

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE

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ISSUE 10

"Every band wants to be in Rapid Fire Magazine!"
April 1993

\$1.50
ISSUE 10
April 1993

WOMYN IN MUSIC



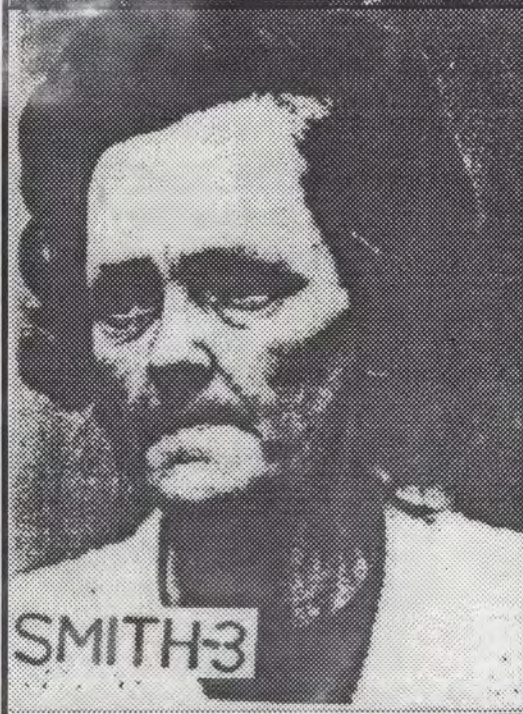
Joan Osborne



Swirlies' Seanna



Hover's Jan Tofferi



SMITH-3

INSIDE THIS BIGGEST ISSUE EVER :

Velocity Girl / Swirlies / Hover / Spray 9 / Joan Osborne / RFM Interview with Rina Bijou / Tour Diary: D.I.N.F. / Serious Political Discussion / Monster Rat's Radio Rant / Motorcycles: The Day I Met GG Allin On My TS-185 / Performances: Into Another, Champions, Pigface, Smith 3, Stompbox, Selector's Choice PLUS: Audio & Zine Reviews, Comics, Introspective Photos, Poetry & Artwork Not Funded By The NEA



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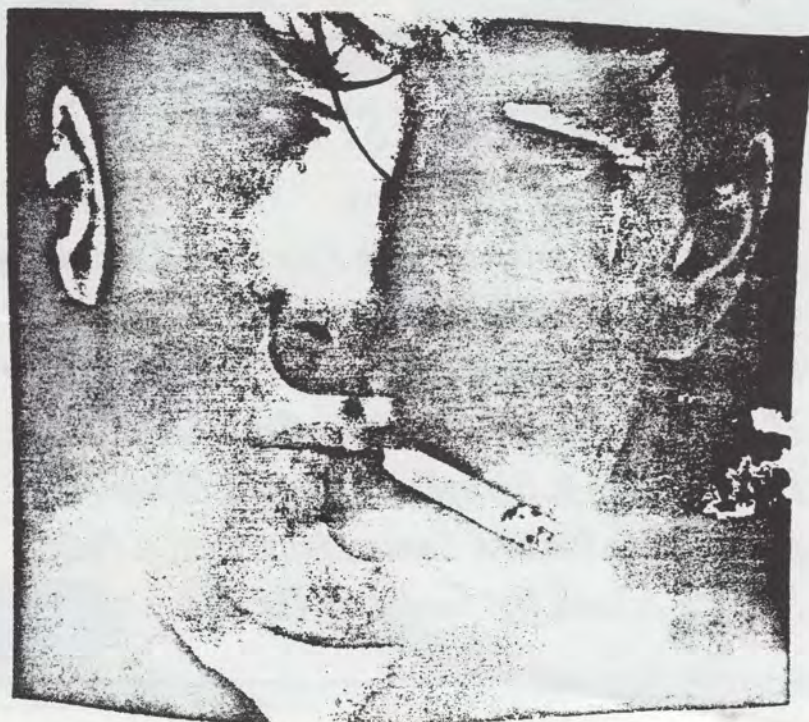
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Rapid Fire encourages contributions in the form of articles, photos, tape/CD/LP/zine/gig reviews, scene reports, artwork and anything else with some kind of value. Send your material to:

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RFM Ramblings

There's a scene in the otherwise worthless movie *Terms of Endearment* where Jack Nicholson is having lunch with a priggish Shirley MacLaine. "I can see that we're going to have to get drunk," he tells her. "Are you trying to seduce me?" she asks, to which Nicholson replies, "No, I'm hoping the drinks will kill that huge bug up your ass". Well, I've tried getting drunk, but there's still a few critters lurking about in my digestive system and I thought showing them the journalistic light of day might do the trick.

"No Cameras, Tape Recorders or Video Cameras" read the sign outside Ira Allen Chapel the night supergroup Pigface appeared. Flashing my press card accomplished nothing (hey, don't laugh - it's worked before) except strengthen the self-importance of the security weenie at the door. "It's in the band's contract," he sniffed. "You didn't apply for a permit, so there's nothing I can do." Permit? How was I to know a permit was required? "That's not my problem" was the final word on the matter.

Bruised ego aside, I have to wonder what goes through a band's collective mind when it invokes an anti-recording policy (audio or visual). What group is so well-known that it couldn't use the additional publicity press coverage provides? I can understand private individuals like Jackie O. and Sean Penn shunning the camera, but hey - if you don't want people looking at you, don't get on stage. Theoretically, the anti-taping stance is a defense of a band's commercially recorded product, but I think in the case of live shows that theory is not valid. Given the choice of buying a professionally produced tape/CD or a live tape recorded with a handheld

mike in the midst of a noisy crowd, the average consumer will go for the record company's product, despite the exorbitant price. Additionally, bands like the Grateful Dead have proven that bootleg tapes don't decrease sales. Ask any Deadhead with a substantial bootleg collection whether they've got any given studio album, and chances are very good they have it. It might not get played as often as their Cornell '77 or their Buffalo '90 tape, but why should a recording artist or their record company care if the money from the studio album sale is in the bank?

I realize the next viewpoint isn't going to make me any new friends; hopefully, it won't make me lose any current ones, either. The basic premise is this: getting into local shows via inclusion on the guest list is detrimental to local music and may actually lead to the premature death of many a budding scene. Think about it for a minute. Sure, you save a few bucks, and your friends in the band get another loyal body in the club. But what does the club owner see at the end of the night? Well, if there are three bands playing, and each band has an average of four members, and each member can put two people on the guest list, there's a total of 24 people getting in for free. If the show costs \$4 a head to get in, that's \$96 the club owner doesn't see. So what, you may say: the club owner makes it up at the bar. Besides, you gotta be rich to own a bar anyway. Let's leave the economics of running a bar and the resulting wealth for a later date, and look at the first argument. If the majority of people on the guest list are under 21, the bar revenues just aren't going to be as high. Face it: you can only drink so much club soda before you realize that you're spending more time in the bathroom with nothing

but less money to show for it. At least with alcohol you have a nice hangover the next day, and if you're lucky you can remember all the clever things you said and did.

Bottom line? The bar owner looks at the door receipts, and decides that it's just not worth it to book young bands. It really comes down to this: what's the local original music scene worth to you?

Just got a postcard from Ninja Custodian detailing their Colorado tour dates, which will be over by the time you read this. More useful to those of you who miss these guys is their Ninja Hotline (310 822 9482).

FROM THE FRONT:

Those of you who have been following the fiery ascent of RFM will notice several things about this issue. At 48 pages RFM #10 breaks yet another record in a string of issues which just keep getting bigger. In addition to the usual music coverage, #10 branches out into the area of politics with the inclusion of Jarrett Wolstein's article "In Pursuit of Liberty".

On the cartoon front, we welcome two new contributors, Ace Backwards ("Twisted Image") and Gene Mahoney ("Good Clean Fun"). Ace Backwards is putting out a monthly newsletter "that comes out on a bi-monthly basis because I'm busy fucking up other aspects of my personal life, so there!" He gives his address as: Twisted Image, 1630 University Ave #26, Berkeley, CA 94703. I've been following his stuff since the early Trouser Press days; anyone who's hung in there for this long deserves your support.

Not that I'd any illusions that RFM would be joining the Rotary Club or the local Chamber of Commerce anytime soon, but with the appearance of another area radio review ("Monster Rat's Radio Rant") it will be a long time before I

call up any local talk show hosts. The Monster can be a harsh critic at times, and I must admit I share his views on many issues but c'mon - WKDR is the closest thing we have to a radio station with humans at the controls around here. If no one else responds, I'll be forced to take the devil's advocacy position in #11.

Enough of my drivel. It's my pleasure to relinquish some of my precious space so that we can all benefit from the words of our beloved publisher, Mr. Paul Allison. Until next time (for God's sake, stop asking me when that'll be; maybe if you'd contribute something, we'd be able to get more of these damn things out) ... *Tom*

FROM THE PUBLISHER

As publisher of RAPID FIRE, I come across many different bands and people. But in the last few years, I have witnessed a growing movement of Womyn in Music. I remember back in the late '70s when I would see bad cover bands at Neutral Grounds in Burlington. Each one of them were choke filled with guys. I used to wonder what it would be like if the stage was filled with womyn? Then as we marched toward the '80s, bands like the PLASMATICS with Wendy O Williams, X, CHRISSIE HYNDE, B-52'S, RUN-AWAYS, DECENTZ, changed all of that. Now, it seems that lots of bands have included womyn in their scene. This is especially the case right here in Burlington. Lots of different acts include them, and we here at RAPID FIRE applaud their contributions. Also, we have noticed this trend nationally. So come with us, and welcome them to the scene . . . things can only get better together.

PAUL ALLISON

Dear RFM:

You are to be commended if you actually watched all seventeen bands who played Vermonstress. I couldn't watch seventeen, even if they were some of my favorite bands, and my closest friends. I especially like reading reviews by people who aren't really familiar with a band's history, because it provides fresh perspective. However, I would like to correct a few inaccuracies in your story, and point out a few fun facts.

1. We are not looking for a new breeding ground for Nirvana wanna-bes. The whole world is now a breeding ground for Nirvana wannabes, and we want no part of it. We fancy ourselves slightly more groundbreaking than that.

2. The high-rent Boston office is located in the spare bedroom of my apartment. I have never planned on moving to Vermont. I think at some point I was probably overheard saying something like "I could live here," and the rumor was born. I received a great number of phone calls about the rumored relocation, including one from your Department of Commerce. They wanted to know if there was anything they could do to help facilitate the move. Though I probably couldn't find that kind of hospitality in Massachusetts, I will never be able to tear myself away from WMBR, The Brattle Theatre and my Mom, all of which/whom are in Boston. In fact, I just bought a house, which looks like Hansel and Gretel's house, here in Dorchester, and Sub Pop will soon have a new address. In other words, I'm fixed here for thirty years.

3. Calvin Johnson of Beat Happening was the prototype for Pee Wee's "Randy", and Heather is sexier than Elvis.

4. You confused Crow with Pond. Crow, from Australia, opened the show on Saturday night, and Pond followed.

mail, etc.

Pond is from Portland, Oregon (a real new hotbed of music for us). They, along with other Sub Pop signees Sprinkler and Hazel, form the Portland triumverate.

5. The band is called Velocity Girl (there's only one girl, silly).

6. There is only one girl in the Drop 19's. In answer to your question about the abundance of Fender Jaguars: Yes, bands like the Drop 19's do have an endless supply of them.

7. Come is from Boston, not New York.

8. The only real Austrian in HP Zinker is HP himself, Hans Platzgumer. The bassist is from New York City and the drummer is from Buffalo. However, I heard the bass player got sacked recently, so maybe there is another Austrian. Their original Austrian bass player, Andy Puemple, returned to Innsbruck last year to resume his career as a dental hygienist. No, really, it's true.

9. Eric's Trip consists of three guys and one woman. They recently became the first Canadian band to sign to Sub Pop, marking the beginning of our colonization of said country.

10. Green Magnet School's LP is called Bloodmusic.

11. Six Finger Satellite's J. Ryan is 6'6", hence the name MCSix and a Half J. Ryan. The song "Raise the Roof High" was performed by Chris Harford, not 6FS.

12. I love Chris Harford.

13. Giant Sand are mad at me that I put Tucson on the poster as their hometown. Howe Gelb is from Scranton, PA, but lived in Pioneerton, CA for many years. He just recently moved to Tucson, because the schools there are good and he has a little girl just starting school. John Convertino is from Stillwater, Oklahoma, and currently lives

in Los Angeles, God help him. Joey Burns lives in Palos Verdes.

14. Terri Manning is most decidedly Barbara Manning's sister, and that was her up on stage playing the recorder. The people who joined them on stage weren't her band, they were Giant Sand. They had never played together before that night. Now, however, plans are underway for some serious European touring.

15. My name is Joyce, not Janice.

16. Actually, as far as I know, the only people in Burlington who ended up putting up out-of-towners were the people from Hover. They were most gracious hosts to Pond, Velocity Girl, and I think Giant Sand. Thanks to the hardest working travel agent in Showbiz, most people stayed at the Bolton Valley Resort, which was indeed a treat. You oughta go there some time.

All in all, I really enjoyed your review. I hope that you'll be able to join us for our next "event-o-rama" in July. The working title is "Fundyfest", and it will be held in Nova Scotia, to celebrate the release of our four song single by bands from the Maritime Provinces called "Never Mind the Molusks".

Yours Truly,
Joyce Linehan
Special Events Dir.
Punk Rock Division

OKAY HERE'S THE DEAL: Ignore everything you've heard. Now hear this: YES... We still exist and better than ever. YES... Russ and Scooter have left the band. NO.... They did not leave together. YES... Our new album has been recorded.

YES ... It features Scooter and our new guy.

NO The new guy is not Dan Quayle.

YES ... The new guy is Todd Dunn. Todd was bassboy with Peg Tasse and Proud Of It. He's our new guitar god.

YES... The new bass player is Sean from the old Phallic Symbol.

YES... We took some time off on purpose, and now slowly come back to life. Our first gig with the new line-up is Friday, January 31st at KD Churchill's with our pals CHUCK. We'll be playing early. Get out your patchouli and come on down!!! Thanks.

Love,
Your son Chin

Dear Rapid Fire -

I'm writing to express my throbbing indignation at the fact that you would print such irresponsible trash as "The Story of W." and "Death of the Body Politic". W is no post-modern hero, but a lazy, good-for-nothing with nothing better to do than malign the sacred institutions of our civilization: God, Country and the Pleece. Figures of authority everywhere should have the resolve and courage to stand up to such slander from W and his hero Cranial Perch, who is incarcerated in a mental institution. Where would we all be if characters like these were responsible for the preservation of freedom?

With stiff authority,
Please Orificer

P.S. At least the RFM's editor was thoughtful enough to direct us to responsible journalism.

To the Editor -

This letter is in response to Loren Tindall's editorial in RFM #9. First of all, as a long time motorcycle rider and part time writer, I agreed to write motorcycle columns for RFM, per conversation with RFM publisher Paul Allison. This 6'5, 200 pound dude with his quick GS-850 motorcycle,

(continued on page 6)

MAIL

continued from page 5

told me to submit motorcycle articles whenever you were to publish. Then, I run into his ugly looking sidekick; the MONSTER RAT. Formerly named as the RATDOG..... who rides around on this sick Suzuki GS- 1100, 135 horsepower, Rocket Cycle! I say, "cool!" "These two wild men have the right idea!" Then in RFM#9, you state "Lew Simpson, who should be hibernating somewhere in Starksboro by the time this winter's issue reaches the public, may remember the long gap between issues last year once the weather became too cold to ride." Don't you remember that it was you, editor Loren Tindall, who decided that he was going to "dedicate his life to Applied Graphics and Robin Jeffers" in South Burlington instead of continuing on with RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE? As for "taking up a collection and getting this guy a 4-wheel drive," my 1981, 4-speed, 5.0 liter Chevy Camaro, complete with Professional Pit Crew and extra weight in the truck, will kick anybody's vehicle in the snow, sleet or rain!

So, as a result of all of this, I have instructed one MONSTER RAT to pick you up this Spring and take you on a "motorcycle terror ride" aboard his 135 horsepower Rocket Cycle!!!!!!!!!!!!

LEW SIMPSON.

[Ed - I make it a rule never to climb on any vehicle with less than four wheels piloted by someone with the words "monster" or "rat" included in their name. Call me coward, if you like, but I'll live to bury you.]

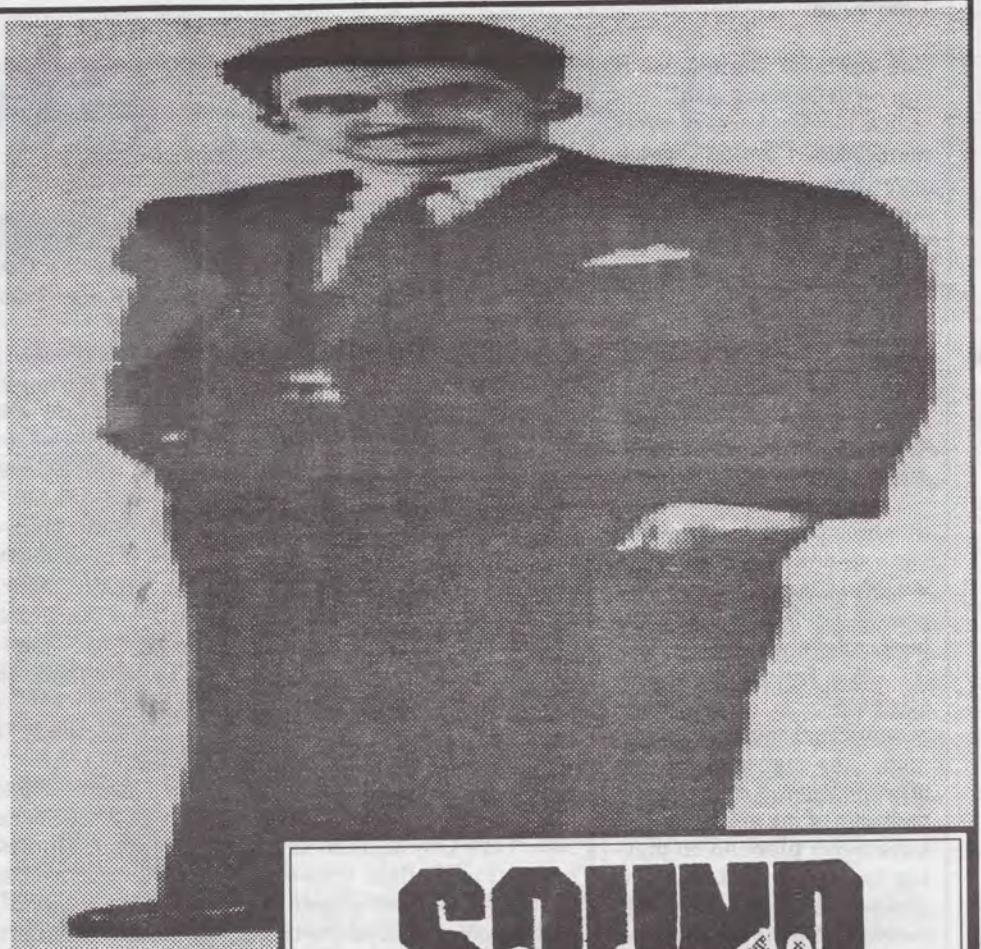
.....
Greetings to RFM:

I just thought I'd let you guys at RFM know that your support and kind reviews for RIGHTEOUS BONES live and recorded performances were greatly appreciated. (See RFM #9). Anyone who plays in a band hopes that their material is being enjoyed and appreciated. You guys know how to expand a musician's ego.

Anyway, I'd like to express my thanks to some other RIGHTEOUS BONES loyalists. Tom, Spot, Tim, Aaron, Arianne, WRUV.FM, Tombstone Records, Mike, Vicky, Norreen, Christina, Ezra, and Melissa, 800 Million thanks. If I've left anyone out, I'm sorry and 800 Million thanks to you too.

Thanks to anyone who came and saw us play, I had fun too.

Andrew Patten
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PERFORMANCE

Velocity Girl Swirlies Hover

Club Metronome
Burlington VT
January 30, 1993

Midway through their set, the Swirlies' bass player was schmoozing the crowd and happened to mention that he had lived in Vermont for six months. "I can't remember why I left," he admitted. A voice from the audience immediately piped up, "It's *FREEZING!*".



