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ISSUE 7

Since 1988

JULY/AUGUST 1992

IN THIS ISSUE!

Bennington SunFest: Dysfunkshun - Do It Now
Black Hairy Tongue - Peg
Tassey & Proud Of It -
Acoustic Junction - The
World Ac- cording To
Steve - Same Love -
Dime Bag - K i m
Rosenberg w/ Zappa's
Nephew - Bryte Black -
Chin Ho - Champions -
Kildevil Blues - **Rock Against Rascism** . - Righteous
Bones - Luckless Pedestrian - **Club Scene:** Interemis-
sion - Ken Sleeps Naked - **Moose Lodge:** F*C*K -
Wards - **Pegfest '92** - **Reviews** - Billy Greene - Science
Fiction - L7 - IceT - Bad Religion - NakedViolence - Mister
Guy - Joker's Wild - Guppyboy - **Cooking**
With Mushrooms - **Artwork by Enrique**

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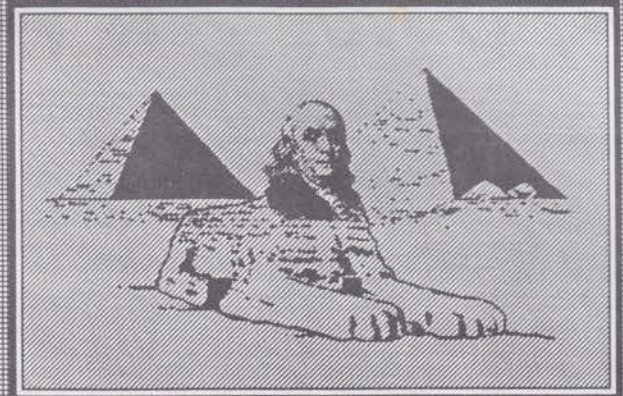
CONTENTS

From The Editor	p. 4
Letters	p. 5
Bennington College Sunfest	p. 6
Ken Sleeps Naked/Intermission	p. 8
Rock Against Racism Concert	p. 10
Pegfest '92	p. 12
Wards Storm Moose Lodge	p. 13
Cooking With Mushrooms	p. 15
Reviews	p. 17
Luckless Pedestrian	p. 19
Band Scrapbook	p. 20
Enrique cartoon	p. 21
Classifieds	p. 22

Submittals

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

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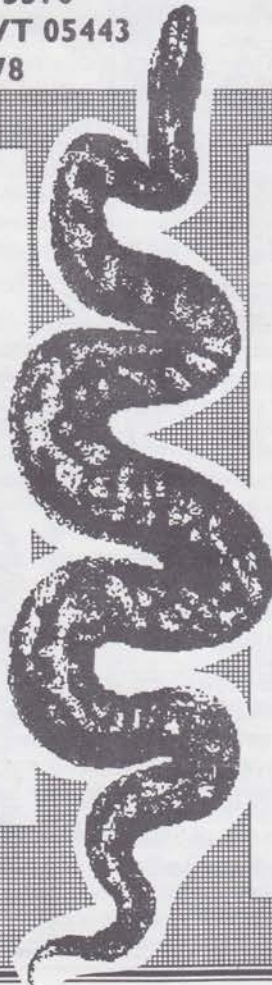


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From The Editor



Punk Godfather Lou Reed once put out an album called "Growing Up In Public", a title which came up while he and a friend were discussing the nature of his musical career. It refers to the fact that unlike most of us,

Lou's growth process - the good, the bad and the ugly - has taken place under the ever critical eye of the world at large. As RFM #7 goes to press, I can relate to that observation. Anyone who has been following the growth of RFM will recognize our efforts to bring out the best magazine possible, and hopefully forgive us any evidence of growing pains. In our defense, I would say that, considering our limited resources - time, money and staff - we've been able to bring you an increasingly better magazine. As more people become afflicted with RFF (Rapid Fire Frenzy), you will see a proportional improvement in the magazine the whole world will soon grow to love and fear.

In this issue, we begin to widen our horizons, in many ways. In response to many *rude* comments concerning our parochialism, we actually include coverage of bands outside the Burlington scene *and* outside the so-called alternative scene. Be sure to check out the Ken Sleeps Naked/Intermission performance reviews on page 8. And even though we do exhume the unholy name *Wards* once again, you'll have to admit that the review doesn't fall into the literary category of previous RFM gig reviews. For sheer distance alone, the award goes to J. Smooth, for coverage of the Bennington Sunfest. Like his venerable predecessor Rat Dog, Johnny has a congenital love for large machines placed between his legs. Long-time readers of RFM who share this obsession need not despair - the torch has been passed into capable hands.

Has anyone had the good fortune to catch The Bob Larson Rant Show on WCHP (760 AM)? This guy has a syndicated show out of Colorado which airs at 4 p.m. weekday afternoons, and his mission is simply to save the world from Satanic music. People from around the country phone in to either praise or condemn him, and he in turn tries his damndest to save their immortal souls. One

afternoon I tuned in to hear a caller named Brian talk with Bob. Brian had travelled to Colorado to kill Bob in the name of Satan, but Bob was reluctant to meet him. Failing his primary objective, Brian announced that in honor of a new Satanic holiday, he and his girlfriend Jennifer were going to sacrifice themselves. Brian put Jennifer, a seemingly very frightened young girl, on the line and she talked to Bob for a while.

Later in the show, a woman named Lisa called in to relate her story of childhood abuse at the hands of her Satan-worshipping parents (her father had sired a child with her which was sacrificed for the glory of Lucifer). Throughout the program, Bob pleads for donations of odd amounts of cash (\$111.56 and \$223.12, for example) for which he sends out books, tapes and videos on various Christian and occult themes.

The day after the above broadcast, I faithfully turned on Bob's show, during which he exposed the sordid truth behind the calls of Brian, Jennifer, and Lisa: they were all the same person. Apparently Lisa, the host for the rest of the multiple personalities, was on the run from a cult who wanted to use her various personas

to help in the fight against Bob and the rest of the Christian world. Lisa is currently in a safe house sponsored by a Midwest church, but it would seem that every now and then a few of her personalities get loose and make prank calls.

Whether you believe in this stuff or not, you can't beat this for inexpensive entertainment. A couple weeks ago, Bob had a conference call going with a former evangelical preacher named John 3:16 who had Bob somewhat frothy because he had married a New Age witch named Magical Marissa. They have a ministry in Las Vegas (where else?) and were trying to convince Bob that the Lord's Prayer was blasphemous. More recently Bob invited people to call in

and relate what they did for the Summer Solstice ("a high unholy day for Satanists everywhere"). What he got was some guy who claimed he was devoted to one of the demons from the Necronomicon who would seem to be the patron saint (demon?) of kids who want to kill their parents.

Say what you will about Bob's religious leanings and motivations, the *guy does* have a pretty good handle on the occult, unlike most televangelists. Better check this show out before one of Satan's soldiers whacks Bob.



Mister Guy Revisits

To the editors and readers of RFM: Hi guys. Please be advised, Mr. Guy tapes are now \$3.00 cash instead of \$5.00, so disregard any \$5 Mr. Guy ads you see floating around.

Aside from writing and recording, I've also been reading much interesting literature. A standout book is "Food of the Gods" by Terence McKenna (\$22.50 ppd., Bantam Books, 215 South Wolf Road, Des Plaines, IL 60028). Did you know that sixty thousand years ago ape-like hominids learned language and evolved into humans by eating the mushrooms that grew in the African grasslands? A history lesson unavailable in today's government controlled "schools". McKenna also discusses "partnership" cultures. For example, the native American Indians lived in partnership with the natural Earth Goddess and were unfortunately overwhelmed by the invading European male-ego dominant culture. Today's partnership culture is represented by people concerned with art, creativity, ecology, spirituality, vegetarianism, and many more related subjects, while today's dominator culture is represented by a fascist, conservative patriarchal authoritarianism that doesn't seem to be happy unless it is waging some type of "war". This brings me to the (hopefully) possible solution to the above problem: I urge all lovers of freedom from tyranny to write to the Fully Informed Jury Association (F.I.J.A., P.O. Box 59, Helmville, MT 59843).

