

RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE

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ISSUE 8

32 PAGES

"Everybody wants their own copy of Rapid Fire Magazine!"

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SEPT./OCT. 1992

IN THIS ISSUE!

Reggae Fest

Laconia Bike Orgy

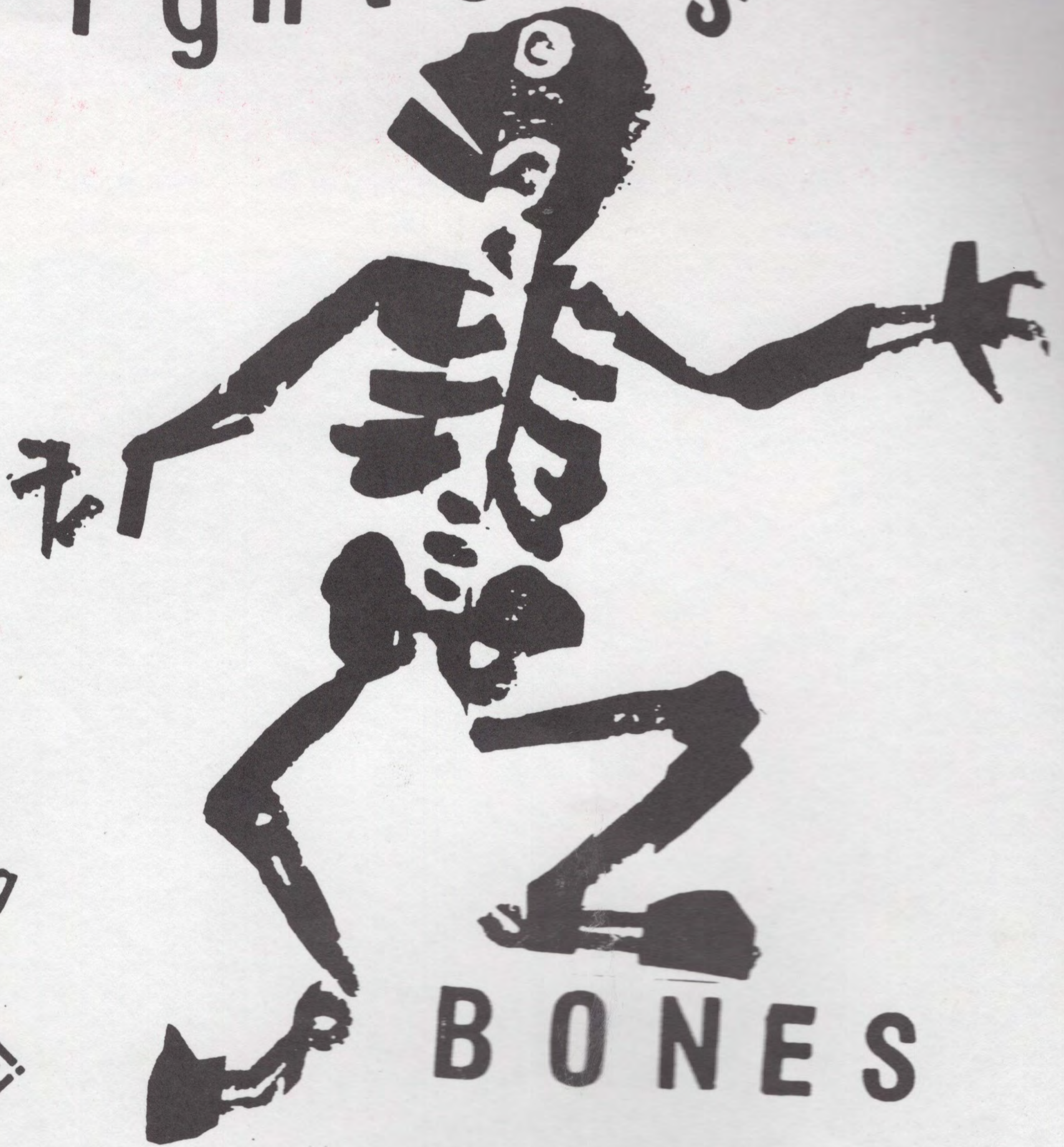
242 Main Street

Black Hairy Tongue's Last Licks?

PLUS! The *RAPID FIRE* Interview with Zero Gravity ... Performances: Dead Milkmen / Righteous Bones / Crowdaddy / The Cuts / Guppy Boy ... Reviews: Champions / Peg Tasse & Proud Of It / Allah / Zero Gravity ... Boston Scene Report ... More Questionable Photos: D.I.N.F. / Ken Sleeps Naked / P.Y.G. Roast / .. Cooking With Mushrooms ... Artwork by Enrique ... Letters ... Industry Waves ... Plus more things we can't remember!

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RAPID FIRE #8

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INDUSTRY WAVES

by Eric Miller

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- * Lyrics do not work their way into the subconscious.
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LOCAL CHRIS FANZINE:

4815 Kincaid Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15224

"Pittsburgh's Metal Source"



In Case You Were Wondering About That Cover Shot ...

To The Editor:

This letter is in regards to Alice Liddel's revelation that singer Peg Tasse's fans only stay around to see if she'll take her clothes off and that Lene Clare's photo appeared in the Free Press due to the fact that she's got "big tits" (*Cooking With Mushrooms*, RFM #7).

You're almost on the right track. Here is a photograph, sent by one of Do It Now's fans in Tunisia, showing the admiration and respect afforded to the Burlington Women of Rock in a foreign land [Ed. - In order to show our willingness to handle the truly weighty matters of our day, we chose this photograph to appear on this issue's cover]. Villagers in Tunisia honored Burlington's women of rock by building a monument portraying their Huge Bazimbas in the landscape.

Burlington is once again lagging behind the times, devoting merely an ephemeral front page shot (*Burlington Free Press*, June 1, 1992) to such a worthy cause.

We stand behind our bazimbas.

Sincerely,

Lene Clare, Peg Tasse
& the Burlington Women
of Rock

Dear RFM:

Thank you for the Rapid Fire Magazine #7 promo, but it's not something we currently wish to carry. Shortage of volunteers and a tight money situation has prompted us to cut back on the amount of material we carry and our criteria is now simply based on the personal tastes of our staff. If it's something that grabs us, we order it, if not, then we regretfully decline. Thanks, but I'm not into some of the major label stuff [you cover] or the meat recipes!

Kirsten

Ms. Liddell replies:

Did any of you reading comprehension wizards actually fin-

LETTERS

ish the article before you became incensed? Does anybody understand the concepts of irony, sarcasm or humor...Hello, are you still there or has this gotten too long for you to read through? Come on, the point of the article was so obvious even a glass eye in a dog's ass could see it.

Regarding the above letters to the editor: To Ms' Clare and Tasse: 1) I didn't say Peg's fans only stay to see if she'll take off her clothes...I said the Free Press photographer and writer probably left because they thought she wouldn't...big difference. 2) The Free Press would have used someone else's picture if there had been someone there with bigger tits... its nothing personal, just the way they are.

Regarding Kirsten's letter: An analogy is when you explain one thing by comparing it with something else that is otherwise unlike it. Your elbow is halfway between your wrist and your shoulder. Your asshole is in the middle of your rear end.

Election '92

To The American Public:

It is time for America to wake up to the most profound danger our Republic has ever faced: the seizure of power by a group of ruthless technomilitarists masquerading as Republicans. The Bush-Reagan-Casey faction has more in common with the Pinochets, Perons, and yes, the Noriegas than with small-town Main Street Republicanism. A true Republican who believes in limited constitutional government, individual enterprise and common sense should be horrified at the way the Reagan-Bush faction subverts the constitution for its ends. The domination of the Executive branch by this group for the last 10 years amounts

to a coup d'etat.

Far from limiting the power of government, the Executive branch has used government to enrich itself and influence policy without public debate. The blatant disregard of the constitution is revealed in Iran-Contra, the decade-long support for Saddam Hussein, the fleecing of innocent taxpayers to enrich larcenous plutocrats and the complicity of the CIA in ill-considered ventures in Nicaragua, Iran, and Iraq including millions of dollars to our former friend Noriega and Hussein form a seamless web of deceit. A reporter (Dan Casolero) who was reporting links between BCCI, the rumors of an "October Surprise", the arming of Contra troops in violation of the law, and the various cover-ups involved was found dead last summer under mysterious circumstances. Coincidence?

Far from being Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, this election offers a chance to kick one of politics biggest gangsters out of office. President Eisenhower warned of the accumulation of power by the "Military Industrial Complex". Over 30 years later, we see what our lack of vigilance cost.

Tom Cuddy
Burlington

Albright Redux

Hello RFM:

I'd like to answer Dan Albright's letter (RFM #7) by saying that, for the most part, you're FUCKED!! A) Rapid Fire itself is located outside Burlington. B) What is so horrible about trying to find something good to say about a show/record/etc??? C) Maybe the majority of the people actually like commercial radio (I think it's more along the lines of putting up with it) but keep in mind that the majority of the people are pop culture and/or redneck MORONS. D) What's your definition of "growing up

and getting a real life"? "Oh gee, we're ADULTS now, we can't have FUN, we have to strive for that accounting degree..." - FUCK that. Enough said. Go soak yer head.

Unsigned.

Smelly Pig

Dear Rapid Fire -

The bent of this writing is one of genuine concern: the party Peg had (*Ed: covered in "Pegfest '92", RFM#7*) was just a lot of super, super fun. However, when that pig was cut into, I never smelt a more rancid, reprehensible smell. Then seeing kids with bad hair, eating bad pork, made me very worried. My question is: did anybody contract trichinosis?

XXOO

Timothy J. Malloy

Corecctions from RFM #7

RFM:

Here's some more reviews, etc. and corrections from last ish [Ed. - See "*Boston Scene*" in this issue]. Your mag is on it's way to becoming one of the best in the country. Keep up the good work! Corrections: L7 - Mr. Intensity is Mr. *Integrity*; Smell The *Magic*, not Maoyc! Ice-T - The LP is just called "Body Count", not "Ice-T - Body Count". Bad Religion - Greg Graffin.

Later,

D r e w

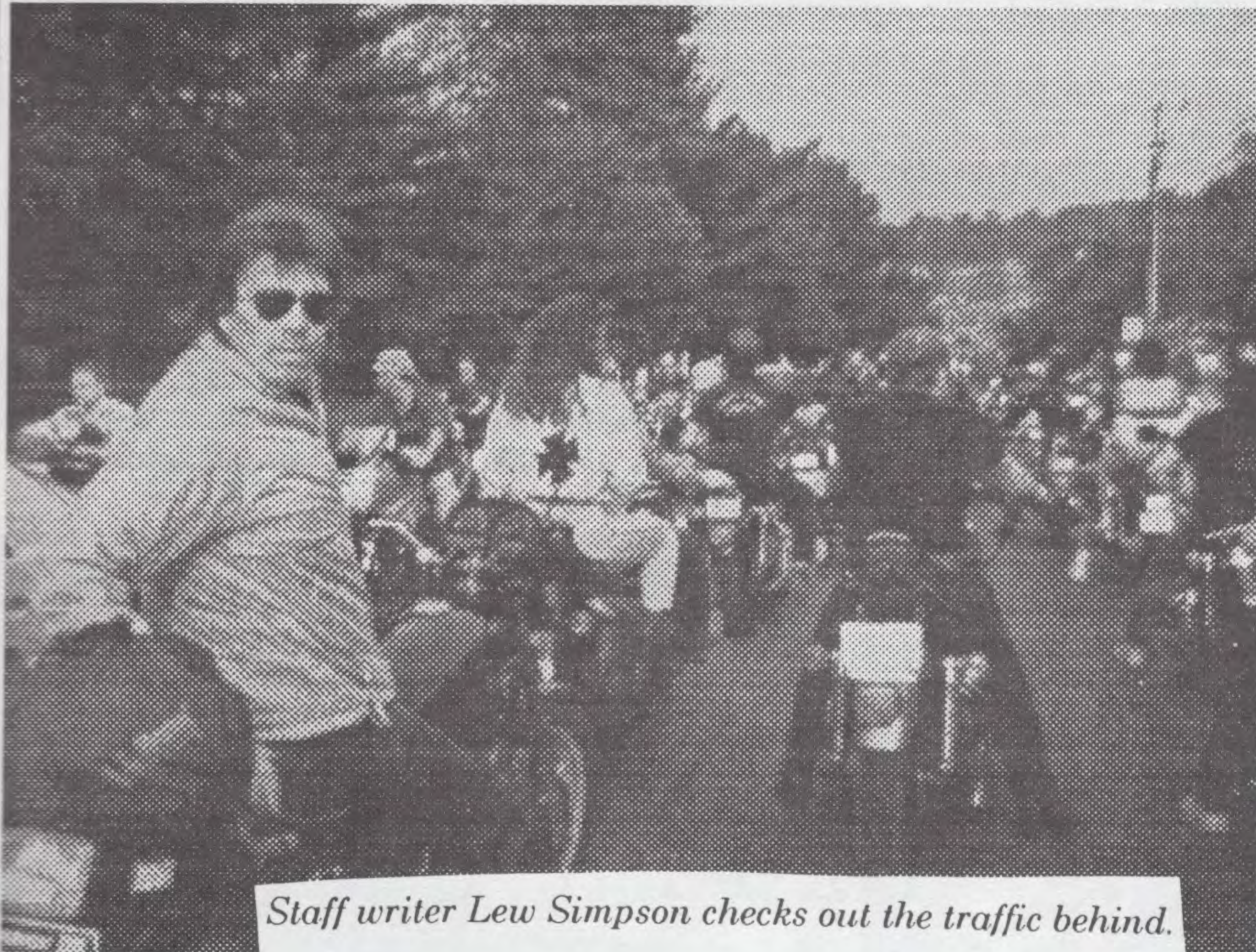
Steeler

P.S. - Get the Champions to play Boston!

Ed. - Sorry about the typos, guy, but unless articles are submitted in typewritten format, it's sometimes hard to decipher exactly what it is the author is trying to get across. Type it up, or trust an overworked staff: the choice is yours. Either way, thanks for the material. Keep it coming!



Laconia Motorcycle Weekend



Staff writer Lew Simpson checks out the traffic behind.

Laconia, NH
June 20, 1992

They were calling for rain and showers on June 20th as I sat at home burning the time away. I knew I had to do it. It was an inevitable event that I couldn't - and wouldn't - miss. Slowly, I picked up the phone and dialed Kevin Izzo's number, knowing full well he wouldn't back down. Quickly he picked up the phone. "Do you still want to go?", I asked. "Of course", he replied, and on that note we arranged to meet at 11:00 am at the Richmond exit on I-89. Putting the phone down, I realized that this was it! Yes, we were riding to Laconia Motorcycle Weekend.

I lashed my gear onto my GS-1100G for the 3 hour ride to New Hampshire. The sun was warm and the vegetation lush as I pulled the choke open. Like some angry animal the 1100 roared to life. I made my way to I-89 and met Kevin at 11:10. Luckily for me, Kevin was riding a 1976 BMW 900RT. This baby cruises fast and smooth with shaft drive and Dunlop tires. Blasting down the Interstate at 100 is a breeze with pavement eating tires and a ride that is utterly stable. Ducking in and out of the wind at various angles reduces friction and power loss as we overtook idiots in cars and trucks. As we neared our first pit stop in Randolph, it began to rain. We decided to go to the rest

area and change into our rain gear. A Harley guy from Quebec pulled up and dismounted from a white sheepskin seat. After a few minutes, we geared up for the ride south.

As we left, we noticed the Harley guy having some mechanical troubles. He nodded to us, giving us the "I can fix this beast myself" look. O.K., fuck it - it's time for miles to be burned. The ride south offered panoramic views of the light green forests which rise and fall as we pushed onward. Long straightaways and sweeping left and right curves kept us entertained. As quickly as we had ridden the interstate, it was now time to tame New Hampshire's two lane highways. Along the way, we noticed bikes of every description heading to Weirs Beach. At 3:00, the traffic stopped as we headed up a long, steep incline five miles from Weirs Beach. At the summit the traffic came to a complete halt.

Everybody turned off their engines as a massive swarm of motorcycles converged into a line two abreast. For the most part, everybody just straddled their bikes, checking out everybody else's machine and look. Behind us were two beautiful Gold Wings from Quebec. As we crept along towards town, the traffic in the other direction was fairly clear. Motorcycles of every description flew past us constantly. Thousands of Harleys with their

(continued on p. 8)



Heading into Weirs Beach.