Velocity Girl

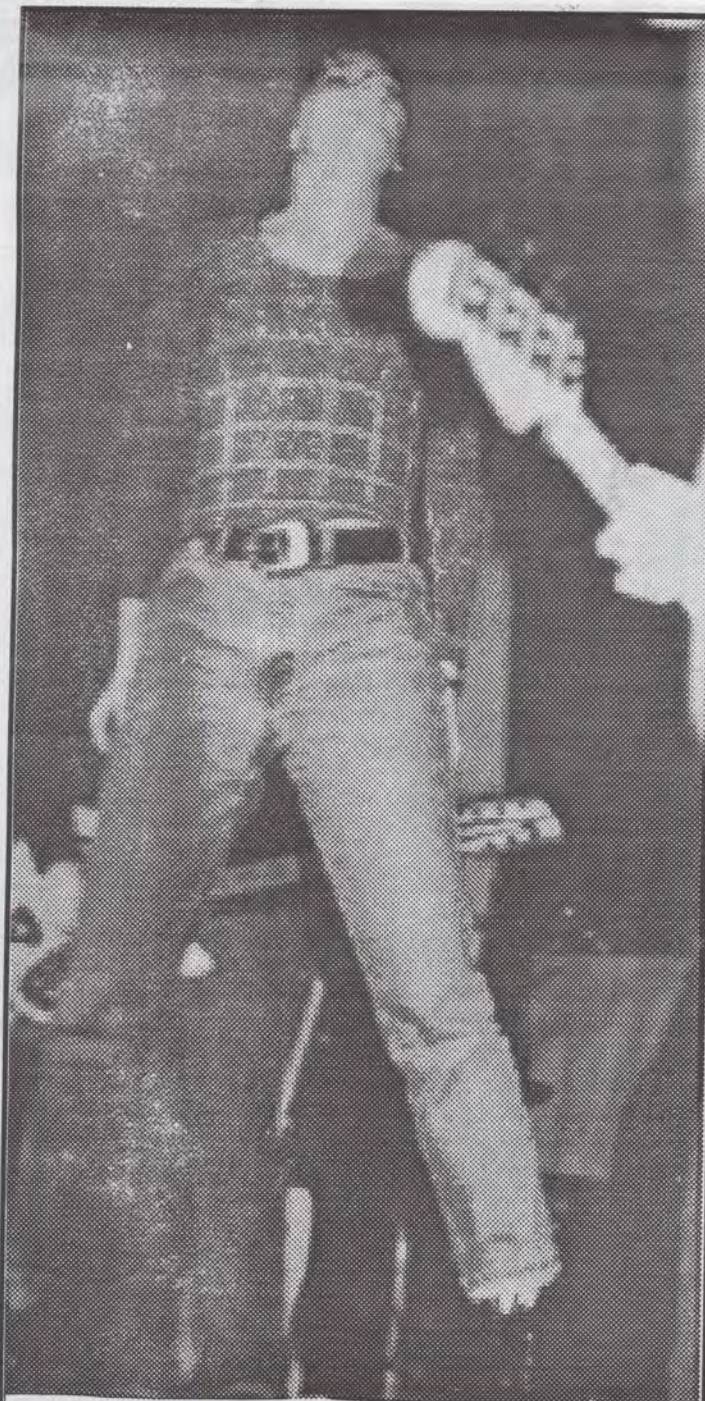
Indeed it was, with temperatures that night dipping to -10 below zero and nostril hairs icing up with one's first exposure to the cold. Nonetheless, the turnout for what seems to be the Metro's monthly "alternative" night was good, and crowd response to all three acts was exuberant.

Relative newcomers Hover

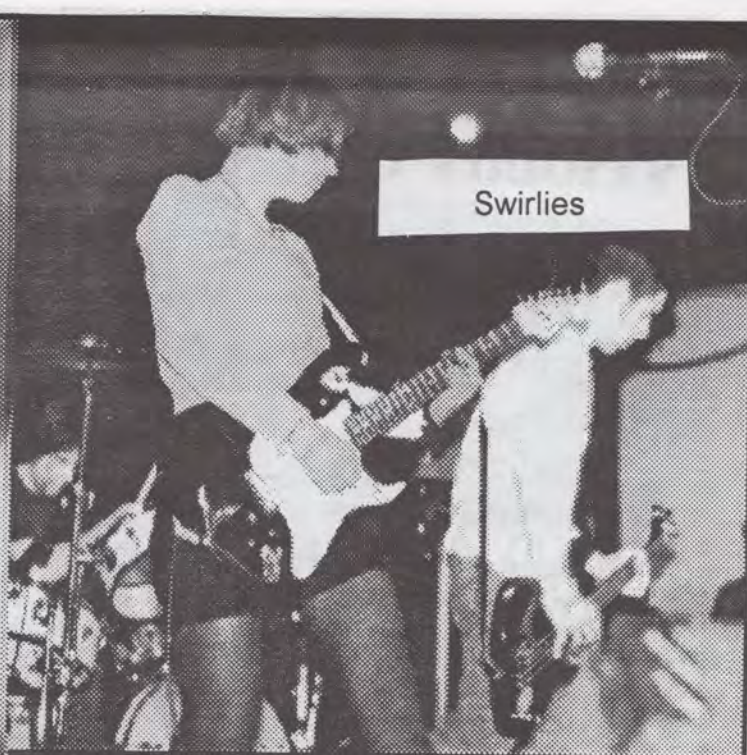
turned in a hurried yet decent set of post-post-modern tunes highlighted by the soaring vocal harmonies of Jan and Nick. Previously, I've caught flawless sets by Hover at smaller venues (Last Elm, Middle Earth) where the band's inherent intimacy was enhanced by the restricted spaces other bands would find limiting. On this occasion, however, it seemed Metronome's

soundman wasn't exactly sure how to best handle the unusual dynamics which define Hover's sound. Admittedly, this is a moot point, since the audience's response was consistently strong after each number.

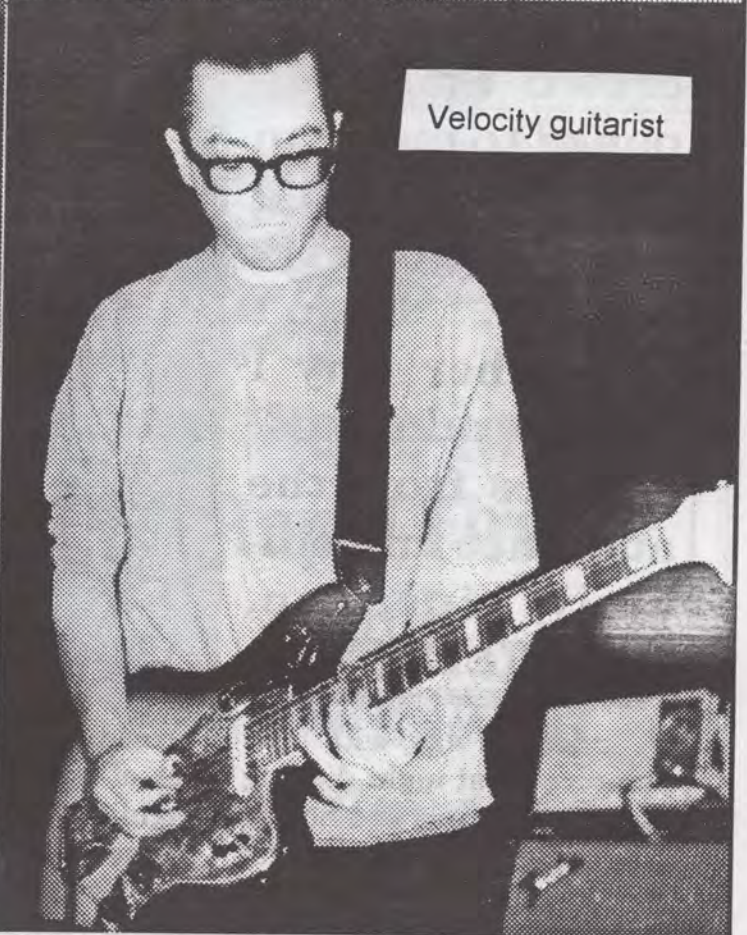
"Hi, we're the Swirlies and we suck." With that, the Taang! recording artists kicked off an energetic set characterized by loud, marginally tuned guitars



And you thought pogoing was passe ...



Swirlies



Velocity guitarist

and fuzz bass lines constantly intertwining, presenting a complex yet totally listenable sound. Vocal responsibilities were handled mostly by the two guitarists, Seanna and Damon, with Seanna's sometimes demure singing providing a nice counterbalance to the otherwise aggressive neo-atonalism they seemed to be striving for in many of their

songs. Bassist Morgan "A Feeling" (the old Boston tune, get it?) Andrews was the most talkative of the bunch, offering a running commentary between songs. Typical of his comments was one which was intended to fill the space created when drummer Ben Drucker hastily attempted to fix a tempermental bass

drum: "Cool looking drums, huh? They sure play like shit, though." At one point Damon was moved to suggest that Morgan shut up. Nonetheless, after Drucker stopped one song due to technical difficulties, Morgan managed to chime in "Here's a song you've

never heard" before they started the song again. Despite chronic drum kit troubles, the Swirlies were well-received by the large crowd that featured an unusual number (for this type of music) of women at the front, holding their own during the occasional moshes.

During Velocity Girl's set, the intermittent mosh turned into an ongoing vortex stopping only to drink in the splendor of the dynamic breaks in the otherwise fist-like sound. The band was in fine form, with members literally bouncing around the stage. Before starting one song, about a third of the way into their set, the singer offered a dedication: "We'd like to dedicate the next song - no, the rest of this set - to the Swirlies." With that, they launched into the next song and didn't let up on the beautifully crushing onslaught until they said good night and left the stage.

And then it happened: the audi-



Velocity Girl wowing the crowd

ence called for an encore! Practically unheard of in B-town, but I'm here to tell you, it actually happened. The audience was then treated to what one band member announced as "a gratuitous superjam" featuring members of

both the Swirlies and Velocity Girl (and an impromptu tamborine cameo by Spray 9 bassist Chris Miller; when he leaped off the stage almost as quickly as he had leaped on, I thought it might have been due to overwhel-

ing humility in the face of greatness, but I was later informed that he'd severely injured his thumb with the tamborine).

All in all, it was a fine bill of alternative (God, I'll be glad when someone comes up with a new label for this style) music featuring both local and regional talent. Club Metronome could do a lot worse than scheduling more than one of these a month, and you could do a lot worse by not checking these bands out at your earliest opportunity.

Review by LTindall



All Star Alt Rock Jam

PERFORMANCE



Hover at Middle Earth

Hover Spray 9 Sawhorse

**Middle Earth Cafe
Winooski, VT
January 8, 1993**

Posters around town advertised this Friday night show showcasing some of the area's newest bands as "3Bands2Bucks1Bar", an offer I found myself unable to resist. Although Middle Earth has existed for about nine months and, from what I hear, has provided an interesting space for local musicians like Peg Tassey and the recently departed Do It Now Foundation, among others, I must confess that I had never ventured into the tiny bar at the top of the block on Main St. in Winooski.

Maybe it was an unconscious fear of "the jarhead factor", as my friend Eric so delicately put it. This fear turned out to be somewhat justified

as it was fairly apparent that opening day of the St. Mike's season was soon

at hand. However, it was apparent that the majority of folks had come to check out the low-budget variety of local sounds.

MiddleEarth is long and skinny, so there's not much room to move, especially when it's full of people, as it was throughout most of the evening. Also, the stage is kind of scrunched back into the corner by the front door, and the steady flow of people can be a distraction, to put it mildly. But the small space does provide a fairly intimate atmosphere as well as high volume potential, which was fully utilized.

I must also confess that I missed the opening band Sawhorse, who I've never heard of. I did hear that they are new on the scene and played a solid set of mostly original material.

Spray 9 produced some of the evening's more energetic moments and elicited the biggest response from the

crowd, from what I saw. Clad in a backwards Red Sox helmet with the number 9 stuck on the back, bassist Chris Miller provided the energy as well as the antics with powerful bass work. Complimenting Miller were guitarists Matt Hutton and Sean Toohey. Hutton, besides sporting a cool maroon corduroy jacket, also proved himself to be a very talented guitar player, while he and Miller, who are both South Burlington natives

(and not proud of it), traded off on lead vocals and displayed good range on harmonies.

Although Spray 9 has only played live a handful of times, this was their last area show for a while as they were preparing to trek down to Florida to record at Full Sail Studios, sessions that were set up by drummer and Essex Junction native Rob Jones. According to Hutton, Spray 9 will be playing fairly regularly at Metronome and Churchill's in Burlington when they get back. Check 'em out.

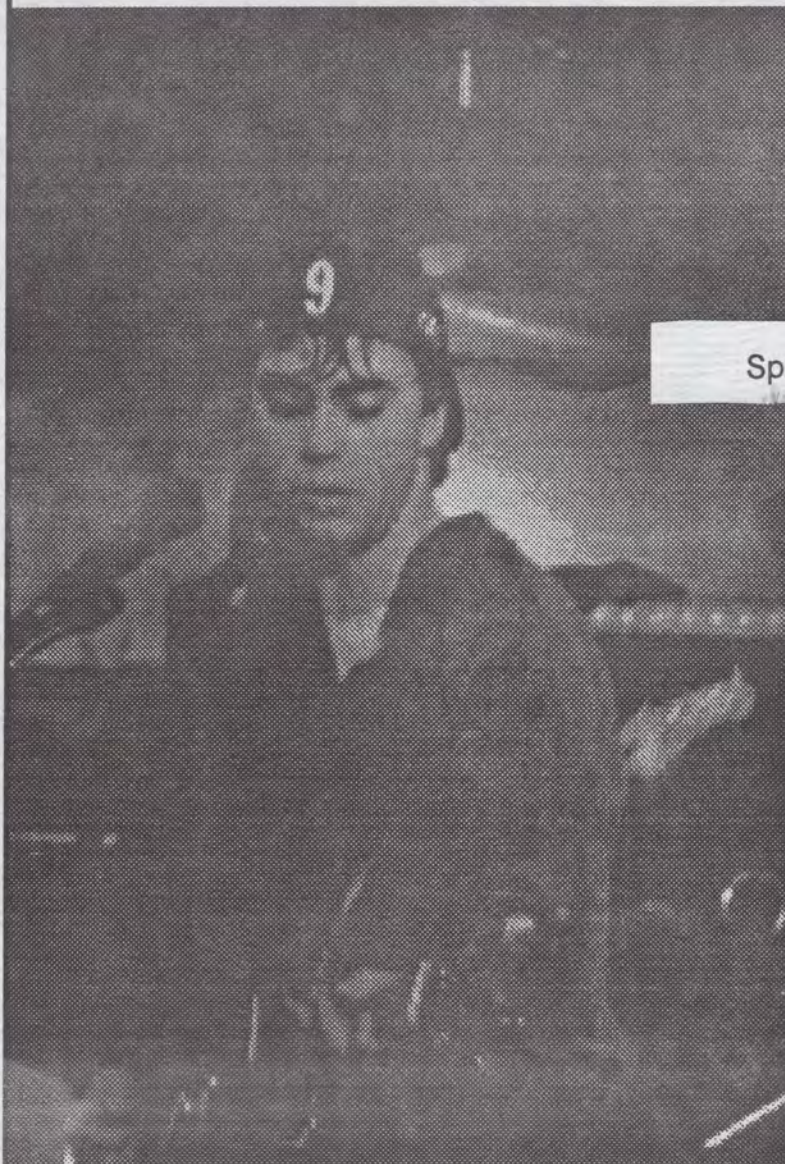
Hover quietly took over the stage around eleven, starting things off with Brad Searles' heavy drum beat which was closely followed by the raw guitar of Bob Higgins, as the band launched into "Looking For Louise", an energetic song that appears on their recent debut tape release *In A Sense* (see RFM#9).

Most of Hover's approximately hour and a half long set consisted of original material that can be found on this tape, which I highly recommend.

Hover's finest moments were when they utilized the beautiful vocals of Jan Tofferi on songs like "Recurrence", "Hide Away" and "Dead Man's Cliff". Bass player/singer Nick Nichols add strong vocals and the harmonies between the two were exceptional. Hover's sound is somewhat reminiscent of Velvet Underground & Nico (although Tofferi looks more like a young Grace Slick), so I wasn't surprised when Eric informed me that they covered Nico's "I'll Be Your Mirror" (I missed it). They also did an interesting take on Camper Van's "Take The Skinheads (or should that be Jarheads?) Bowling".

My only complaints? Too congested. Hit this place on an off night, if possible. Also, Hover's stage presence was a little weak and they could use a little work in the guitar department, but overall, they proved themselves to be one of the more promising and original new bands to hit the scene. Hover's future plans for February include heading back into the studio to finish a full length album for a March release, to be followed by some live shows in New England.

Review by Tom Huntington



Spray 9

work... but the threat seriously—perhaps 10 suicide car-bomb attacks y facilities in Beirut. Three estimated 100 to 135 Soviet-orted by 150 pro-militiamen who it T-54 tanks to to the embassy. aid they were head- via the Druze-con-untains. . . . As the Soviets case-fire was being 101. With an Iranian- ing as an interme- sident Hafez As- leader Sheik Saed o stop the fighting, 1 19 days and left people dead and he truce appeared ary condition for remaining Soviet he weekend their erta. A handful its and Lebanese d a search effort ions room in Bei- by Moscow, As- rs of the Hizbol- e fundamentalist



Other Soviet hostages: Deadly threat

READ ABOUT TERRORISM

apparently put pressure on him to rein in Syrian-supported Palestinian radicals who were challenging PLO leader Yasir Arafat. Since Arafat has become associated with Jordan's recent peace initiative, however, Moscow seems to have dropped those de-
Syrian and S In the imi napping the Soviet officia 19th Lebane but c press reja: me viet / Liby: in M omin . . . le cial: gull thing nid 2 ing Gorb the thing et citi bach: won't Cies t gan's and, ment fered ism it plagu "The Soviets problems wit past," said or Moscow. "I them more a



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ON THE ROAD

*D.I.N.F. Goes To Hell Back
or, The Satanic Reversals*



Hello, officer, anything wrong?
. . . "Step out of the van. Any
weapons?" Just this marble,
maybe if I threw it really hard...

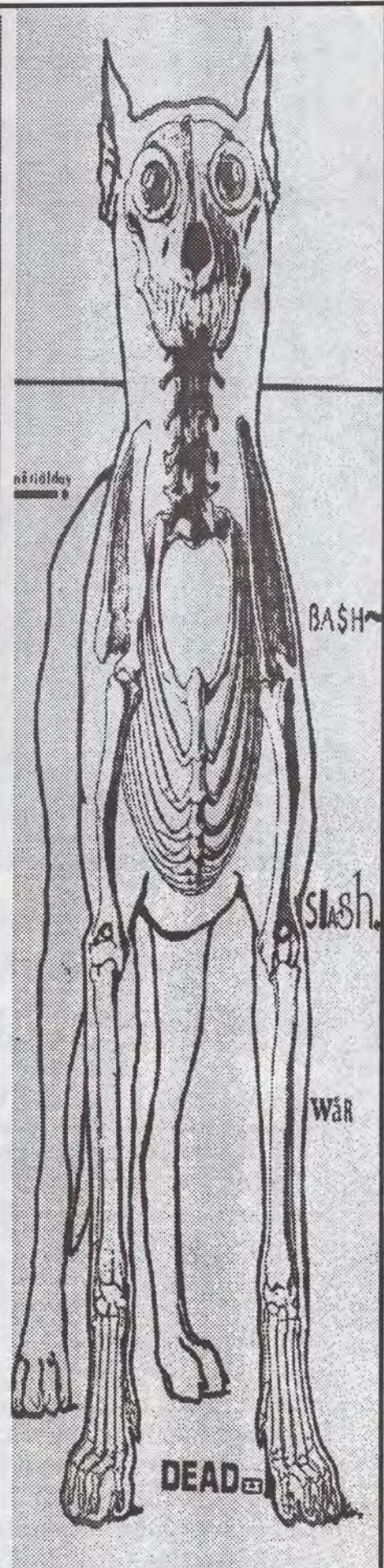
What this was to be was a tour (was it?) of the east coast of the U.S. of A., yes; Boston (twice); Baltimore; Richmond, VA (twice); Roanoke, VA; Bristol, TN; Atlanta, GA; Tuscaloosa, MS; ending in balmy, sultry Austin, TX; there to stay and play 'til else presented itself. Tom and Lene furiously nailed down gigging details whilst Paul & I readied the van for D.I.N.F.'s first real tour. Ready to go (just barely) in the late afternoon of Jan. 5th - picked up unknowing victims Mejan, Lindsay, Melinda and Damen, along with Paul and me in the van; Lene and Tom breaking Interstate trail in the Rabbit, the D.I.N.F. convoy hit the road. I-89 to I-91 South, we're toolin', yes VT almost a memory - someone's got their high beams in my rearview - asshole! - oh, there's some blinking blue mixed in there, pull over, yes, the states - hello, officer, anything wrong? "Keep your

hands where I can see them"; yes, sir - names all around, what are we doing, where are we going, do you have a license, please, registration? No license, sir; "Step out of the van, any weapons?" Just this marble, maybe if I threw it really hard ... for me, driving license suspended, 110 bucks! Why is it suspended? The computer isn't saying - just the fax, ma'am. Why were we stopped? The owner of the van (in name) has a warrant out for his arrest. Yes, he was ahead of us, but he's long gone now. Thank you, officer, luckily Mindy has a license, onward & forward. We see the owner of the van walking back as we drive away, he sees us, we stop by the Rabbit (two miles up the road) as he scuttles back - whew! that was close! O.K., 90 minutes gone, we gonna be l-a-a-a-t-e, but we can still make Bunrattis in time, lez go! Onward and forward; approaching the N.H. border, ZOOOM! they swoop in on the Rab-



bit, which actually stops on N.H. soil. The van owner is searched, cuffed and taken to the nearest VT cop shop. We are told to follow, are stopped from doing so by state pig #2, have to feel our way there. Then we are told we must go to Woodstock Corectional Center. Why? Who the fuck knows? We find out the warrant is for non-payment of fine issued for riding a bike on Church Street's Marketplace, technically, failure to appear. Fine gets paid (or was it just bail? I forget), we're free. The Burlington/VT bungee umbilical cord is snapped, but not without extensive hemorrhaging. Pull in to Boston at 12:30 - nobody at Bunrattis 'cept us and the staff. Oh, well ... PARTY! We turn the place from a tomb into a festival... D.I.N.F.'s drinking ability reaffirmed. Crash at Megan's mom's - thanx, mom! - on to the Middle East for what would've been our second gig. Blaise, on perc prescribed for a slipped disc, gets wasted and can't tune his bass for the first half of the show, driving everybody out of the club and into the adjoining restaurant to listen to traditional Middle Eastern music and watch amateur belly dancing. Disaster seems

too mild a word. But - after the Burlington posse goes home, after we do some soul searching at Lene's parents' house (thanx, Joe & Jolynn), we went on to the 8X10 in Baltimore, where we proceeded to rip their faces off - a smoking gig, good, no - great club, large receptive crowd, free bottles of Sol - then on to Richmond for two - first nite at Richochet's, a smoking set, however no crowd (Kat and Greg [Black Hairy Tongue] were there, and Kat put us up for three days - thanx, Kat). Same the next evening at Twister's; school was out, we were told - too bad for them, D.I.N.F. is ripping. Then on to Roanoke, VA, and the Iroquois - YES! All ages (not 18 and up; all ages), four bands, great crowd, there to have fun. This time, another scorching set is met with dancing, yelling; yes, they seem pleased. The head liners, locals, Swirl, are an OK My Bloody Valentine ripoff - meanwhile, Paul has seen enough; he's decided (for reasons that are none of your bizness) to return to Burlington. One more gig in Bristol, TN. So, once again, D.I.N.F. seeks a drummer. . . Anyone interested?