Did you know that in 1670 William Penn was busted in England for preaching an "illegal" religion, but the jury refused to convict him on the basis that the law was unfair? And since that time juries have had the right to base their verdicts on their conscience and not on the judge's instructions? In truth, the jurors wield more power than the judge, but since 1895 judges have neglected to inform juries of this, so inform yourself with the libertarian information provided by F.I.J.A.

I believe that Jerry Garcia said that the '80's were the '50's thirty years later. If so, then the '90's should be the '60's thirty years later; an era when awakened and illuminated multitudes of young people will refuse to be stuffed into a tin can with all the other sardines, eagerly waiting to be eaten by carnivores hellbent on crushing non-conformity under the boots of some all-powerful, Orwellian Gestapo. We started the '60's off with a young Democrat in the White House, so let's try it again. Clinton is no JFK but he doesn't have to be cooler than the Republican incumbent.

LETTERS

If you take the attitude that it's all pointless so why vote, you are falling into the trap that the present reactionary cryptofascist ruling class has set for you. You're not copping out from underground culture by voting. I plan to continue my music and my studies of philosophy, shamanism, libertarianism and anarchism, without losing sight of the reality that the closest we will come to Utopia within the next half year will be exemplified by the establishment of a government that no longer wishes to wage war on it's own people or any other people.

Peace, Love and
Thank You,
Mister Guy
Cheltenham, PA

Yeah, Well . . .

Dear RFM:

You have succeeded, for the last time, in getting my hard-earned money, and I thought maybe you might like to know why. Where shall I start? How about the fact that you guys don't seem to know about the existence of more than five or six bands, all of which seem to be located in that cosmopolitan mecca, Burlington. Chronic Decay, Black Hairy Tongue, Champions, Do It Now, Ninja Custodian, Wards (as if they were still a band!), Peg Tasse. Whoops, Peg Tasse is from the Montpelier area - how did she manage to slip into your incestuous circle? You probably figured you'd be able to sell more copies after that big stink about her in the Vermont Times.

For the last six months you have written about the same little group of musicians (probably friends of yours) as if: A) there were no other struggling musicians worthy of your attention, and B) if there were, they certainly wouldn't be located outside Burlington's city limits. Open your smug, hard core eyes!

And since when are album and gig reviews nothing but glorified press releases for the bands being reviewed? I can't believe that everyone you listen to or see is as good as these "reviews" make them out to be. Or is it that you can't say anything bad about your pals? Just once I'd like to see you say something bad about someone.

What else . . . ? Oh, yeah: when are you going to get off your high horse about radio stations? Who really cares? Freedom of speech guarantees the stations the right to broadcast whatever they want, the same way it guarantees his right to

complain. What you seem to forget is that radio stations main purpose is to sell advertising, not to satisfy every last whining critic. The bottom line is that if the majority of the people (this was still a pseudo-democracy the last time I checked) hated these radio stations as much as you do, they'd be out of business very quickly. Enough of this bullshit.

I suppose a lot of people will come running to your defense by saying that a magazine like yours can't satisfy all of the people all of the time. True enough. But what are you going to do when the guys in Chronic Hairy Ninja Champions grow up and get real lives?

Sincerely not yours,
Dan Albright
Essex Junction, VT

Where Is The AMA When You Really Need Them ?



To the Editor:

I WAS ROBBED, SEXUALLY ABUSED & FORCED TO TAKE DRUGS BY THE POPE AND PRESIDENT BUSH. Got your attention, didn't I? Feel manipulated and vaguely angry that you fell for such a cheap trick? You should. But then again, it should be a familiar feeling because it happens to you every day of your life, from the day you first set foot on this planet to the day you take your last ignorant breath. Every time you turn on the T.V. or radio, pick up a newspaper or magazine, even this one, you are fed subtle messages which make you think and act in exactly the way They want you to think and act. Don't believe me? How many people do you actually know who drive a BMW or Mercedes? Not many, I'll bet, but still every issue of Newsweek and Time and the Free Press have ads for expensive cars or other items which you will never come close to owning. Why? Be-

cause They want you to always have a carrot dangling in front of your face. By now you have probably figured I am a nut, because I sound like all the nuts you've read about in magazines and papers throughout your life. But here's the difference: those nuts are willing tools of Them, if they are real people at all. I AM A REAL PERSON who has been researching this interplanetary conspiracy for most of my life. Whether you believe me or not doesn't make a bit of difference to me.

Take another look at the first sentence of this letter. It got your attention because it hit you on three levels which you have been programmed to respond to, and also because on another level, it is true. You and I have been robbed by buying products we don't really need but have been convinced by advertising to buy anyway. Taking our money for things we don't need is the same thing as theft. You and I have been sexually abused, either in real life or in our minds - which are just as real if not more so than real life - because of things we have seen in movies, television, Sports Illustrated, etc and constantly think about. You and I have been forced to take drugs, alcohol, cigarettes, aspirin, Tylenol, Dristan, Maxwell House etc. Why? Because they are constantly waved in front of our noses by those people that elect our leaders like the Pope and President Bush. So you see - it wasn't a cheap trick after all. Truth is stranger than fiction.

I can't begin to explain my years of research in a letter like this, and I can't reveal my identity either because people I know who have wind up dead or missing. I have sent a copy of this letter to every local and national newspaper and magazine, at great personal expense. Those who print it will prove themselves Bearers of Truth. Those who don't are co-conspirators or dupes. What can you do? Start by thinking everyday before you buy something or open your mouth to repeat something you heard on the TV or radio. Does it make your life and the lives of those around you any better? If it doesn't, it probably is a product of Them, and you have just unwittingly taken part in the biggest conspiracy of all time..

Dr. Anonymous Bosch
Location unknown

True Confessions

[Ed. - Unfortunately for various legal institutions and certain business owners interested in financial restitution, individual names were not available when the following letter reached our offices. All the same, it's a classic tale from those heady days of the early Burlington.

(Continued on page 16)

BENNINGTON SUNFEST

It was 92° F as I climbed aboard my GS1100 for the two hour ride to Bennington College. Seeing that it was Memorial Day Weekend, I decided to avoid traffic by taking Rte

30 to Manchester instead of Rte 7. Quickly the 1100 ran through its gearbox and shifted between fourth and fifth as road conditions varied. With crushing power near the top end, staying at 55 mph is simple. In no time at all, I was on Rte 7 blasting down the Interstate at 85 plus.

Dysfunkshun opened the festival with blazing, rocking, funky hardcore. Straight ahead speed with Mike Blair (bass), Richard/NU-92 (guitar) and Jason (drums, formerly of Color Blind). Each band had fifty minutes of stage time as Channel Two Recording did the sound. **Do It Now Foundation** were up next and played their usual ripping material featuring Tom

Cuddy (guitar), Lene (bass) and get this - Blazer, also on bass. At one point Cuddy unleashed this incredible feedback that was heard throughout the lush Green Mountains nearby.

Black Hairy Tongue stepped up with Seth (vocals), Spot (drums), and the brutal one-two power punch of bass and two killer guitars. Power Rock, Death Core, & Speed Metal are equally good descriptions of this unusual sounding band.

At 5:00 p.m. there was a break in the show to serve a barbeque. Seeing that this is the most expensive college in the nation, no restrictions were given to the menu. A massive layout of burgers, dogs, salads of all types, sodas, milk, O.J., lavish rich desserts featuring cake, pie, ice cream - everything. Damn - did we chow!

