit, and yes, there were a few dives from the Metro's new stage. Without a doubt it was the best gig DINF has played around here, and the evening was declared a huge success by everyone involved.



THE ZEN OF DO IT NOW

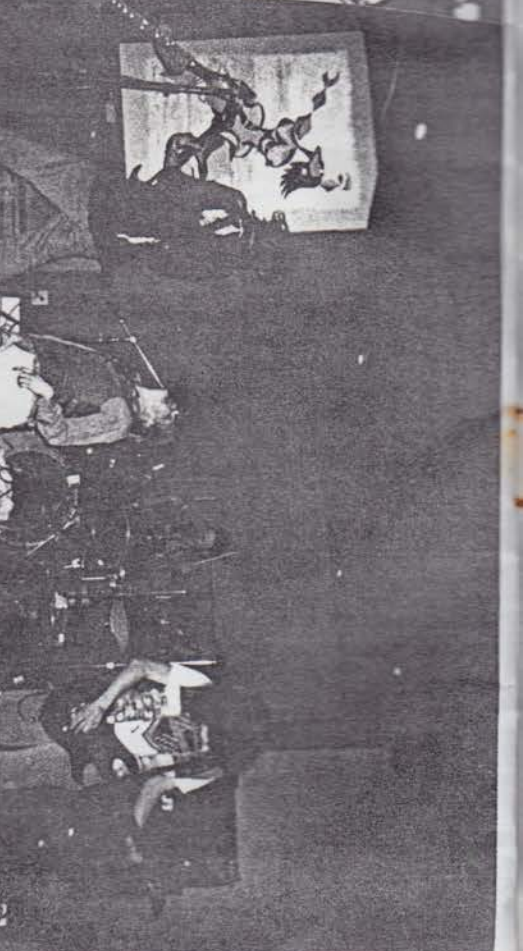






Peg Tasse & Proud Of It





Thrash & Trash '91: A Retrospective



Someone should be dead. When you mix Punks, Rednecks, guns, alcohol and fire someone's not gonna make it out alive. These were the ingredients at the '91 Thrash & Trash in Huntington, and I'm glad to report no casualties.

I rode up with the Chronic Decay crew and a vague idea of where the show was. We found the spot off Texas Hill Road: a small house with a deck that was being used as the stage. Wait! I'm in the middle of a Rapid Fire article and haven't yet mentioned anything about a motorcycle! I jumped on my CX29YL Yamaha Special with a naked girl on the back and did five wheelies!

As we drove up, Beno and Bettis were cranking out some bad ass riffs on guitar. There was some target practice with a muzzle loader and a .22 and lots of kids running in front of the targets. A big bonfire was lit and an extra large keg was tapped just in time for the Wards to go on stage. This year the lineup was Lene on bass, Beno on

guitar, Semen on drums and, of course, T Curley on the mike. They were playing great, which started us slamming. Half of the people there must have been Huntington locals, because they quickly lost interest in the Wards and stared in disbelief at the pit forming in front of the bonfire. After a long set the Wards took a break and Chronic Decay went on. the bass player wasn't there so I gave it a try. We made enough noise to get the first of many phone complaints that night. Then there was the mysterious can of gasoline that kept getting closer to the fire all night: someone would take it away and then it would show up again. The home owner's son was busy cutting things up with a chain saw. Then the kid got mad at T Curley for smashing bottles and T made him cry. His dad had T up against a car yelling, "No one beats my oldest kid - no one!". I was going to ask if it was all right if we beat his younger children, but decided against it.

The fun never ends. See you next year!

[Editor's note: Wards will be playing at the Moose Lodge on May 15th. Don't miss what may be the annual Wards

L.A. Scene

by The Weasel and Jon Bloom

Ed. - The following was loosely transcribed from a 90 minute cassette which was wrapped in a scrap of paper labelled "Wellness Tidbits" and delivered by messenger to my door the day before deadline. The tape starts out with a generous amount of rude microphone jostling, feedback, and extraneous remarks concerning a bottle of 15 year old scotch.

TW: This is California. This is ... this is the land of dreams. And this is Jon Bloom of One True Radio.

JB: Sort of ... in a sense. One True Radio?

TW: Talk into the mike.

JB: Hello. I don't know you, Loren, but I'm sure if I met you I'd think you were the most wonderful person in the whole world.

TW: Actually, you have already met him.

JB: I have?

TW: Um hm.