RINA BIJOU

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RINA BIJOU. This name leaves me puzzled. I want to break it down and analyze it. Rina, if it was in *The American Heritage Dictionary*, would sit between the words rimple and rind. Rimple has the following definition: a fold; wrinkle. Rind reads this: a tough outer covering, as bark, the skin of some fruits, or the coating on cheese or bacon. So I picture Rina as a rippled rind.

Bijou. In the same dictionary, reads: a small, exquisitely wrought trinket. So the name Rina Bijou paints a picture of a piece of jewelry made of folded food. This is not what Rina Bijou is. Before I continue, may I add that on the page "bijou" appears, so does the word "bile". This is a word often used at nightspots in the Queen City of Burlington. Why is it called "The Queen City", anyway?

This sort of babbling is much like what I heard when I sat down with Rina Bijou for an evening tea. I had asked to chat with

(continued on next page)

BY PINCHE CHONGA

them after seeing their two shows at the Metronome on the previous weekend (the 8th and 9th days of this year, to be exact). I enjoyed both nights. This band is refreshing. Not like a breath mint or a Mr. T air freshener you hang from your rear view mirror. Rina brings a much needed color to the tiny town O' Burlington. Their music is intelligent yet absent minded enough for any type of dance.

At a very early band age, Rina Bijou has attracted quite the following. Their shows are packed with energy and innovation. Attending a show can be a sweat-drenched dance-a-thon or a kicked back forum of musical expression. No matter what size the audience, there is always a scent of excitement in the air. At least that's what I think I smell.

I met with Rina early in the evening at the House of Oliver for an informal chat with tape recorder in the middle of us.

All five band members, Rachel, Ken and I were in attendance. [Note: transcribing conversation from tape to paper is not my specialty; neither is spelling. Oh, yeah - this is Rapid Fire. If I could identify the voice, you'll see the speaker's name; otherwise, it will read "Rina".]

RFM: *Who are you guys?*

Andy: My name is Andy, I'm 22, from Framingham. I play bass, I like soccer.

RFM: *Why did you move up here?*

A: UVM.

RFM: *Are all of you from UVM?*

Rina: At one point or another, four-fifths of us are or have been. Two of us haven't finished. TJ didn't go.

RFM: *But you've been to the campus.*

TJ: I've been to the library.

A: I've got another semester, then I'll be a full time musician.

TJ: My name is TJ Stacey. I'm a Gemini, I'm 24, play guitar.

RFM: *Do either of you (TJ and Max) consider yourselves the lead guitarist or do*

you share the role.

Max: Say no or me.

TJ: No.

Neil: They're our dual front power.

A: They're the headlights of the band.

Max: I'm the other side of the churning duo of power, my name is Max. We like to have fun with words. So I call myself Max, and we call ourselves Rina. There are two things that have made up my musical framework. Those have been just playing around a lot, and being really experimental with music. Applying that to the song writing aspect of the band. Everybody contributes to creating songs, that has really solidified us as a band.

RFM: *So everybody is a part of your songs, it's not just one person.*

Rina: I'm the mastermind, though.

Max: We are dual churning song writers.

Andy: The song writing is definitely a band effort. Someone will come up with a skeleton and we'll all flesh it out.

Max: I believe this type of song writing has never been done by a band before.





the singer in P.Y.G. Roast. And we won a talent show in seventh grade, the three of us.

Max: I won a talent show in St. Johnsbury.

TJ: With Keith Richards, who is now with the Rolling Stones.

RFM: *What's the average age of the band?*

Rina: Twenty-three.

RFM: *Tell me about Rina Bijou. What is it; what's ya line?*

Andy: Rina Bijou is the myth surrounding the band. There are many meanings. To me, possibly, she's the perfect woman. Not that one should ever exist.

Max: Well, Rina, the name came from many different things. We sort of wanted to mix this hick and inner city vibe.

Rina Bijou is a mixture of what we consider to be an inner city, tough urban woman, and also a Vermont urban

French Canadian woman. If she were from the Northeast Kingdom, where I'm from, her name would be pronounced "Rina Beejaww". The name has come to synthesize our own thoughts particularly regarding music. We're kind of the Vermont down home hick rap band.

RFM: *I really enjoy your shows, but I couldn't catch most of the lyrics. A friend suggested you should hand out lyric sheets.*

Andy: We thought about an overhead projector.

Rina: Follow the bouncing ball.

Max: We could take Oliver off the drums and make him the bouncing ball.

RFM: *You could pick up on some of it,*

(continued on page 39)

TJ: There weren't any bands with two guitars either.

Rina: We're the first.

Andy: It's really unheard of. Especially with long hair.

RFM: *This is going to be a lot of typing.*

Oliver: Ahhh. I'm Oliver, the quiet member of the group.

[Laughter]

Neil: He's from Burlington, our only true Vermonter.

Max: We are not true Vermonters, but we call ourselves a Vermont band. It's a lie.

Neil: I'm Neil. N - E - I - L. I'm the principal vocalist with this group.

Max: I'm the vice principal.

Rina: He's head of the math department.

Neil: And I'm from Rutland.

RFM: *Why do they call Rutland "Vegas"?*

Neil: Because there is a strip in Rutland that has a lot of car dealerships, fast food restaurants, and when people from out of town drive in they think it's the big city. They go to "Rut Vegas". It's an exciting strip. It's their miracle mile.

RFM: *You're the first person to answer that question for me.*

Andy: Are you proud of your heritage?

Neil: Yeah, I'm very proud. My Vermont stress. I've known TJ for the longest. We've been friends since sixth grade.

RFM: *So in forming the band did you search for anybody or were you all already friends?*

Rina: I wasn't really friends ... we were friends ... I was a friend of yours ... I liked you, but you didn't really like me ... see, I was friends with him, and I was friends with these guys, and then we all got to be friends. And we said, "Hey, why don't we all hang out and get really friendly" ... it started out as a mime troupe, and we said

let's add music and words ... and that's when we started to like Neil ... We became mimes with voices.

RFM: *So how long ago did this all come together?*

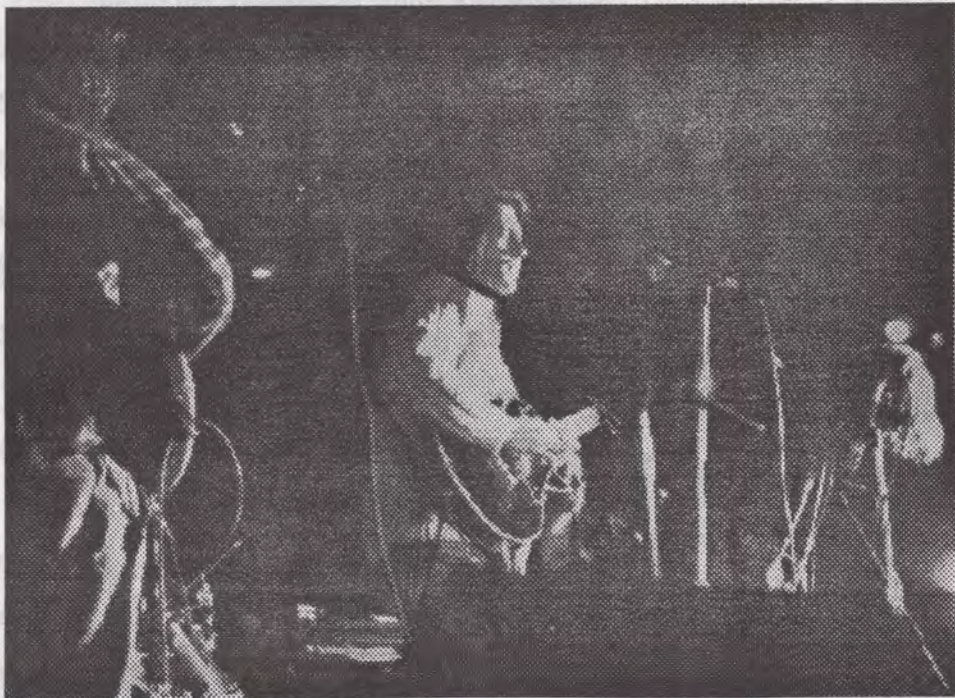
Max: About six thousand years ago, before we had thumbs. Well, maybe nine months.

Neil: It started out as a novelty or a lark.

Max and I performed with Zero Gravity, rapped with them, and that prompted us to get grandiose thoughts about forming our own band. Nectar promised us if we got something together we could play there.

Max: So we got something together, and we haven't played there.

Neil: Just to get this on tape ... TJ and I met in sixth grade at Barstowe Memorial school, outside Vegas, where we went to school with Ann-Marie Costa, who is now



Another RFM First!

Take this lyric sheet to the next
Rina Bijou gig and sing along!

Dungbeetle

I feel chained behind a
heartland grazer
climbing up the tail so
I can taste a ball ...
Yes, like I'm a
dungbeetle
pushing papers like
I'm pushing in a
needle

except this dope is shit
I'd be out on the street
if I didn't push it around a
bit.
Legs ripped off with a stick
insecticide - that's what they
ought to call it.
I don't want to be known as
the Great Dung Mover
a vacuum cleaner the fat
man's Hoover

these demands on my time seem
only to prove
to make my skin feel so scummy
but I don't need a Lufa
"Oh, come on crybaby let me
give you a hug"
Oh do you think I'm fucked up
to think I'm a bug
Well I'm fighting mechanical
minds like Kafka
Six super hard thighs
Ready to stand proper.

Body Landscapes

heading out the lights
are lined
all the way down the
sides "I think you'll
find
everything together at
some station".
Below I go and sit
back gently
gaining new territory
as I step aside
glancing to the corner
as I step up to ride
concrete movies
smoothing out thru the
window
my face on glass I'm

asked to let go
of my hand stiff around a hollow
tube
a lady smacks and asks and
waits
for my hand to remove relaxing
in the open - trees line
slightly gleaming station signs
pop up and out and orient my
eyes
to the right and glancing
static racket radio blast caps
back up
and spill out over rock - and
tree - lined tracks
now rolling through swollen
rolls
of burnt out grass, tan and lanky

Frantics, jumping up and out and
clearing fearless
for the first empty space of falling
scared of their original departure
this embracing rips apart your seat
...
and rivers driven by receding
open up and out and blending
this is where I got off and landed,
where the landscape expanded
and I turn in my ticket and I ex-
change it
for the space created and in a way I
shaped it
by relaxing and letting go I shaped it
Yes I guess I've made it.
Moving inside the ground
She opened up and let me lie down

IN PURSUIT OF LIBERTY

*An Introduction to the
Philosophy of Freedom
by Jarret Wollstein*



We are living in an exciting and pivotal period in human history. Totalitarian socialism is crumbling and libertarian ideals are advancing throughout the world. With little more than their bare hands and raw courage, ordinary people on every continent are defeating the tanks and secret police of tyrants. We are eyewitnesses to the realization of Victor Hugo's famous maxim, "An invasion of armies can be resisted, but not an idea whose time has come."



From Nazi Germany to Cambodia's Killing Fields, the 20th Century has witnessed hideous despotisms. But the long night of tyranny is finally ending. The lies, terrors, and tortures of dictators have failed to vanquish the human spirit. Humanity is uniting in pursuit of liberty -- an idea whose time has come.

The Value of Liberty

Without liberty, no other human values are possible. We need liberty to think, to plan, to create, and to fulfill our individual and unique potential. Liberty is as much a requirement of our psychological nature, as food and air are requirements of our biological nature. When liberty is denied, economics stagnate, culture deteriorates, science declines, living standards fall, and the human spirit languishes.

The American Declaration of Independence expresses the value of liberty well:

We hold these truths to be self-evident. That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness

Liberty is such a powerful and important value that even brutal dictatorships invoke it. Tyrants often justify their denial of basic liberties by claiming they are promoting "higher" freedoms, such as security, equality and the common good. However, the bitter fruits of tyranny are always poverty, ignorance and brutality.

Tyranny always fails because it is
(continued on nextpage)

IN PURSUIT OF LIBERTY

coercive, and human beings are neither productive nor happy if they are coerced. Coercion is fundamentally incompatible with human nature.

Liberty vs. Coercion

Liberty is the ability to control your own mind, body and life, without interference by others. Liberty is the only social condition that is consistent with human nature, and thus the only moral and practical way for people to live.

Each of us is an individual, with unique needs and desires. Happiness and success are only possible when we are free to pursue our dreams.

We are also social animals. We need other people to achieve most of our goals: companionship, friendship, family, recreation, security and prosperity.

There are only two ways of getting what you want from others: voluntarily or coercively. In voluntary association, others help you because they want to. The tools of voluntarism are friendship, trade, compassion and love. In coercive association, you get what you want from others by deception or fear. The tools of coercion are intimidation, threats, fraud and physical violence.

Voluntary association promotes trust and respect, and allows people to deal beneficially with each other without surrender of their values. Coercive association creates fear and



distrust, and victimizes some at the expense of others.

Individual rights is the recognition by society that to be happy and prosper, people must be free to live their own lives, without coercing others. Force should be used only in self-defense.

Individual rights include the right to acquire, control, use, and dispose of property. Without the right to property, no other rights are possible. Without the right to own printing presses and cameras, there is no freedom of the press. Without the right to own bibles and build churches, there is no freedom of religion. Without the right to earn a living and own a house, there is no security and no right to life.

Coercion is the main impediment to prosperity, security and happiness. People commonly reject and denounce coercion committed by individuals. Thieves, swindlers, murderers and thugs are generally scorned. Unfortu-

nately there is a form of group coercion which is not always recognized as bad: coercive government.

Coercive Government

A government is simply an association of men and women, authorized to use force. Governments should be evaluated like other groups. If governments are created by the consent of their members, are non-coercive, and protect rights, they can be beneficial. But if governments are imposed without the consent of the governed and violate rights, they are destructive and harmful.

The first reason governments are

formed is to protect their members from domestic and foreign violence. A good government prohibits violence, protects individual liberty, and enacts rules which are compatible with human nature. A bad government disregards individual rights, uses violence against peaceful citizens, and creates legal requirements which are destructive of lives and property. A coercive government is a government at war with its own people.

One overall index of governmental control of people's lives is taxation. If the government takes 50% of your income in taxes, you are working half of the time for the state. Taxes range from 25% of the average person's income in Switzerland, to nearly 50% in the United States, to over 75% in Scandinavia. Of course taxes pay for many socially useful goods and services, such as national defense, police, roads and education. Unfortunately, financing even so-

IN PURSUIT OF LIBERTY

cially useful services through taxation is inefficient and wasteful -- and there is a practical alternative.

When a social service is tax-supported, the link between producers and customers is broken, and consumer choice is destroyed. Imposing bureaucracy between citizens and producers makes producers answerable to government rather than citizens. If you don't use a service offered in the market, you don't have to pay for it. But if you don't use a tax-supported service, you are forced to pay for it anyway.

Financing social services through taxation destroys accountability. The cost of government services are frequently hidden in complex budgets. Overhead often consumes most funds. Seventy-five percent of all expenditures on federal "programs for the poor" in the U.S. go for overhead. Private charities that consume 75% in overhead are routinely prosecuted for fraud.

Government services often face no real competition. So it is difficult to determine when expenditures are unreasonable and wasteful. What is a reasonable price to pay for a police station or an aircraft carrier? No one knows.

Economic inefficiency also results from financing social services by taxes. When a free market business fails, it is replaced by a more efficient competitor. But when government schools or courts fail, the usual response is to give them more money.

Government coercion is also a threat to individual liberty. Increasingly Western governments are censoring books, films, and even art and music. Citizens are required to pay for government schools, even if they teach values that conflict with those of parents. And crusades are being mounted against casual drug users,

political non-conformists, and other unpopular groups. At best, most Western nations are half-free.

The Free Society

It is possible to have societies that are 90% or 100% free -- rather than merely half-free. There are three crucial requirements for a free society:

- 1) respect for individual rights and civil liberties.
- 2) individual ownership and respect for private property rights, and
- 3) voluntary association.

Respect for Individual Rights and Civil Liberties

Every free society requires a strong social ethic of individual liberty. This ethic must be followed by government, and should be codified in common law and a bill of rights. In a free society, the individual, not the state, decides whether to practice a religion, which school to attend, what medical insurance to buy, what drugs to ingest (for medication or recreation), whether to own a firearm, and how to make love.

Respect for Private Property

In a free society, an individual is free to keep and spend his own income. Social services such as courts, roads and education can, and should be diverse, competitive, and financed through user fees and charity.

Voluntary Association

Democracy is far superior to tyranny. It gives you political choice, and change is possible (though very difficult, when government gets big). But democracy is not liberty. Democracy means that some government officials are selected by voters. Popular election does not guarantee that elected officials (much less the far more numerous un-elected bureaucrats) will protect liberty. Democracy, unrestrained by individual rights, becomes mob rule. Switzerland's canton system shows

the way toward a freer society. In Switzerland there are 22 primary political divisions called "cantons". The average canton is much smaller than an American state (Switzerland's population is less than seven million) and cantons have greater political independence from the national government. The Swiss federal government guarantees fundamental individual rights, including property rights, and handles national defense. By delegating most power to cantons, diverse groups preserve their cultures, and individual liberty is increased.

A system similar to Switzerland's -- with each canton voluntarily created, and with fee-supported public services -- is one practical model for a free and non-coercive society.

Beyond Coercion

In 1930, socialism was the "wave of the future." Sixty years of wars, concentration camps and poverty have demonstrated that socialism is not the wave of the future, but a stagnant swamp.

Coercive government of every type -- socialism, fascism, and the welfare state -- has failed. Coercion is incompatible with human nature and human achievement.

The long dark age of coercive government is finally ending. Soon it will be only an ugly memory. The bright dawn of the new age of human liberty is just over the horizon. Even now its glow is beginning to light the world.

Jarret Wollstein is a frequent writer for the International Society For Individual Liberty. For additional information, a sample copy of the Freedom Network News newsletter and their catalog of books, write: I.S.I.L., 1800 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94102 USA.



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ADVANCE

**State of the Art
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Performances

Joan Osborne Band Club Metronome Burlington, VT January 29, 1993

Burlington, so often a leading stop on tours of the lame and the dead, seems to be on the verge of something that could earn it some respect as something a little musically more. I could be wrong, but we seem to be poised here to be perhaps the springboard from which a rock and roll blues prodigy named Joan Osborne leaps to the national scene. It is certainly something to aspire to.

Monosyllabically speaking, Joan is heat, Joan is sweat, Joan is sweet. Joan is sex. Joan is rock, roll, rhythm and blues. Her gig at Club Metronome was a blazing testimonial to all that's good and pure about the blues.

After a solid groove opening by Burlington's own breath of fresh and original air, Crawdaddy, and a gloriously understated acoustic performance earlier in the day live on WNCN, Joan and her band hit the stage. Had I known I would end up writing this, I probably would have had a few less beers and taken a few more notes. But what the hell, it's rock and roll.