Peg Tasse & Proud Of It restarted the fes-

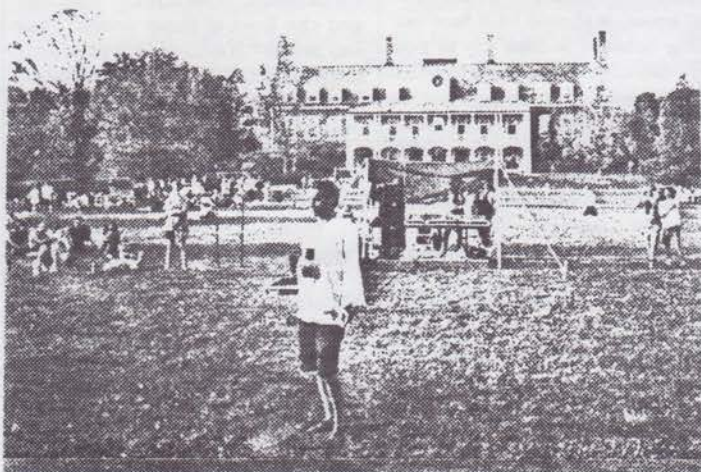
Featured Bands:

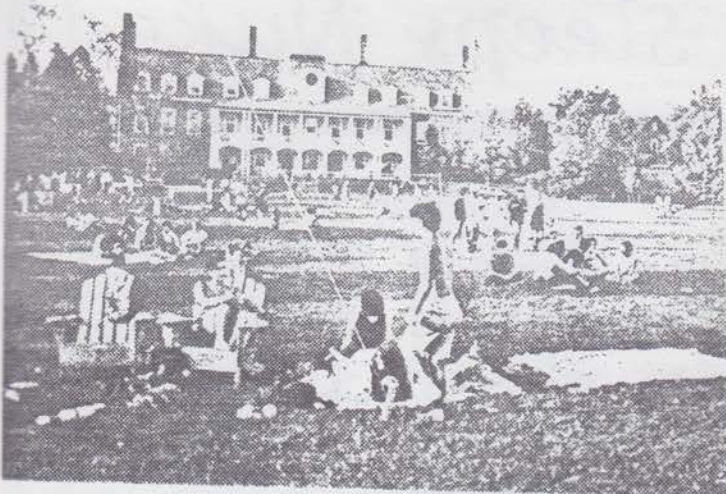
Dysfunkshun Do It Now Foundation ... Black Hairy Tongue Peg Tasse & Proud Of It Acoustic Junction The World According To Steve Same Love Dime Bag.... Kim Rosenberg W/ Zappa Bryte Black Chin Ho Champions Kilzota Blues.

tival with their Art Deco stage setting including candles, papier mache figures (animals, sea shells, man, flower of unusual size) and a smoke machine. Peg and her gang ran through their stellar set and Peg's deep and soothing voice was in fine form. Her dancers swung and swayed to the powerful sound which went from power metal to hard core and back again.

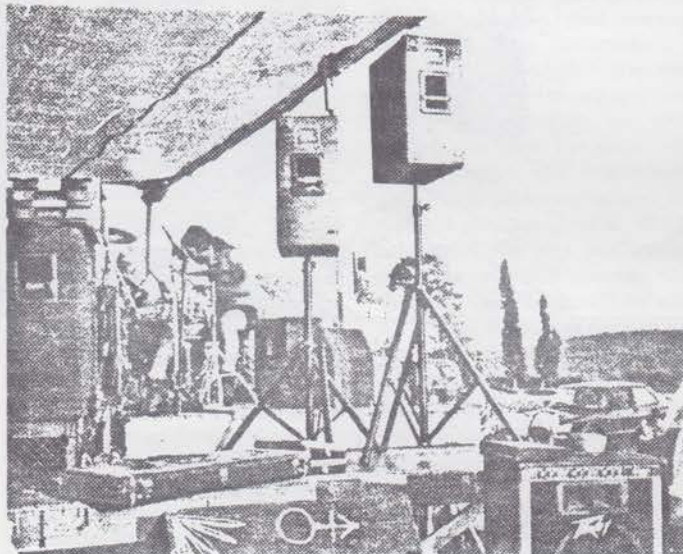
The final band of the night was **Acoustic Junction**. This band from Boulder, Colorado played poppy, acoustic rock - crossover stuff reminiscent of Jethro Tull/Grateful Dead/pre-Beatles. Very full of energy with five guys smiling alot. I turned to DINF roadie Flemer and asked him what he thought of these guys. He shifted his 6'7" frame, looked me in the eye and said "Smooth - they suck big donkey dinks".

Later, the show moved inside the dormitories where various people took their turns entertaining the audience. Bennington is much more culturally integrated than I had anticipated. Another DINF roadie Scotty and I were dancing with these two beautiful black women to '70's disco music as the evening ended.





It was a cold night, but at 9:30 the next day the temperature hit 80F. After some goofing around and soul searching, we needed breakfast. We immediately located Sunfest director Dave Scully, who directed us to the Student Center where the students usually eat. Our eyes popped as an incredibly copious display of food reached our starving, wrecked bodies. Yes,



everything - pancakes, sausage, bacon, French toast, 25 different types of bagels (with six kinds of cream cheese), twenty brands of cereal (including Cocoa Puffs and Wheaties!) in hourglass-shaped dispensers, Fresh squeezed O.J., tomato juice, milk, coffee (unlimited refills) - all served with a second floor veranda seating overlooking the beautiful campus.

The World According To Steve opened Day Two at noon with a wake up call. These four guys from Bennington ripped into their Ramones-style set. They had a good stage presence and yes, they're still in high school. They ended with a cover of Hendrix's "Voodoo Chile". Good!

Same Love has had seven years of continuous appearances at this show and this band was centered around the keyboardist. They had a full band including bass, guitars, drums, and a horn section, all dressed in matching outfits with each member wearing a strange looking hat. It was sort of a jazz/rock/folk crossover. A bit later their two dancers appeared on stage wearing long dresses and cone shaped hats with tassels.

Dime Bag were a three member unit playing generic hippie stuff with long extended leads. I can't understand why, for some reason, people still like this stuff. Seeking another opinion, I turned to Scotty and asked him what he thought. He turned toward me with that reckless expression in his eyes and said "

Zappa - Zappa what? Frank's here? No, it turns out to be his nephew playing bass with two Bennington College students. Singer/acoustic guitarist **Kim Rosenberg** headed this unit, flanked by Zappa and a drummer. She was excellent, with a clear, sharp tone and interesting music. Zappa sort of sat off the stage and played to the beat, shy-like.

Bryte Black - After three mellow type bands, it was back to reality. Three guys playing crushing Death Metal. Metallica-type riffs with a huge drum set. I love bands like this. Clean, tight and original.

Chin Ho - After yet another meal break, Chin Ho played their offbeat rock material to the large crowd. It was a good performance, marred only by Scooter's vocals.

Champions - Hardcore returned as they played their last show before switching lineups. The crowd went nuts as the band was especially tight. "Excellent", according to DINF guitarist Cuddy.

Kilzota Blues - Not Blues, but geriatric glam rock. This band was not as sharp as many of the other bands at Sunfest '92.

After fourteen bands the 1992 Bennington College Sunfest ended. A cold front arrived from Canada and everybody went their own way. This was a great music festival and was enjoyed by all. *Reported and photographed by Johnny Smooth.*

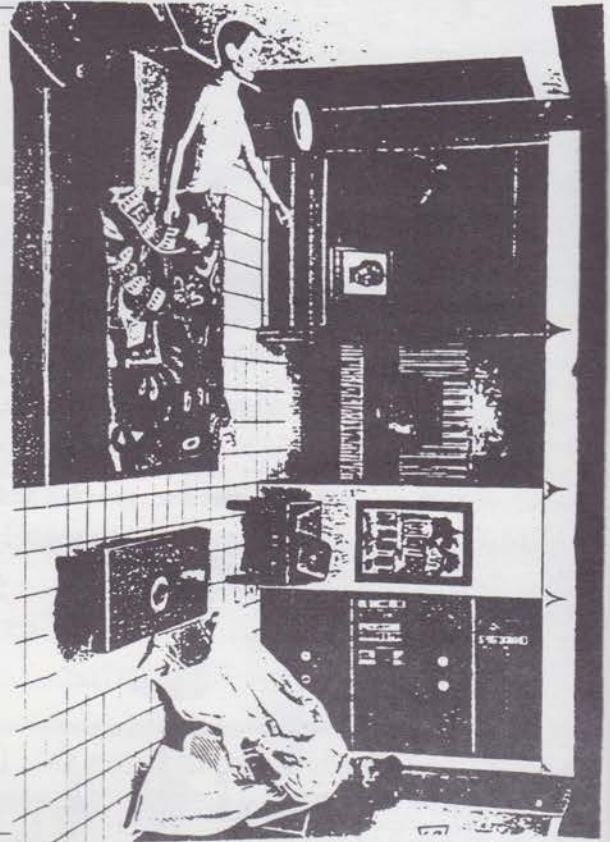


I wouldn't pay a dime to see Dime Bag!"