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by Eric Miller

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REGGAE FEST '92

by Knight Rider

A large crowd attended this year's show.

Boy, the 7th annual Vermont Reggae Fest! After staying up until 3:00 a.m. on Wednesday, Mindi, Bear and I fell out of bed at 6:00 a.m. and jumped into the K-car. Four large coffees, a couple of spliffs and some dog biscuits and we were off.

Arriving first in Johnson, we started some preliminary video shots of the site (Karen and I were in charge of video taping this year). At 8:00 a.m. Zeppo, Bob and I helped Pat Orr and the crew set up the stage. More filming of the site followed, and the Bridge over the River Lamoille and a mad rush back to B-Town to pick up my paycheck and the righteous sack. After getting a ride back to Johnson Thursday, the weekend kicked off. Somehow I managed to set up my blue pup tent and after loading the box with

fresh batteries, I was ready! Thursday night was pretty uneventful. I saw some campers and just hung out in my tent puffing like a champ. Before I knew it, it was 8:00 a.m. Friday and time to set up the sound system. I rolled out of my tent and down a small incline just in time for stage call.

Again Zeppo and his crack team of roadies were champs and after a short interval the sound system and backline were set up. After even more videotaping and a never ending haze of bud (swag) bottles from the monitor engineers trunk at 2:00 a.m., I realized I had to go back to B-Town for more video equipment and to bring Bear The Wonder Dog home. After borrowing a vehicle that had been borrowed from someone else, Dave Long and I were off to B-Town, arriving back at 3:00ish. I was elated to see soul sisters Mindi and Nosses and the party in full swing. After a couple more beers with the monitor engineer everyone crashed and went to a motel room with Dodie to shower (Thanks!). Back by 6:00 a.m. for the sunrise and it was the day of the show. Managed to cheer up Mindi whose car was vandalized severely by promising to get it home somehow. Roving around the campground around 7:00ish, I realized everyone was still spent from partying Friday night, and doomed to sleep through most of the show. At last I had a conference with Karen and Mikey and set up video headquarters under the sound tower as Karen and Mike set up cameras on stage. After burning a couple fatties with the Channel Two crew, I had my line outs and with the Mighty Joel in position, we were ready to go. Of course, who should show up again when they were most needed but the Mighty Cooper Brothers to assure all was



Do It Now Foundation
 (Sorry, Blaze, - you're on the next page)

RUMBLE 1992

- First Place:** Do It Now Foundation
- Second Place:** Peg Tasse & Proud Of It
- Third Place:** Bad Weather
- Fourth Place:** Chuck
- Thanks For Showing Up:** Chin Ho, Rena Bijou, Springheeled Jacks, Wonder Woman's Invisible Jet, Baby Jesus and The Shepherders. And Guppy Boy.

.....
 O.K., so you've already read *the* definitive coverage on 1992's Rumble as provided by those paragons of hipness, the Vermont Times and the Cynic. One of the drawbacks of writing for a bi-monthly is that material gets dated real fast. So be it. At least we know the difference between Do It Now's stylistic approach and that of R.E.M. (DINF and R.E.M.? In the

.....
 same sentence? *On the same page?*); that's more than can be said for some weekly publications that like to target the upscale crowd whilst wishing real hard that those grubby musi-

cians would go away. Sorry. The air gets thin up here on my soapbox, and I have a tendency to rant easily. Especially about things like corporate sponsors dictating what beverages



well and rid the audio (thank God) of a most annoying buzz. At 9:02 a.m. the 7th Annual Vermont Reggae Fest was under way. **Kulture Shok**, local boys from B-Town (Kevin Michael - keys/vocals; Eric Heise - bass; Ron - drums; and Red Shadow - lyrics)



The stage which was elevated on a small hill.

took the stage, doing a great set but suffering unnecessarily by being the first band. Nice to hear some local music. Watch for these guys in the future.

Next up was the **Mighty Change** from Boston, Mass. A nice set and something kinda different, which was refreshing. Then, as they started to go off - rain! **Jus Cee**, another B-Town band, took the stage. These guys did a nice set despite rain throughout, and have improved a lot over time, into a great act. Look for more of them in the B-Town area. At last, Vermont's own **Lambsbread** (Bobby - bass; Dennis - drums; Muff Ruth - guitar; a Living Legend horn section) took the stage. Not much to be said here that Cuddy didn't say in his great review of the Public Enemy show (RFM#7). Just substitute his review for any performance you may see of them. Respect is due to the massive horns, though. Somehow, as Lambsbread ended, so did the rain.

The next scheduled act was someone a lot of people had come to see: the legendary **HR**, lead singer of D.C.-based Bad Brains (a truly awesome band). Since he fucked us over by not showing, his band (a great bunch of guys) played an awesome instrumental set. Ashame HR didn't show; remember that the next time you're going to spend hard-earned

cash to see him. No one disses Vermont. Many credits to Quinn and Franco for a nice mix.

At last, all the way from the UK, the **Robotics Band** (certainly one of the best acts ever to grace the VRF) took the stage. With the mighty Mad Professor at the mixing console and Quinn and Franko looking on, the Robotics



Staff writer Knight Rider.

ripped into their set. At last **Macka B** took the stage. This guy shreds and has some of the best social/political lyrics I've ever heard. This guy had a lot of good things to say in between songs and addressed major issues like alcoholism, sexism, apart-

heid, racism, and unity (remember that?). An awesome set with no complaints, although it was a bit short.

Sugar Minott, Mr. Old School Dance Hall himself, was up next. This guy shocks! Minott got busy with an incredible band and an incredible set. Run out and buy something by this guy.

Finally, the show was closed by **D'Moja**, the band who opened last year's VRF. D'Moja featured a vast array of percussionists and several dancers. Although not my cup of tea, these guys whipped the crowd into a frenzy. At the show's end, they got everyone to hold hands and form a huge circle,

which is really something in this day and age. Truly a great set to close out the show.

With the VFR over, exit Mindi and Bear back to B-Town, leaving Nosses and I to hopefully bring her vandalized car (with no brakes) back home. Nosses and I crashed in my blue tent. The next day Nosses, Jeff, Mikey, an unknown champion volunteer and I picked up the whole place with Claude's pickup truck. Whew! On Sunday afternoon everyone left save Nosses, Mikey and I. After a dip in the Lamoille, we settled in for yet another night soaked to the skin. We woke up Monday morning and with the generous help of Claude and Randy we were able to get front brakes in the K-car working. After stopping for some chow at a local diner with a huge poster of Elvis on the wall, we were off to B-Town. Listening to the Geto Boys on 10 was the only thing that could pull us through. An hour later, we arrived back at 84 Companion Square and were reunited with Mindi and Bear. A great weekend and maximum respect to the Vermont Reggae Fest crew for a job well done. Hope to see ya there next year!



Some of the many fine looking people at this year's show.

RAPID FIRE INTERVIEW W/

ZERO GRAVITY

I met Zero Gravity guitarist Kevin Ansell at Papa's Blues Cellar on a rainy night in July. The band had just finished setting up for the gig, and he seemed relaxed as he ordered up some egg rolls. The interview started as he offered me a drink.

RFM: No, thanks. No bribing the interviewer. [Ed. - Whatta jerk! This is NOT an official policy of RFM. For those of you who may be interviewed by RFM in the future, bribes are thoughtfully considered and, in some cases, strongly recommended.]

K: No bribing. Just offering a ... nicety. Off the record, of course.

RFM: Of course. The first part of this should be administrative in nature. Could you give us the names of Zero Gravity's members, what they play and a little background.

K: Well, the band was basically put together by a bunch of us guys who were friends and hanging out at school and getting together on weekends and jamming. We liked funk music and really liked improvisational music when we were back in school, and that's what we were leaning towards.

RFM: How long has the band been together?

K: We met as friends back in '86. We've been doing what Zero Gravity is now since we moved to Vermont. I guess we've really been doing this since '89. We've been playing clubs since '90.

RFM: Where were you guys before you moved here?

K: We were in Boston.

RFM: That's a switch.

K: Yeah, we attended Berkeley College of Music and did that whole trip.

RFM: It shows. That's interesting, most people move from Burlington to Boston, or Burlington to New York.

K: We took the opposite route. It was just too cut-throat down there. We wanted a chance to develop the music.



Hanging out with the crew.

We came up here to Vermont and had a real good opportunity for living quarters, to pay low rent and grow as a band. And plus we get paid up here.

RFM: Is the cut-throat competition in Boston seen in all musical scenes, or just in your particular niche?

K: Nah, it's across the board. It's mainly that there's so many musicians jam-packed into that area, and they're not friendly to one another, which is what I love about the music scene up here. Between the six members of this band we've got twelve other bands. This is a great musical community up here. It's very incestuous, but I like it alot. Everyone's friendly, we all help each other out. It's a great place to be. You're certainly not going to become famous up here, but that's our next step, to launch somewhere else.

RFM: The members of Phish might disagree with you.

K: Yeah, but Phish didn't get famous by playing Burlington. They travelled all over.

RFM: Some people see them as our only

hope, "If they don't make it, how can we?"

K: Yeah, I know. Those guys are unbelievable. Anyway, as far far as personnel goes, we've got Eric as lead singer and bass player. He and I write most of the material that we play. Sean Harkness is our other guitar player, backup vocalist and sometime bass player. He writes a couple tunes for the band as well. Chris Peterman is our saxophone and keyboard player. He also sings background vocals and helps with the arrangements. He plays keyboards on most of the Steely Dan tunes where a keyboard is really required and on the Tower of Power tunes where we need four or five horns that we don't have. We had three horns at one point back in Boston, but we can't afford that now.

RFM: There aren't many stages around which can hold a horn section.

K: No. We're six pieces when we play. At Nectars we play along the wall and you can't hear what's going on on the other side of the stage. That's always a challenge. I'm Kevin Ansell. I play guitar and sing. And we also have Roger Berard on the

drums. And we recently lost a member, Scudder, who was our percussionist. We're probably going to replace him with Tim Baker.

RFM: *One of the things I noticed on the tape is that the bass player wrote fifty percent of the songs. That's unusual.*

K: Eric's a very creative influence on the band. His songs are getting better. Since we recorded



the tape, we've written ten or twelve new originals that we do in our show, and he's given us great tunes, one after the other. He and I are stride for stride in the amount of tunes written.

RFM: *You were in second place on the tape, with three tunes.*

K: Actually, one of my tunes didn't make the album, because the words were written by Robert Heinlein. I called up his widow to find out if we could use them, and she said no. We were kind of bummed about that. It's actually a very cool tune called "One For The Road".

RFM: *Do you do it live?*

K: Yes.

RFM: *Yet another reason for people to come out and see you.*

K: Exactly.

RFM: *About fifteen seconds into the tape, the first influence I hear is James Brown.*

K: That's very good. James Brown is a major influence on me, and I think on anyone in the world who plays funk. He's the master of the groove. Our tunes, our music is really based on the groove.

RFM: *Average White Band?*

K: We do about five or six AWB tunes, Tower of Power. Steely Dan is a major influ-

ence, especially the chordal structure. I really like the harmonies and arrangements of Steely Dan. We mix that with the straightahead groove of James Brown and the "anything-can-happen" type of atmosphere. We're really diverse in our shows. We might play an hour of straight funk while people are sitting down, we'll give them something aural to listen to.

RFM: *I mentioned to a couple people that you guys were going to be featured in Rapid Fire, and they said "Oh? What do they sound like?". And as much as I hate to pigeon-hole, sometimes its what people can relate to best, so I would say "Well, they're kind of like Burlington's answer to Steely Dan". To be honest with you, I got a number of negative reactions, partly because of the association with the Seventies. Do you think there's really a market for your type of music.*

K: Absolutely. I think we're on the brink of something new. Our main attitude is to have fun while we're playing. As far as commercial accessibility, we don't write three minute pop tunes, but I think eventually it's going to swing towards where we're going. I think with the bands out there now, really making it, Phish - being one of them - they're not a candy band, either. They're not the type of band that on first listening is immediately recognizable. They've got some serious, serious music. It takes five, six, maybe ten, fifteen listens to really to go "Wow, that's what they're about". And that's sort of what we're about. Some of our stuff is catchy, but I think for the most part it takes

a few listens to get into us because there's a lot of things you miss the first time through. RFM: *I was surprised, because I listened to the tape first and then looked at the credits, and I was really surprised that you guys don't have a keyboard player on the tape. Most jazz-fusion type bands have keyboards ...*

K: Well, first off, we're not a jazz-fusion band.

RFM: *I guess that shows you how much I know about jazz-fusion.*

K: We're a funk'n' bluesy rock kind of soul jazzy band.

RFM: *Yeah, but who comes out of Berkeley that isn't a jazz player?*

K: Many people. If you're going to pigeon-hole and say "OK, these guys went to Berkeley, they are in this type of headset", then I would have to disagree with you. I thought of Berkeley as a

tool. I took what I wanted instead of them forcing me into a certain mindset. And I think that's true of everybody. Yes, we are musically educated, but that doesn't stop the creativity or growth. Again, our band is about having fun and playing the music we like to play. We won't do "Louie, Louie". On occasion, we've done "Good Lovin'", but that's only on a rare, rare occasion.

RFM: *I've seen you guys at Nectar's, and I know the crowd gets into that dance thing ...*

K: That's when we're having the most fun, when there's a dance floor.

RFM: *I guess that kills my next question, because I was going to ask what the jazz community in Burlington is like. I read recently that many*

Burlington jazz bands get to play once a year in June at the Discover Jazz Festival.

K: That article also said, and it's true, that a lot more people call themselves jazz bands around Jazz Festival time. We are not, as Zero Gravity, a jazz band. But we all play in jazz bands in the area. We are all very influenced by jazz. It's personally my favorite thing to listen to.

RFM: *What do you listen to?*

K: I like Pat Metheny, George Benson, Earl Klugh, Wes Montgomery, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis. I'm talking jazz now, talking rock and roll, it's a whole other thing.

RFM: *How was recording at Archer Studios?*

K: I liked recording at Archer, it was pretty laid back. My brother [Scott Ansell] came up and did the recording. He did a tremendous job

of moving us quickly because we only had a certain amount of time, we had a budget to work with and it was pretty small. We only had nine days to do eight songs and mix them.

RFM: *Who engineered it?*

K: Scott engineered, produced and mixed it. It was basically us and Scott in the studio.

RFM: *I noticed in "Caught Up In The Game" there are a couple five second bursts of what could almost be called hard-core.*

K: Good for you.

RFM: *Where does that come from?*

K: Eric. His tunes are really maturing. He's really got a head for arrangements. It's things like that, on first listening, that seem really out of



place. But when you hear it in context of the whole song, and you hear it a few times, you go "Yeah, that makes sense".

Our tune "Creed", if you stick around you'll hear us do it tonight, has about ten different musical styles in it. But we feel, at least I feel that it's very comprehensive in the way each section flows into the next.

RFM: *That might be a genre to explore, hard-core jazz. Who does the ripping leads on the tape? Do you guys split that up?*

K: Sean and I are pretty close to fifty-fifty on solos. It might depend, night to night, you know. We never have set lists when we play live. I just call the tunes as we go. So depending on what tunes are called on any given night the solos could be split sixty-fourty, forty-sixty. I'd say that Chris, our sax player takes the most solos. On the tape, it depends on what tunes you're talking about. I think I took most of the solos on the second side.

RFM: *I've noticed you guys seem to be in the middle of a media blitz right now. I've seen and heard the name Zero Gravity more in the last two weeks than in the last two years. A lot of print coverage, especially.*

K: For these dates [at Papa's Blues Cellar]. Yeah, Papa's is doing "no cover charge" this month, and they asked us if we'd be interested and we said yes. You know, we play in Burlington every month, we're here this month, we'll be at Halvorson's next week on the 24th. We were playing Nectars three nights a month for the last two and a half years. We're taking a pseudo-break from that, and we'll be cutting down to every three months or so.



RFM: *Familiarity breeds contempt.*

K: Exactly. We've got a lot of tunes on the shelf that are

waiting to be presented to the band. Usually, we practice a tune once before we try it live whether we have it or not. We like to learn the tunes on the gig, because that's where you come up with your parts. We do like to take chances. A lot of people have made the criticism that we're too arranged, and I answer that with "Well ... thank you".