I can tell you this: Joan Osborne has it. Whatever nebulous inexorability "it" is, Joan Osborne has it. In spades. Joan is God finally getting it right. A breathless voice capable of deep throaty blues howling or sultry cries and whispers alternately rips and then tiptoes through tunes displaying a depth and feeling for the music lost on most who try to sing it. I think they call it soul. This is the right one, baby. And the really cool thing is, she's totally into it. It's a toss-up as to who does the most screaming: her or the crowd. She spends half her time egging on the band and jumping around shaking like a soul goddess possessed. Beautiful. A woman who's not afraid to break a sweat and work a strange crowd into a frenzy.

Points to be noted: First, regular axeman Jack Petrozelli was nowhere to be seen having split for a sudden European tour with "somebody who used to play with Lenny Kravitz" (according to Leo the roadie). The sudden departure left a void filled by Ryan Hedgecock (late of the first incarnation of Lone Justice). Petrozelli was sorely missed but is hopefully not gone for good. Hedgecock, on the other hand, provided more than competent playing, especially considering this was only his 4th gig with the band and he had the music for many of the tunes taped to the floor in front of his monitor. As could be expected, he lacked some spontaneity and ease, but Hedgecock was a fine consolation prize and stretched his wings for a few impressive flights in the second set.



Second, her covers of "Son Of A Preacher Man" and "Tupelo Honey" are the best ever (sorry, Dusty and Van ...), the latter virtually aching with sex and longing. Third, her original tunes are, thank god, multitudinous (covers seem judiciously selected, the bulk of the show featured original material) and just as worthwhile (nothing worse than a band doing awesome covers that can't write for shit ...). Highlights I recall through my haze were "Crazy Baby", a mean number called "Get Up Jack" and the mind fuck rocker "Dreamin' About The Day", propelled by some serious drumming from Lance Carter.

This band is developing a serious following here in the North Country, but there's still time to get in on the ground floor and tell your grandkids you saw her way back when she actually played (gasp) clubs. The band has been duly impressed with their reception in these parts and will return by May for another gig or two and should, by then, be bearing their second independent album. Life is short, time is wasting, and Joan wails. Figure it out.

Review by Geoff LaFontaine

CLUB VU



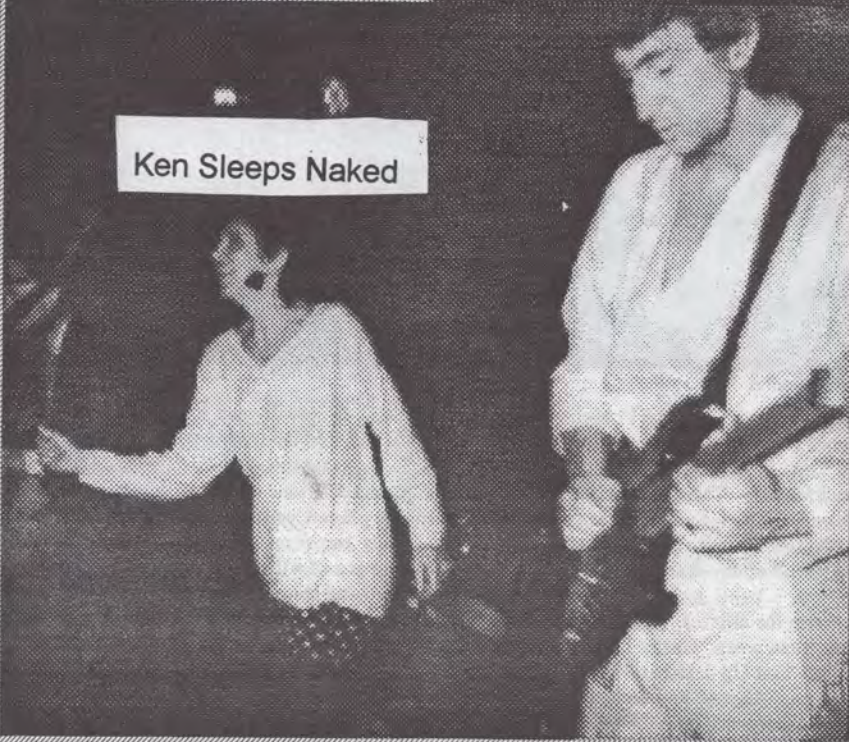
Stompbox



Big Joe Burrell

Here's just a few of the faces we've caught in the act since RFM #9. If you have some shots of people you'd like to see in RFM, send 'em to the address on the inside front cover.

Ken Sleeps Naked



So what if he does?

This Is It

Ice man (Selector's Choice)

CLUB VU

Middle Earth Cafe

Plan B

All Fall Down

Chatty's Revenge

JESUS LIZARD

The **JESUS LIZARD** and **NIRVANA** first met several years ago and liked each other so much that they decided to do a split single with Touch and Go. Time passed. Then suddenly, without warning, Nirvana was selling records faster than Michael Jackson (ex-Jackson 5) and suffering from autograph cramp. Well, the plan was slowed down, but not stopped. Nirvana recorded "Oh, the Guilt" (previously unreleased and only available on this single) in a basement next to the washer and dryer. Gruff, ballsy, and not polished to an ultra-gloss sheen...like Nirvana live. "Puss" comes directly from **Liar** (the recent Jesus Lizard album). The "Puss" video is suitably insidious. Cover painting by Malcolm Bucknail (creator of the Liar kitties). Tour with **Helmet** in April.



PULL LP/CD/CS
February 22nd - TG108

Arcwelder

Minneapolis trio **ARCWELDER** release their new album **Pull** as a follow-up to their "Raleigh" single and rousing tour with **The JESUS LIZARD** this past December. Produced by Brian Paulson, **Pull** features waves of churning guitars and sneaky pop hooks. **The Brothers Graber** (switch hitters on guitar and bass) and Mr. Macdonald provide 13 reasons why **Pull** will be one of your favorites in '93. On tour east of the Mississippi by April and May.

TAR JAWBOX

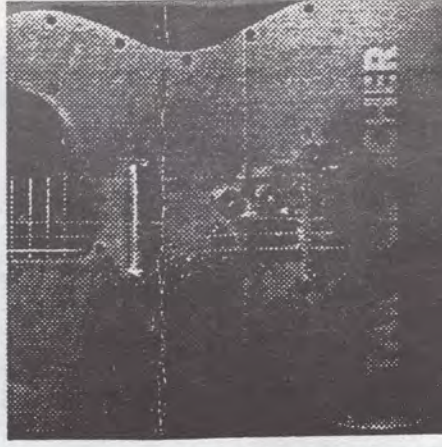
Chicago's **TAR** and D.C.'s **JAWBOX** (being pals and having played several shows together) have a lot in common...Both bands have the same instrumentation and both bands know Bernie T. Fan (single cover model). The members of both bands are men with short hair...except Kim Coletta (of **Jawbox**) and both bands have a song called "Static" produced by Iain Burgess. So here's the plan: release a split single where each band covers the other band's "Static" and tour the US and Canada together for 6 weeks. This single is the first Touch and Go/Dischord joint release since the **Necros 7** back in the fourteenth century...history in the making. Be there to see it live in February and March...details on the tour page.



"STATIC" 7" split single
February 1st

TAR

Clincher - a famous name-brand of 16-inch softball used in games by grown men who should know better. <The non-malignant tumor extracted from the Pope's bowels yesterday was the size of a clincher.> Clincher is also the new 7-song **TAR EP** which includes four new studio tracks, two live songs, and an all-new version of "Teetering." From the two-chord sleeper, "Lady Steps," to the aluminum guitar slash and burn of "G7," **TAR** deliver the schlenis.



CLINCHER
12" EP/CD/CS - TG109
March 8th

MERGE

R E C O R D S

1 RECORDS

MULE

MULE are a Detroit trio featuring Jim Kimball and Kevin Munro (ex-rhythm section of Laughing Hyenas) and singer/guitarist P.W. Long (ex-Wig). **MULE's** eponymous full length album was recorded by Steve Albinl and runs the gamut from the reckless swerve of "Drown" to the old-timey feel of "Now I Truly Understand." A uniquely powerful combination of backwoods wisdom and urban treachery, **MULE** arrive in cities and towns in the eastern half of the US in January and February.

MULE

LP/CD/CS - QS15
February 22nd



SEAM

SEAM, a new edition to the Touch and Go roster, release a new 4-song EP called **Kernel**. Formerly based in North Carolina, Seam began as a three-piece with Sooyoung Park (guitar, vocals), Lexi Mitchell (bass), and Mac McCaughan of Superchunk (drums). Seam recently moved to Chicago and have two new members...ex-Bastro's Ken "Bundy" Brown (guitar) and John McEntire (drums). **Kernel** showcases a richer SEAM sound with stronger vocals and guitar layering. The EP includes an all-new wistfully simple version of "Shame" and a Breaking Circus cover.



KERNEL CD/CS EP
March 8th - TG112

POLVO

POLVO's second album, *Today's Active Lifestyles*, was recorded this past December in Chicago with ex-Volcano Sun Bob Weston at Steve Albini's studio. The dueling guitars of Ash Bowie and Dave Brylawski carry on this new Polvo effort with an added complexity only hinted at on *Cor-Crane Secret*. The rhythm section has solidified and firmly roots Polvo's guitar meanderings within each song. Polvo's aptitude for inventive song titles carries into *TAL* with new songs called "Gemini Cusp," "Shiksa," and "Tilebreaker." Catch them on tour in April.



Today's Active Lifestyles
MRG040 - LP/CD/CS
April 19th

polvo

today's active lifestyles



PAVEMENT
Westing (By Musket and Sextant)
DC14 - LP/CD/CS - out March 22nd

This compilation is an exhaustive retrospective on Pavement. It documents a period of lazy, crazy discontent (their finest moments) including *Slay Tracks* 1933-1969 7" EP, *Demolition Plot J-7* 7" EP, *Perfect Sound Forever* 10" EP, & *Summer Babe* 7" EP. A bunch of curios ("My Radio" from the Chemical Imbalance compilation 7" and "My First Mine" from the *Ablaze!* magazine flexidisc) are also included strictly for laughs.



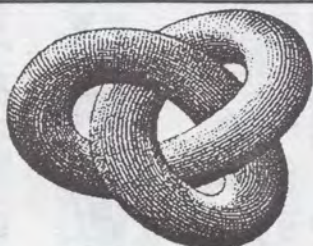
ROYAL TRUX
Self-titled 1st LP
DC5 - CD/CS - out March 22nd

Royal Trux began in NYC in 1986. Their record was recorded in '87 and released in '88...1,000 copies on vinyl only. Drag City reissues this early work on cd and cassette. References to The Red Krayola, Rolling Stones, and Tangerine Dream were certainly fair, but only touch on a small part of the diversity and originality of this record and the minds that created it.

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
6am to 9am	?	Folkin' Idiot Folk Spoken Word <u>Neil Cleary</u> From the Roots of America Blues, Gospel Folk & Jazz Jeff & Jeff	The Alien Folk Show Traditional Folk Songs & Tunes Mad X. Dog	Peacemeal Alt. Rock Sweet Pea	Thriving on a Riff Jazz Sean Cassidy	Chocolate Champagne Alt. Rock Coldwave Kathy B.	? Static Smells Good Garage/Dirge Ethereal Rob
9am to Noon	The Phunky Phillie Pheest Hip Hop Funk g-wiz	Take the 'A' Train Traditional Jazz 655321	The Helmut & SKU Show Eclectic Mix Helmut & SKU	1 RPM Hip Hop DJ F.U. Laughl Animus Instinctus Industrial Animus Instinctus	Music in the Jazz Tradition Jazz George Scotton	First Thing Smokin' Blues Chris Shea	Being Young is No Excuse for Being Stupid Hardcore Jazz Classical Rex
Noon to 3pm	Hell Mass Unadulterated Evil to honor the Dark Lord Axemistress	Music in the Third Stream Classical New Music Mark Green Fast Orange Techno Karl Fife	Any Which Way the Wind Blows loudfactsoftlow-disonantmelodic-technoagrupunk-pop Rich	The Reggae Lunch College of Musical Knowledge Experimental Dr. Tuna	Lost on the Freeway Funk Hip Hop Reggae Zak & Dave	Mainstream Radio Ska Punk Hip Hop DJ Pat	Tranquility Base Reverie Chris
3pm to 6pm	Welcome to the Cheap Seats World Beat Alt Rock Hope Ants & Grime Hardcore Death Metal Sara	One Foot Up Hip Hop Gennifer Cady	Seeds of Injustice Hip Hop Robbie Redneck	The Third Decade Jazz Electronic Aunt Space Dan Kanter	Planet Rave Full Spectrum Techno Monomer & Lady Di	The Cultural Bunker Rap House R&B Acid Jazz Melo Grant	Too Much Texas Alt. Rock Eclectic Alex & Luz
6pm to 8pm	Yellow Brick Roadkill Trendy Music Adam The Weekly Spin News Dan Hill	Kill the Spectacle All Things Harsh Ego Love	Caffeine Machine British Indie Dr. Funnelman	The Lattice of Coincidence Weird Shit Mr. Pain	Exposure Local Music Adam Gross	Back on the Map Hip Hop DJ Herb	The Oldies Show
8pm to 11pm	Nuthin' but the Blues	Sniff-Proof Glue The Techno-Industrial Complex Heather & Anton Crayon Bondage Angst-Ridden Difficult Sludge Puff-n-side Industrial World Beat & One Jazz Song Professor D.	Exploratory Head Dipping Mood-Dependent Mari Anne Metaphors in a Mixmaster Lowercore Eric B. Shift Punk Hardcore King Maxwell	One Step From Armageddon Metal Guitar Instrumental Paul	Peel Sessions Iconoclastic Jetset Zurk DivyButo Szelm Teddy Born Under Punches Industrial Jazz Marshall	Party Rädio	40 Oz. of Funky Punky FUNKY FLAVOR Hip Hop Dance Hall DJ Luis
11pm to 2am	Diddler on the Roof Hardcore Industrial Jesse	Where Have All the Children Gone?	The Trunk of Funk Hip Hop K-Dog	Where Have All the Children Gone? Industrial Techno Sean Hand	Ack! All Sorts DJ mc ²	Nobody Loves You Death!!! Baphomet	
2am to 4am	Guppy Out of Water Alt. Rock British Indie Kevin	Jah Night Train Roots Reggae Dr. Nose	? ?	Chainsaws and Children Metal, Thrash & Hardcore Frenzyhead	Jet Pilot High Rock 'n' Roll Marty Pudding	Soul Salvation Jazz, Blues, R&B Soul, Ska, Reggae Funk, & Hip Hop Supergroove	

eat just one!

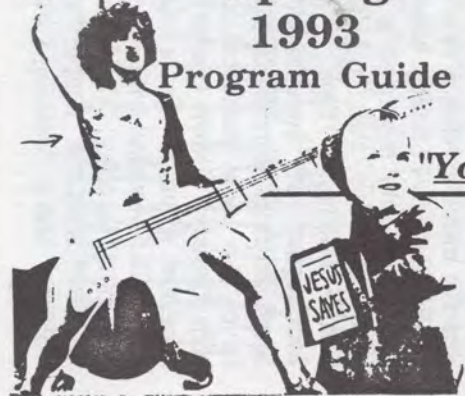
Spring 1993 Program Guide



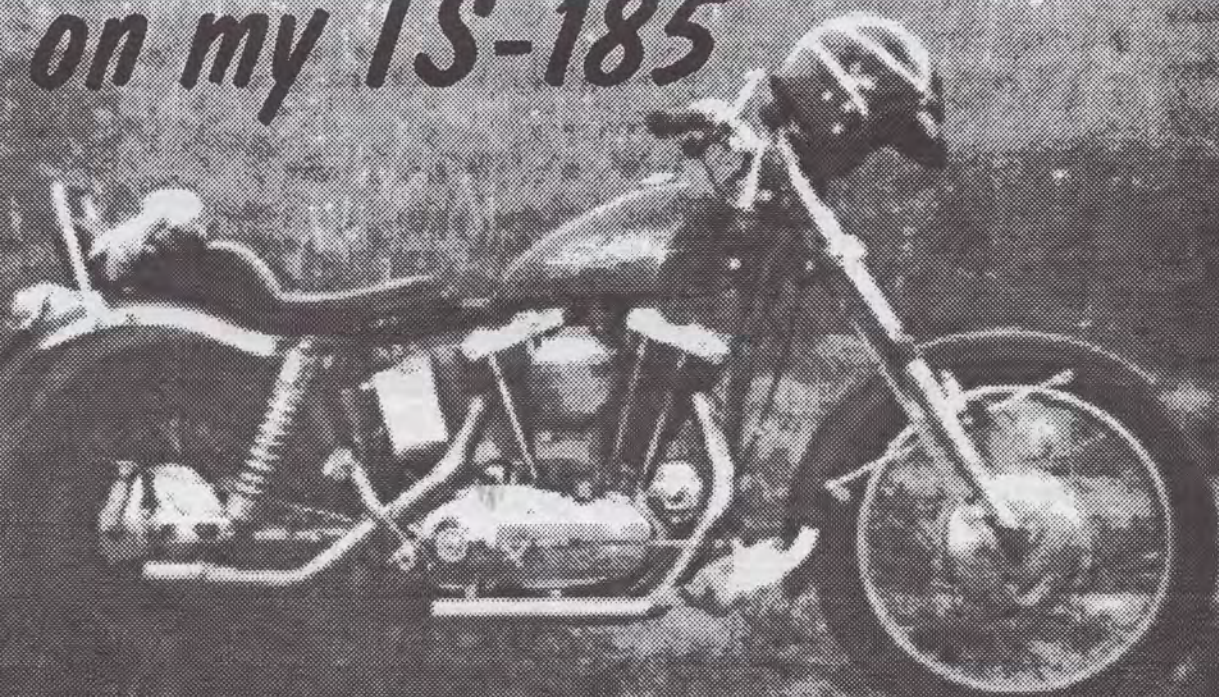
WRUV 90.1 FM

Burlington, VT (CIA Director)

"Your Better Alternative"



THE DAY I MET GG ALLIN on my TS-185



1965 Harley-Davidson Sportster

by Lew
Simpson

I looked at my frost covered, frozen, huge, street legal motorcycles recently, on a cold, cloudy February day as they stood on their centerstands, silently gazing out over the snow and ice from their winter's hibernation shelter. These machines were quietly waiting for the day when their ferocious, high spinning engines would start up and shatter the calm of the valley. I remembered back to my first motorcycle that I owned. It was a day like today, or so it seemed . . .

I glanced over at my freshly purchased, used 1973- SUZUKI- TS-185 and wondered what sort of adventure we were going to experience that first year. This motorcycle had a small two stroke engine, knobby street legal tires and raised dirt bike fenders. The "TS" stood for trail/

street. I sat on the smooth, flat seat and determined that yes, I was going to ride as much as possible that Spring and prepare for a long journey, out of state.

Each day, I patiently waited for the warm springtime air. By late March, things were looking brighter as the first days of Spring loomed ahead. By April, I was regularly riding around the city of Burlington. This 185cc motor had 12,000 miles on the odometer as the 17 horsepower, single cylinder engine huffed and puffed with the greatest of ease. Parking became a non- problem and the 65 miles to a gallon didn't hurt either. Quickly, I learned the shifting sequence and how to operate the meager controls. Buzzing around town became an everyday ritual. Just by chance, I heard about a 14 band, Hardcore/Punk show on

April 26, 1986 at the University of New Hampshire. I decided that this would be the place that I would take the TS-185. So, on the day of the show, I lashed my gear onto my machine and headed out to Interstate 89 South. One of the first things that you notice about riding is the sense of being alone. It's just you vs the world, as most people don't give you a second glance. With the engine in 5th gear, at 65 MPH, the vibrations rattle through the handlebars and foot pegs. The air is rushing into your lungs, as the feeling of exuberance overtakes you. There's so much room to maneuver on the Interstate; it's the big 18 wheeled trucks that flew by me at 80 MPH that had me troubled as I headed south. The motorcycle's range was just 95 miles, so frequent gasoline stops were necessary. But, when your only spending \$2.50 for a fill up, things

could be a lot worse.