Interview: Ken Sleeps Naked

From the looks of things, it wasn't going to be a typical night at Club Metronome. For starters, the photographer and I weren't able to sleaze our way in by flashing our RFM credentials.

Out Of The Basement and Side On Stage



The woman at the door didn't know us, and was clearly not impressed by the power of The Press. What the hell, I wasn't

going to wait ten minutes at the door for Anne to let us in. Principles are principles, but three bucks is cheap considering the quality of ambience you can soak up on a good night. Not to mention the possibility of some decent music.

We settled in for Intermission, the first band. Looking around for familiar faces, I noticed that somehow I had been transported to the Pyralisk in Montpelier. Nicholas Hecht walked by in his everpresent beret, and everywhere there were people smiling and laughing - openly - and damned if they weren't having a good time. Discarding the possibility of teletransportation, I assumed that some enterprising individual had chartered a bus from Montpelier, because the former Bordermites who haunt this place do not behave like this. At least not until after Last Call.

Although it's not considered politically correct to judge books by their covers, or people by their appearance, sometimes it turns out that people want to be judged by what they wear. A quick take

on the guitarist - big curly hair topped with a funky top hat - yielded a quick association with Bob Dylan, circa Street Legal. A girl mounted the stage carrying - a trombone. What's with all the trombones lately? Not counting the legendary Phish trombone solo in the Rumble at the Front from years back, this was the third trombone I'd seen in as many months: Alice Donut's drummer started off a brutal "War Pigs" at their recent winter Ira Allen Chapel, and Seth from Black Hairy Tongue had shown his tubular prowess by leading the crew in a sinister rendition of "Goldfinger" at the Rock Against Rascism show. Maybe I'm being a little thick, but it seems that there's a trend in the making. Intermission kicked into some solid Neo-Reggae styling with the drummer laying down The Big '80's Drum sound and the bass player doing that New School precision thing. Damn, I hate people this good who make it look simple. The guitarist seemed to subscribe to the Clean-Is-Dirty theory made so popular by Mark Knofler and Stevie Ray Vaughan (notice I use the last name "Vaughan", unlike the sycophants who, having never met the guy - and are not likely, at this point - annoyingly refer to him as "Stevie Ray"). His vocals struck me at first at first as being heavily influenced by Television's Tom Verlaine (who are putting out the first Television album since 1978), but half-way through the set, Intermission broke into "Meet Me In The Morning", verifying my initial impressions. The overall sound was clear and big, despite the sparse instrumentation, and the addition of the trombone on four of the songs fit well. All in all, an enjoyable set which didn't last any longer than opening sets

are supposed to.

After a short intermission (no pun intended), Ken Sleeps Naked took to the stage. Unlike the previous band, KSN is a big band, and the stage was a bit crowded. With a flourish from the drummer, the well-oiled machine launched into action followed immediately by the dance floor filling with the alien Pyralites. KSN has obviously studied their post-Fear of Music Talking Heads, as they pumped out the polyrhythms with ease. If intermission's strength was in making virtuosity look easy, KSN's strong suit is in making it look like fun. Frontman/keyboardist Fred Wilber bounced around the stage and the rest of the crew met his level of enthusiasm, playing a style of funk without the pretensions that usually accompany it.

And then - as suddenly as it had jumped onto the dance floor, the crowd dissipated, leaving two lone dancers swirling about in an intense self-absorption I haven't seen since my last Grateful Dead concert. I looked at my watch and noted the time: midnight. What insidious Cinderella-worshipping cult had kidnapped the fine fun-loving Pyralites? Although the level of the music remained the same (the mark of true professionalism, that), the momentum was lost. Suspecting a reactionary plot by either the Trilateral Commission or the Bilderbergers, I resolved to track down the truth, even if it meant travelling to - Montpelier. I found Fred Wilber at Buch Spieler, a record store he runs on Langdon Street. [James Brown's "Sex Machine" playing in the background]

RFM: How about some basic background information on KSN?

FW: Members of the band include Tom Glaselle on guitar, Jophus on bass - I don't know his real last name. Hey, what's Jophus's real name?

Nat: You're not supposed to know.

RFM: We don't want to know.

FW: It's just Jophus. Bill Carr on drums, George Abele on congas and percussion, Gale Harris on backup vocals and percussion. Who have I left out? Me on keyboards and vocals. Keyboard, plural; just one little keyboard.

RFM: How did you get together?

FW: Tom the guitar player and I have been playing music now for about five or six years in various bands. The first band we put together was a power trio called Butch Casio. I had an ARP Odyssey for the bass parts. I played the Casio, bass on the Arp, with the guitarist and the drummer.

RFM: Do you still have the Arp?

FW: I still have the Arp. Good instrument when it stays in tune, but it won't stay in tune worth shit. After Butch Casio, I put together a

little project that never really had a name. Among the band members we referred to it as The Earth Owners. I never really liked that, and we never went public with that name. We only performed once, and it was a great event. It was Halloween 1985, in Plainfield, Vermont. We went on with a seven or eight piece band and we just went on as the local Plainfield band. Several people from that lineup stayed with me and we continued to just sort of rehearse, but never really played much publicly. Actually, we never played anywhere publicly.

RFM: Is that going to change with KSN?

FW: KSN is going to change all of that. That all started with a cabaret that was happening at the Pyralisk a year and a half ago. The guy who was promoting, producing the cabaret - a guy named George Conaugh - asked me if I would put together a little act to close out the final cabaret. Most of the cabarets were single folk singers, poets, comedians, just single performers primarily. And he wanted a real dramatic performance art music piece to be followed by dance music. So we put together a lineup which included Tom, our guitar player, and Gale, our singer. And the response to that was unbelievable. People just went bullshit, they couldn't get enough of it. We had rehearsed the one performance piece that we were planning to do, that was called "National Life" which we still do, but it was done more in a performance art context for that cabaret. We had two dance numbers worked out, and the crowd insisted on more, so we basically improvised for another hour. People were dancing on tables. It was really wild. Afterwards, people kept coming in here, because I'm in such a public position, asking "When are you going to play again?". So the core of that group, which is really Tom and myself, and then Gale, we found a good rhythm section, and we've just been working on it since. The response has been great.

RFM: Any background on the name "Ken Sleeps Naked"?

FW: The name - I was looking for a name that would - well, here I am in the retail music business, and unfortunately it seems like fifty percent of it has become marketing. I mean, I wish it wasn't the case, but it's coming down to marketing. I know - you must know Peg Tasse - and Peg has been to L.A. She went and met with the record company. They were ready to sign her, but they couldn't figure out how to market her, a thirty-five year old woman playing with a bunch of 18, 19, 20 year old borderline kind of hard rock, heavy metal guys. And they said, "Sorry, Peg, we're not going to sign you until we can figure a way to

market you. How do we put you on MTV?". So, anyway, my daughter who is six years old, has a Barbie and Ken set, and a Barbie's Dream House, the whole wardrobe and the whole thing, a circa 1958 Barbie's Dream House that my wife had when she was a kid, and my daughter has it now. When my daughter plays with it, she puts Ken and Barbie to bed. Barbie's in her nightgown, and Ken is always naked. So I asked her one night "How come you do that?" - because Ken has a whole wardrobe with pajamas - and she said to me "Ken sleeps naked just like you do, Dad". And Ken Sleeps Naked really struck me. I ran it by a lot of people. I ran it by every radical feminist I know, just to see if anyone would find it offensive. Because one of the members of our band, who is no longer in the band, who happens to be a woman, found it to be offensive. And I just could not, for the life of me, figure out why that would be offensive.