RFM: *What are your perceptions on the local club scene, both in Burlington and around the New England area?*

K: I really like the clubs that exist. I think each one has their little

character. Nectars has live music seven nights a week, you can't touch that, no cover. Papa's has its serious atmosphere, it's a very cool place to go. Vermont Pub and Brewery is a great place to play, in the summer we play outside, depending on the weather, of course. I've generally found the club owners very likable.

RFM: *Could you relate a "worst gig" horror story?*

K: [laughs] Last night. No, that's harsh. God, that's a hard one. OK, without naming names, there is a certain band member that's constantly forgetting things. We've had a couple of gigs where we've been a couple hours away and our mixing board wasn't there or the cord box that we need to connect the speakers wasn't there. Those have been some trying times.

RFM: *Minor details.*

K: Yeah, things like that and there's usually at least one per gig, that's been pretty

consistent. I guess there's something to be said for consistency.

RFM: *A checklist might be a good idea.*

K: We've actually entertained the idea a number of times but never come up with anything. One time we were playing at Nectars and some drunken person knocked into our monitor which fell onto the keyboard which then proceeded to fall and hit Sean's guitar and it all came crashing down. It was in the middle of the song. We kept playing while Sean fixed everything.

RFM: *What's your current game plan?*

K: We just recorded three nights at Nectars, and that was a pretty kick-ass live recording. We're coming up with a new demo to supplement our album. I've got some contacts down in New York, we're going to get on some warm-up gigs. We're also trying to put together a mini-tour of New York, New Jersey and Maryland. Basically, we definitely want to get the next level, we don't want to be playing bars for the rest of our lives.

RFM: *There's a time and a place for everything.*

K: Yeah, you know, we're just

going to keep writing like we're doing. We've got about twenty originals now that we can play out. Like I said, I've got three on the shelf, Eric's got three on the shelf, we've got close to thirty originals, and I think it's a matter of letting them develop. A tune doesn't really develop until you play it out a number of times, and then there's a time when you go, "Now it's a tune". You know, we want to play and we want to record;

we want to go the distance. It's going to take a lot of work and lucky breaks and everything else.

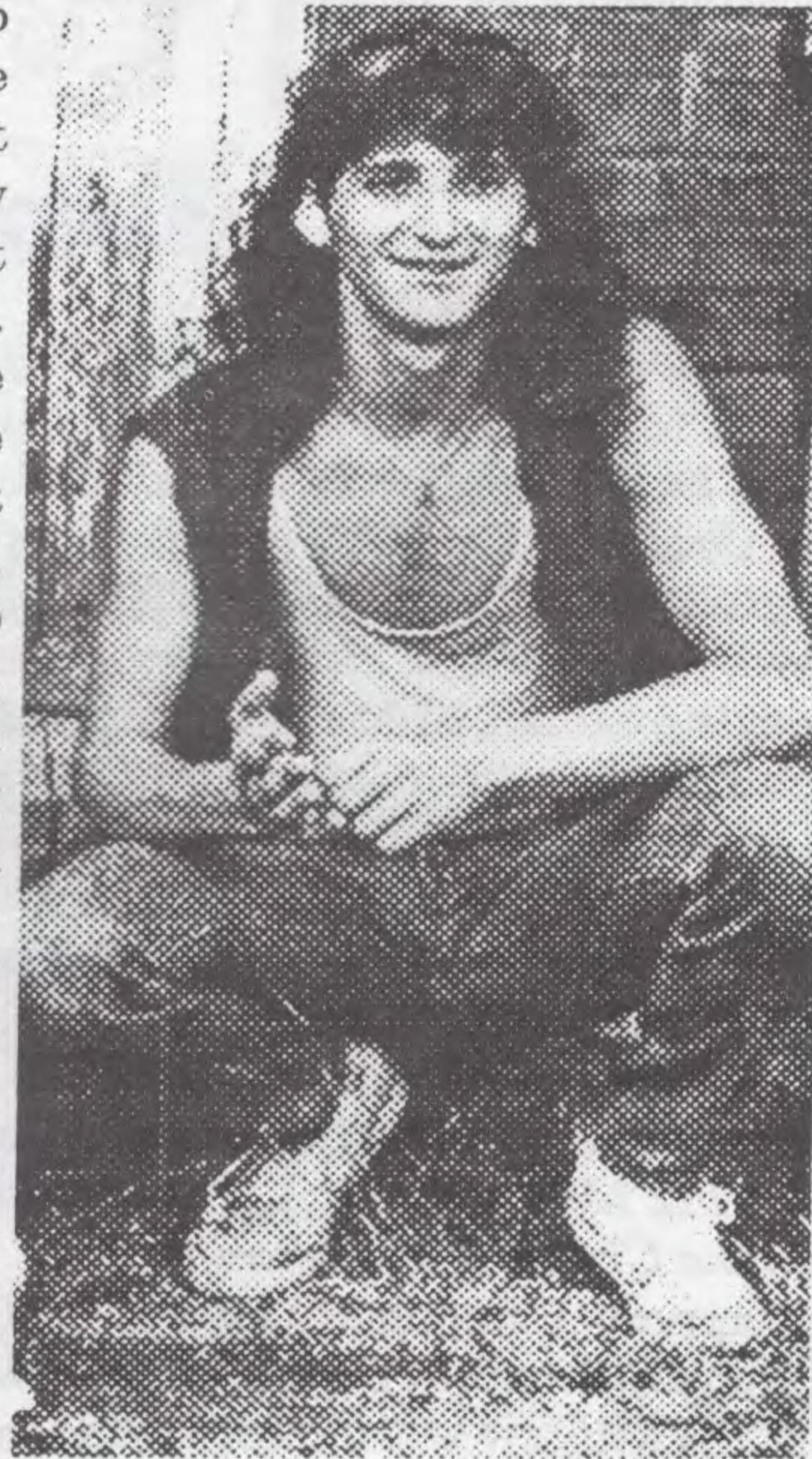
RFM: *Do you guys have man-*

agement?

K: Nah, we've been doing everything ourselves since we got here. I'm soliciting some management companies down in New York. Like I said before, I really think the music we're playing, it's time is going to come, because I think anyone can dance to it, and that's what really sells people when they go to see a band. I think popular music will shift a little bit towards a little less popcorn type of thing. I think there's some meat to our music. At times you have to bite down a little harder to get into it. I think that the popular music trend will shift, as it always does, towards something like this, and hopefully we'll be on the edge of it. Hopefully, it'll come to us and we won't have to seek it out. I think bands like Phish and Aquarium Rescue Unit are paving the way for bands like us.

RFM: *They appear to be part of the so-called New Hippie movement.*

K: Right. Hopefully, we will appeal to that movement, too, but I don't know if that'll be our main audience. Since we've been here, our audience has been mainly in the



age group of 21 to 50. I'd say that the people who have liked us have been generally those twenty-five and over. We really haven't gotten to the younger crowd, and we really want to. We're going to play a benefit at UVM this fall, and

try to get ourselves exposed to the students I'd really like to see how a younger crowd reacts to us because, you know, they're the future.

242 MAIN STREET

Located at 242 Main street in Burlington, Vermont lies a very special night club. Started in 1984, a small section of the city-owned Memorial Auditorium was transformed into a club for the city's youth. The idea was to interest them in music and give them an opportunity to play live. Up to this point in time, the only place to perform was the local bars. Quickly the local Hardcore/Punk bands took advantage of this resource and were booking shows every weekend. The first manager of 242 Main was a woman named Kathy Lawrence. She ran it for 5 years and really got the place rolling. The bands that played there during this period read like a Who's Who of Punk, Hardcore and Metal - bands like FUGAZI, 7 SECONDS, AMERICAN STANDARD, HOLY ROLLERS, DEATH ANGEL, SLAPSHOT, PSYCHO, SAM BLACK CHURCH, LIVING SACRAMENT, MORFIENDS, WAYLAID, and a whole host of others have cut their stuff here. Not to mention the hundreds of local bands who have played here every weekend. As a longtime regular, I can honestly say that the strength of this place lies in the fact that one can hear the newest bands for next



to nothing. I realized that the 3 hours I was spending at 242 on a Saturday night, was 3 hours I wasn't spending at some cheap local bar. Being an all ages club, alcohol and smoking are not allowed inside. Instead of today's youth drinking and partying at some underground location, they now have a choice. Go party or see the shows at 242 Main. Many are attending the shows. Here's an interview with 242 Main manager Jeff Spencer.

RFM: Could you explain the history of 242 Main?

JS: About 8 years ago, when Bernie Sanders was mayor of Burlington, he and others decided that there should be a city-sponsored club for its youth and others. A tax-supported club.

RFM: Who runs 242 Main?

JS: It's run by the Mayors Youth Office (MYO). The MYO is run from City Hall and part of the city budget includes funds for the MYO that runs 242 Main.

RFM: What is the Chain of Command?

JS: The Mayor appoints somebody for the MYO and I was hired by the MYO. There are 4 other people who are working out of this office. The MYO has the smallest budget within the different city municipalities i.e. the Police, Fire, Street, School departments. Point -5 percent of the city's budget goes toward this Office. (Drums rattle in the background) So 242 is paid and run by the MYO.

RFM: What happens with the money generated by the shows?

JS: The city gives the MYO money to run 242. It (the city) expects

242 to generate revenues. Money from the door, snack bar sales, etc. goes back to the Treasury. Bands don't get paid the night of their show. All the money from the door is deposited into the Treasury and the MYO writes a check to the bands the following week. This is a good thing to know, especially out of town bands that expect gas money the night of the show. In essence, the bands are working for the city of Burlington and they get paid the following Thursday like the rest of the city workers.

RFM: Do you mail them out?

JS: Yes, we will mail them out or the local bands can just come down to the MYO and pick them up.

RFM: Is there a set amount of money that the bands receive?

JS: When established bands play here we charge \$3.00 on a Friday night and Saturday we try to book some of the local less known bands for \$1.00. Today's youth just don't have the \$6.00 to spend for 2 nights, so we break it up with this arrangement. This started out by being a NYC style club, where one band plays a set and then another band steps up and plays a

set. This was not the case in the local bars where one band would play the whole night. Shit, when I was in Pinhead we had to play 3 sets for one night. (Someone knocks on the door, walks in, realizes an interview is under way and leaves).

RFM: How much is All Fall Down making tonight?

JS: Usually I let someone set up the night. Usually it's a band member that's playing that night. He decides how the money will be split up. Many times the local bands give up their share to support the bands that have to travel long distances to play here. The Champions have done this when bands like Slapshot and 411 played with them. I make the check out to one person.

RFM: What's the average take for a given night?

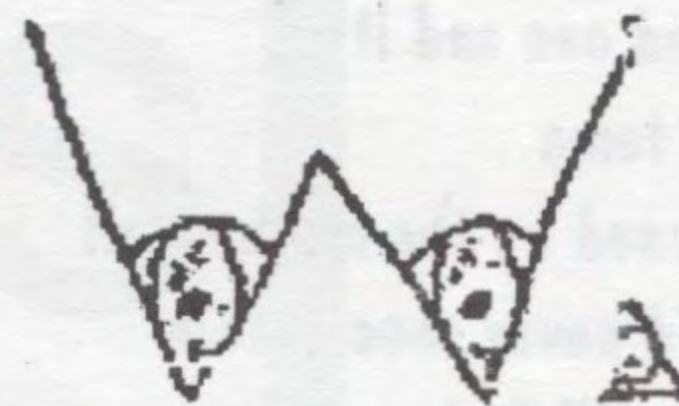
JS: It really depends. I've seen shows where 2 people paid \$3 and I've seen shows where we made \$450. A few years back Fugazi charged \$6 and the place was wall to wall.

RFM: Yeah, I was there. (Guitars rattle in background) How can bands play here?

JS: Call us here at 802-862-2244 or send your demo tapes to: 242 Manager, Mayors youth Office, Rm. 33, City Hall, Burlington, Vt. 05401. (The Champions begin playing).

Editor's note- Jeff Spencer has left 242 Main and currently the position is waiting to be filled.

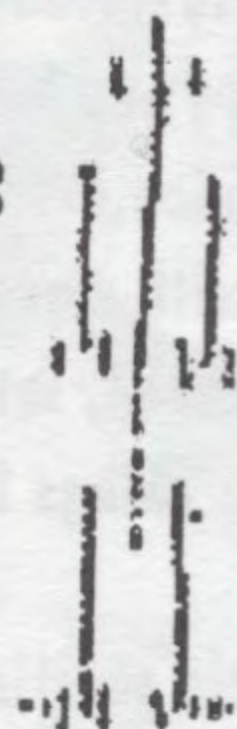
The Story of W.



and so ...