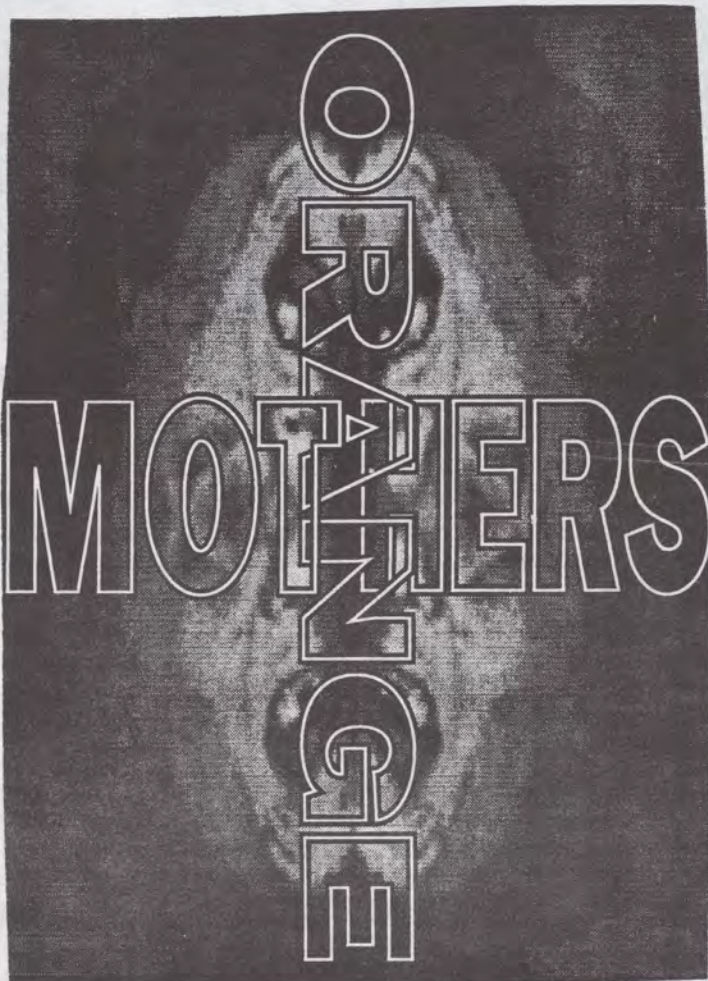
The ride to UNH took 3 1/2 hours as I pulled into the campus parking lot just as the Hardcore/Punk festival was beginning. Locating the show, I made myself at home as the band, 5 BALLS OF FIRE began. The building rocked with high volume, power chords as the slam pit was in full swing. Between bands, I stepped outside to check on the condition of my bike. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw two people approaching me. One guy is wearing a blue jean jacket, pointed black boots, a jock strap and nothing else! He's passing out a leaflet which proclaims "GG ALLIN, EAT MY FUC" LP. Right before me stands the one and only GG ALLIN. He's sizes me up, gives me his leaflet and continues his progress around the show, with woman in hand. The University police Pigs notice him and immediately threaten to evict GG unless he puts some pants on. I walked back into the building as the show continues. PSYCHO, THE SCAM, CANCEROUS GROWTH, NERVOUS

DISORDER, PTL KLUB, STEAKHEADS, MURDERERS, AGROPHOBIC ARRAY, CHRISTA MCAULIFFESASHES, PLEDGE OF RESISTANCE, INSECT REPELLANT, THE INSIGNIFICANCE, all got their turn to play. Each band brought their crowd with them, making for an interesting mix of people. Later, GG reappeared with bottle of booze in hand and started crawling around the floor like a child. The Pigs, already pissed at GG, come over and pick him up and arrest him for disorderly conduct. At 1:00AM the show ends. It started to rain as I made my way to a secluded railroad overpass near the show and lay out my sleeping bag for an uncomfortable night of rest.

At 6:00AM, I woke up, walked to my motorcycle and lashed my gear on. Driving on an early Sunday morning quickly woke me up as I headed for I-89 North. Only a few vehicles passed me in the other direction, as for the most part I had the road to myself. The motorcycle happily dart along as the scenery revealed

large, white colonial homes. The "TS" didn't complain as I stopped for gas and oil in White River Junction. I left the Interstate and followed Rte. 12 to Northfield where I headed North on the Warren mountain road. It was here that the "TS" showed it's strength with it's lightweight and the ability to flick from side to side in the corners. As the road turned to dirt, the motorcycle accelerated crisply in the lower gears. Up the roadside we traveled, until we reached the top of Stark mountain. The little chain driven machine held me back as the curves and contours of the road, descended rapidly downward. At 10:30AM, I arrived back home in Burlington. Later, I made a symbolic ride around town as the "TS" continued on and on and on.

A final note: The TS-185 kept running until I finally sold it with 22,000 miles on her to Mr. Pincher, where he proceeded to drive it another 5,000 miles, and it still runs today!



P.Y.G.

Roast

COMING
IN
MARCH

All You
Can Eat

12 songs
60 minutes



gorge
yourself
on some
slop

contact:
P.Y.G. Roast
P.O. Box 397
Winooski VT 05404

Performances

Into Another



SELECTOR'S CHOICE
CHAMPIONS
242 Main
Burlington, VT
Jan 16, 1993

I walked into 242 Main just as SELECTOR'S CHOICE began. This band with Iceman on bass, K-Don on keyboards and the newly discovered Red Shadow on lead vocals (see RFM #9) played an interesting form of Reggae. This group wailed into some street stuff with Red Shadow putting things into perspective. Some of it came off like a bit like Punk Rap (which I love) and it was cool. This show had lots of different people in attendance because of the mix of the 2 distinctively different styles of music.

The CHAMPIONS were about to begin when Simon came up to me and asked if I had any aspirin. According to him, Joe, their drummer, had the flu and was currently laying on the bathroom floor at 242 puking his guts out. After some time, they got on stage and Joe did look pale as their set began. But just like nothing was wrong the CHAMPIONS roared into their set. After a while you could tell that things weren't

(continued on next page)

INTO ANOTHER / CHAMPIONS
242 MAIN
BURLINGTON, VT
Jan. 30, 1993

The CHAMPIONS opened this gig to a lazy response from the crowd. However, after a few tunes, the crowd caught the groove and began moshing hard. Playing almost all the songs they knew, the CHAMPIONS played one of the best shows I have ever seen them play. Now that the seven-inch is safely out and the band has a stable line-up, the CHAMPIONS have begun what should be the best shows of their career. Anchored by thundering drums (JOE SLABBY), and a wall of strong bass (JETHROKANE), Simon leaped around like a cartoon figure. With almost no talking and a driving sound, the CHAMPIONS burned like the incredible Hardcore band they can be.

INTO ANOTHER just returned from a European tour and a US tour. Their sound was even tighter than the last time they were here (if that is possible). Despite some mike problems, Ritchie sang every song as if it was his last. Tony kicked a few unusual bass solos and even moved a few inches. Petey played his guitar and worked the crowd into a frenzy. Drew played his set like he was beating something vile. Quickly, INTO ANOTHER is becoming one of my favorite live bands.



Champions

Performances

continued from page 29

flowing right, but they didn't show it. This was a good show because it proved that different types of music can unite and all can enjoy.

(Paul Allison)

NO BOTTLES
NO CANS
NO SMOKING
NO CAMERAS
NO TAPE RECORDERS
NO VIDEO CAMERAS

Have a good time!

Your friends.

The Pigface Corporation

PIGFACE/ LAB REPORT

Ira Allen Chapel, UVM
 Burlington, VT
 Jan. 27, 1993

On Sunday, Jan. 24, WRUV.FM was approached to put on a show in Burlington with PIGFACE, the Industrial/Alternative supergroup. Lacking resources and capabilities, WRUV.FM agreed to create a show, find a venue, find the money for the band, sign contracts, make food, house and trouble-shoot. Three and a half days later, (and for many those were 24 hour grueling caffeine-addicted slave driving days) PIGFACE arrived and were hanging out in WRUV's studios.

After many problems were overcome, the doors were opened and over 250 people swept into the Chapel to hear the Industrial grunge that PIGFACE is famous for.

The opening band was LAB REPORT. Apparently, Martin Atkins (oft-times drummer for MINISTRY) lives in a warehouse in Chicago and heard the musicians in LAB REPORT practicing in the middle of the night. "I would be actually shaken out of bed by this insane throbbing noise....", said Atkins. So, PIGFACE asked LAB REPORT to go on tour with them. LAB REPORT sound was powerful and unusual. The guitarist used walki-talkies, magnets, and a power drill to call forth driving sounds from his squealing guitar. Matt Schultz whispered in a distorted voice and played keyboards, plus an A.T.G. (Anti-Tank

Guitar, a seven and a half foot bass guitar with stretched steel cables) all in priests outfits. About 15 minutes into the set, En Esch, (KMFD) came out and started chanting in German.

Soon the set degenerated, as Martin Atkins joined the stage and the rest of PIGFACE followed. PIGFACE erupted into a Hardcore/Industrial jam which energized the lethargic crowd and started the pit. The sets were explosive with the expected upbeat jams and throbbing instruments. The crowd was somewhat calm and would sporadically erupt when the band would hit the right groove. Fronted by Hope, Derrek, and En Esch (FETCHIN BONES, 77 LUSCIOUS BABES and KMFD), the songs were strong and well worked over. The last 5 songs were amazing and the crowd lost it. The Pit was in continuous motion and throngs of people were battered around. Ending with "Suck" and "Hits, Lips, Tits, Power" --PIGFACE trashed Burlington.

All in all, the show was a success and WRUV.FM only lost about a thousand dollars, but it was well worth it. Special thanks must go out to Mari-Anne and Heather who made this show possible.

(King Maxwell)

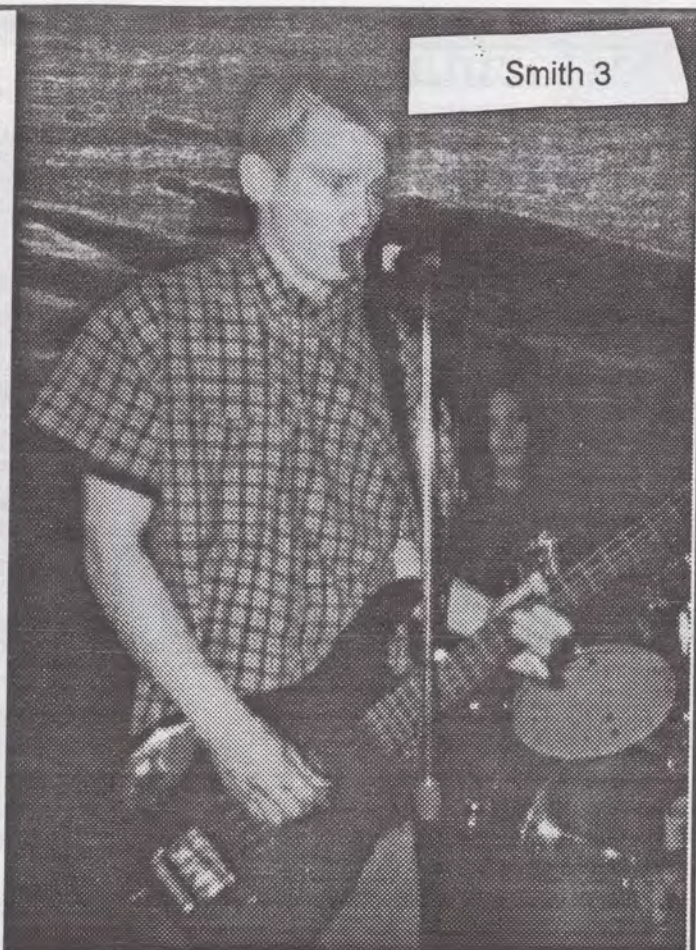
SMITH 3/ STOMPBOX

242 Main
 Burlington, VT
 Jan. 23, 1993

This was SMITH 3's first area show. This band features Shannon on drums. A large crowd showed up as they began playing. The threesome dove right into some killer Punk Rock, with some amazing, fast, quick changes. Each song varied in pace as they wailed right along. There were traces of hardcore, but all in all it was Punk. A large number of Shannon's friends showed up (mostly women) and they were slamming, big time, right in the middle of the pit! Look out for this band in the future.

STOMPBOX from Boston arrived ready

Smith 3



and set to go. This band surprised me as they ripped into some brutal HC. Their singer sounded like DANZIG as the rest of them sounded a bit like SOUNDGARDEN. Each song featured varied speed changes with engaging, angry vocals. 242 exploded into a mass mobile slam pit as bodies flew left and right. After 2 encores, this show came to an end. STOMPBOX has released some material, so look for it around. This was a good show with a large turnout.

(RATDOG)



REVIEWS



SOUNDS

BLACK HAIRY TONGUE

2" Bung Torque

(Cassette)

It starts with a high-pitched electronic stream, resolving into The Tongue Attack - like having a 25-pound bag of potting soil - no, uranium is better - catapulted at you from twenty feet away. This one apparently really is Black Hairy Tongue's last licks, recorded at the beginning of last June at Fun City in NYC, so you'd better rush out and submerge yourself in some exceptional low self esteem. The sound is great, and the material moves from the slow grind grunge of the beginning of "Me & My Gun", to the quicker

twin guitar licks by Pete Painful and Greg on "Zunge". Also, we have a ... novelty song - YES, a novelty song by, yes, BLACK HAIRY TONGUE: "Goldfinger". And it has a trombone on it played by Seth. And it even sounds like Black Hairy Tongue. The performance thru the tape is fine - Seth raves like a maniac, from the King Kong (or something) effects on "Viktor the Cleaner" to the banshee howls on "Hydraulic Mouth". Pete and Greg's twin guitars mesh together for the Tongue attack, with Jason holding down the solid bass foundation. The signature SpotX drum sound lurks menacingly when it isn't clubbing you. Overall, an excellent way to abuse

your aural functions. It will have to do since we probably won't see them live again. A great recording by what's probably the best metal band Vermont has seen. WAIT ... no lyric sheet??? Fuck you! You guys suck!

Review by J. Williamson

BUFFALO TOM

Let Me Come Over

(Scrawny Music)

The first time I ever heard Buffalo Tom was their scorching performance that closed the two-day Vermonstress fest last fall (See RFM #9) where they seriously blew me away. This trio (Bill Janovitz, Tom Maginnis, Chris Colbourn) produces an amazingly high amount of energy and intensity, combining tight rhythms, hard-driving guitars and Janovitz' earnest, straining Elvis Costello-like vocals.

"Let Me Com Over", which contains 13 songs and is a little over 50 minutes long, manages to capture the power of their live sound while also adding depth and polish. The opening chords of "Staples" draw you in immediately while the anguished vocals and hearty lyrics of "Tail-lights Fade" keep you focused. "Velvet Roof", one of the strongest songs on the album, blends heavy rhythms and harmonica with excellent results.

Although the majority of songs on this album are fairly heavy and upbeat, some of the best material features a beautiful mix of acoustic and electric guitar work on songs like "Mineral", "Frozen Lake", and the closing "Crutch" which also contain some very intense lyrics.

In short, you should definitely buy this album and play it loud. In fact, I think it gets better the more you listen to it. Let's hope these guys come back soon.

Review by Tom Huntington

COME

Fast Piss Blues/I Got The Blues

(7 inch single)

Cuddy here with my latest perusings in the alternative minefields. I saw COME at the Sub Pop Event-O-Rama and a half in October at the Club Methadone, and I was blown away. Shedding the Pixie-isms of Velocity Girl and Drop 19's, COME exploded with a visceral blues passion that My Bloody Damaged bands don't even miss. COME actually managed to impress my overloaded ears. "Fast Piss Blues" has a loping 3/4 time (that's waltz time, for all you non-musicians [Ed. - And some of you musicians, too.] and includes a beautiful guitar break of slides backed with arpeggios and feels like drinking 8

continued on next page

shots of Jack and then trying to walk. There is a sleazy Dopy feel until the break which is influenced by Hardcore as well as New York noise before settling back into the drunk groove. Ooooh, I love dynamics. I also love Thalia's voice. She is one of the best soul singers out there today.

Side B is a Stones cover done fairly straight. It emphasizes the sleazy feel of the original but adds little. Thalia did a Stones cover, "Spider and the Fly" on some weird compilation tape I have; I guess she digs the Stones. I do too, but after Pussy Galore's Exile on Main Street, Stones covers are pointless and not even fun. WASTE of vinyl. However, "Fast Piss Blues" is so good that this single is entirely worth buying. COME is a good band and I expect more good work in the future.

Review by Tom Cuddy

P.Y.G. ROAST

The P.Y.G. Roast Album
(Cassette)

Mystic, ominous! This is by far the most interesting creation to emerge in Burlington yet. The songs are well written and produced by the members of the band. Full of eclectic energy, an incredible mix of anger and sarcasm. Ann-Marie's voice brings my soul to fits of poetic orgasm, soft and dark like a sweet nightmare. I'd love to live in her vocal chords! Jamie Williamson's profound lyrics and colorful guitar imagery makes for a demented ride through the harsh political and social mess we've created, coupled with excursions into the netherworld of shamanistic poetry. SpotX's drumming is better than ever, and Dana Demaris blows some of the raunchiest sax I've heard in a long time! Loren Tindall lays down the bass groove rounding out this five piece work of art. Songs like "In Search of the Perfect Death" set the type of atmosphere I like to be in, music and poetry, the dark dream. These musicians



threw their souls into this project and they come screaming back at you when you press Play! If you don't own this cassette, you're sleeping! EXCELLENT!

Review by D. Jarvis.

ALICE DONUT

The Untidy Deaths of Your Degenerate Children

Alternative Tentacles
(CD includes 36 page booklet)

First of all, I've got to warn you that this review includes comparisons with other bands. I know: one of the first things a band says when being interviewed (by Rolling Stone, Kasey Kasem or even RFM) is: "We think our music is unique . . . blah blah blah . . . and we don't think you can really compare us with other bands." For the most part, this is bullshit. It may be the calculated bullshit of the prototypical poseur, or it may be the naive bullshit of someone who just doesn't know any better, but the bottom line is you wouldn't want to step in it. Well, I'm sure there are some warped types out there who actually like stepping in foul-smelling substances, but for the purposes of this review I'm assuming that the average reader isn't one of these people. To be fair, I've played in enough bands to know the frustration of slaving over a set of "original" music only to have some

musical ignoramus come up afterwards and say, "You guys were great! You sound just like [insert name of band most remote from the type of music you just finished playing]!"

On the other hand, there is so little truly original music out there today that to describe a band as "alternative" doesn't accomplish much besides exclude similarities to other established styles of music (classical, big band, etc) and most Lawrence Welk albums. But I guarantee that if you wait long enough, some brainiac will manage to incorporate these influences as well. I also guarantee that said brainiac will be hailed as a genius by college radio types across our fair nation, and ten months later Rolling Stone will smugly announce the beginnings of a new trend.

So where does that leave us (especially those of you who started reading this in hopes of finding some information on Alice Donut's CD)? I assume most people read reviews to determine whether or not they're going to buy a certain album. For these people, it's more helpful to read that a band plays in the same genre as other bands in their collection than to read that the guitars are "loud" and "crunchy". I'm sure if you stand close enough to Chuck Berry's amp, his guitar

is both loud and crunchy, but that doesn't mean I want to waste my hard-earned cash on his latest interpretation of blues-based rock and roll.

The other criteria for buying is thematic content: without reference to lyrics, it's tough to decide whether one shares the Zeitgeist (snazzy German word meaning "worldview"; use it this weekend at Metronome and you won't go home alone) of the artist under scrutiny. Somehow, just knowing that someone feels the same way as I do about this fucked-up world, and sees suicide as the only solution, makes me feel all warm and fuzzy. Of course, if they record more than one album, they're obviously mining a lucrative market niche and should be shot just to make sure they uphold their stated value system. [Ed. - Oh, great: the makings of another Judas Osborne lawsuit. See ya on "Current Affairs".]

More than 'nuff said; on to Alice Donut. With the majority of tracks produced in 1992 by the much-celebrated Kramer (Bongwater et al) and the band at Noise New Jersey, the album starts off with the medium-paced "Magdalene". Layered squeals of feedback, customary drum stick four-count, the rest of the band joining in with the bass carrying more than its share of the load. Without vocal cues, my mind was whirling for comparisons, finally settling on Do It Now Foundation's "Mr. Boston" (I know that's an obscure comparison for you out-of-towners, but if you're reading RFM and haven't ordered any of DINF's tapes or singles, you have no one to blame but yourself). Enter the vocals: hey - they nailed that Perry Farrell technique cold. "Magdalene" tells the story of a 38 year old loser who, after years of working the same deadend job, living in a rented room and stuffing dollars into strippers' G-strings, buys a razor at WalMart and ends it all.

SOUNDS

"Untidy Suicides" is another mid-tempo neo-grunge rocker that continues the self-destruction theme with a tale of two people who like to include near-strangulation as part of their intimate undertakings. Who needs nitrous or coke and all of the requisite apparatus when a simple silk tie or rope holds such potential wonders?

"Every Body Is On Sale" leaves the suicide track, opting instead for the novel idea stated in the title. Talk about cheerful; these guys know how to turn a sunny day gray. Bassist Sissi Hayes takes a turn at vocals here with nice results, although the tune itself does little to raise the level of excitement established by earlier numbers.

An upbeat intro on "Hang The Dog" promises a break from the somewhat trudging groove, and delivers with the added bonus of vocals that would make Geddy Lee smile.

"The Son of a Disgruntled X-Postal Worker Reflects on His Life While Getting Stoned In The Parking Lot of a Winn Dixie Listening To Metallica" is a snappy, bass-laden tune which includes the lyrics "Mom lay bleeding on the sofa / Dad dry heaved in the kitchen" and "One day he'll snap and kill her / Then he'll shoot me while I'm sleeping / Then he'll drive to the office and kill them all before he shoots himself".

"Annie's Empty" is a short number about slitting wrists which revisits the Jane' Ad-diction feel.