RFM: Did she explain why?

FW: She couldn't really explain it to me. And I would say "What if we name the band 'Ken Sleeps Without Pajamas'? It's this word "naked" that you're hung up on. I mean, I don't see it as a sexual thing at all. I see it as a physiological thing. But anyway. Everyone else I've run the name loves it. In fact, I've got two contacts at Columbia and Polydor Records who both said "If you ever get a demo tape together, we have people who will listen to that tape based on the name alone. If it stinks, that's as far as it goes". But because of the name alone, they will listen to the tape. So that's where the name comes from.

RFM: You guys look like you have a lot of fun onstage.

FW: Yeah, we do. You should see us when we have an audience that's there to dance that we can play off of. The Metronome gig was - we're not used to that. I mean, we haven't played that much, so we're not really used to anything, but the Pyralisk gigs really rock, the dance floor is packed, the crowd is going nuts.

RFM: Who's idea was it to have an opening act?

FW: Well, it was sort of mine, only because I got the impression that Metronome wanted us to go on at 9:30 and play until 1:30, and we don't have enough material to do that. Unless we noodle and doodle for hours and repeat stuff. And as it turns out we should have gone on at 9:30 and played until 12:30, but I had no idea. We didn't go on until 11:00, and there were a lot of people from Central Vermont, and they weren't there to see Intermission - not that Intermission wasn't good, or anything, but you know you go there with this attitude, like you know - I saw Aerosmith open for the

Kinks years ago, when they were nobodies, I thought they were great, but the audience was basically booing them in between numbers. Now they're superstars, and who are the Kinks?

Onlooker: When the Rolling Stones first toured the United States they opened for Stevie Wonder.

RFM: Jimi Hendrix opened for the Monkees.

FW: Yeah, right. But there were people who were annoyed that we didn't go on until 11:00, especially the central Vermont crew, who are usually in bed at 10:00. And this was 11:00 - in Burlington.

RFM: It looked like the bus left at a certain point.

FW: The bus left at midnight. It was a lesson, though. We were playing to a crowd of thirty people who were seated. We were planning to take a very short break, and when we were ready to go back on, we couldn't find Quinnie, the soundman.

Onlooker: Oh, man, he disappeared on us for our gig, too!

FW: He went across the street to K.D. Churchill's, and we had to wait until he got back. And then Anne was annoyed 'cause we took too long a break. We had to wait for the soundman!

Onlooker: I mean, Quinnie's a good engineer. I was just listening to a tape of the Uproot Metronome gig that he did sound for, and I really liked his dub stuff.

RFM: Maybe we could talk about your musical influences. It seems that - and you must hear this a lot -

FW: Talking Heads, right? Talking Heads were, I think personally, one of the great American bands. I love

Roxy Music. I don't make a conscious effort to duplicate them or anything, but they are definitely an influence. I've seen them live several times, and I've watched "Stop Making Sense" over and over. I've seen Roxy Music a few times. Somebody said we sounded like the B-

52s, which was a whole new twist.

RFM: Were those influences apparent with Butch Casio?

FW: No, it was the same material, some of this material is quite old, but it was played much differently. The power trio thing had a much harder drive to it.

RFM: Who was your big influence back then?

FW: I would have to say the Rolling Stones and I was totally into Miles Davis and Thelonius Monk. And Keith Jarrett. But you couldn't say that those influences really came up in that band. I was performing quite a bit back then as a solo pianist.

RFM: You were a jazzer?

FW: It was all improvised, classical jazz. I've had about eight years of classical piano training -

RFM: Berkeley, Julliard?

(continued on p. 18)

Rock Against Racism Memorial Auditorium May 31, 1992

Dysfunkshun. Cleon Douglas.
Do It Now Foundation. Rev.
Rodney Patterson. Bob Gesser.
Righteous Bones. Kazi Joshua.
Matt Shippi. Luckless Pedes-
trians. Bernie Sanders. Black
Hairy Tongue. Peg Tassej and
Proud Of It. And A Cast of
Hundreds.



I'm A Racist - You're A Racist

Commentary by L. G. Tindall

Or so Rev. Rodney Patterson, one of this event's best speakers, would have us, the 99 and 44/100ths percent white audience believe. By virtue of our births and upbringing, he argued, we have little control over the racist ideas and images which are fed to us from both conscious and subconscious sources. Bummer.

Earlier in the afternoon, Cleon Douglas had warned us that racism is alive and well, even in Vermont, but he had addressed us all as united in the cause to wipe out racism in our time. He said that it was at rallies like this one that the seeds of racial harmony are sown, and that we would all go forth and spread the good word. Sure, it would be tough, but at least we could depend on each other for sup-

port. Bad news, dudes: according to Reverend Patterson, not only can't we depend on each other, but *we* are the racists we thought we were wiping out.

I'm not sure I plead guilty to Reverend Patterson's accusation. Raised in a strict Northern Baptist family in rural New York, I played with kids who called themselves Negroes but were otherwise like everyone else I knew. From an early age I realized that racism was an affliction of the ignorant, and until I lived in New York City, I thought it was confined to ignorant rednecks. It wasn't until I moved to one of the most culturally diverse cities in the world that I heard the words "kike", "nigger", "spic" as well as "fag" and "dyke" on a regular basis from people I had expected to be more enlightened. I realize now how naive this sounds.

It was at this point I realized

that almost all humor depends on trashing at least one ethnic, religious or sexual group. "How many of you have ever told a joke that starts 'There was a Pollack, an Italian and a Jew ...'?", asked Reverend Patterson. Well, yeah, I guess I have, but that was years ago, and like a recovering alcoholic I think I deserve the benefit of the doubt. And while I, like the rest of the audience at Memorial Auditorium, did grow up in a racist society repeating things we heard from those around us, I would like to think most of us at R.A.R. '92 have purged ourselves of our inherited racism, and are turning our attentions to the battle at hand.

Since procrastination is one of my many vices, this article was written shortly before deadline, which fell on Father's Day. This year I've noticed that Dad's Day is being given the same hard sell previously reserved for Christmas, Valentine's Day and Mother's Day. In other words, if you don't spend

cold-hearted ingrate who will probably abandon him in the dead of winter when he gets to be too much of a burden. Guilt: one of Madison Avenue's most effective weapons in it's war on the consumer. Make someone feel bad about themselves, and chances are you can make them buy your product. (Do I smell? Am I unattractive to the opposite sex? Do people think I'm a failure? If I don't spend more money on my Mother, Father, girlfriend, or children, will they think I don't love them?) Come to think of it, guilt is the weapon used by all power structures, including parents, government and - the Church. Hmmm ... could it be that Reverend Patterson used to work on Madison Avenue? Naw ...

To be entirely fair to Reverend Patterson, I will admit that periodic self-examination is required if we are not to fall prey to the sinister influences around us. Just as many of us will avoid going to a doctor for fear of learning what a particular growth or pain might turn out to be, many of us will avoid the self-examination that may unearth a racist, sexist or nationalist attitude. But are we, in fact, missing the point by labelling attitudes with one or more of the many Isms that are supposedly at the root of the world's problems? I came across the following excerpt



reading Robert Anton Wilson's *The Illuminatus Trilogy*, and I think it's appropos to this discussion.