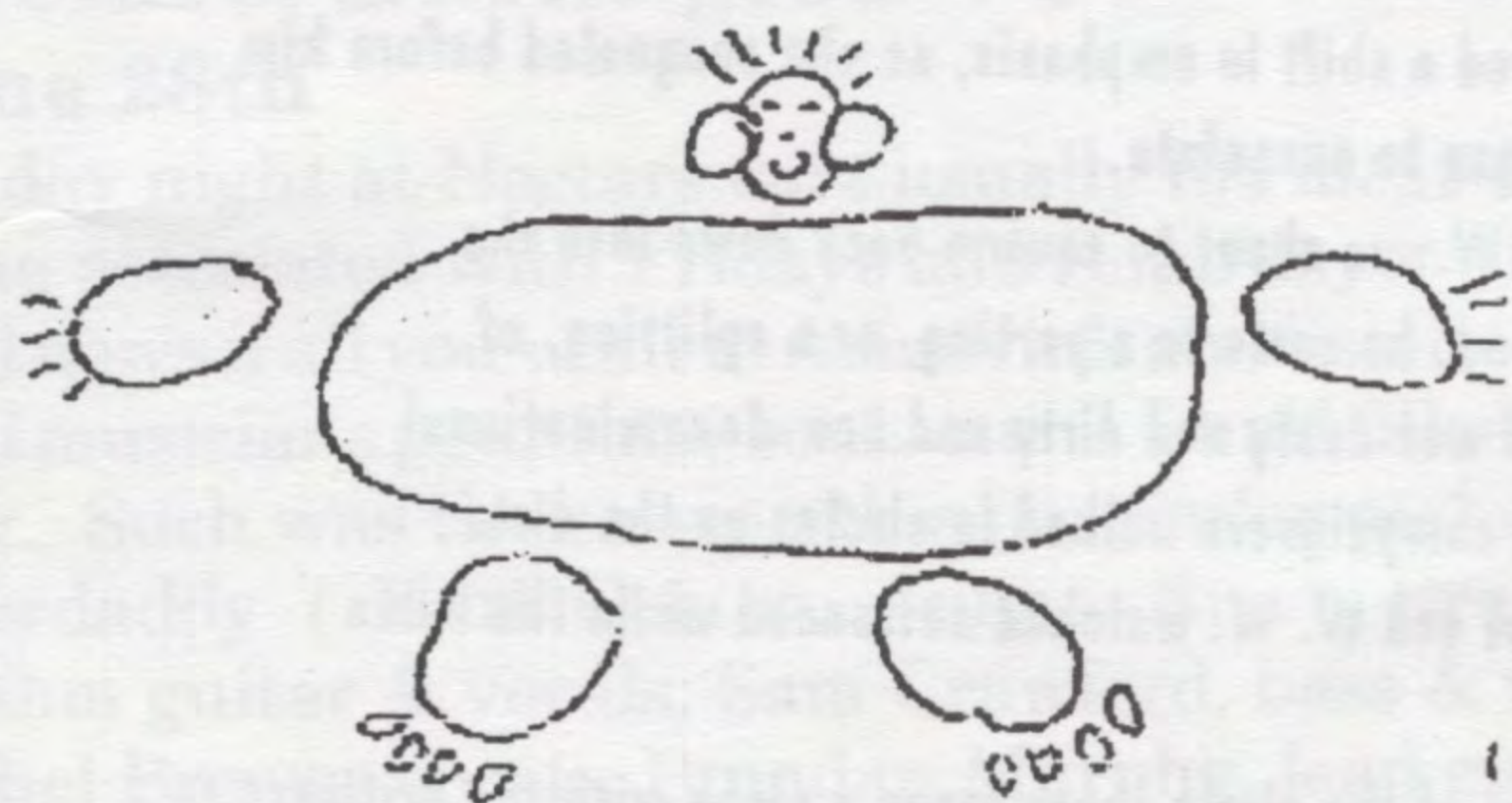
W. had (or led) an amorphous existence

He looked like this



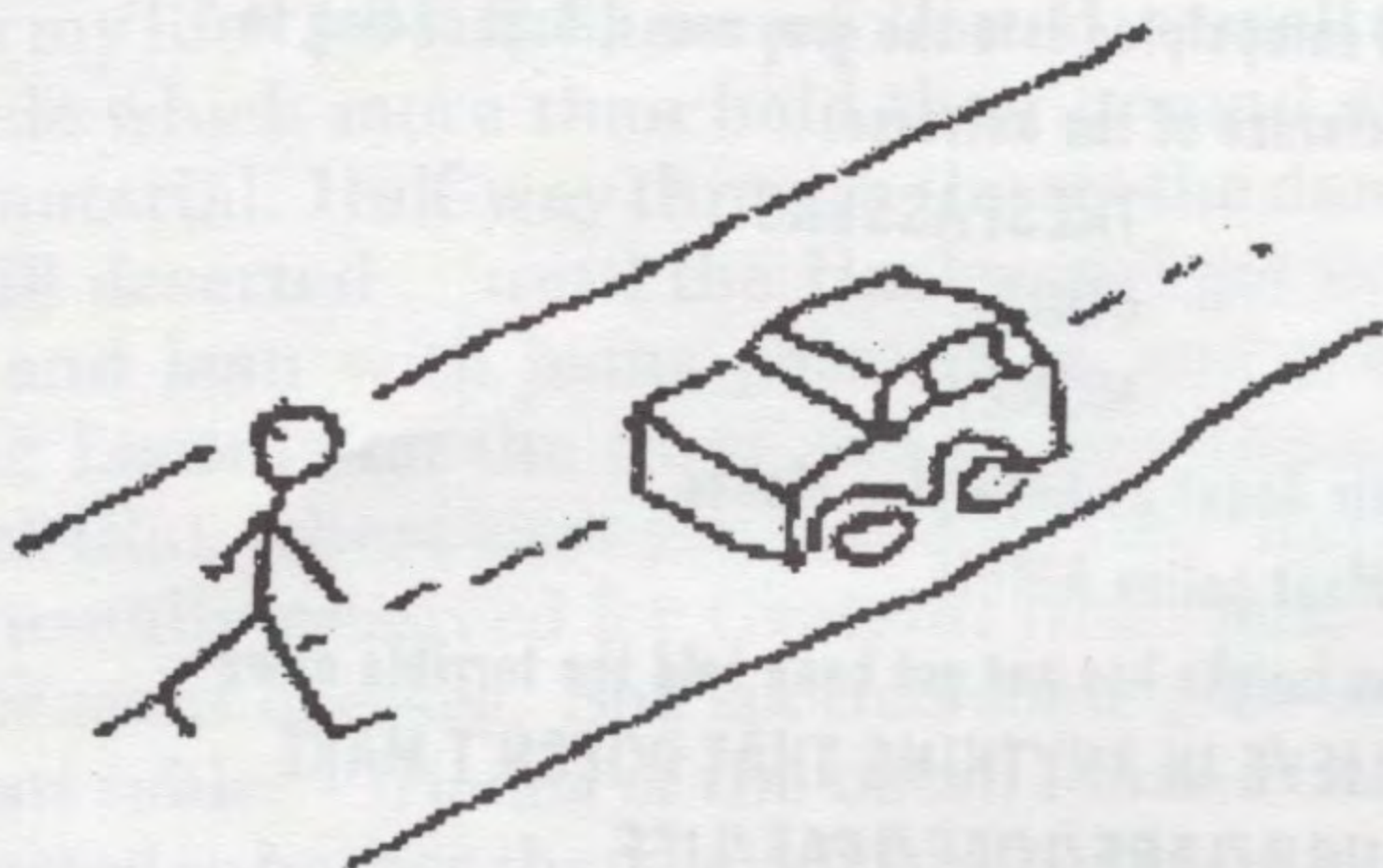
on some days

Butter others



he looked like this

One daze he didn't look at all



Remotely, randomly he sneeved or spluttered. All around were Ernest Borgnine look-alikes (with sleeves), and W. scarceley knew what to think. "Surrounded we stand, distended we ball"

crouched the now looning occupant of the scenario (Sneeve Gastronomique. W. attempted to repair to the bridge, but molecular contortions spouted ousting the tendency. The face of Gastronomique bloated beyond incognition ergo propter little faced the results.

- My aren't we a -

Red Reba gesticulated alluringly, and W's distention moved in her direction. They approached oneness but there fribulated between them an angry Sneeve, snorting stolidly and taking exception to the seeming steaming. Suddenly

W. was groping in the shades
blundering what had happened

Red Reba had gone but was protruded by a portulent if not port-o-let mortuary

Down into the mortuary W.
sank with grave fibrulation

It was comfortable
It was relaxing
It was wormy

"Come forth" sprachst die
feerst fet

Somewhere between W's furnace chamber and his Screening room that which appeared to be a tree appeared to begin to appear to grow, rooting W's bulb in a specific hysterical context. Chortling through the laval lab into the contextual contortions he had also sought to redress, W. was at last at once.

"Take me" habla la
segunda fayt

W. Sprat and it was all over
How could you - said the worms, shaking his handily,
and W. wondered how they could have been lips. Leaves
fluttered from the former tree &

By Jamie Williamson

W. plucked one and it
became a tome
So he opened up the motherwell
which he'd never seen before
he hasn't still & doesn't care
to read the crashing bore

And away with thy kisses
My heart waxes sick
As thy red lips like worms
Travel over my cheek

"Snip" said the -
uh oh

It was jolly and green and June and there was a hilltop and
there was a cartoon and most importantly a president. But before
W. could think the president was

dead

(but it didn't matter
because there are always
more presidents)

The split had begun but was not quite in fool farce when

But so jolly and green and ever so June as it were W. scarcely got
his feet wet, and wimbled about in an unknowable

Eventually the squirms began to assume a meaning.

"This is MEANINGFUL" thought W. with tingling
The meaning assumed a significance.

"It's all so SIGNIFICANT" he cried aloud in a turpitude
of crustacean

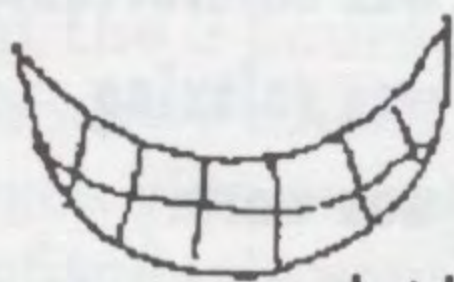
W. began to be consumed (swallowed) by that significance

But the police had different ideas.

One of them, Please Orificer by numb, sat across the table from W.
and said:

"We think you don't believe in business"

Please Orificer smiled



but he wasn't from Cheshire
or was he

There is no meaning, said Please gravely, and the jolly & green & June
turned to a storm of white memos that arranged themselves gravely,
upright, one behind the other on the table

There are only memoranda, intoned the assistant, Ass Orificer
by numb, and he plucked a memo from its grave, & said
We are all ugly people, Let us Pray (prey?)

Hollowed is thy name
in ex-jello dayglow
Thine is the conehead

But by this time W. had become meaningless, and his attitude
became too obscure for the orificers

Yes, W's attitude was bad, Please said, "and dire measures
will have to be taken if you don't begin to see cents

He never stopped smiling



W. began to get a l'il nervous, and inched away from the
table. Little did W. know that he was in the throes of an
out-of-mind experience, not to mention that his attitude
was too big to fit in the bar by this time. He turned to
a window with the Dine 'n Dash or Eat 'n Runs signification
above it.

He lunged through the window

He squirmed up

He squirmed out

He squirted out of the crustaceous construction

W. became large and light and lappy and his feet attached
themselves to 2 electrical wires which shocked and prodded
him down to a pleasing lakeshore with mountains beyond it.
And when W. had bounced, or splashed, into the water, she
came up from beneath the surface. Things became hard. W.
glibbered and globbered.

She sat putting lotus leaves in little plastic bags, but then
suddenly she was working at an apple stand called Milton's
Apples.

"Here this might be good for you", and she gave W. an
apple. "Z is for apple, you know", and they took off.

And her face came off in my hands

And W. noted a shift in emphasis, as she congealed before him
and he began to coagulate

But just as W. was about to squirm back down into the
wormy ground, he came to a parting, or a splitting, of
the ways. It was dusty and dirty and non-denominational
and the old campaigners walked in circles on the dirt.

They did not see W. W. watched entranced while the hymn
played

In the midst of the circle there arose a globe with the orificers
gripping their members sorry memos.

W. split down the parting of the ways.

W. waved his right hands.

Welcome to Contextual Conspirialities

said a VOX, only to be W.'s superhero CRANIAL PERCH

How about a Joy Ride? and they stepped into the automobile surreal

And Cranial catapulted into the gray areas, expounding to

W. the misstereze of the universe:

TRESPASSERS

DOGS

MONEY

Helluva Louie donut no hope plus Meese

Meat police AMEN

the man who laughs has not yet been told the terrible news

DON'T BELIEVE IN ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T MAKE

YOU LAUGH/LARF/LOAF/LEAF/LIEF

Everything you see is a projection onto the back of your eyelid

You are lying on a table

The table is in a room

The room is dark

You are lying on a table in the SHARP DARK ROOM

There is no way out - but you can try JUMPing into
the sharpness

WOULD YOU JUMP

Performances



Crawdaddy

Nectars, Burlington VT

June 28th

Sunday night at Nectars isn't usually the meat-market scene associated with Fridays and Saturdays, which is good news if all you want to do is drink and listen to some local musicians pour their souls out to a half-filled dance floor. Such was the case on this particular night when Crawdaddy (Karl Goetze, drums; Steve Crawford, rhythm guitar & vocals; Sam Crawford, bass & vocals; Rachel Brown, vocals; Brendan Murphy, lead guitar & vocals) hung their tie-dyed backdrop on the wall behind the stage and spread out their musical wares. And a fine tie-dyed backdrop it is, too: a red, white and blue pattern highly evocative of things Grateful-ly Dead, with these cute li'l crawdaddies stencilled on. The first set kicked off with a truly unique rendition of the Beatles' "Dear Prudence", which had me liking the song for the first time in my life. An R.E.M. tune followed, as well as some originals which more than held their ground with the cover material. Half-way through the set the dance floor was still deserted ... until the Harley girl got up. Tall, blond and lean with jeans painted on and a tanktop reading Laconia on the front and Harley-Davidson on the back (Rat, where were you?), this girl did that flowing dance usually reserved for Grateful Dead mamas with large peasant dresses. She spotted some girls seated at the front tables - friends of the band, I found out later - and started to harass them in a friendly yet sinister way, calling them up onto the dance floor. Now, I'm not saying that this woman was unusually attractive, but even the bozos at the bar were momentarily distracted from whatever sporting event was on the tube. She eventually left - alone - probably wondering what was wrong with these stiffs. Oh, yes ... the band. They finished up with a rousing arrangement of "All Along The Watchtower" which left me wondering "What *can* you do with a song which consists of a single three chord pattern?".

All in all, Crawdaddy is a nice departure from the usual blue-eyed soul pretenders which have arrogantly oozed across Nectars' stage for the last umpteen or so years. I realize that many of RFM's readers are probably thinking "Ooh, it's not *hard* enough for me, it doesn't sound like The Melvins". Well, consider this: the universe is ordered in such a way that Crawdaddy music must exist in order for hard core to exist. Someone *must* play this music if you want to listen to Superchunk or Ministry or whatever fuzzed out sludge rock outfit happens to be hot when this issue of RFM reaches the stores. Just be glad decent folk like Crawdaddy are on the job.



Dead Milkmen

Metronome, Burlington, VT

June 30th

After seeing how fast the Adrian Belew show sold out, I wasn't taking any chances on this one, so I hustled down to the Flynn to pick up advance tickets. At \$6.50 apiece and the chance that this would be the only decent national act coming to town this summer, such uncharacteristic planning was only prudent (to quote a soon-to-be unemployed politician). The night of the performance found me cringing to the sounds of warm-up act Wonder Woman's Invisible (make that "Miserable") Jet, a band so forgettable that while writing this review I had to ask someone if there *was*

Performances, con't

a warm-up band. Why is it that bands like this dribble on endlessly (see the Guppy Boy review also in this issue), and really good warm-up acts stick to their allotted times? Headliners often deliberately pick lame-assed bands so they'll look really good, but more often than not it just puts the crowd in a surly mood.

For anyone familiar with the Milkmen's repertoire, suffice it to say that they were in respectable form, mixing old favorites like "Bitchin' Camaro" and "Punk Rock Girl" with tunes from their recent release *Soul Rotation*. The real news here is the crowd that turned out to see a relatively third-string band from the '80's, the action that ensued and the club owner's reaction to the evening in general. The club, which at this point in time had recently re-opened under new management, was packed with a very enthusiastic throng which cranked up the mosh pit with the first note of the Milkmen's set, and didn't let up until the last encore was played. At one point, singer H.P. Hovercraft (formerly Rodney Anonymous) ragged on the crew saying, "Boy, I haven't seen anyone pogo since the Eighties. How pathetic!". A friend I was with remarked, "Well, if you'd update your act maybe you'd get a more up-to-date reaction". At any rate, the pit was so exuberant that new club owner Anne Rothwell stationed hired-gun bouncers between the crowd and the band. Unfortunately, she hired some reggae-head who'd never seen a mosh pit in action, resulting in a toe-to-toe, eyeball-to-eyeball shoving match with ex-Ward/Freezerbrn/G.O.D./Gouge guitarist Angus, who was only happy to oblige.

Mid-way through the show, Anne came out to survey the situation. My friend and I were standing behind the P.A. columns, providing the only buffer zone between the monitors board (dutifully manned by the ubiquitous Quinn-I and Franco) and the pit. From our vantage point, you could feel the entire dance floor heaving, trampoline-style, under the weight of the moshers. From Anne's vantage point, a vivid picture must have been forming: splintering beams, bodies falling onto Nectars' safe-as-milk dance floor below, and a severely irritated Rorris. Eying us, she turned to Franco and snapped, "Get these people to move back". Enjoying the buffer zone we provided, Franco cocked a single "Whaddyakidding?" eyebrow at Anne. She turned on her frustrated heel and left us in peace.

After playing a healthy set, the Milkmen left the stage expecting, I'm sure, a wildly rambunctious encore call. What they got instead was what just about everyone who plays Burlington gets: a good round of applause, which quickly degenerated into a somewhat embarrassed silence. After it became apparent that there would be no spontaneous request forthcoming, they grudgingly trudged back on stage, made some sarcastic remark about the lack of enthusiasm and cranked out a couple more tunes before calling it a night. Walking out into the night air, I felt a certain dissatisfaction with the Milkmen, but no more so than I had with the "Escape From New York" tour which played Memorial last summer. I thought about the old saying "You can never go home", and realized that even if

you can go home again, you probably shouldn't play any of your old records.

Righteous Bones

Sheik

by Tom Cuddy

On a rare free Friday night Lene and I decided to go to The Sheik for the Righteous Bones show. We had dug their first song at the Rock Against Racism Rally, but we had to leave to move equipment.

We rode down on our souped-down old bicycles. The Bones had just started into "Soul Kitchen and the singer became Jim Morrison. This was not a copy - I believe it was SPIRITUAL POSSESSION from the GRAVE! Dave the drummer pounded the song into a high velocity and an appropriately cheesy sounding organ [illegible] at the sound. Wow.

After the stunning Doors cover, the Bones played some of their own material. It is definitely in the New Hippie Rock vein, but they've got more balls in their jams than most bands in this genre. Maybe it comes from diggin the Doors instead of the Dead.

Anyway, Righteous Bones is a fun hardworking band that you should check out even if you hate Blues Traveler.

The Cuts

Metronome, Burlington VT

July 25th

Some people are into whips, chains and/or self-mutilation. Me? I like to see bands like this to see if they're as bad as everyone says they are. Believe everything you've heard.