JB: [after a pause] I'm sorry, Loren ... how are things, man, I haven't seen you in a while. Anyway, we're going to be reviewing The Cows. We saw The Cows in concert with a local band here called Ethel Meatplow, which to say the least was pretty extreme. Kind of a mix between techno and ... what would you say?

TW: Industrial techno. There was a drummer and two singers ...

JB: Yeah, two singer/rappers. There was a female dressed in basically lingerie and a guy who danced and pranced around the stage like a member of Third Base or Beastie Boys. And it was basically drums and samples over that, samples of guitars and whining and screaming and alot of feedback

TW: The one thing I remember was "Smoking On The Devil's Johnson" ...

JB: ...was the name of one of their tunes. It was the highlight, that's their multi-platinum hit, so they saved that til the end. Also, I would say that the best part of the show was that they had an Indian come out on stage. Well, he was a guy dressed ...

TW: ... dressed in a jockstrap and a headdress.

JB: Nothing but a headdress and a jockstrap. He was turned around most of the time. His ass was an abomination, to say the least. The audience was treated to that for most of the set. So, anyway, they were very good. Very interesting, very exciting. I was pretty impressed, for a local band. And then [TW coughs], after a pleasingly short interlude, the Cows came out. I was very curious to see what they sounded like, because they were the band that almost got me kicked off the air when I worked at WRUV, with lyrics like "Girl, I love it when you make my asshole bleed". Their lyrics don't go over well with the FCC or the general public.

TW: Did they play any of that?

JB: You couldn't tell.

TW: They were drunk and unrehearsed ... almost like the Hollywood Indians.

JB: Umm. Phil Spector had the Wall of Sound, these guys had the Wall of Bile ... the Wall of Smeg Sound. I think the crowd was pretty underwhelmed by it. It was very powerful, you couldn't tell one song from another. The lead singer was terrifying, he had a huge foam cowboy hat on, covered with mud and dirt. He had a pencilled in moustache, like Sparky Lyle, Rolley Fingers type deal going on. His tattoos were also quite dubious, they were just black lines all over him. He basically gave the audience the finger, he was staggering around with half-moon eyelids, obviously drunk out of his gourd. And the rest of the band ... it was a perfect example of what too much acid can do to your musical career. Still, they were very popular ... terrifying, nonetheless. They were loud, and all the songs sounded the same. In the same sense, they were very good: they were exactly what people expected, loud and obnoxious but proud of it. And that's basically what I saw from the Cows.

TW: I really liked Ethel Meatham ... Meatplow ... Meathammermeatplow ... whatever. The Whiskey a GoGo is sort of like what the Border would be if it were a lot shorter and a lot taller and a lot more acoustic ...

JB: ... and it was in L.A.

TW: So, quite honestly what I want to say is, it's absolutely nothing like the Border whatsoever. But it's a bitching place to play, if it weren't for the fact that you pretty much have to pay to play.

JB: But the Doors never played the Border.

TW: I could sense Jim Morrison oozing out of those squiggly things that make acoustics so great.

JB: I could still smell his leather pants that he never washed.

TW: The Cows, I thought, were very good. There were many lesbians in the audience ...

JB: One of them had the word "Dyke" tattooed on the back of her neck.

TW: One thing I noticed about Ethel was that they were spitting into the audience, which I really appreciate. I really like a band that spits into the audience. I'd like you to critique the Moselles, while I try to get Ninja Custodian in her for an interview. So, I leave you with Jon Bloom.

JB: Could you leave me with a cigarette?

TW: There's only one cigarette left. I want it.

JB: I'm going to go buy a pack.

TW: [laughing] No, no.