Definitely read the short story "Wire Mother" in the accompanying booklet before listening to the song. My only disappointment here was that the song doesn't go into the same detail about the small tentacle-like growth on the girl's vulva (boy, if that doesn't make you run out and get this, nothing will).

Don't mistake the relative negativity of the comments



above as an indication that this is a bad album. On the contrary, the immaculate production and musicianship would put this in the Top Ten list I would compile if I was sitting on Death Row or in some similar situation where I actually had some spare time. If I was reviewing this for one of those magazines which insist on short, one-liner reviews I would say something like this: "I haven't had this much fun revelling in the pits of degradation and depression since I listened to Big Black's Atomizer".

Review by Chris Rosenkreutz



DAVE JARVIS *Surf, Coffee, Sex & Heroin/ Songs of Hate & Loathing* (Vinyl EPs)

Two EPs by former Righteous Bone D. Jarvis, all instruments and voices by Jarvis barring a bass contribution by Mark Crowther on "25 Cups O' Jo". Surf, Coffee, Sex & Heroin opens with "...Jo", concerned mainly with the Coffee part of the EP title - a fast moving song with shades of the Doors, Manzarek-styled organ and all. "Inside You" is a short one providing the Sex theme, followed by "Bucky La Framboise", worked around a slow, heavy-sounding guitar riff with some nice, primitive atmospheric lead guitar.

Songs of Hate and Loathing opens with "Tow Trucks", a rocking song with shades of ... not Tom Cuddy ...yes! Cuddy! "Billy", about a "monkey wrench kind of guy", kicks in with a rather mellow acoustic guitar lick quickly countered by a dark cynical vocal, finally breaking out into a thrash

blast. "The Victim" closes with a hypnotic bass line and some heavily echoed vocals. On the whole, a really good effort (or two) by Jarvis. The Doors/Morrison influence is certainly evident, but not to the extent that it clouds his own individuality. Though the solo performances occasionally keep a song from rocking out as much as it might (at the end of "Billy", for example), Jarvis does generate a very full, haunting sound, doing his very good songs justice. Both are worth repeated listenings and yes, buying when they appear. I'm about to go make a pot of coffee and listen again.

Review by Anonymous Bosch

ROUND FLAT RECORDS *"From Fire To Rust 1492 - 1992 Celebrating 500 years of Glorious Exploitation"*

7 inch 33 1/3 rpm 4 band compilation featuring POWER TRIP, PLATYPUS SCOURGE, CROPDOGS, RAIL.

This gold-colored record starts off with POWER TRIP playing "One Foot In The Grave", a fast jazz ballad with punk rock vocals. Kristy's sax also powers through. Then PLATYPUS SCOURGE plays a song called "Destitution". This is more on the grunge mode. Side one ends with this "Official Government Warning Message" that is so cool! Then CROPDOGS begin side 2 with "Johnny Quest". These 4 guys remind me of early DC bands like GOVERNMENT ISSUE and SOULSIDE. Then RAIL comes on with a powerful song called "Trial". This is a well put together package and the record comes with a slick 2-color booklet offering you pictures of run down factories and broken machinery. Send \$3.50 to: ROUND FLAT RECORDS, 63 LENNOX AVENUE, BUFFALO, NY. 14226.

AXTION RECORDS - *"APOCALYPTIC CONVULSIONS"*

10 inch, 33 1/3 RPM compilation Record.

This 4 song International compilation features THE SCAM,

(continued on page 34)

SOUNDS

continued from page 33

PSYCHO, CEREBRAL CONTUSION and FVK. THE SCAM opens with a brilliant song called 'sic world' where Bill the guitarist starts with this sick crunchy lick and is quickly joined by Eric the vocalist. Blazing fast stuff with brutal changes; this is excellent. PSYCHO puts in a short riff and side 2 begins with CEREBRAL CONTUSION from Harwinton, CT playing fast deathcore grind. Joe's vocals describe a bleak world of a veteran soldier who has become homeless. FVK from Japan rounds out this record with a song called "Good For Health." Crushing fast speed with good crisp changes. Write to: AX/TION RECORDS, P.O. BOX 623, KENDALL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE, MA. 02142.

PSYCHO - "RICHES AND FAME" LP, 12 inch, 33 1/3 RPM, 17 Song Picture Disc Record. This slab contains amazing speed work by this crew from Boston. Frantic Hardcore/Punk with angry, brutal vocals highlight this clear sounding record. Fast interesting changes makes short work of the madness which explodes with each song. Forget what you might of heard of PSYCHO when they played 242 Main in 1988 with shitty equipment, this band might be the standard by which this type of genre is judged by today. This might be worth big money in the future. Send \$8.00 to: Ax/TION RECORDS, P.O. BOX 623, KENDALL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE, MA. 02142.

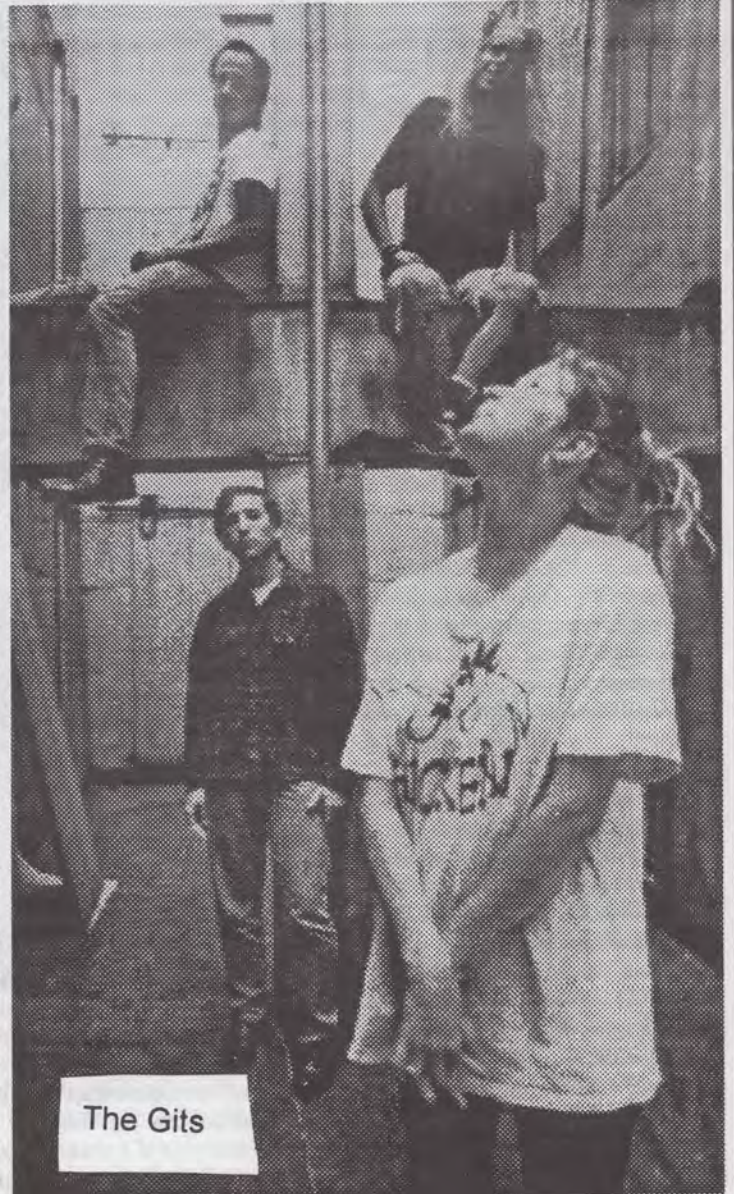
THE GITS - "FRENCHING THE BULLY" LP, 12 inch, 33 1/3 RPM, 12 song Record. This group features Mia Zapata on vocals, Matt Dresdner on bass, Joe Spleen on guitar and Steve Moriarty playing drums. Right from the start, this band rolls quickly with Mia's intense, distinctive vocals. The rest of the band plays fast, driving Punk as this high RPM record

blasts it's way toward mayhem. Favorite cut: Cut My Skin, It makes Me Human. This is brilliant and it's a well put together package. Write to: C/Z RECORDS, 1407 E. MADISON #41, SEATTLE, WA. 98122.

VELOCITY GIRL/ TSUNAMI - "SEASON'S GREETINGS" Split EP, 7 inch, 45 RPM, 2 song record. Side 1 has a song called "Merry Christmas, I Love You", done by VELOCITY GIRL. Smooth crisp vocals, ala Kate Bush, combined with a mellow, acoustic beat. Side 2 has a song called "Could Of Been Christmas", another soft swinging Christmas song. Comes in red vinyl. Write to: SIMPLE MACHINES, P.O. BOX 10290, ARLINGTON, VA. 22210-1290.

JAWBOX - "DIS 77" - 7 inch, 45 RPM, 2 song record Produced by Ian MacKaye. Side 1 begins with "Motorist", even though it says Jackpot Plus on the label, but this is a good driving song. It starts out with a heavy bass line by Kim Coletta and then the rest of Jawbox kicks in. You can definitely hear the "Ian influence" as this band sounds a lot like FUGAZI. Side 2 is a bit faster with crunchy guitars and excellent drumming by El Jefe. Comes with a 4-color, thick sleeve which includes the words. Send \$3.00 to: DISCHORD RECORDS, 3819 BEECHER ST. NW. WDC. 20007-1803.

MYNAME - "MEGACRUSH" LP - 12 inch, 33 1/3 RPM, 14 song Record. MY NAME has been playing around the Seattle area for a few years now. All of these songs contain a Alternative Rock sound but each song is well written and played. There are many interesting changes as singer Abe Brennan is clearly heard in each song. There are no surprises here but a heavy Rock beat backed up with Dave Gleza - drums, Trevor Lanigan - guitar and Robb Williamson on bass. Write to: C/Z RECORDS, 1407 E. MADISON, #41, SEATTLE WA. 98122.



The Gits

THE FONTANELLES - "PUPPYFUR YANK", 3 SONG DEMO TAPE. This tape has a poppy sound to it as these local area boys sound a bit like the CUTS or REM. The lyrics contain primitive rhyming sequences with 2 letter words. The best cut here is "Cave". Call 802-658-9672.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS - "THE DOWNWARD ROAD", 16 SONG TAPE. This band from Toronto Canada consists of 3 guys and one woman. This sounds like 70's Rock, like a cross between JETHRO TULL and THE GRATEFUL DEAD. I was hoping the woman would be singing some of the songs but, she mostly does backup vocals. Available from Mercury Records.

SICK OF IT ALL - "JUST LOOKAROUND", 13 SONG TAPE. This tape starts with a looped tape of Ronnie Reagan repeating "We did not, I repeat, did not trade Arms for Hostages." Then it explodes into hard charging Thrash. This band sounds like other NYC bands BIOHAZARD, AGNOSTIC FRONT, as each song blasts it's way toward urban street justice. Interesting words with excellent speed changes make this one of the best releases ever! Available from Relativity Records.

ADDRESS CORRECTION:
ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
RECORDS - P.O. BOX 419092,
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94141.

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REVIEWS



ZINES

ANTABUSE # 1.

\$2.50, 20 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 2 - color, double stitched, glossy cover Zine. This magazine has a story about a woman coming to grips with having an abortion. Large graphics, with only a few chosen words as the author guides you into the abortion client's waiting/recovery room. Each page has clear, well drawn figures to it. Send \$2.50 to: ANTABUSE, BOX 23, 2300 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94114.

ANTABUSE # 2.

\$2.50, 24 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 2 - color, double stitched, glossy cover Zine. 4 short stories in this issue, containing: SIGNED IN BLOOD, about Child sexual abuse; SHE'S A TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX, a story about KAREN CARPENTER'S disease (Anorexia Nervosa); PEE WEE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, The role model PEE WEE HERMAN set; and MY BURNING BREAST, which describes the fear and pain of a female hitch/hiker as her potential attackers plan rape in a pickup truck. This zine has clear graphic drawings and each page contains chilling reality. Send \$2.50 to: ANTABUSE, BOX 23, 2300 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94114.

CYCLE WORLD - Jan. 1993.

\$2.75, 92 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 4 - color, double stitched, glossy cover Motorcycle Magazine. This issue is dedicated to the extreme heavy hitters, the '93 KAWASAKI SUPER NINJA ZX-11; (Top speed 185 MPH, 10.3 in the quarter, all for \$8000), First test - Liquid Cooled SUZUKI GSX-R1100; (Same as the air cooled '92 only better manners), YAMAHA FZR 1000 by Vance & Hines,

plus letters, race roundup (Team Muzzy/Kawasaki's Scott Russell won the 1992 U.S. Superbike title over Fast-By-Ferracci Ducati's Doug Polen), Service Tips and more. This magazine is written for the mechanical engineer who understands advance technical information but has enough graphs and pictures to keep anyone interested. Also has an article on the extinct, 1936 CROCKER V-TWIN which at it's peak could out-run a HARLEY. Send \$2.75 to: CYCLE WORLD, 1499 MONROVIA AVE. NEWPORT BEACH, CA. 92663.

RIDER - Jan. 1993.

\$2.50, 84 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 4 - color, triple stitched, glossy cover Motorcycle Magazine. This ish has features on, KAWASAKI'S ZR-1100, Touring the island of Malaysia (daytime temperature's in the 90's with many crazy other riders and absurd driving rules), Touring the Great Basin National Park in Nevada, the Cologne Show (Europe's biggest motorcycle show), plus Tech Q & A, Stayin' Safe, book and gear review. Send \$2.50 to: RIDER, P.O. BOX 54961, BOULDER, CO. 80322-4961.

JERSEY BEAT #47.

\$2.00, 68 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 2 - color, double stitched Zine. This long running Zine has interviews with FAITH NO MORE, SCREECHING WEASEL, SENSELESS THINGS, LETCH PATROL and LEMONHEADS. Also has great guest editorial by G.G. ALLIN, and an extensive audio, fanzine review section to it. See how things are faring in New Jersey with this one. Send \$2.00 to: JERSEY BEAT, 418 GREGORY AVE. WEEHAWKEN, NJ. 07087.

PLAYBOY - JAN. 93.

\$5.95, 208 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, glossy 5 - color, book bound magazine. This month's issue contains the BARBI TWINS (Two identical blond twins that stand 5'10" with huge, floppy tits), secrets of a party animal, interview with STEVE MARTIN, and written pieces by JOHN UPDIKE, COLONEL DAVID HACKWORTH, (a totally sick look at the Pentagon's disgusting, wasteful spending habits), PETE HAMILL, DAVID MAMET and ETHAN COEN. Also contains comics, some music reviews and Playboy's Playmate Review!!! Send \$5.95 to: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611.

RIDER - FEB. 93. \$2.50, 92 pages 8 1/2 x 11, 5 - color, triple stitched Motorcycle Magazine. This issue contains a Harley Davidson shootout between the Harley Softail vs. Dyna Wide Glide, comfort comparo 12 rompin' strompin' riding boots, RIDER REVIEW - 1991 SUZUKI

GSX1100G, Escape from L.A. piece and a good article about 2 guys who ride cross country and take pictures of wierd western culture. Send to: RIDER, P.O. BOX 54961, BOULDER, CO. 80322.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL -

Jan 1993, #116, 150 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 2 - color, double stitched Zine. This one contains interviews with the DIESEL QUEENS, NUCLEAR MASTURBATION, SCHLONG, KAREN BLACK, KILLING TIME, CHARTA 77 from Sweden, plus the usual massive scene reports from around the world. Check out the top- 20 lists, record and tape reviews, letters and an interview with a needle exchange outreach program. \$2.00 to: MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, P.O. BOX 460760, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94146-0760.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL -

Feb 1993, #117, 176 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 2 - color, double stitched Zine. This new and expanded edition has interviews with LOS CRUDOS, NAKED ANGELS, ANTISEEN, BIVOVA, HELL NO, SOUR MASH, plus the usual information most everybody in the know should know. See local favorites, CHAMPIONS, BLACK HAIRY TONGUE single reviews in this one. \$2.00 to: MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, P.O. BOX 460760, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94146-0760.

FLIPSIDE #82, 128 Pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 4-color cover, 1-color text, double stitched Magazine. Fresh off their appearance in Newsweek, this issue has in-depth interviews with BUFFALO TOM, COMA-TONES, CREAMERS, LEMONHEADS, SAMIAM, SHOEFACE, SONIC YOUTH, UNDERCITY. Also has long performance reports from different locations in Southern California. Has audio, video, magazine reviews plus letters, top 10 lists and so much more!! \$2.50 to: FLIPSIDE, P.O. BOX 60790, PASADENA, CA. 91116.

NIB COMICS, ISSUE #1, 32 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 1-color, double stitched, Comic adventure. This issue was put together by 2 Art students who attend Parsons Art School of Design. Interesting stories with clear drawn figures to match. Titles include "Tales of Payday", "Nature Is Unkind", "Talking To Fred" a story about playing Atari for hours and hours and suddenly breaking away from this fantasy and rediscovering reality. \$1.00 to: RON REGE JR., 45 CHEROKEE ST. APT #1, ROXBURY, MA. 02120.

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Why I Didn't Go To See ELP

by W.



[Editor's Note: It's not often that a legendary supergroup like ELP graces us with their presence, so many of you may be wondering why this MegaEvent is not gracing the cover of RFM #10. Although our esteemed publisher forbade any further obfuscatory writings about the unsung unhero W., he didn't say anything about reviews.]

It was a hot July night in 1974 and I was fifteen. A carload of us, with the driver in a condition that, give me a few more years, would have kept me from even getting into the car, were making the big expedition to Providence RI to see ELP. Emerson, Lake and Palmer, man! ProgRock GODS! Being the second big concert I'd ever been to (my first brush with deity coming a few months before with Deep Purple), it was really an event. Nor was it just rock 'n' roll, it was higher than that: these guys did classical pieces too. They were, ahem, good musicians, you know, so even the snotty academic music establishment couldn't scoff at them with impunity (or so it seemed at the time). Unlike most rock 'n' roll bands, these guys had a Justification: they brought True Musical Culture to the Ignorant.

It was in the days of Brain Salad Surgery, so the grand strains of that album and its four predecessors were constantly squelching through my speakers, and the epic spell was so strong that they were like Holy Scripture - and I even liked the ones that sucked - yep, I confess, I even liked Trilogies. So seeing ELP wasn't just a rock concert, it was pushing towards a Divine Visitation.

Believe it or not, I wasn't let down. After a boring warm-up band (I can't even remember who it was), the Trinity took the stage, and started with three classical pieces (an important word here: ELP didn't do songs, they performed pieces): a hyped up amphetamine version of Copland's Hoedown, the grand bombast of Jerusalem, and the barrage of grinding, squealing, electronic noise called Tocatta, from a piece by Ginastera. Then an extra-long speed-freak version of Tarkus. All of these emanating from a stage dwarfed beneath a huge screen, with things like the Brain Salad mummy or the Tarkus armadillo tank projected onto it; a stage with so much equipment on it the band could

hardly fit. And the quadrophonic sound system: two huge piles of speakers in the corners of the arena. All this in the days of the early '70s energy crunch. But who cared? These guys were GOD!

Imagine it: a maniac running amok, dividing his time between a bottle of wine and a zillion keyboards, a huge computer with a TV screen peering down on him; Mr. Romantic standing sexy and dignified and aristocratic on his ten thousand dollar Persian rug ("Hum hum, well, you know, hum hum, I really need it, you know, hum hum, cuts down on the chances of electrical shock, you know, hum hum..." - he really said something like that); and Mr. Percussion thrashing on an Olympian sized drum kit - OK, the same rolls every time, but he played them ten times as fast as anyone human.

Then came the acoustic set, just to show ya (or maybe Andre Segovia) that they were good even without all the electronics - and, afterwards, we all admitted that this stuff did prove beyond any doubt that they were indeed Fine Musicians. The lush, melodic strains of Take A Pebble, then white-suited Greg on a stool serenading us with Still You Turn Me On and Lucky Man, then the piano solo by Keith and his bottle of wine (I never understood why it was called piano improvisations on the live album, 'cause the evidence afforded by those nasty illegal bootleg tapes shows he had been playing fundamentally the same solo for at least two years), then the return to Take A Pebble.

Last came the grand magnum opus from the current album: Karn Evil Nine, in three, not parts but Impressions. See, ELP could put together intense concepts, too: KE9 was all about robots and computers and annihilation and all that. It ends like this:

[Human]: I am all there is.

[Computer]: Negative. Primitive. I let you live.

[Human]: But I gave you life.

[Computer]: What else could you do?

[Human]: To do what was right.

[Computer]: I'm perfect. Are you?

Cosmic, huh? Great rhymes, too. Almost like 2001, eh? And when the words stopped, Emerson starts a synth sequence that begins slow and, trippy man, winds around the quad system, speeding up. Meanwhile old Keith grabs his wine, climbs up onto some of his eight-foot high amp stacks, and sits there swilling & flashing peace signs like Ozzie or Dick Nixon. The sequence gets faster, the computer starts swirling around, faster, faster - smoke bomb. Over. We offer you our humble thanks.