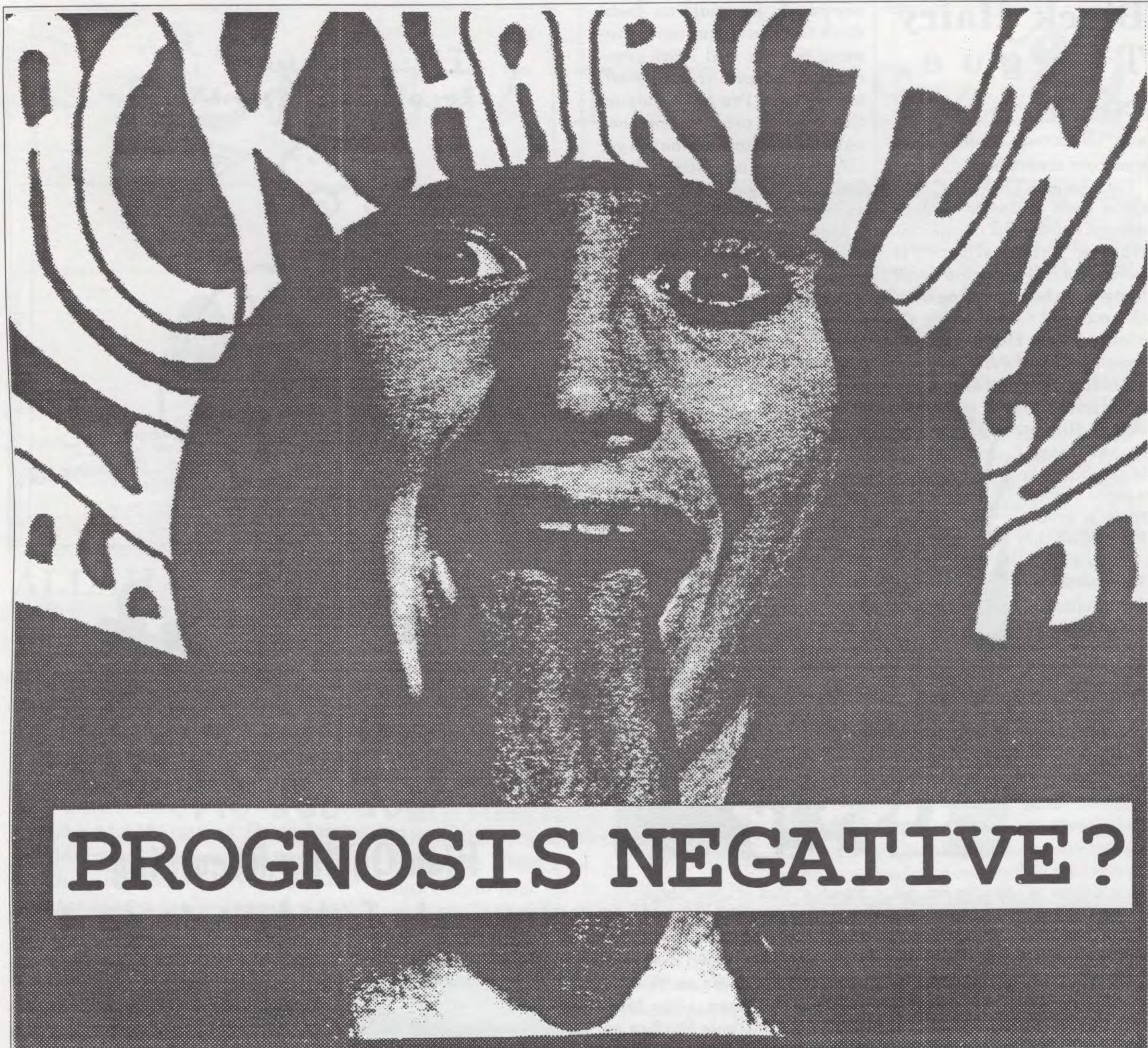
Guppy Boy

K.D. Churchill's, Burlington VT

August 19th

Little form, no content.





PROGNOSIS NEGATIVE?

Listening to what may turn out to be Black Hairy Tongue's swan song 7", I couldn't help thinking of the time I ran into BHT guitarist Pete Painful in Mr. Mike's pizza emporium. It was the day of the Rock Against Racism concert, and Pete was grabbing a quick bite before playing the second of three "farewell" performances. Smelling a possible RFM scoop (which, in retrospect, was more likely some day-old anchovies), I grilled Pete for the dirt on BHT's rumored breakup: were there animosities

among the band members? Pete hesitated before replying. "No", he said, "everyone in the band is cool and we get along fine. It's the music. It's got . . . *low self-esteem*". He looked at me tentatively as if he'd just confided some sordid family secret, grabbed his slice and left in a hurry.

I've thought about Pete's disclosure several times since that day. With the new single on my turntable, I strained for clues within the grooves. Produced by Wharton Tiers (Sonic Youth, among others) at Fun City Studios in NYC, the music conceals any self-esteem problems with a sure bravado which alternates between steamroller

Black Hairy Tongue, con't

and blitzkrieg examples of hardcore classicism.

On "Awake To Steak", vocalist Seth seems to explore several existential themes including immortality ("I'll never live / I'll never die") and hangovers before laying bare the roots of Christianity ("I realized how He had a son, Jesus Christ / And how He sent His Son down to the earth

/ And how Man strung Him up on the cross / Hung him like a piece of meat from a tree"). Faced with this realization, Seth searches for divine inspiration in the pages of Gideon's Bible while the rest of the band grinds away on the song's hypnotic theme. With true hangover logic, the path to salvation lies not



in a bottle of Anacin or, as some might expect, the hair of the dog but rather in the sacramental ritual of cannibalism: "We eat the meat / We drink the blood / Awake to steak]".

"Page 335" opens with a nicely overdriven bass which is joined by the full band, featuring the two guitars spiraling around each other. Seth relates the Biblical myth of Cain and Abel, revealing the core of human behavior: "I am a stupid animal / Feel my pain". Later, during the quiet break traditional to the New Grungecore bands, he presents a cure for 20th century anomie: "He who makes a beast of himself / Forgets the pain of being a man". If men's movement leader Robert Bly would give a listen to this, especially the cathartic refrain ("Feel my pain / Feel my pain / Feel my pain / Feel

my pain"), he would no doubt ditch the Native Indian drumming hokum and start organizing mosh pits. Heady stuff, to be sure. I've been putting this song on prior to going out on the town, and lemme tell ya, the societal inhibitions have been staying home watching summer reruns.

Musically, the production on this record is some of the finest grunge to be heard anywhere (including, need I say it, Seattle). Beefy drums and bass provide a solid foundation for washes of over-the-edge guitars, evoking the spirit of Big

Black's "Fist of Love" days. Vocals are mixed loud enough to be understood, with the exception of the trendy distorto-bullhorn segments on "Awake to Steak". I mean, I like Ministry and Butthole Surfers as much as the next degenerate, but c'mon guys - let's move on!

Metaphysically speaking, however, I have serious doubts about taking this latest/last effort from BHT at face value. Knowing, like any freshman Psych. major, that extroverted behavior is most often a blind for inner crises and general angst, I can't help but feel that there's more going on here than meets the eye. Low self-esteem? Maybe. But without more to go on - years of therapy, or at least a full-length album - I fear we will never know.

Reviewage by L.G. Tindall



Is This your
RECORDING ENGINEER?



NOT AT

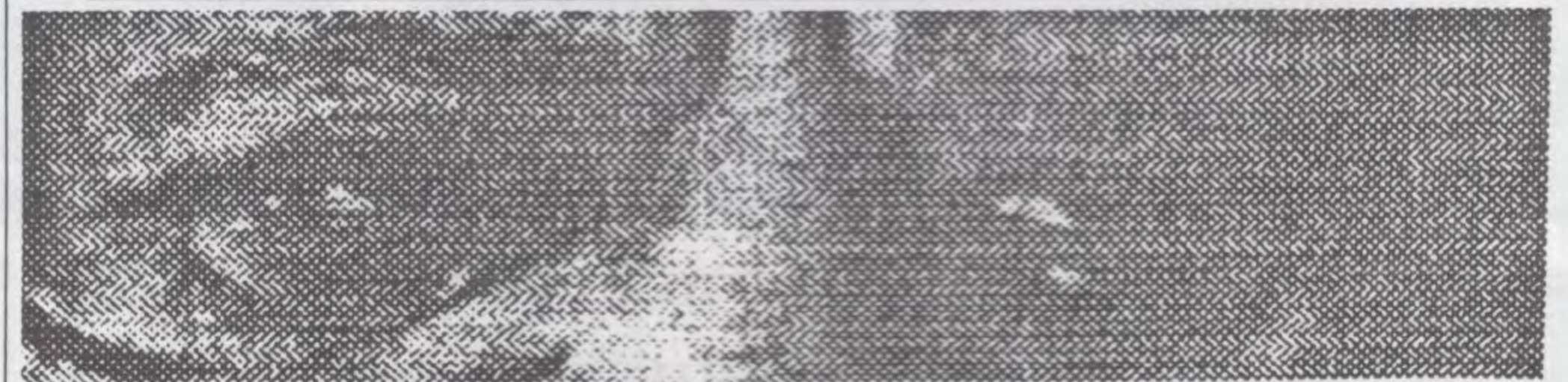
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16 TRACK 1" TAPE

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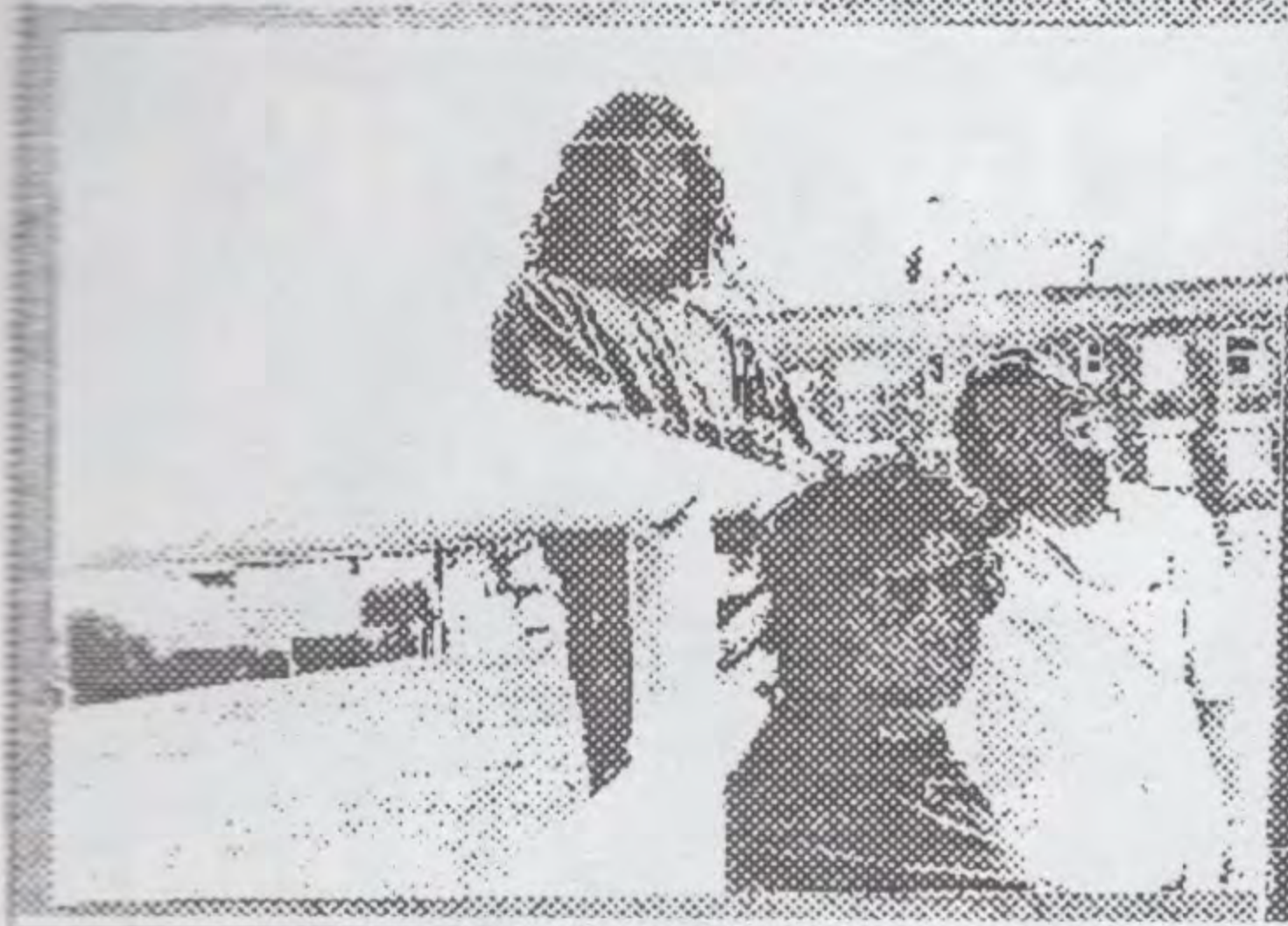
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R E V I E W S



ALLAH (Tape)

Before there was a Cobain or a Farrell, there was a weird little dude from Burlington named Paul Brill. It was hard fronting yet another Dead-oriented, North Street band with the "Gee-I-want-to-come-out-of-UVM-with-my-musical-integrity-still-intact-but-still-get-gigs" mentality. Paul's band then was called MALAYALAM, one of those backward/forward type spellings [Ed. - For those who really care, the Weasle is describing a "palindrome", a five-dollar word which has almost no practical use to most of us. And you thought you'd completely blown \$1.25 on this rag. So far, you're ahead \$3.75.]. But enough of past history. We caught up with Mr. Brill and his new hip band Allah backstage at a recent Ninja Custodian show held for various industry reps somewhere in Culver City, CA. These were the Questions posed ...

RFM: Who are the members of Allah?

PB: Myself ...

RB: This is Rich Bertroli.

RFM: Talk into the mike.

RB: I did.

RFM: Let's talk about how this band got together.

PB: It's been a long road, man ...

Griff: It all began on a starry night when we were all ...

[At this point the interviewer lost all information stored on the interview

tape due to too many shots of Cuervo and direct contact with a metal barrier while moving at 25 mph. While the interviewer escaped with minor injuries, the tape, alas, was reduced to pollution. On to the tape review ...]

Suffice it to say that to experience ALLAH is to step into a melodic toaster: your hair will singe, your skin will brown. The overall feel is real bluesy - not in a tinny fashion, but more of a GRUNGE. You will be whisked away to a time when rock and roll meant more than just warm bodies on some club booker's tally sheet. ALLAH has all this and more. As one writer of the Burlington scene once said, Thick is an Experience. ALLAH is Thick. But I digress. Let me now concentrate my remaining energy on reviewing ALLAH's self-titled 4 song tape released on Scarlet Shame Records out of Venice, CA.

I heard the first song and I was HOOKED. "Invisible" has a D.I.N.F. eerie slowness which makes you feel as if drowned in a sea of codeine. That feel is continued on "Island", with its tribal beats ala Griffin and the fuzz Grunge Brill. It does have a Jane's feel, but carries it's weight musically. "Love To Feel" is my personal favorite, carrying a hauntingly suicidal feel, until the chorus kicks out the jams. Rich B's bass work brings to mind the melodic riffs of the bass player from the old G.O.D., while Brill's Pagesque guitar has more balls than most glam bands could ever dream about. The

bleed-in to the last tune "900(ii)" makes you just want to listen to the tape all over again. *Contact: ALLAH, 2320 Glyndon Avenue, Venice, CA 90291. Reviewage by The Weasle.*

Champions

"The Truth Shall Prevail" (Tape)

The tape starts with the title song. ANY style hardcore sound accompanies a laid back vocalist for about the first 45 seconds before Simon rips into a crushing refrain that explodes. This is an intelligently written song and I'm always repeating one of the lines ("Lies you built / Mind and soul / Body and heart / I'm in control / I'm in control of every part"). Blazing drums and guitars with frequent changes make this one the best. "Passage" follows, featuring fast hardcore music with angry vocals in a song about racism. Side Two begins with "The Day The Sun Would Not Shine". This is about people who feel sorry for themselves. Again, interesting changes with dedicated vocals. "The Prophecy" begins with a reggae sound and vocals but switches to hardcore and then back again to reggae. "Cold" ends this tape. Overall, this is an excellent tape. It's well produced and thought out. The Champions have a championship tape out in this one.