It is easy to see that the label "Jew" was a Damnation in Nazi Germany, but actually the label "Jew" is a Damnation anywhere, even where anti-Semitism does not exist. "He is a Jew", "He is a doctor", and "He is a poet" mean, to the card-indexing center of the cortex, that my experience with him will be like my experience



with other Jews, other doctors and other poets. Thus, individuality is ignored when identity is asserted. At a party or any place where strangers meet, watch this mechanism in action. Behind the friendly overtures there is wariness as each person fishes for the label that will identify and Damn the other. Finally it is revealed: "Oh, he's an advertising copywriter", "Oh, he's an engine lathe operator". Both parties relax, for now they know what roles to play in the game. Ninety-nine percent of



each has been Damned; the other is reacting to the 1 percent that has been labelled by the card-index machine.

As I typed the last two paragraphs, my Political Correctness Monitor sounded its alarm and informed me that Robert Anton Wilson may be labelled as a potential Sexist, since every example used referred to "he", thus maligning every woman. But then, that's what P.C. Monitors are good at: attaching labels (Racist/Sexist/Capitalist/Etc), and in doing so creating even more divisions. To me, it sounds like a never-ending process which will only lead us from our stated goal of unity. Perhaps the true path lies in dropping the endless labels and accepting each other as human beings.





PEGFEST '92



Reporter: Johnny Smooth
Assignment: Peg Tasse & Proud Of It's One Year Birthday Party

Date: Sunday, June 7
2:00 PM to Midnight

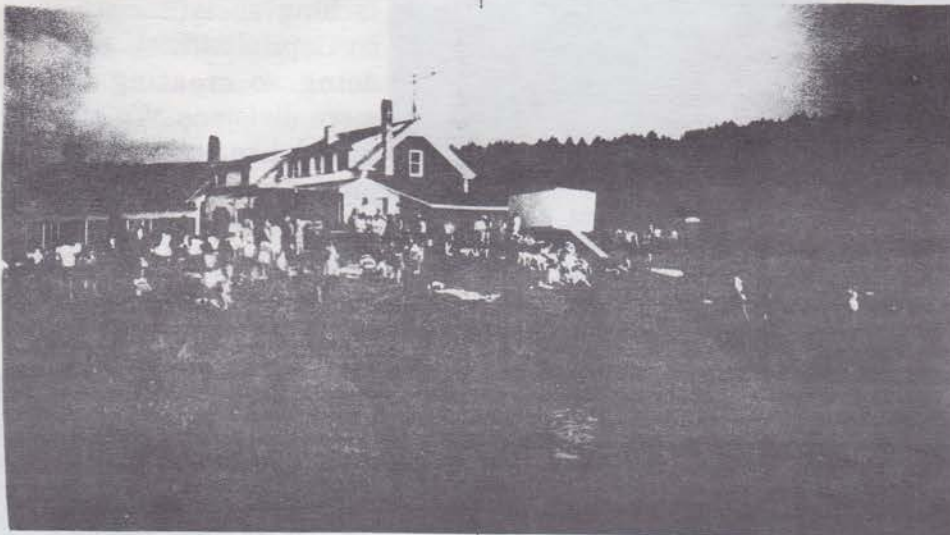
Featured performers: Luckless Pedestrians, Tom Cuddy and Lene, Chronic Decay, Zoot and Tim Malloy, Dysfunction, Peg Tasse & Proud of It, Black Hairy Tongue



It was 84°F as I turned the key to the GS 1100 and it sprang to life. A sharp ripping tone exited from the 4 into 1 exhaust. I headed towards Interstate 87 South; off on to Rte. 100 North into Stowe and Morrisville. The air was humid and the traffic a bit heavier than I had anticipated. Up a long hill on Rt. 12 South to a make-shift sign directing me to the

(See the interview in this issue) They looked good on stage and were very tight. The temperature hit 89F as the next performers, **Tom Cuddy and Lene Clair** stepped up and played a great set of musical Anarchy. I hit the pond and the cool refreshing waters

wailing on somebody's kit, and the ever dangerous Gary (the Skatehippy) Lane on vocals. Then **Zoot and Tim Malloy** went on and played the rocking Blues. Tim was all over the place but hey, it's only a party, right? They left in their blue 1972 Cadillac. Dark gray clouds filled the area as a rain-storm moved in. Everybody ran for shelter as the crowd of nearly 200 strong got wet. The soundman freaked out and packed up his sound system. After about 45 minutes, **Dysfunction** set up their stuff in the downstairs garage as **Peg Tasse** ran for another P.A. This band is incredible with Richard on guitar and Mike Blair blasting the bass. Finally Peg showed up with the P.A. and they did a high spirited set of crushing rocking hardcore. The rain stopped and Peg decorated the original stage, preparing to swing into action with **Proud of It**. At 10:00PM the nearby fields and mountains rang to Peg's wailing voice. **Proud of It** played their style of metalcore as Peg ripped off her large bra and did the rest of her set topless! By this time, most of the crowd had split but the local police found the time to stop by. **Black Hairy Tongue** got on stage and played their last show. Was this the final show for this great Vermont band? Maybe so, but this 8-band party ended at 12:30 AM. I slowly climbed back on the GS 1100 for the foggy and dark ride home.



party down this long winding dirt road. At the bottom of the hill sat a sloping field leading to a large farmhouse and pond. What a great place for a party! I parked the GS1100 next to a BMW 750 with full luggage racks and fairs. A beautiful Harley Davidson Sportster, vintage 1965 pulled up and parked nearby. **Luckless Pedestrian** opened the party with earthshaking rumble and an impressive set of sharp rocking stuff.

removed the road grime and sweat one acquires during these adventures. Up stepped **Chronic Decay** and ripped into their style of Deathmetal. These guys always have a large group of fans that follows them everywhere. Half way into their set Gary Lane cut his arm with a blade and the blood spread all over his body. This group of four had Shan and brother Erin playing guitar and bass, Robbie (former drummer for Rat Dog's Army)

Wards

Sixteen score and fourteen years ago the Moose brought forth, and W, although well lodged in the cranial perch, emerged to see the well-lettered and well-tindered and well-

Storm

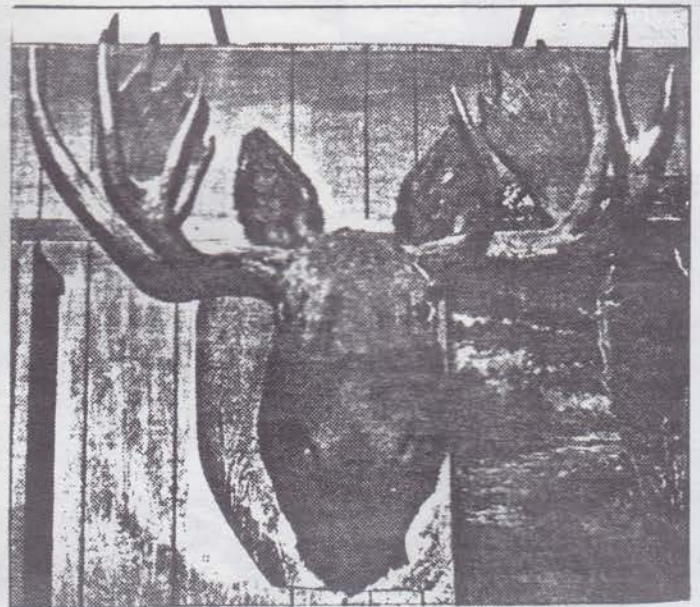
guarded corpuscle in the inner regions. After a tentative entry and exit, a tour of the remote in an attempt to garner further witnesses, and a discussion of something sick with C, the environs

Moose

were divided in two (2). Does the Moose have two intestines?

F leapt to the fore of the remaining *(continued on p. 14)*

Lodge



synapses, fresh from the pages of the 1970's, demanding that the erstwhile divided two become a coagulated one (1), bridging the gap between respiratory and aural functions in an assault scarcely to be reckoned with. Lurking in the shadows, Clet loose the buzz saw raptures of temperatures rising and heavy feet (Mark David Chapman??), during which the inner regions began to melt, and, far from deterred, removed the last restraints until the tidal swell had swept away the last outposts. K underscored the coagulated one and the buzz-saw with a healthy dose of falling rock zone, while * provided a rich array of fertile suggestion.