Long break ... encore? No encore? Me and a friend decide to split, but before we get far from the doors, oops, the opening of Pictures At An Exhibition! Fuck! We run back, but the doors are being covered by friendly Providence Police Orificers. I see a kid hold up his ticket stub to show he'd paid - BAM! billy club over the head. Oh, to be a martyr for the cause of ELP! I guess I wasn't a true believer, cause I split quick. Fortunately, someone kind-hearted was letting people in at the exit door, so I didn't entirely miss Pictures, and got to see that great, wallowing morass of its climax, gushing like something obscene over 5000 devotees. Got to see Emerson display some of the sounds that result from kicking around a Hammond organ & dumping it on its side. Got to hear Lake sing the Grand Finale: "There's no end to my life / No beginning to my death / Death is Life!" See? They were heavy and metaphysical, too. (Lester Bangs wrote in his review of Pictures: "Hmm... don't know if I like them lyrics. Sounds kinda like Charles Manson to me.")

So the cosmic experience ended. Later in the summer, the grand triple live album appeared, humbly, simply

titled: "Welcome Back My Friends To The Show That Never Ends - Ladies and Gentlemen, EMERSON LAKE AND PALMER." If you folded the cover out, the big silver letters E · L · P could awe you. Same songs as the concert I saw basically (no Pictures plus Jeremy Bender / The Sherriff); the performances weren't really so great, but they were good enough that they could evoke the memory of the Divine Visitation.

After that, ELP disappeared for a couple of years. During those empty times I gradually stopped listening to them. Partly that was because they put no new music out, so I had to settle for the odd live bootleg that came along (usually better performance-wise than the official triple set). Partly, I now know (though it would have seemed Heresy at the time to impugn the obvious fact that they were Great Musicians), it was because their music wore thin much more quickly than others of their ilk - King Crimson or the 5-piece Genesis.

But the grave respect held on long enough that when, in early '77, the empty years came to an end with the appearance of a double album entitled "Works, Volume One" with a Piano Concerto (#1) by Emerson, another Copland piece (Fanfare For The Common Man), lots of orchestra, and a quasi-classical looking cover, I thought, "Ah, yes, no doubt a Fine New Dispensation. Boy, they are getting up there with Bach." Somehow, though, a little guiltily, I didn't rush out and buy it. I borrowed a copy and listened, and still imbued deeply enough with the Myth, Appreciated its Goodness. Somehow ignoring the Greg Lake side, of course. I didn't listen much more, though, and to this day I don't think I'd recognize much beyond the embarrassment of C'est la Vie. I remember Stereo Review wrote it up in their classical recordings section, and bemusedly concluded that it just didn't cut it by these standards. My music teacher (a painful highbrow) came in from the next room when I was playing Piano Concerto #1, said it sounded like a series of classical pastiches thrown together, and laughed when I told him who it was.

But somehow the full absurdity had not quite struck me yet. They booked a huge tour with full orchestra, in order, no doubt, to better Educate the masses in High Culture, but somehow the inter-

est of the public in turning up to ELP Events had waned since the old days. They didn't draw enough people consistently, they lost a pile of money, and had to cancel the orchestra at most shows and play 3-piece. I saw them in Hartford 3-piece, and remember, ironically in light of the ELP High Culture Mission, being glad I was seeing just the 3-piece. It was not quite up to the lofty excesses of '74, but it was OK. And in the band booklet being sold (you know, the old \$10 for 12 glossy pages of photos and quotes) there were some amazing Deep Thoughts. Keith: "When you play, you are the instrument, you are the music." Wow! Intense, man! Greg: "Of all musical gifts, the greatest gift is to be a Singer." Isn't that a sewing machine?

It was at last getting to the point where the slime could no longer be ignored. "Works, Volume Two" came out in the fall of '77, hard on the heels of "Never Mind The Bollocks". It had the song Brain Salad Surgery on it - a song I still actually get a kick out of. But I remembered reading an interview round about '73 where one of the Trinity stated that they hadn't included it on the album of the same name because it wasn't good enough. But it was good enough for an album called "Works"? Hmm ... A friend and I bought a bunch of wine and got smashed, played the album and laughed our asses off for 45 minutes. It was great! But I don't think I listened to it again. Or, if I did, it didn't elicit the same laughter and I got bored and turned it off. Then I saw them in New Haven in February '78. We're-so-good-we-don't-even-have-to-listen-to-each-other. It was terrible. No more to be said. Listen to the single "In Concert" album if you really want to know. I wish we had yelled for Grateful Dead songs like we did at a likewise awful Genesis concert a few months later. The only person with us who liked it could only say how great the light show was. Then: "Love Beach"! I heard it in a record store, thought boy this sucks - oh, it's ELP! You could order off a sheet in the album for Love Beach joggin shorts, sox, headbands - strap-ons? And the Good Music? Need you ask?

From this you can probably tell that I was really into ELP once upon a time. Otherwise how could I write all this shit out of my head? It's all pretty accurate, too. But since '78? I haven't really thought about them much, much less followed them. They're ripe material for stupid jokes, though. Remember Emerson,

Lake and Powell? Wanted: Dinosaur drummer whose last name begins with "P". Har har. When Brent Mydland followed in the tradition of Keith Godchaux and Pig Pen - hey, get Emerson to play keyboards for the Dead!!! Not that I ever heard ELPowell, as far as I know; or the new ELPalmer. I don't even know if there's been another one. So I'm categorically dismissing stuff I haven't even heard? You bet. It's a lot easier that way and certainly more fun. Don't you love lightly dismissing bands with that "not to be dismissed lightly" pose?

On the other hand, probably once or twice a year I have this fit. Nothing can be done till I dredge out Pictures or Tarkus or Knife Edge and blast it at eleven for ten or fifteen minutes. AH HA HA! Noise! The unconscionable sublime mess of ELP! For those ten or fifteen minutes ELP is God again. But then ... the fit is over, to return ... whenever. I haven't had one for awhile.

I made no real effort to see the Memorial Auditorium show. There was a slight twitch of anthropological interest, and I thought maybe I could write a wise-ass review. But, of course, it was \$30. Though Rapid Fire is in command of a vast financial empire, the editor turned down my request for a magazine-sponsored ticket. Pay for it myself? \$30? I saw them for \$5.50 in '74! I didn't go. Dave Jarvis told me they only filled half of Memorial (at least Tull and Deep Purple sold out), and that they (he was more polite) sucked. [A week later: in all honesty, I've now heard a couple of good reports.]

I felt bad that I couldn't review the concert. But then, I thought, I could still be a wise-ass and write about why I didn't go. Why not? Well, the money, for one. I decided to go to NYC, for another. (Classic: don't you love the idea of seeing the name of a band of erstwhile '70s megastars blazoned on a small, dirty marquee outside Springfield's Paramount theater? It's more Spinal Tap than Spinal Tap!)

But more than that, ELP was early '70s. I really don't believe much of anyone would go to see them except to hear them play music from albums that came out 20 plus years ago. But that's not just ELP, it's also the Stones, the Who, whatever. When punk arrived in '76 - '77, ELP was dated and were apparently unable to do anything about it. What have they done since? Works?! ASIA!!! Good God, seeing them now is kinda like seeing reenactments of

Revolutionary War battles at Shelburne Museum. Almost like Beatlemania.

In their day, ELP was great at spewing a furiously manic wall of demented noise at you. I remember Lester Bangs' review of Pictures, and he said he loved it because it was completely ridiculous, tasteless excess, great for jumping around and smashing your fist into the wall to. Now that is what made ELP great - they were actually punks in disguise. Unfortunately, they didn't see through the disguise themselves, and when the energy wore down (by '77 it was gone), there was nothing left but a quasi-highbrow image. You have "an evening with" ELP. Some can still say, with conviction, "they are Good Musicians."

Not me. And was their music ever really Good? If adapting themes from classical pieces from Bach to Bartok makes you Good, I suppose so. If being able to play really fast makes you good, I suppose so. But, you know, I listen back to albums by bands like the original Alice Cooper, Black Sabbath, and so on, early '70s albums by the bands ELP saw themselves (apparently) as "rising above", and alot of the time the arrangements and group playing are just as good if not better than ELP's. Love It To Death is just as "Good" as Tarkus. But who cares? That was never the point, or shouldn't have been. But ELP seems to have thought it was, and it did them in. At least Procol Harum or the early Genesis kept a healthy bith of self-mockery in store on their grandiose escapades, but ELP just became ... a pose. And a boring one.

I'm not very interested in seeing a pose, or going on a nostalgia trip. ELP would do themselves more credit just by staying away (ditto Stones, Who, etc). I remember John Lennon in 1980 thinking back at how in 1970 everyone criticized the Beatles for breaking up while the Stones kept on. Then he said: "But now who's laughing at the Beatles and who's laughing at the Rolling Stones?" Same for ELP. When the fit comes, I can experience the coagulated, slobbering glory over my stereo, I don't need to pay \$39 to see three aging stars trying to pretend they're something they were 20 years ago. The records, at least, won't let me down.

Studio Buzz:

Amendment Studios



Hidy, Hidy, Ho - from Amendment studios!

U.A.F. The Unlimited Band, came to my studios last summer, for a get-back-together rehearsal. Two of the fellows are still in college; Adam Huff attends Champlain, Geoff goes to Trinity p/t, and Dwayne is married & working. In the band, Adam plays lead/rhythm guitar & harmonica, Geoff is the lead singer, and Dwayne is the versatile drummer. Anyway, the guys left me a fun demotape that's filled with original lyrics, and a variety of sounds! All 13 tunes have great titles, are short and to the point. So here goes-

1. Corrupting the Nile - displays Adam's haunting blues/folk-rock harmonica solos,
2. The Jug Head Song - is a rhythmic, weird rap-like piece,
3. The Girl In The Ginger Suede - is a rhythm & blues/sexy rock piece, that highlights Geoff's lusty, young voice (sort of a cross between Mick Jagger and U2's Bono),
4. Do You Want To Hold Me - definitely presents the band's Rolling Stones influence,
5. Frank Johnson - proves that these guys can write a tune about anything!
6. Queen Mama - is a moving rock ballad about an older woman finding new love in the Spring,

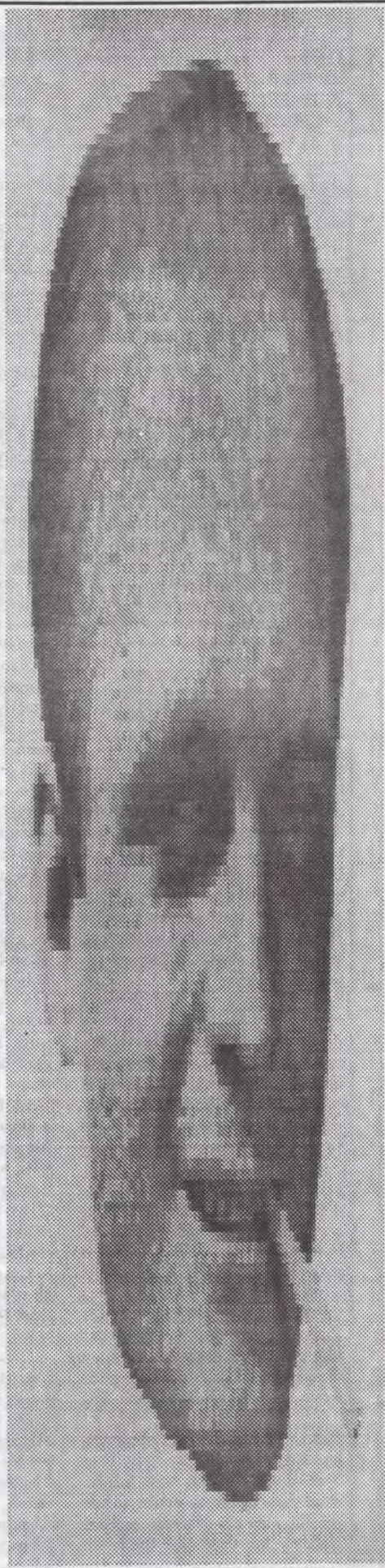
7. Every Day Is Pay-Day - Sometime Soon - is a social reflective song, looking towards an uncertain future,
8. Choosing Your Fate - rather plain, but rhythmically experimental,
9. With You In Mind - is about a young man's struggle to leave his love, and follow his destiny,
10. Strawberry Pancakes - is the 1st real punk-a - delic tune, great!
11. Sex Room - another young guy fantasy-thing - but are they sincere?
12. Punker Music - another vocal & percussion experiment (Frankly - I don't believe most young adults really know what punk is! 'Hail Sid Vicious')
13. The Coat-tails of Time - is about being stuck in a lifestyle nobody likes - but everyone gets by in their own way.

All in all, these kids are good. Dwayne's drumming is never boring or over-powering - kudos to a real drummer that listens! They could all benefit from some vocal lessons by me. As well as hopefully incorporating a bass player or keyboardist. Good luck guys!

To make contact, call me at 482-3632.

Be True,

KELSEY LYON - HAYDEN



RINA BIJOU.

continued from page 17

theme to your music or if it's all nonsense.

Neil: I'd say the lyrics tend to deal with sort of, somewhat rather than just political, they're about social interaction. Sometimes they're shooting for a cinematic type of quality.

Andy: There's meaning, but you need to find it for yourself.

RFM: *So we really need words?*

Andy: Yeah, they need to be studied very carefully.

Max: They represent macro type issues in a personal dreamstate.

Rina: Kind of ... sort of ... maybe ... kind of sort of ... yeah.

TJ: I think the words are really good and I wish people could understand them. That's one of our goals.

Neil: You begin to understand more the more you hear a single song. If you heard the song five times in a row at the same setting, instead of once over twenty-five minutes.

Max: Neil isn't used to speaking in English, so this is hard for him.

Andy: 'Cause he's from Rutland.

Neil: So they're kind of abstract.

RFM: *They are what the interpreter wants them to be. Have you been thinking about putting a tape out? That would be a way for people to hear your songs many a time.*

Andy: We have, but we're trying to decide on the format of the tape.

TJ: I think we'll do some live DAT tapes. Our sound is better live than in the studio at this point.

RFM: *You release a lot of energy when you're live.*

Max: We tend to be very spontaneous musically. And it's not that we're great improvisers, but we leave a lot of open spaces in our music for us to jump on those opportunities to see whatever will happen. I think that separates us from a lot of the rap that's around today.

RFM: *Do you want to be classified as a rap band?*

Neil: We prefer not to be classified at all. There are elements to us that will turn off any hard core listeners of any style.

TJ: If you are open to music and appreciate different styles our music will appeal to you. The changes will be received well.

Neil: Each of us has been influenced by many styles of music.

Oliver: No member of our band owns a Red Hot Chili Peppers album.

Max: It's really easy to see white rappers and say "Red Hot Chili Peppers". But I don't think that is evident.

Neil: We've been compared to every band in rap and jazz. Some combination of them.

[*Note: A million bands were discussed to compare these guys to. They are Rina Bijou, say no more.*]

RFM: *What do you guys think of Burlington's music scene?*

Max: It's really inviting and productive at this stage. It seems like it's at a starting point.

Neil: It's as if another band gave people ideas. It seems like Peg Tasse and Do It Now started something, and now they're gone. We now find ourselves in a vacuum where we feel there are a lot of opportunities.

TJ: It seems like there are a lot of bands that are just getting their wheels going.

RFM: *It seems like when bands do get their wheels going, they leave town. Do you think the people of Burlington can support this kind of music?*

Andy: We're hoping.

Max: Traveling is going to be necessary at some point. And we all want to do that, too. I would love to expand a market. But we realize Burlington as a very comfortable place to live, and a place that has been very supportive to us. When we are ready, we'll branch out.

Sounds, continued from p. 34

THE GUILT

"AIN'T TOO PUNK ENUFF"

30 SONG TAPE.

Here we have a band from Southwestern Pennsylvania, that churns out fast, original, Punk Rock. There's nothing here that will scare your parents, but the driving beat maintains a good standard. These guys have been playing together for 5 years and it really shows! They also have 2 other cassettes out and a 7" Record.

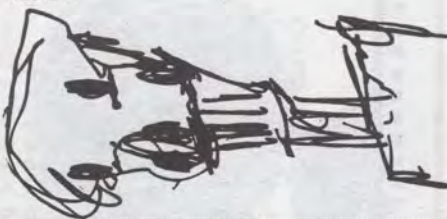
Send \$3.00 to: TEUTONES TOONS, 240 WINONA AVE. WASHINGTON, PA.15301.

SINKHOLE BAND

"LIVE AT THE STUDIO"

8 SONG TAPE.

This band sounds like early HUSKER DU meets YOUTH BRIGADE. Fast paced beats and good vocals on this one. My only complaint was the non-caring attitude by some members of the band. Write to: SINKHOLE BAND, JON CLARK, 9 MAPLECREST ST. NEWMARKET, NH. 03857.



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The best medicine comes from Mother Earth.

Zines continued from page 35

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL - March 1993, #118, 177 pages, 8 1/2" x 11", 2-color, double stitched Zine. These guys can't stop printing bigger and better issue's! This one contains scene reports from Southern California, Colorado, Arkansas, Nevada and the Baltics. Let's not forget the letters, Columns, Question of the Month; "How do you feel about Punk Bands signing to major labels?" Has interview with Lou Giordano, Engineer/Producer from Boston who recorded local Punks the WARDS, who even say's in the interview "As a staff engineer, I took anything that came in the door, from the worst new wave techno to punk bands who drank so much they couldn't stand up (The Wards)." This issue contains a letter from Moo Cow fanzine and a killer review of RFM #9! \$2.00 to: MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, P.O. BOX 460960, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94146-0760.

MOO COW FANZINE - 2 Page Newsletter, 11" x 17", Copied. This newsletter contains info about VT. shows, OI FEST in Mass, plus a long audio review section. King Maxwell piece and "Why doing drugs the first time is like losing your virginity", round out this issue. Write to: MOO COW FANZINE, 53 LARCH CIRCLE, BELMONT, MA. 02178.

SOUNDVIEWS #22 - 32 Pages, 8 1/2" x 11", 1-color, double stitched, Music Fanzine. This issue contains interviews with BAND OF SUSANS, TELEVISION, BRUTAL TRUTH (Featuring DAN LILKER formerly with, ANTHRAX, S.O.D., NUCLEAR ASSAULT). Also, contains Views Around Town (NYC), Audio Reviews, all clearly laid out and professional. Send \$1.50 to: SOUNDVIEWS, 96 HENRY ST. SUITE 5W, BROOKLYN, NY. 11201.

NEW YORK PLANET - Vol. # 1, Number 5, 20 Pages, 16" x 23", Newsprint. This Newspaper has News, Issues, Interview with Polish Feminist MALGORZATA TARASIEWICZ, plus Arts, Theater, Music reviews. Center pages has Political Mumia comics strips by SETH TOBOMAN. Write to: NEW YORK PLANET, P.O. BOX 20081, NYC, NY. 10009.

WORKING CLASS HERO #4 - 40 Pages, 8 1/2" x 11", 1-color print on colored paper, triple stitched, Zine. This interesting Zine is a collection of letters, reviews and articles. It has long stories about a variety of subjects, Oliver Stones movie on JFK, Is Aids Man Made?, A letter from MONDO 2. Also has comics, some band reviews and enough reading material to keep one satisfied. Send \$1.00 to: WORKING CLASS HERO, 418 PENISULA DRIVE, ERIE, PA. 16505.

BAKERS DOZEN #4 - 48 Pages, 7" x 8 1/2", 1-color, double stitched, Zine. Here is the Unscene issue containing poetry, comics, Interviews with bands, DARK HORSE, CANDY APPLES, HEDGEHOG, SLANT 6, FIENDMASTERFREAK plus more. Also, has stories about "When the dog's bite", "The Corset", a history story about this garment which was extremely popular 100 years ago and worn by both sexes! This is a fun filled Zine and one to get. Write to: BAKERS DOZEN, 849 C-ALMAR AVE #154, SANTA CRUZ, CA. 95060.

PLAYBOY, March 1993. 172 Pages, 8 1/2" x 11", 5-color book bound Magazine. This issue has an amazing yellow and black cover and a great interview with author ANNE RICE. Ron Ridenhour recalls the heroes who remembered the horrors of the MY LAI MASSACRE; a funny piece about the company that owns MTV and it's money problems; and an article about how the Republican right wing is fucked. Miss March, Kimberly Donley is a sweet, long haired blond that really knows how to fence! A story about STRIP CLUBS GO UPSCALE and don't forget the comics, Playboy Party jokes and so much more. Send \$4.95 to: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, IL. 60611.