Champions - "Satisfied" (Tape)

Starts out with crushing hardcore sound and interesting vocals. "Prophecy" (see review above) comes next followed by "In Time". Hardcore drums rule on this one. Again, well written words make this great. Either tape is great. Get it! [Contact: Simon Brody, 10 Peru Street, Burlington, VT. Phone: 862 6236]

Peg Tassej And Proud Of It

This tape begins with spacey music and Peg reciting a "Poem For Torrin". Following this Proud Of It breaks into "Ethan Is Stoned", and Peg joins them with her clear, smooth

[Continued on p. 22]

Reviews

con't from p. 20

and soothing vocals. "Boys' Club" has a metal edge to it as Peg debates the question of joining a Boys Club. "Violence" as entertainment begins with Peg and the band singing acapella. This is well written and so relevant with today's Hollywood dishing us so much trashy, violent movies. The marching drum beat accompanying Peg sounds great.

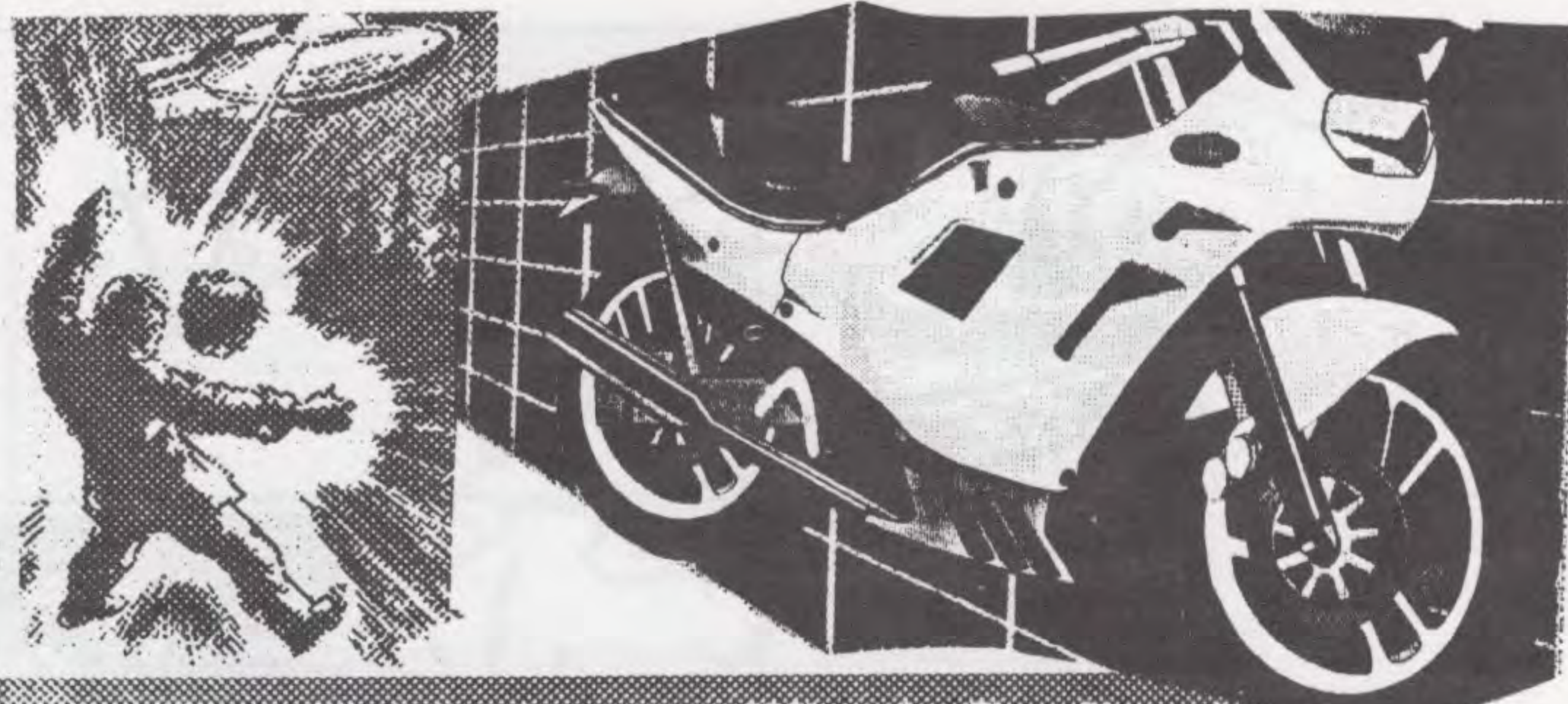
Side Two starts with a cover of Alice Cooper's "Is It My Body?", followed by "Where Are You" and "Get Into Your Sex", which are skillfully blended together. "Hands All Over You" is a rocking style sex song which Peg belts out. A few leads and tight drumming reiche in this one. Clearly, my favorite is the next one, "Sex Is Good". "I like sex / Sex is good / I'd have sex with everybody / If I could". Proud Of It winds this one up with a speed metal assault, and the tape ends with "Rock 'n' Roll Queen".

If you haven't guessed, I like this tape. The songs are all interesting, well written and clear, while Peg's voice is upfront and distinctive. This band combines elements of folk and metal and produces a brilliant hybrid. Is this a crossover band? Get this tape and see for yourself. *Review by Lew Simpson.*

Zero Gravity

Anyone who thinks middle-class white boys from New England can't be funky should listen to Zero Gravity's powerful 8 song tape. This band lays it down right from the opening cut of "Get Funky". Like they say in the song, "This is not

Guns and Roses / So don't go raising your fist". Side one also features "You Turn Me" with an opening riff that reminded me of the great Deep Purple classic "Lazy". I haven't heard music like this in a long time. The tape's infectious lyrics and riffs reminded me of Average White Band and the tunes kept spinning around in my head for days. Side two opens with a mellower song, "Socrates", which really shows off the bands ultra-tight musicianship. It also features a great "band" song called "Work" that traces the ups and downs of being in a working (or semi-working) band. The tape closes with "Fine Tooth Comb". This number opens with a collage of just about every type of music you can think of and then rips into a fantastic groove that doesn't quit until the tape is over. With it's funky beat and variety of styles, Zero Gravity is the kind of band anyone can dance and groove to. This tape was well worth the price. My only question is why do they have New York City on the cover of the tape? These guys should be proud to be from Burlington! *Review by Luthor Braintree, Jr.*

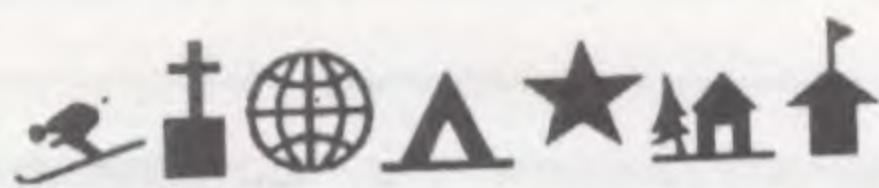


Do You Know Anyone Who is Dealing in
Drugs by Mail?

CALL US WE'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

1-800-654-8896 or 1-800-BE ALERT

I'll bet they had to add extra phone lines after running this ad.

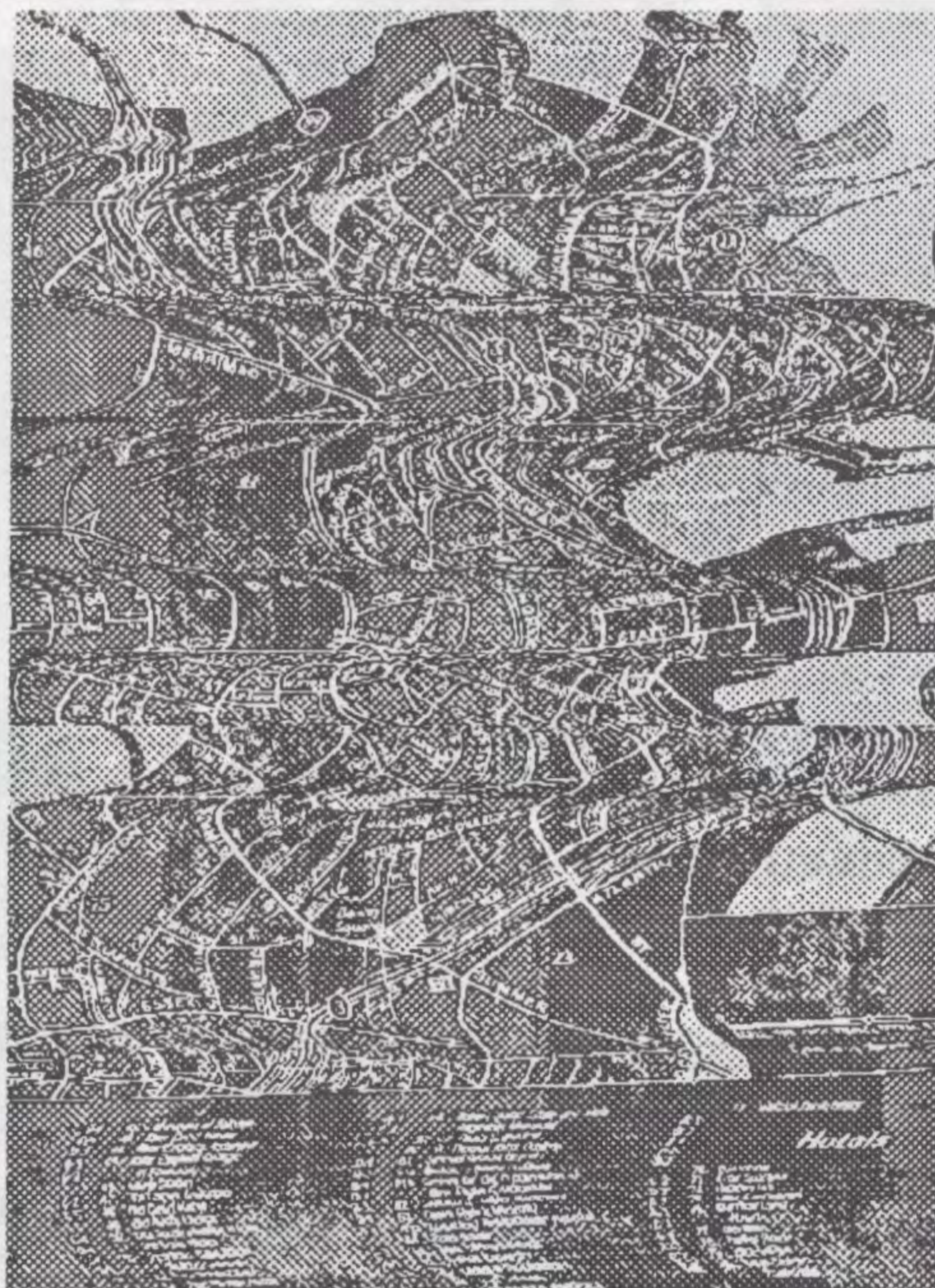


Boston Scene Report

1992 has brought a lot of major changes and yes, improvements to our "HC" or "Underground" scene. Changes first. A D.I.Y. group called Tools of Revolution has been putting on hall shows with national and local bands for the last 8 months thanx in particular to Justine DeMetrick, who will have moved to N.Y. by the time you read this and will be sorely missed (see Review Section for the great summer shows!). Cringe Productions has been shut down 'cept for big bands like **Helmet**, **L7**, etc. and lack of attendance at smaller shows and the loss of the Channel Club. As for bands **Bullet**, **La Volta** and **Eye For An Eye** broke up after long careers. Guitarist Jay of Eye is now in Shelter. Boston biggies **Slapshot** and **Wrecking Crew** underwent massive lineup changes and have been looking for labels and playing out infrequently. I did see Wrecking Crew (see Review Section) recently but not Slapshot. **Sam Black Church** (Napalm Death meets Bad Brains head-on) and **Maelstrom** (lame college boy punk-funk) have been playing often and did play a huge Cringe show with **Murphy's Law** and Slapshot in Worcester of all places. **Kingpin** (see review) **Said + Done** (DCish?) and **3rd Degree** (sounds like Dag Nasty and the new single kicks ass!) are on Al Quint's Suburban Voice label, and yes he's still doin' the 'zine (see address at end of article). Another bands I've heard of is **Arise** (s'posed to sound like NYC HC ala Born Against and Citizen's Arrest). My band **SneakAttack** is writing songs, trying out bassists and waiting for drummer Shawn's legal hassles to end! Record labels are Taang? (he has a bad rep of ripping his bands off, stuff which I have heard 1st hand), Axktiun (Boston punk/grind), Porno Connection (yo Johnny X and Charlie!) and the afore mentioned Suburban Voice label.

Anyway, if I didn't mention your band in the article or review section, see Suburban Voice + MRR. I'm not perfect, but I've been around the scene long enough to know what time it is!

Yeah, there's a scene in Worcester, and it sucks dick and eats shit! There's 3 cool people (Ben, Greg and Steve who used to be in a band called **One Small Dog**), 1 cool promoter named Joey Mars and 1 cool soundman named Fred Dusek. Besides that, it sucks! The biggest



"bands" Flat Stanley and Foe both finally had the sense to give up because (in order) they couldn't play their instruments (FS), someone went to college and their bass player and songwriter quit (Foe). Good riddance! Hey, Jay Cole (Foe's homophobic racist hick piece of shit singer) - Mike C. of Red Bliss is coming back to kick your ass! And Worcester's shit promoter and Nazi Party sympathizer Mark Wright and shit 'zine editor Doug Chapel - you're a fuckin' disgrace!

Peace,
Boston Rules!
Drew

P.S. - Punks and skins in Boston: keep chillin' together like you're doin, man! And keep supporting the hall shows! Addresses / numbers for bookings, zines, etc.

Tools of Revolution: Marc Bayard (617 986 0406)

Sean Cringe: ?? Anyone got his # ??

Suburban Voice Zine & label: Al Quint, PO Box 1605, Lynn, MA 01903 (617 596 1570)

Axktion Records: P.O. Box 623, Kendall Square, Cambridge, MA 02142

Almost forgot (stupid me!): **The Freeze** (yes, the Boston punk legends) has an album out which you should buy at all cost, called "Misery Loves Company" and has been back together for a year!

Intermission Photozine: send \$2 to

Justine De Metrick, 511 Sycamore Ln, Wakefield, RI 02879

July '92: Month of Mayhem and Glory!
Kingpin, **Heroin**, **Grey House**, **1.6. Band**, **49 Reasons**, **Dive**
Baptist Church, Cambridge
July 5

This way cool show started out with a record swap which I was able to trade and acquire several cool records and 2 T-shirts. **Dive** played your typical straight edge skinhead mosh core that I've heard 5 million times B4, so I went outside and chilled. **49 Reasons** had a good melodic speedy assault which worked more times than not. Alright. **1.6. Band** is fucking amazing! Great guitaring, incredible drumming, tight as fuck! "Sticks To The Skin" and "Your Restaurant" highlighted the set of the day. I forgot to mention Kevin's vocals, which remind me of a more HC Perry Farrell (I hope he don't get pissed about the comparison); great voice and dynamic range! **Grey House** had a more crushing sound and mid-tempo style and had good stage energy, but need more variety of tempos. **Heroin** from San Diego was up next and promised but didn't deliver on Battalion or Saints material. Great fuckin' aggro thrash songs, but their slower tempos were slightly lacking. Solid set and cool sense of humor by the singer. **Kingpin** was up next with "straight edge vegetarian posi youth crap" according to my friends, and I say "Fuck 'em! The first 3 songs had a great early Verbal Assault feel and were surprisingly fast. No mosh crap! The rest of the set was hit or miss. It was cool when the singer changed the title of one their songs to "Fuck You" for some asshole who had graffitied the bathroom. Pretty cool set by a mess of college guys who I swear look like they're 15 or 16.

Blister / Wrecking Crew
Paradise, Boston MA
July 11

\$8 to get in and a shit band headlines over **Wrecking Crew**! **Blister** were pretty horrible, alternating between noise and '77 punk sounding stuff ala the Clash. Great bassplayer, though! Should throw out the noise and stick to the punkier songs. Wrecking Crew has gone to a slightly slower and way heavier sound and it works providing a sonic crush effect! New song "Oblivion" works
(continued on p. 28)

The Daze of Our Lives...