JB: We'll split it. The Moselles were a band that we saw at The Cock and Bull. Actually, we were there for something else, but that was later on. We were pretty impressed. I think we were more just, uh, excited that there was this female band playing so close to us, so we were pretty psyched about that. They were all very pretty, their music was like the Bangles, and they all had perky smiles. Except the drummer, who looked really pissed off. She obviously had some problems that day ... a tax audit or something. She would look at the drum before she hit it like "I am going to kill you". It was pretty scary. Um ... there's not much to say about the Moselles. They were good, they were straight forward, Bangles-esque music, but they're still fun to see. There was another band there before them, but I can't even remember their name, so there's no point in reviewing them. Then Paul Brill came in with friends and Paul played with her - I can't remember her name. There were some A&R people there from some record company. They were there to check her out, because she's an excellent lyricist. Really nice stuff. Paul really kicked butt on the acoustic guitar, and he wasn't like, taking over the stage. I'm really sorry I can't remember her name. I saw Ninja Custodian at some club called ... Club Lingerie. It was sad, because they had been screwed over by the club, in that they couldn't go on until 1:30 in the morning, and bars here close at 2 a.m. It was good stuff, though. It was good to see a Burlington band get a chance in the big city. Unfortunately, the crowd had dwindled by that point, and they had to do a short, 20 minute set. They really packed those twenty minutes, and the crowd that was there really enjoyed it. They really kicked butt on the song "Las Vegas", and got everyone, uh ... tapping their feet. Actually, to be honest, I'm a Burlingtonian, and the only song by them I knew was "The Critic". I finally got to hear more of their repertoire, and I was really impressed. Actually, I haven't given a bad review yet. I always feel guilty if I give a bad review. No, really, this is heartfelt, they gave Burlington a good name. I'm going to hit pause now, my throat is really hurting.

[The tape stops, and starts again]

JB: The Kinks were the first band I ever saw.

[Someone turns on the TV just as the microphone gets dropped on the floor]

JB: Where'd you get that cigarette?

TW: I cultivated it.

JB: You know what? I'm going to go buy a pack of cigarettes

[Someone flips through the TV channels and stops on "Star Trek"]

TW: Not around here you won't.

JB: Why not? What about the market?

TW: They're closed. Everybody's closed.

JB: So what're we going to do?

TW: Here's what we're going to do. Ninja Custodian didn't want to come out for an interview because they're watching Star Trek. So, we're going to try and figure out which Star Trek it is ...

JB: I hope it's "Trouble With Tribbles".

TW: No, it's something with Harry Mudd. It's "I, Mudd".

JB: You know the one with Frank Gorshin, where he comes out with one half of his face black and one half is white?

TW: Yeah.

JB: Well, I've been driving so much with my window open that I'm starting to look like that.

TW: Huh. Well, we have to do the Phish review. It was April 15th - tax day - and the whole Ninja Custodian crew was backstage, and I would have remembered alot more if I hadn't been whacked out of my skull on wicked acid. But I will give you a synopsis, as soon as I can find the tape ...

JB: Two beautiful women just transported onto the Enterprise. The guy who used to do the Doritos ad, with the big 'fro is there too. It's getting ugly.

TW: For those of you in Rapid Fire-land who don't know, Phish got signed to Elektra. It took a long time. I talked to Trey, Mike and Fish, and they told me that it took two years. Their biggest concern was artistic creativity, because Elektra wanted them to pump out more albums than they were willing to do. Mike Gordon, the bassist, said they didn't want to do a video shoot because they felt it was before their time. When all was said and done, about six months ago, they finally signed to Elektra to do three albums. Elektra is not paying for their tour. They played downtown L.A. We went backstage and promptly drank all their beer. Dig this: they only get two cases of beer per show. [A long calculation of how this quantity of beer is woefully inadequate follows, at which point JB decides to go buy cigarettes. TW decides to go also. Unfortunately, RFM's deadline prevents the transcription of the rest of the tape. Rest assured, however, that if it gets any better, we'll put the conclusion in RFM #8.]



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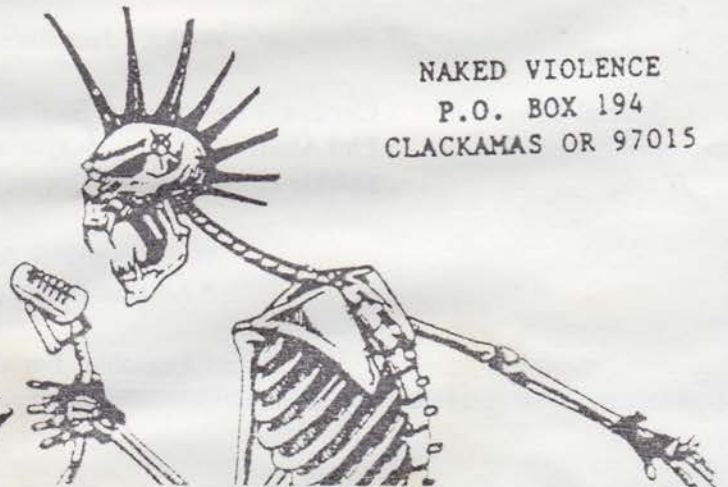
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So, Where Have You Been, Billy Boy?

BILLY



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