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ONE MAIN STREET
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

NEW RELEASES

FEBRUARY 1
TAR/JAWBOX

"STATIC" (SPLIT 7" SINGLE)

TOUCH AND GO/DISCHORD - TG113/DIS77.7

FEBRUARY 22
THE JESUS LIZARD/NIRVANA

"PUSS" / "OH, THE GUILT"
(SPLIT CD SINGLE, 7", CS)
PULL LP/CD/CS
MULE LP/CD/CS

TOUCH AND GO - TG83

ARCWELDER
MULE

TOUCH AND GO - TG108
QUARTERSTICK - QS15

MARCH 8
TAR
SEAM

CLINCHER 12" EP/CD/CS
KERNEL CD EP/CS EP

TOUCH AND GO - TG109
TOUCH AND GO - TG 112

MARCH 22
ROYAL TRUX
PAVEMENT

SELF-TITLED (RE-ISSUE OF FIRST LP) CD/CS
WESTING [BY MUSKET & SEXTANT] LP/CD/CS

DRAG CITY - DC5
DRAG CITY - DC14

APRIL 19
POLVO
VARIOUS

TODAY'S ACTIVE LIFESTYLES LP/CD/CS MERGE - MRG040
LOVE AND NAPALM LP/CD/CS

TRANCE SYNDICATE - TR15

MAY 17
GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

"BULLETPROOF CUPID" 7" SINGLE

TOUCH AND GO - TG115

SLINT
PIGFACE

TWEEZ LP/CD/CS (RE-ISSUE)
"WASHING MACHINE MOUTH" CD/CS SINGLE

TOUCH AND GO - TG138
INVISIBLE - INV021

JUNE 7
DON CABALLERO
BIG BOYS

TBA 7" SINGLE
COMPILATION #1, COMPILATION #2 CD/CS

TOUCH AND GO - TG119
TOUCH AND GO - TG98.99

For more information, contact: Noelle G
312-463-8316 / 312-463-08



Austin, Texas band **JOHNBOY** are the latest addition to the Trance Syndicate roster. They have short hair and a new 7" single. Their Trance debut will be on the *Love and Napalm* compilation album due out April 19th which will also feature tracks from all the other Trance'n' artists. Look for the **JOHNBOY** album, *Pistolwhing*, in June. *Invisible* will be releasing a **PIGFACE** EP of remixes in the first half of '93.

On the domestic front, Mac from **The JESUS LIZARD** is now the proud father of a brand new daughter named *Elsa Nell*. He'll be taking some time for shows though as **The JESUS LIZARD** head out on the road with *Helmet* in April. For details on this and all our other bands' touring schedules consult accompanying tour booklet.

April is studio month for several bands: **TAR**, the **DIDJITS**, and **SEAM** all go into the studio to record full-length albums for fall release. **TAR** and the **DIDJITS** will have the expertise of the ubiquitous Mr. Albini on hand while **SEAM** will go in with Brad Wood (of *Idraul Studios*) for their efforts. All three bands will record in our fine city of Chicago. **FLOUR** and **BRICK LAYER CAKE** are working on new records. **THE LEE HARVEY OSWALD BAND** will release their 2nd album *A Taste of Prison* sometime soon on Touch and Go.

KILDOZER are putting the finishing touches on their long-overdue album...look for it sometime early this summer. The two **BIG BOYS** compilations we've been promising will be out late in the Spring as well. They are as yet untitled though they will be arranged chronologically (early stuff on one cd/cs, later stuff on the other). Liner notes from Thurston Moore, Ian MacKaye and a cast of thousands are mounting as you read this just wait 'til you read J. Robbins' (of *Jawbox*) haiku (?). And...at long last we will be re-issuing **SLINT**'s first album, *Tweez*, which was originally released on Jennifer Hartman Records.

GIRLS against BOYS are new members of the Touch and Go clan. The band began as a side project in Washington, DC between ex-Soul Side members Scott McCloud, Alexis Fleisig, and Johnny Temple along with producer/engineer Eli Janney. **GIRLS against BOYS** have released two EPs on Jeff Nelson's Adult Swim label. **GIRLS against BOYS** have since developed into a full-time band and have been touring and are completing work on their new album with Eli and Ted Nicely producing. Their debut single "Bulletproof Cupid" will be released May 17th. Pittsburgh's **DON CABALLERO** will release their Touch and Go debut single on June 7th. **The Caballeros** are an instrumental band who have the grooves of a hip Breadwinner and the all-out intensity of the under-appreciated Dutch Band Gore. Our friend and yours (good ole Steve Albini) recorded their upcoming album...you have been warned.

HAPPENINGS

TOUCH AND GO RECORDS
AND DISTRIBUTED LABELS

Sexley's
Believe...!!**
*** * SHOCKING !!****
*** * Nuts!**
 by Ace Backwards ©93



THE COMIC STRIP THAT
 MADONNA WOULD DO
 ANYTHING TO KEEP
 UNPUBLISHED!!!!!!
 (...WELL, ALMOST ANYTHING...)

MADONNA!
 THE UNAUTHORIZED
 COMIC STRIP!!

MADONNA WASTED LITTLE TIME GETTING STARTED ON HER CAREER AS A PROFESSIONAL SEX BABE... AS A HIGH SCHOOL CHEERLEADER SHE WOULD SHOCK THE JOCKS BY WEARING FLESH-COLORED PANTIES!!



AFTER BECOMING A STAR, MADONNA MADE A HABIT OF CRUISING THE UPPER EAST SIDE IN HER LIMO, AND PICKING UP YOUNG PUERTO RICAN GUYS WHO CAUGHT HER FANCY!!



MADONNA HAD A BRIEF FLING WITH PRINCE, BUT FOUND HIM TOO "FRAGILE" AND "DELICATE"...SHE SAID: "I WENT TO HUG HIM AND I THOUGHT HE'D SHATTER IN MY ARMS."



PRIVATELY, SHE CALLED HIM "THE MIDGET"

ANOTHER ODD COUPLE WAS MADONNA AND JOHN KENNEDY, JR!! MOTHER JACKIE O. MUST HAVE FELT LIKE SHE'D SLIPPED INTO SOME WEIRD TWILIGHT ZONE TIME-WARP, BACK TO THE DAYS OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND MARILYN MONROE'S AFFAIR 25 YEARS EARLIER!!



IN RESPONSE TO HUSBAND SEAN PENN'S "BRAT PACK" OF YOUNG, MALE HELL-RAISERS, MADONNA AND PAL SANDRA BERNHARD FORMED THE "SNATCH BATCH"... THEY ENJOYED SHOCKING WARREN BEATTY BY GOING OFF TO THE LADIES ROOM AND EMERGING WEARING EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES!!



AMONG FEMINISTS THE DEBATE RAGES: TO GLORIA STEINHEM, MADONNA REPRESENTED THE STEREO TYPE OF WOMEN FORCED TO EXPLOIT THEIR SEXUALITY TO GET AHEAD... TO CAMILLE PAGLIA SHE REPRESENTED A TRULY LIBERATED WOMAN WHO TOOK CONTROL OF HER OWN SEXUAL PLEASURE!!



GOOD CLEAN FUN

GENE MAHONEY
P.O. BOX 843
REDWOOD CITY, CA 94064
(415) 266-9275

by Gene Mahoney

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I'VE GOT TO SCORE!
TO WIN THIS
WORLD CUP FOR MY
COUNTRY! MY FAMILY-



WEMBLY!!!!
WAKE UP!!!
YOU'RE HAVING
A DAYDREAM!!



NOW RELAX AND LISTEN-
YOU'RE NOT ANYONE
FAMOUS OR IMPORTANT!
YOU'RE JUST A PATHETIC,
INSIGNIFICANT NOBODY
WHO WON'T BE
REMEMBERED
FIVE MINUTES
AFTER YOU DIE!!



WHEW!!
IT
SEEMED
SO
REAL.



HOW MANY
TIMES HAS
THIS
HAPPENED
TO YOU?.



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GOOD CLEAN FUN

AND NOW, FOLKS...
THE MOMENT YOU'VE
ALL BEEN WAITING FOR...
THE LAST
OFFICIAL TRIBUTE
TO THE SIXTIES!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY
MEDIA-HYPE™!
MAKERS OF
THE
KENNEDY
MYSTIQUE.

HEY, I JUST READ THAT ARTICLE ABOUT KEN KESEY IN
VANITY FAIR. HE STILL DROPS ACID. NO ONE WRITES
LIKE HIM NOWADAYS. AND NO ONE WRITES SONGS LIKE
DYLAN. AND EVERYONE'S SO APATHETIC TODAY. IN THE
'60'S WE TRIED TO CHANGE THE WORLD - SO WE BOUGHT
DOPE WITH THE MONEY MOMMY AND DADDY SENT US AT
COLLEGE, THEN GRADUATED AND GOT HIGH-PAYING JOBS
AT IBM. BUT NO ONE CARES ANYMORE - EXCEPT ME.



©1992 MAHONEY

SORT OF PUTS A LUMP
IN YOUR THROAT, EH
BABY BOOMERS?. I
GUESS THE GRASS IS
ALWAYS GREENER ON
THE OTHER SIDE.
NYUK! NYUK! PEACE.



- COMING UP:
HEY, MAYBE THE '70'S
WEREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL...

GOOD CLEAN FUN

WHAT'S THAT? YOU'RE
DEPRESSED? GEE, THAT'S
TOO BAD. YOU OUGHTA
DO WHAT I DO WHEN
I GET DEPRESSED -
I COUNT MY BLESSINGS!
THERE'S LOTS OF THINGS
TO BE HAPPY ABOUT!



LIKE MY FAMILY! EVERY
CHRISTMAS WE HAVE A
FAMILY REUNION WHERE
WE ALL GATHER IN FRONT
OF THE T.V. IN SILENCE.
WE NEVER CALL EACH
OTHER - BUT, HEY - LOVE
MEANS NEVER HAVING
TO PICK UP THE PHONE!



©1992 MAHONEY

AND MY FRIENDS! THEY'RE
GREAT! WE LOVE EACH
OTHER SO MUCH!
EVEN THOUGH WE TALK
BEHIND EACH OTHERS'
BACKS ALL THE TIME.
BUT, HEY - IF WE WERE
HONEST WITH EACH
OTHER WE MIGHT NOT
BE FRIENDS ANYMORE, RIGHT?



SO JUST YOU
KNOCK OFF THIS
"I'M A MISTER
SOURPUSS"
NONSENSE!
GET HAPPY!
NOW GET OUTTA
HERE, YA MANIAC!
I'LL KILL YA!



Hey Kids! Don't Touch That Dial, It's Time For... MONSTER RAT'S Radio Rant



It's been 6 issues since RFM has reviewed the local area radio stations (see RFM #4). There have been many ownership and format changes, so here we go.

WVMT. 620 AM - This is the oldest AM radio station and they have changed their format to include a larger Talk Radio audience. LARRY KING (12:30 to 3:00 PM), JIM BOWHANAN (11:00 TO 5:00 AM) and GIL GROSS (8:00 to 11:00 PM) are all national syndicated programs and all have interesting guests, plus open phone. Local great JACK BARRY, (20 years on talk radio) is on 10:00 to 12:00 AM. Lots of sports programs including BOB COSTAS, ESPN (THE SUNDAY BRUNCH BUNCH), UVM hockey, basketball, Auto Races, plus weather 100 times a day.

WKDR. 1070 AM - This station is going to 1390 AM as soon as the FCC grants it's application. This is the Talk station and it begins the morning with The MANNO and CONDOM Show. For the most part these guys are funny, but sorry, Jim: we've officially changed your name from "Condon" TO "Condom" as in, "WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT THE FUCK UP AND PUT A JIM CONDOM ON YOUR MOUTH". Then comes MARK JOHNSON who is this nerdy jerk who really needs to expand his reading list since he knows just about nothing about anything. After I sent him 3 is-

sues of RFM he tells me he looked at a few articles and that he doesn't understand the local music scene. I mean, How can you be so disinformed? Also, he needs to polish his interviewing skills because he asks the stupidest questions and he will go on and on and not let his audience in on who's he's interviewing. THE DOCTOR DEAN EDELL SHOW is good and then comes RUSH "BLABBERMOUTH" LIMBAUGH. This is a good example of a modern-day right wing Nazi crewcut faggot. This fat, overweight, white, racist redneck who preaches right wing paranoia hate, needs to be shut off, forever. THE ALAN COMBS SHOW helps to balance the afternoon programming. Check out CAR TALK with Steve Doney - Saturdays (9:00 to 10:00 AM), the LOCKER ROOM SHOW and THE JOY HOPKINS SHOW (12:00 to 1:00 PM) on Saturdays.

WJOY. 1230 AM - This station plays "music of your life" (oldies from the 40's, 50's and 60's) and carries CNN NEWS on the hour. This station has been in decline for a few years now and last year they dropped the Red Sox and Celtics.

WIZN. 106 FM - The Classic Rot oldies station playing overkilled Schlep Rock from the 60's and 70's. Boring self centered announcers insisting on repeating station call letters over and over. Designed to make people stupid. My inside sources inform me that Dave Parker and part timer Matt

Engels are fair and the 1 hour Reggae and Metal Shows per week help a little. Also, the COACH is a better DJ than UVM Basketball Coach! For the most part, stay away from this, especially Steve Cormier's show.

WNCS. 104.7 FM - This crew has been in the local area for 2 years and this station bores us with safe mainstream rock mixed with 70's Classic Rot. There's no diversity to any of it. You get the picture.

WGFB. 100 FM - This station plays soft light Rock. Huge 100,000 watts of power disappoint us, not to mention the goofball announcers. They did carry some sports but decided to be a little more closed minded and just play robot type stuff.

WOKO. 980 FM - The Country station playing the top 40 New hits of Country. If you haven't heard this yet, my inside sources say it's very similar to light 70's Rock Music. Bass, Electric Guitar and Drums with Country vocals. Needs to play more of the older Country material like "Crazy" by PATSY CLINE that didn't get airplay when it first came out.

WDEV. 550 AM, 96.1 FM. This station plays the same thing on both AM and FM. Lots of sports including the Celtics, Bruins, Red Sox, high school games galore. Lot's of regional, local national News. This is the first time that a FM station has carried a regular sports schedule that has reached the Chittenden

County FM audience. Check out the "Old Squire" as he tells stories from the past. Could do without the horrible music and replace it with Talk or more sports programming.

WXXX. 95.0 FM. You'll love these guys if you're 10 years old. Plays MADONNA, MICHAEL JACKSON and all the hits from MTV. Also, has inane DJs that tell you what station you're listening too. Like, awesome, dude.

WEZF. 93.0 FM. More robot, light Rock, safe music from the 60's, 70's 80's and today. Annoying, boring, pathetic announcers. Don't listen to this. **WMMM. 92.1 FM**. Before I tell you what this station plays, turn your dial to 92.1. They play Adult, Contemporary, relaxing music that hasn't been overplayed on other stations. Bright, Fresh stress-free entertainment that will change the formats of other FM stations. Watch out for this one!

WRUV. 90.1 FM. Waiting for report from KING MAXWELL.

WWPV. 88.7 FM. This Saint Michael's College radio station has changed its programming to be more college oriented than the "Rock Mother" which it used to go by. Try to catch the Rap, Hardcore/Punk/ Metal shows which happen more and more frequently. The DJs change shifts every 3 hours.

WRUV: GOD'S HOPE FOR AMERICA?

WRUV. 90.1 FM. The Radio Station of the Goddess. WRUV. FM is Burlington's alternative radio station. Traditionally the radio station of the University of Vermont, it's goal is to provide types of programming that cannot be traditionally heard on other stations. This means WRUV plays Hip-hop, Blues, Hardcore, Punk, Disco, Techno, Rock'n'Roll, Ska, Funk and lots of other music. We are a free-format, positive, 460 watt radio station of throbbing power, lunging into your homes with the distinct purpose of robbing you of your soul.

My number one favorite DJ and my totally favorite show is DJ Pat da OC Hamster's show, "Mainstream Radio". On Fridays from noon to three, Pat plays the craziest shit I have ever heard play on the radio. Pat will mix NUCLEUS with the Muppets and then play the DEAD KENNEDY'S. Warning to those unaware: Pat's show is very random. Probably because I love Hardcore, I love Jesse's "Diddler on the Roof", on Sundays 11PM-2AM. Jesse is a great guy and an amazing DJ. One of the most consistently great shows on WRUV, Jesse plays Hardcore, Punk, Industrial, some Grungy and whatever seems to please him. The amazing thing about his show is it always seems to fit my mood. If you are a late night person, "DJ Frenzyhead" is probably your hero. From 2-4AM on Friday morning, DJ Frenzyhead plays a vicious mix of metal (good shit) Punk and Thrash. His show will definitely vary (wouldn't yours if you were on the radio at 3:27 in the morning) and probably include some MISFITS songs. On Saturdays from 9AM - Noon, Rex plays a great mix of Hardcore and varied humorist stuff. He also includes some old metal to make his

listeners feel good. Wednesday on WRUV are a killer day. WRUV'S famous Reggae Lunch is on from 11:30 - 1:30 hosted by Animus Instinctus and Doctor Tuna. From 1:30 - 3PM, Dr. Tuna takes our souls on a journey on his experimental "College of Musical Knowledge". Dan Kanter has one of the best Jazz shows I have ever heard. Dan plays from 3PM - 6PM. Then at 6PM, my guts are torn from my stomach as the "Lattice of Coincidence" plays obscure ~~stuff~~



Very seldom do any shows pass by without me recognizing a few of the songs. Mr. Pain's shows will travel past me without a single song recognized --amazing. If quality metal is your thing, check out "Paul Kerr's Metal/guitar show". Wednesday from 8PM to 11.

Whenever I'm jonesing for Industrial (a rare Iron deficiency) there are two shows that I love. Neither are strictly industrial, but both are great. Sean Hand plays heavy traditional Industrial and some fun techno to lighten things up on Thursdays from 11- 2AM. Prof Doom! plays a brutal eclectic mix on Mondays from midnight to 2AM. Prof Doom plays a lot of hard things including a powerful set (or two) or skullcrushing Industrial. Similarly, when I am in need of my Deathmetal fix (some kind of strange sickness) I turn to

"Baphomet" and the "Axemistress". Baphomet is a really strange dude. He is about 7 feet tall and wears black all the time. Damn, like

he even smells death. His show is fast and brutal, nothing but Deathmetal. The "Axemistress" will make a few changes on her show to allow her victims to breath, but will quickly crush them, ensuring certain doom to her listeners. Very few humans have the knowledge of soul that "Supergroove", the inimitable DJ has. Funk and hip hop come alive on his turntables (shit, what does he do don't)? An amazing show from 2- 4AM Saturday night. For Hip Hop, I listen to "Robbie Redneck" and Robbie plays wicked gang-ster stuff from 3-6PM on Tuesdays from 3 - 6PM, melo can easily prove why she is the best technical DJ's at the station. Melo plays music that should be heard, it is great.

This list is by no means complete. I haven't mentioned all the great shows on WRUV. There are treasurehouses of music that people can only find on WRUV. Listen randomly and you will probably find some stuff you will love. Just keep an open mind and listen to everything including the Jazz, Folk, Metal and Punk shows. Compiled by KING MAXWELL, L/L D381, BOX 446, UVM, BURLINGTON, VT. 05405. KING MAXWELL is the Punk and Hardcore Music Director for WRUV, his show "SHAFT" is on Tuesdays from 11PM - 2AM.

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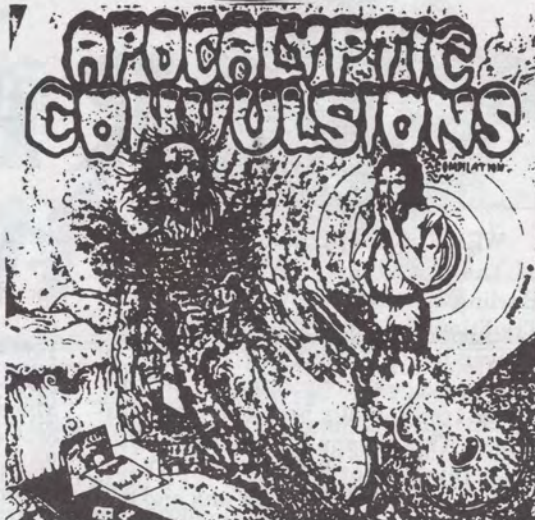


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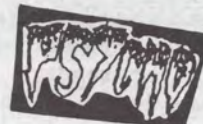


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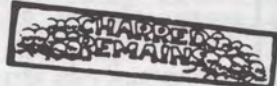
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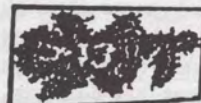
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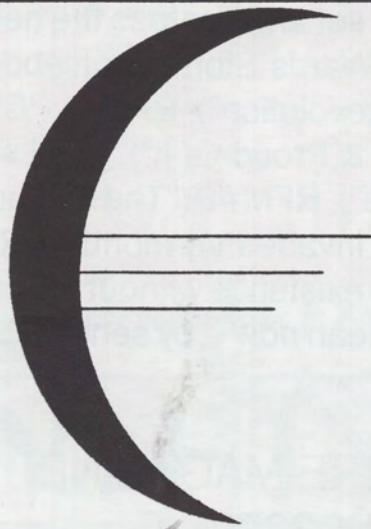
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Yeah, I know, this is the same lame ad copy we ran in the last issue, but that worked so well, we figured we'd use it again. Besides, this is the last thing we're doing before going to press, and to be entirely honest (and why shouldn't we be?) with you, our creative juices are drained dry. There's nothing left to give (if there ever was). So get off our case and send us some money so we can rejuvenate ourselves and maybe you'll see some new ad copy on the backside of RFM #11.

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