Ken Sleeps Naked, Metronome, 6/92



Acoustic Do It Now, Campus At Noon, 6/92



Ken Does Acid, Metronome, 6/92



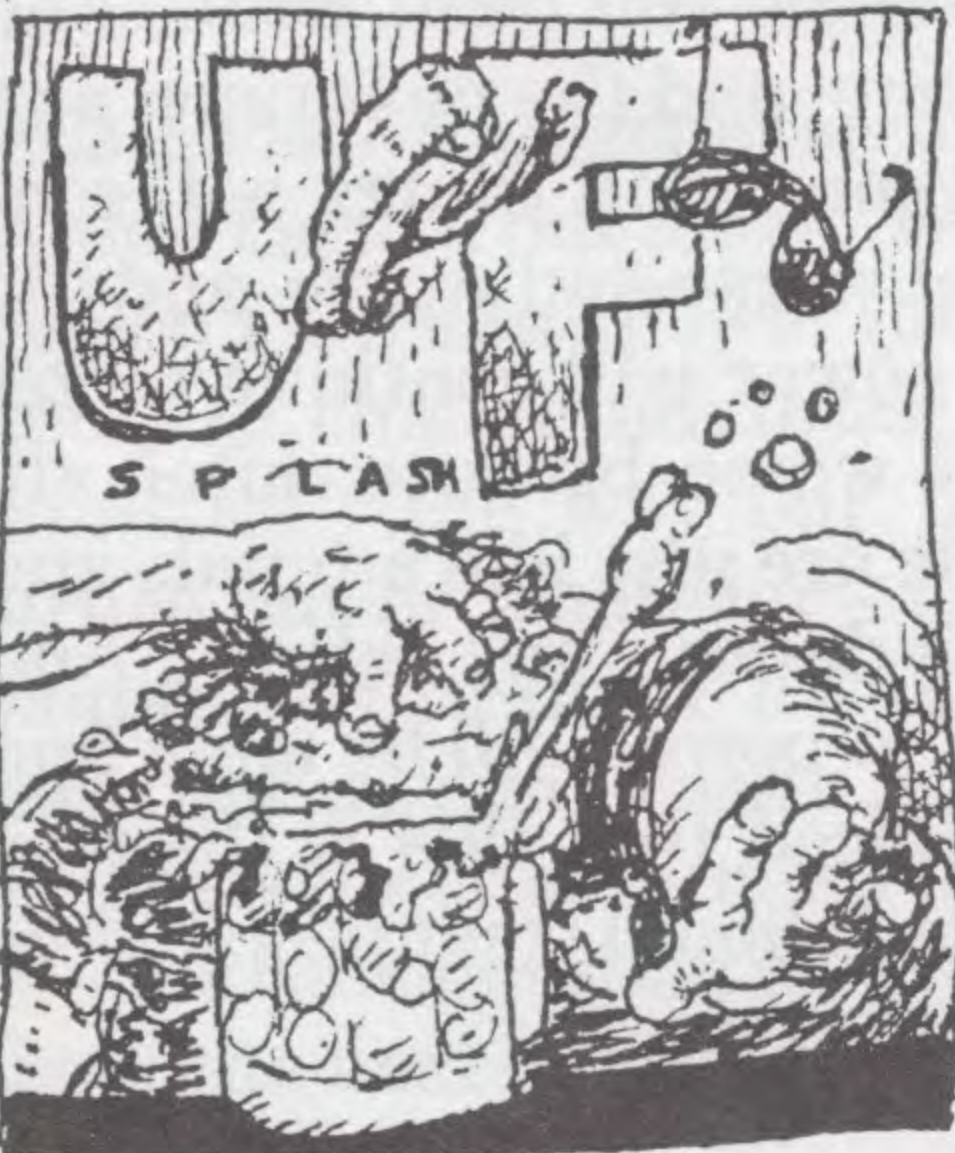
Satan Sighting,
Colchester, 7/4/92



Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking: "What a great magazine! Too bad about the lousy photography". Well, part of finding inner peace in this life is coming to terms with one's abilities and short-comings. And guess what? We ain't no friggin' photographers! There, I feel much better. But you can do something about this tragic situation. Send us just about any decent photo, and chances are you'll see it in the next RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE. What a great way to impress your friends and family, and see your name in print!



P.Y.G. Roast, Last Elm Cafe, 7/4/92



I understand that the last recipe was a little confusing and difficult to understand, so let me explain what's going on here.

I feel that the best instrument for a true change in society is education. Revolution is quicker, but it doesn't take as well over time (as any hard line communist living in Moscow can tell you). To that end, I see this column as sort of a "cook book for change"...an opportunity to let people step back from things and think about them.

This requires that you put a little effort in on your part however. If you just want a lot of reviews and editorials that validate a narrow viewpoint and are easy to read on the toilet, then stop here. If you're willing to challenge some of the day to day ideas you have about yourself and the world, then go on.

But please, don't make the mistake it seems everyone did last time. **Read the fucking article** ... don't just skim through, grab onto the buzz words and come away without any understanding of the point trying to be made here. (I'm really trying to avoid the problem we had last time so after I make this next point I will refrain from mentioning anatomy and names of any local personalities in future articles).

The last article was about how the media **uses us**. It (the media) takes a serious issue, like problems with the welfare system, or a concert on racism, or a serious artist's performance and changes your focus on it. You **should** be thinking about these things: how can a grossly unfair welfare system be changed; what are my views on racism; what is that artist trying to say and make me think about. **Instead**, your thoughts are now skillfully directed this way: the government is full of clowns that can't spell; Oh yeah, there was some concert or something for racism the other day; did you hear what that reviewer said about her, I bet she's mad, Ha Ha Ha.

The point of the last article (AT-

TENTION: HERE IS THE POINT OF THE LAST ARTICLE!) is that you do not need to be lead around by the nose by the media once you understand that this is happening. You can face and deal with the issues and life intelligently. You don't have to let them make you a puppet!!

You don't have to let **anyone** make you a puppet...**INCLUDING YOURSELF**, because believe it or not you do it to yourself everyday! Which

taken advantage of on a daily basis and only strike back when things get so bad we really can't take it anymore. It's then that we seek revenge...steal from the boss that doesn't see any problem with treating his employees like slaves, trash the sub-human apartment the landlord thinks is fit for tenants (but not himself) to live in, rip up unfair parking tickets and on and on.

But if you thought about it you'd realize that that isn't really going to change anything. All you'll accomplish is to serve as just one more shining example that these peoples' narrow-minded, stupid, elitist points of view are right. It just reinforces the behavior you're trying to strike out against.

And the next time you or one of your friends goes to find a job or a place to live or has a confrontation with the police you'll run into a carbon copy of the last asshole you dealt with. And the next time, and the next time, and the next time. And things will continue to get worse and worse, and the people in power will continue to get worse and worse because, after all, "you people are just like animals and really don't deserve any better". And the people in power will be more and more convinced that this is the way they can and should treat people they have power over.

SUMMARY: There will always be someone that will take advantage of us because ...

Step two: Take out two (2) slices of bread. Lay them on the table.

PART TWO: THE THINGS WE DON'T DO

In reality, life is actually a difficult struggle between those who appear to have power and those who think they have none.

Instead of short term revenge, you could get a lot more accomplished for the long run if you tried to change the

Cooking With Mushrooms

by Alice Liddell



brings us to this month's article:

A Simple Idea

Today's recipe is a simple and satisfying snack anyone can make with a little effort.

Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich

Step one: Open the bag of bread.

PART ONE: THE THINGS WE DO

Life appears to be a difficult struggle between those who have power and those who have none. The people in power, the bosses, landlords, police and so forth, make things hard for the rest of us. We get treated like shit and

Mushrooms, continued

system...worked for better labor, tenant and civil rights in the above cases. It probably has crossed your mind once or twice...if only as "why can't things be more fair?". But this type of "major change" rarely gets accomplished.

Think about any of the great ideas that have crossed your mind in the past...all those ones you get when you're high or drunk or that come to you in the shower...the ones that seem a little too silly and unrealistic a couple of hours or days later. Why don't any of the big ideas ever get acted on?

Well, there's two reasons: The first and most obvious reason is that it's a lot more easy and fun to just go with your first reaction to being treated like shit: small acts of revenge. It's instant gratification and vindication for a real and true injustice that has been dealt you because you are in a position where someone (who happens to be an asshole) appears to have power over you.

This leads to the deeper second reason we don't act on our ideas. We feel like we don't have the power (or even the right) to change anything - "laws", "injustice", the way our lives have turned out or whatever - we've been conditioned to think like this for so long that we don't really give most of our ideas for change more than just a passing consideration which we laugh about the next day when we sober up or we turn them into safe fantasies ("if I win the lottery, I'll quit my job ...").

SUMMARY: We are programmed to be sheep.

Step three: Spread peanut butter on one slice. Spread jelly on the other.

PART THREE: THE THING

The reason people feel like they are just a little stupid piece of shit no one will listen to is because they've been told all their life that they are just a little stupid piece of shit no one will listen to.

It starts with your parents, then your

school, then Sunday school, the neighbors, the media and on and on. It's an endless line of people and things telling you in very subtle (and often not so subtle) ways that you don't really measure up. You're too short, tall, fat, young, old, stupid, smart, loud, quiet, smelly, ugly, poor, uneducated....

Most people spend their entire life trying desperately to measure up. They rebel for a few years but usually by the time they finish school they "grow up" and fall in line (everyone knows someone they were young with who just sort of became their parents one day). Some people go the other extreme and try so desperately not to conform that in a way they are conforming too...only to a different but equally rigid set of standards (this town is full of parodies of "hippies" and "artists" who are calculatingly spontaneous in their eccentricities).

Either way, you're still reacting to something that was drilled into you by other people and institutions.

SUMMARY: Some people are happy to be sheep...some aren't...

Step four: Put the two (2) slices of bread together, being sure that the peanut butter side of one slice faces the jelly side of the other slice.

PART FOUR: MORE ABOUT THE THING

Well, all those people and institutions were and are wrong (the fact that you're even reading a magazine like this one and not the Free Press is a sign of that). We know deep down we are capable of taking control. The only thing holding us back is our own self doubt.

Every single one of us is capable of doing a hundred things we think we can't. It's just that little inner voice echoing the past insults that tells us we can't do it or that we shouldn't try...that we can't get a better job, or our music/art/writing really isn't that good, or our opinion aren't really that interesting or even correct, that we don't deserve things to be better, or that we can't even change ourselves, because "this is just the way I am,

have been and always will be". Its that same little voice that's telling you right now "This is all a lot of bullshit. Why am I reading this assholes article?", the voice that makes us feel inadequate and unsure and keeps us down. It makes us afraid to stand up for ourselves and afraid to even trust ourselves enough to really have our own opinions (How convenient for the people who run things!).

So, how do you deal with the little voices and the life-time of negative reinforcement. Well, unfortunately, I can't give you a recipe for that...it's something you have to find for yourself inside yourself. But just knowing it is going on is a good start.

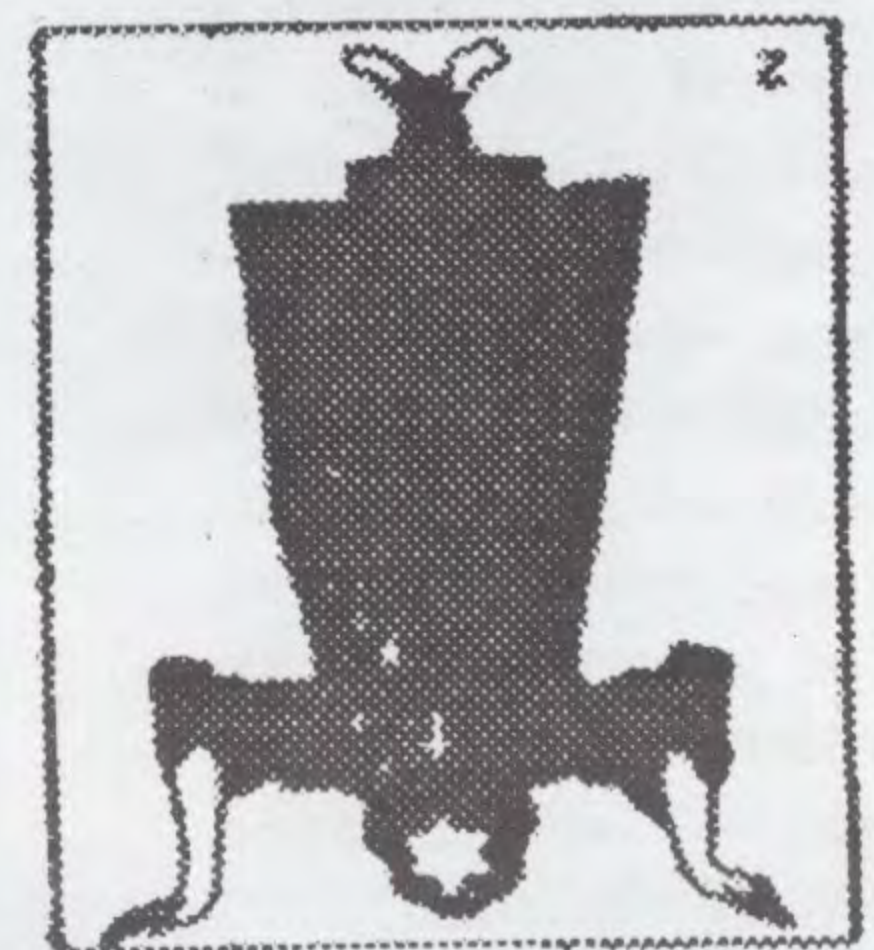
SUMMARY: ...and some people figure out how to change.

Step five: Put the sandwich on the table and cut it in half. Eat the sandwich.

PART FIVE: THE CLEVER SIGN-OFF

You are what you eat.

SUMMARY: A slightly Zen riddle: You should think about things a little harder, and also lighten up. You should be more assertive, but not as aggressive.



Boston Scene,

continued from p. 23

well, the new singer and lead guitar are kickin'! Any label could do no wrong signing these guys. I missed their classic oldie "Troubled Youth", though.

Rorschach / Econochrist / Face Value / Disrupt / Neckbrace

Baptist Church, Cambridge, MA

July 26

Neckbrace from Minnesota opened (which I thought was lame, the local band Disrupt shoulda opened) and played a good set, mixing the NY mosh beats with a tad of melody. Great cover of Pat Benatar's "Heartbreaker".

Disrupt was up next and was hot. Great Discharge laden thrash, with a dual vocal assault which wasn't too grindcore-like (whew). People were thrashing and having a good time 'til the female 3rd singer stopped 'em. What the fuck? The thrashin was way non-violent: let the people get out their aggro!! **Face Value** played some more rock laden stuff, which worked alright.

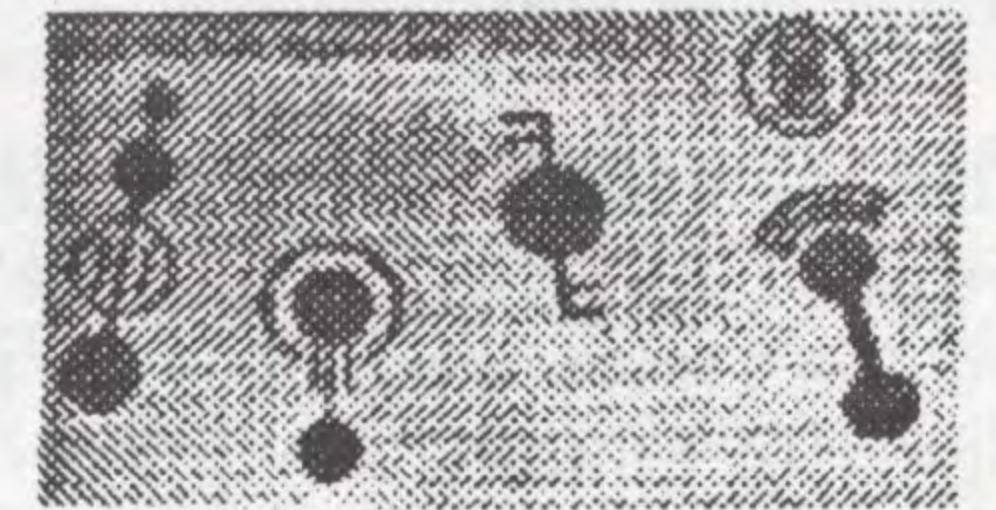
It's nice to know a former "hardline" S.F. band is now in the singer's word: "Down with everybody here no matter what they're into". Real tight and well played, but boring at points.