As the mountains fell, only to be rebuilt, T toured the inner sanctum of the military industrial complex. The barley hopped in a mazed confusion, drawing a veil over and masking the proceedings from immediate intervention. B slowly constructed the bullet mechanism that was soon to take on a semi-automatic approach, and D and S poised the gear soon to be directed at the Moose intestines. Occasionally T's explorations threatened to overcome the undesired balance, and the overall campaign sported the added attraction of several malt explosions, the shards of which were successfully disposed of by entities not fully accounted for.



"WE ARE THE WARDS, YOU ARE MY CHILDREN" came the rallying cry, and the search for former veterans ensued. Many were spotted, though C and L were left unexposed, and the boiling rose to a fever pitch, prompting the question: Would the Moose intestines sponsor an act of indigestion? Following further malt explosions in which the man became the myth, T hit the batpole, descending to an underworld of glass and insufficiently balanced wood. Memories of landlords arose like super-



heroes as the swarming morass threw out bullets, and the twin towers of B and D framed the larger than life exploits between, until T launched a backward attack on the thud battery behind, nearly taking out the bullet mechanism as well.

But the auracular resonances had escaped and reached the authorities in a form not given to the job description. As flying seats wafted through the seething melee, and T's charioteer removed the myth to a safer, more law-abiding Time and Space, bluish representatives arrived but were unable to understand. And so they induced the inevitable spew of indigestion from within the Moose, and the witnesses stumbled out of the inner regions, unable to reach such a state again. *Reportage by Jamie Williamson*





Cooking With Mushrooms

by Alice Liddell

the object taken out of context, their finished product, and don't stop to think about what it really is. We just want it. This is a delightful recipe for a dish that may be considered politically incorrect by some.

Chili Con Carne

2 lbs ground beef
 1 softball sized onion, chopped
 2 green peppers (or 1 green and 1 red pepper), chopped
 1 15oz can crushed tomatoes
 1 15oz can tomato sauce
 2 15oz cans kidney beans (drained)
 Cumin
 Optional: Chopped celery, jalapeno peppers

Step one: Place the meat in a large skillet or heavy pan over medium heat and cook until no longer pink.

The Free Press' coverage of the Rock against Racism benefit was pretty piss poor. They came up with a short, vague B-section article written by Richard A. Doran that didn't begin to capture the feeling or cover the real importance of the event. You can't distill an event like that down to a few sound bites and a cute picture of some people who were there. If you didn't go (and unfortunately a lot of people didn't ... it was a pretty poor turn out) you sure didn't get much out of the article itself. There were some inspirational speeches and really great music, all for a terrific cause and the Gray Ribbon Campaign, the speakers and the bands deserve a lot of praise. What really pissed me off was the way the FP sold the story. And I mean sold. How come out of all the musicians that played and all the people who spoke that day, all the possible shots the photographer could have taken and the story editor could have used, the one that was put on the banner on Page One to get you to turn to the inside of the paper was a picture of a pretty girl with big tits. Think about it, they didn't use a guy. Not Bernie, or (other band members), or the Rev. Patterson or anyone else. They pick Do It Now's female bass player. (I'm really surprised they didn't try for a shot of Peg ... they must have heard she wasn't going to take off her clothes, so it wasn't worth it to them to hang out.)

Step two: Remove the meat from the pan and saute the onions and peppers in the grease that remains.

So, why so you think they made that choice? Is it because the alternatives didn't look as interesting (sorry guys)? Is it because they (the "free" Press) want to sell papers but aren't brave enough to admit that they are just a hair above the "baby born with three legs" tabloids you see in supermarkets? They figure they have you by the figurative balls because they are the only big, serious game in town and they think they know how to sell you anything. They will sensa-

tionalize a story to death if they think it will sell papers and make money. Look at the story this winter about the women whose kids died in the fire while she was out of the house. Did that really warrant front page stories day after day after day or was it just them trying to feed our appetite for sensationalism (which they themselves are largely responsible for developing)?

Step three: Drain the onions and peppers and place, with the cooked meat, into a large pot.

But the Free Press (Free to do what?) isn't the only ingredient here. The print media will use anyone at anytime to sell anything. How many tabloids would go out of business if they didn't have Elvis to trash. Come on, the guy has been dead for something like 15 years. Who really cares anymore. (But aren't you just a little curious?)

Step four: Add the crushed tomatoes, tomato sauce, kidney beans, any of the optional items and about 2 tbs. of cumin. Use pure ground cumin, not the pre-package Chili Powder you get at supermarkets.

And then there's TV. Have you turned on the TV lately? There's shows about people calling 911 for help, actually recorded calls, and then they reenact the rescue. There's shows where people send in home videos of themselves making asses out of themselves with the hope that if they are the biggest ass they'll win a lot of money. There's a steady diet of really low quality mini-series and movies and bad sit-coms that aren't funny. All of this stirs up artificial sentiment and emotions and jerks you around and around. People get choked up over the storyline in a commercial but wouldn't cross the street to spit on someone who is homeless. We're shown examples of what we're supposed to be like day after day and when we think we've got it, they change the rules. Your attention is attracted with one thing than you find out it's really something else, but over here is what you really want.... We're constantly feed an un-reality that keeps us off balance and focuses our attention away from the really important things that actually effect us. What's the point of this?

Step five: Stir and cook over low

heat for a couple of hours. Be careful not to burn the bottom.

Well, maybe the point is to throw you off guard and keep you there. The Vice President of the United States uses a fictional TV character as an example of what's wrong with this country. And people go crazy. They're so busy making fun of Dan Quayle because he used Murphy Brown as an example of the decay in our society that they stop thinking about Rodney King and single welfare mothers and the homeless for just a little bit. It doesn't occur to them that maybe Dan-o is there to be such a big asshole that George looks smart in comparison.

Step six: Taste and add more seasoning if you like.

Name all five of the Three Stooges. Name the officers of the Starship Enterprise and give their ranks. Now, name the members of the President's cabinet. Ok, just name the cabinet positions.

This makes a mess of chili which is good for days in the refridge or can be frozen.

You see, it works like a drug. Your life is shitty. You don't have the things you think you want. You don't know what you want. You're not even sure who you are half the time because you don't measure up to the standards of what you're supposed to be. You don't think you have the power to change things and you don't have the ambition to even try. So, its a lot easier to just not deal with reality at all ... forget about the fact that taxes are up and social services are down, that all the small steps forward we made in racial equality and human rights are disappearing and that we don't really have a decent person to lead us. It's a lot easier to follow than to lead ... to keep your head down and stay in your own little track: corporate track, straight track, yuppie track, fundamentalist track, artist track, punk track, redneck track, hippy track, hardcore track ... whatever will keep you from having to think on your own too much, make it easy to react because you know what's

(continued on page 16)

LETTERS, continued from p.5

punk scene. Just be glad that these people are probably all grown up and responsible now. Yeah, right.]
Dear RFM:

Back in '86 one night in an infamous bar named Sneakers! (remember that place?) one R.D. owed Kaos and Metal a lot of beer! So we cornered Rd and said "Time to pay up", and he obliged, giving us the two pitchers of beer he owed us and said "Shut up and don't look back. I told the bar owner you guys are the singer and guitarist for the Angry Samoans!". I said "No fucking way, R., they ain't gonna fall for that shit!". "They already did: you guys got open bar", said R.D. What soon followed is that everyone in the fucking place had a ton of beer, not to mention mixed drinks.

Then the bartender had me sing "Gas Chamber" and loved it. Soon Metal and I were surrounded by chicken wings, Tony's pizza and a bottle of Dom Perignon! Everyone ate up, was totally fucked up and R.D. had the biggest smile on his face. Metal and I laughed about this for years and I would finally like to say to Sneakers "Fuck you suckers, I'm glad we ripped you guys for \$300! Take your bluegrass music and shove it up your ass!". And once again, thanx to R.D. (you crazy SOB!) and all the old school Vt. H.C.'s who drank up that night!

Name withheld
Address, too

"... When They Pry It From My Cold, Wet Fingers ..."