Econochrist from S.F. were up next and were punk as fuck! Total ass kicking assault in the East Bay tradition of bands like Filth and Opivy. Very impressive and high energy set. I gotta find some of their records.

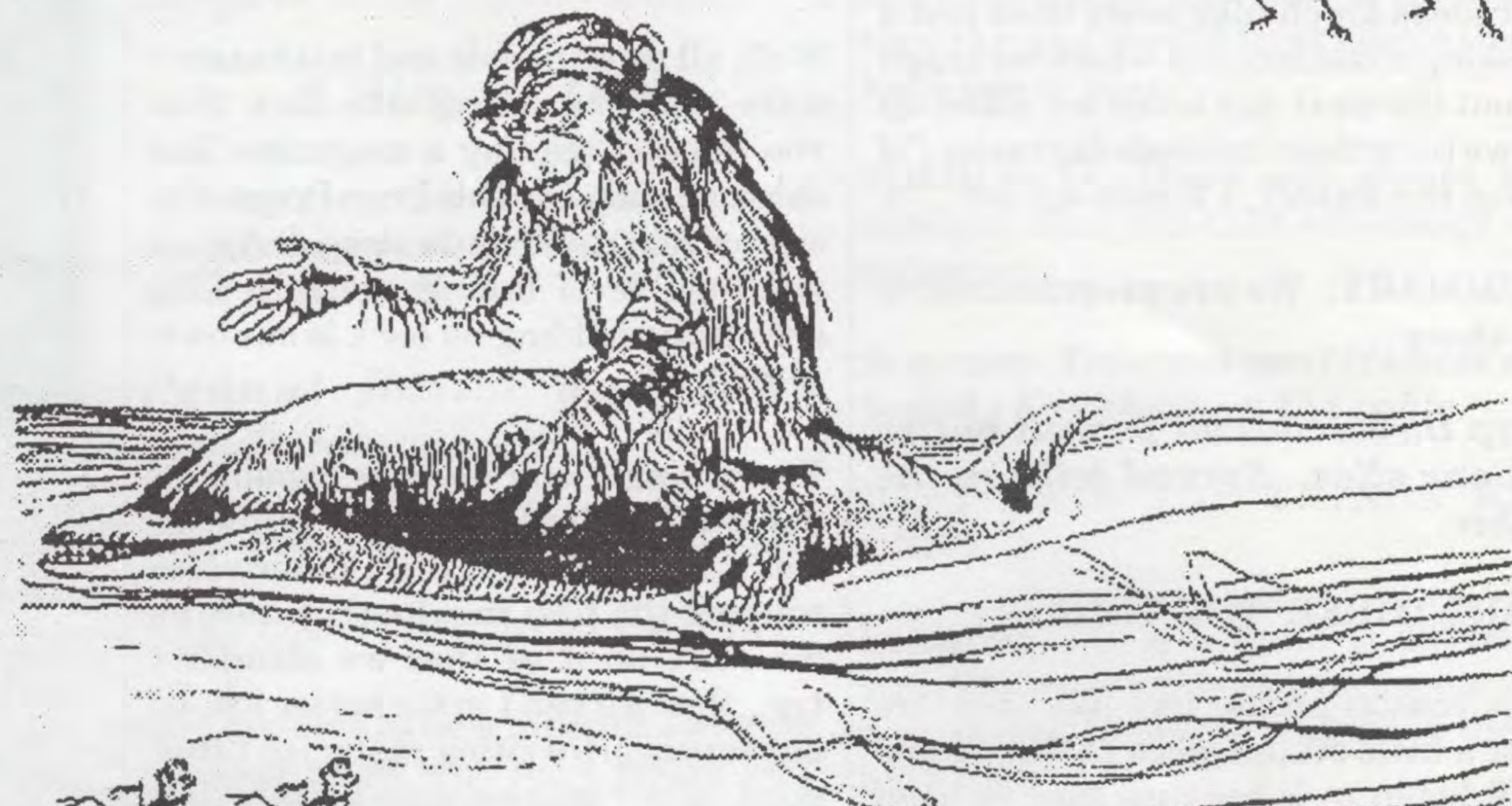
Rorschach from NJ, fresh from a European tour, played a set of music that could be described as chaotic, brutal, intense and manic. Singer Charles screams to the point of having an embolism, and the band plays their instruments like machine guns pointed at your skulls! An obvious reference point would be Neurosis. See this band and witness the brutality yourself. Thanx again to

Justine and the T.O.R. v!
Helmet / Crawlpappy
Paradise, Boston, MA
July 14

We arrived slightly late and missed part of **Crawlpappy** and we didn't miss much: everything wrong with the SubPop sound at once. Horrible dirgy noise! **Helmet** is the best band in the fuckin' U.S. !!! The crunch of a band like Cro-Mags or Metallica with touch of melodicism and clean as hell sound. Kids, take my word: see them while you can in a club, and buy all their records. It's a matter of time before they sell millions! Fucking incredible!

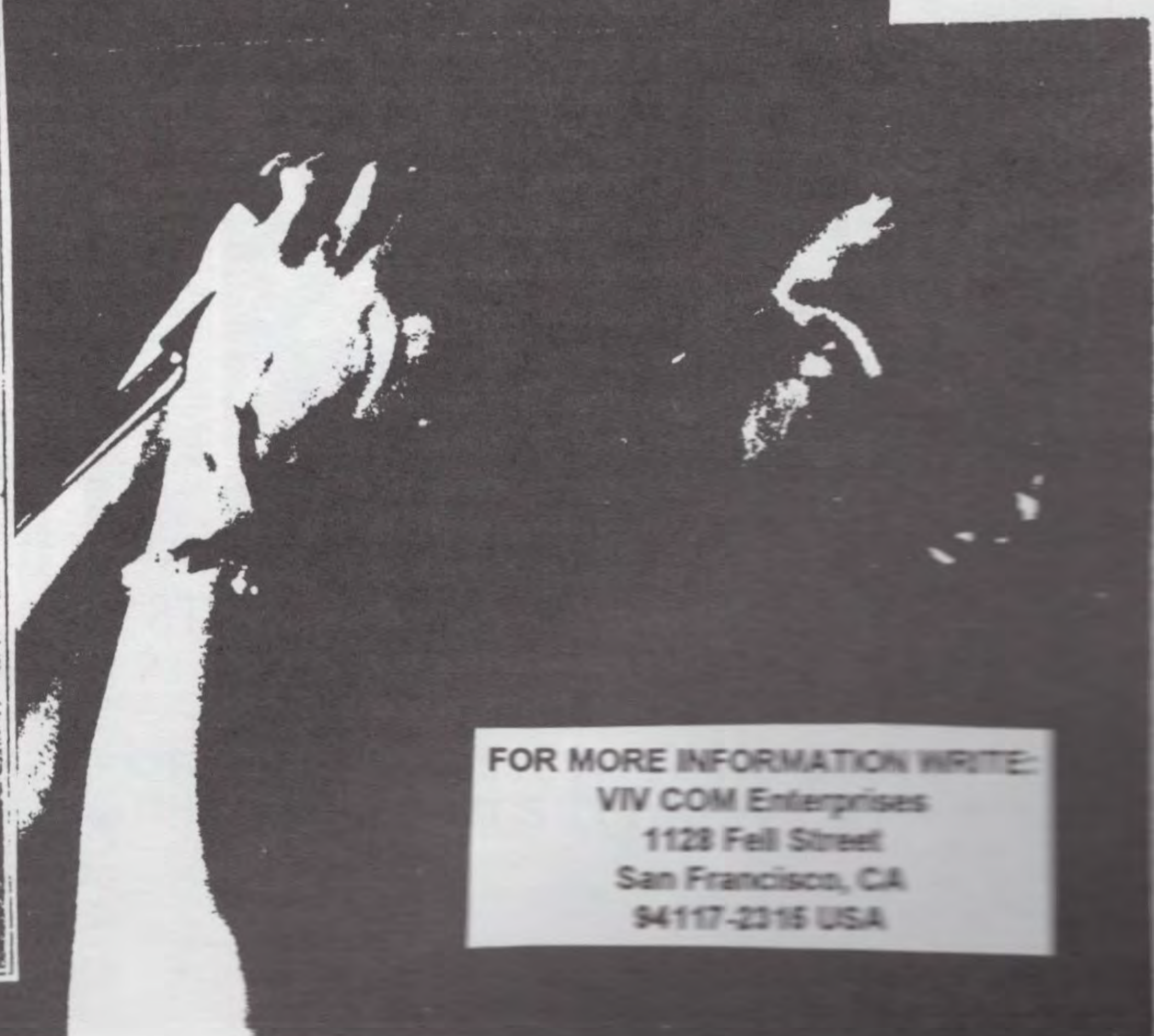


CRAWDADDY!



CRAWDADDY!

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

RAM DASS tapes: Tim Leary's Harvard colleague of the 1960's discusses yoga, psychedelics, Life, Death, rebirth and more. Write Hanuman Foundation 542 San Anselmo Ave #203, San Anselmo CA 94960.

HEY, we're starting a contact zine for the Maine - New Hampshire - Vermont area, so PLEEEEEEEEEZ send me the addresses of all the punks / loonies / whoever's that you know!! Contributors get free issue #1, which should be out soon! DO IT!! Brent, 357 Causeway, Lancaster NH 03584

CONFIDENTIAL TO "TIPPER" in Washington, DC: First off, you moron, you don't actually blow on it, it's just an expression. Secondly, it's not really considered a job if you enjoy it.

TERENCE McKENNA tapes: Consciousness expansion, UFOs, Psychedelia, Sacred Plants, Shamanism, Alien Intelligence. Write to Sound Photosynthesis PO Box 2111, Mill Valley CA 94942.

ATTENTION CHRIS STECHER FANS (we know you're out there!): Limited supply of solo album "Mice Want Peace" featuring guitar wizardry of the one and only Tefner now available. Send \$4.75 U.S. / \$5.75 Intemat'l to: Wilde Productions, P.O. Box 103, Colchester, VT 05446.

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WHO BENEFITS FROM HEMP PROHIBITION AND WHO SUFFERS? Read "The Emperor Wears No Clothes" by Jack Herer. Available from Rosetta PO Box 4611 Berkeley CA 94704.



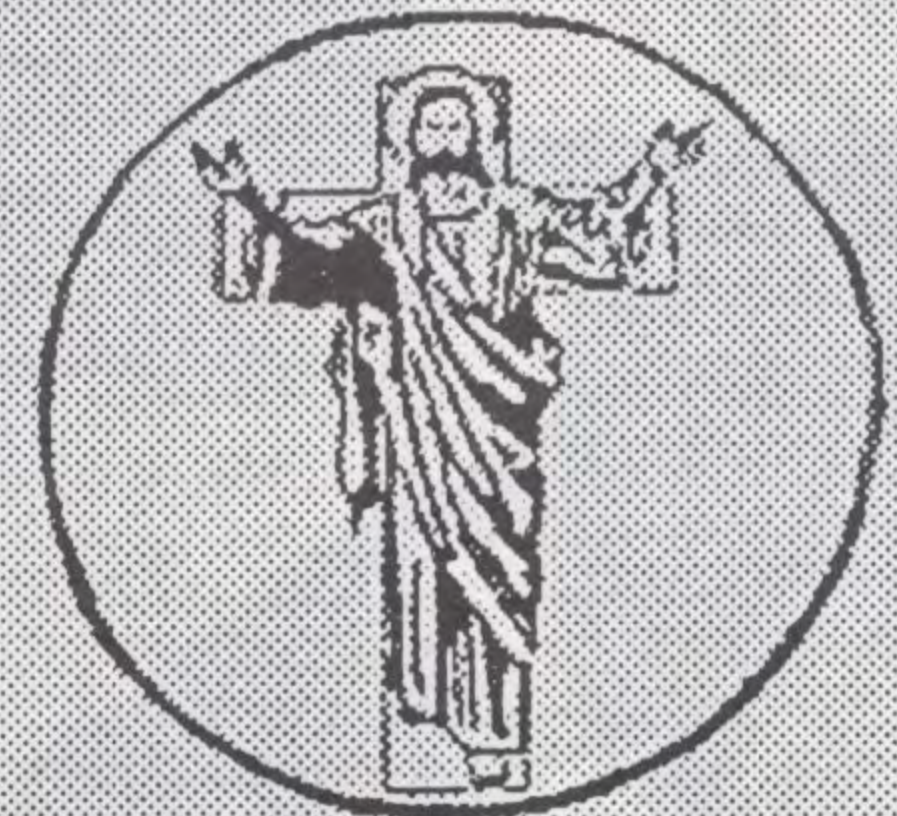
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(Heb. 12:14)

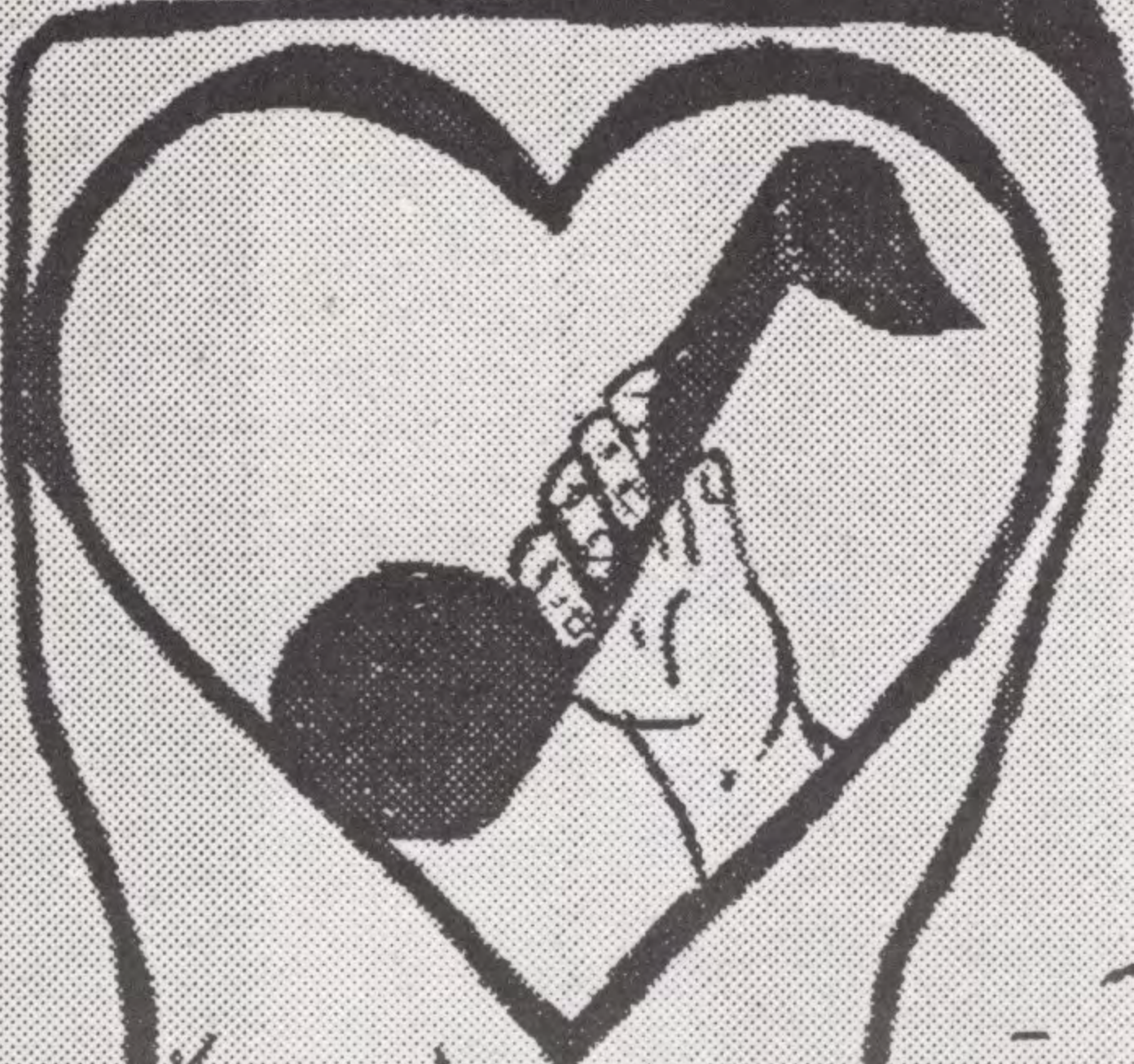
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