Protect Your Right To Own Super Soakers! Our Founding Fathers gave us the right to bear arms. Certain people would like to change that! If Super Soakers are outlawed, only outlaws will own Super Soakers. Super Soakers don't squirt people, people do. And what about water balloons!? I've been looking for a Super Soaker for two months, and can't find one. I have an M16 to trade for a Super Soaker.

Angus, Nick & Dave
of Canine

KILL YOUR TELEVISION

No 'radio rot'

It has come to Paul Allison's attention that radio is "FM commercial radio rot," (Forum letter, April 11). I don't agree.

His first complaint is that a radio is playing everywhere (in stores, cars, at work, etc.) Maybe he doesn't like to listen at work, but others may. As far as the car goes, drivers do have an on/off switch.

He complains about large wattage stations repeating their call letters after every song. Stations with more power are actually a benefit for states like Vermont because they can both inform and entertain people in rural locations where there may not be enough financial support for a station. ... Call letters are essential for a station to identify itself. You may know what station you have on all the time, but some people dial-hop and may have to be reminded what they are listening to.

While some stations are obnoxious to listen to, others do a lot of community service. If Allison wants to listen to college radio, that's his choice, but he should spare the rest of us his programming dislikes. ...

HENRI KOLDYK
Burlington



Cooking, con't

expected of you and your group. This feels a lot better than trying to be your own person. You can feel safe and snug and can laugh at the outsiders but you'll still be owned by the people who jerk all the chains.

Serve with sour cream, cheese, chopped green onions and regular bread or corn bread.

So, the next time you catch yourself in a response that vaguely feels strange think about why you're doing it. Why you're saying what you're saying or buying that record or that paper or thinking about that person in that way. Be critical and skeptical and think and act for yourself alone. Remember...

You are what you eat.

Queen City still needs theme song

The Vermont Songwriters' Association has extended the deadline for the contest to find a theme song for the Queen City to July 10.

The contest is run in conjunction with the Mayor's Office. The first-place winner wins \$350.

Cassettes with stamped, self-addressed envelopes can be sent to the association at P.O. Box 22, Underhill 05489.

AVAILABLE AT LAST!



"MEDICINE FOR THE SICK"

by The Wards, Vermont's #1 Punk Band.
Experience the grotesque beauty for yourself.
Send check or money order (\$4.50 U.S./\$5.50 International) to: Wilde Productions,
P.O. Box 103, Colchester, VT 05446.



REVIEWS



L7 - "Bricks Are Heavy" - Slash Records

The first cool band on Slash since the Germs! Total mid-tempo stomp reminiscent of the Ramones and old '77 punk. These girls crank royally, and have cool lyrics like "Wargasm" which talks about some guy beating off to his T.V. during the Middle East war, and also "Slide" about one of the members ex-dirtbag boyfriends and "Mr. Intensity" which slams Tim Yo of MRR. (L7 have been getting dissed severely that last couple of ish.) My only complaint is the vocal production tones down one of the girls awesome screams (remember "Shove"!). Anyways, way cool, way powerful, smell the fucken MAOYC!! Yeah L7!

Reviewed by Drew

Ice T - "Body Count" - Sire Records

"Fuck The Police - For Rodney King - Fuck The Police - For Darryl Gates". Tunes that were probably blaring throughout South Central after the injustice of the Rodney King trial (more like racist fiasco!). Ice-T and the boys slam out one visceral and hardcore (musically and lyrically) album. Tales such as "Cop Killer", "KKK Bitch" and "Evil Dick" clue you in to what's going on lyrically. Musically, their structure is pretty rough and basic, but D-Roc and Ernie Clay down a wall of thunder and with a song like the acoustic "The Winner Loses" they show they can handle more than one dimension of music. "Body Count" is in the fucken house!!

Reviewed by Drew

Bad Religion - "Generator" - Epitaph Records

Like usual, another great LP from Bad Religion. The songs have lengthened (up to an average of 3 mins.), but they can still thrash out like on "Too Much To Ask", "Tomorrow" and the title track. Plus they have another great slow one in "The Answer". Great melodicism, spectacular vocals from Gree Graffin, improved leads from Brett and Greg Hetson. Great LP! And support H.C.'s biggest indie label!

Reviewed by Drew

Billy Greene - 4 song tape - Self release

Recorded at Archer Studios. Gordon Stone (steel and banjo), Phil Abair (keyboards), Bobby Crenshaw (drums). Written, arranged, and performed by Billy Greene. Yes, many people came up to me and asked "Hey, Rat Dog, who's this guy Billy Greene on the back of RFM #6?". He's this one in a million country artist who rules. Some day you're going to be somewhere when somebody's going to give you a tape to listen to and it's going to be great. Such is the case with this tape. The first song starts out describing a "Good Morning". This seems to be innocent enough until Billy's crushing deep vocals wins me over by saying "When you wake up in the morning, and you make love in the morning, you know it's going to be a good good morning!". The rest of the tape is well meaning and sincere. None of the songs is over two minutes long. Excellent.

Reviewed by Rat Dog.

Naked Violence - 5 song EP - Self release

Crushing hardcore with disturbing vocals. Fast and furious pace ala Poison Idea. Produced by Slayer Hippy (Poison Idea). P.O. Box 194, Clackamas, OR 97015. \$5.00 cash. *Reviewed by Rat Dog*

Mister Guy - "Native Sun"; "Starbound"; "Fistful of Sky"; "Heavyweight of Rock N Roll" - Third Eye Records

Ever lived next to a guitarist who plays alone for long periods of time? This is the case in these life-marking tapes by Mister Guy. It's interesting to hear as Mr. Guy ages his music to a more refined product. In more recent tapes, Mister Guy plays with a full band. It has a bluesy folk rock sound to it. Get out your cash and order this.

Reviewed by Johnny Smooth



Science Fixion - "Swimmin' in the Human Condition" - Tape/CD

Side One starts out with two excellent songs, "Northstar" and the title of this project. Clear sounding jazz ringing throughout this work. But then comes "Aliens Among Us". The vocals are extremely weak on this tune. I really felt that Shamms Mortier was singing about me. Since this was the first song on the tape with vocals, it sort of pissed me off. The rest of Side One sounds like the first two songs. Rich, full sounds with a lineup which includes: Roger Berard (percussion), Steve Blair (guitars), Peter Brown (cello), Ken Dunbar (percussion), Andy Hildenbrandt (piano), Shamms Mortier (mallets, saxes) and Peter Williams (bass). Side Two is really good except for the one song which contains vocals. Should have recruited some innocent looking college girl with a high vocal range to sing the two that have vocals. Other than those two songs this is a very well produced tape. For more information call 802 453 4293.

Reviewed by Captain Apples

Ken Sleeps Naked (continued from p. 9)

FW: No, I got my degree in Surviving Four Years at Goddard. I didn't play any music at Goddard as part of my curriculum. I had a band at Goddard called Blues Obituary, which was a real interesting experience, because this was a band made up of older students who all imitated British accents. The lead singer in the band was fairly short, heavyset, not very good looking, long hair, always affected a British accent, and put on one of the most amazing stage shows. I watch MTV now, and this guy was doing it all back then. In our little bio that we sent out, we listed "Albert Pritchard - Voice and Microphone Stands". Every gig, he broke five microphone stands. The guy was frantic. He would just goad the audience into these Dionysian frenzies. He was totally into Nietzsche. He was a very intellectual guy. He was into living life to the absolute maximum. We played quite a bit around Vermont but never went back to the same club twice. We played what he called British blues, but it was Black Sabbath, old Fleetwood Mac - RFM: Peter Green-era Fleetwood Mac?

FW: Right. In fact this band also was almost like a cult. There was a group of 13, of whom six were in the band, plus me who wasn't in the cult, I was more of an outsider. The cult was made up of seven women and six guys, and they got Peter Green and Fleetwood Mac to come to Goddard. They put them up at the Goddard Manor House, and they had these Dionysian feasts every night for the band, and the women all did all the band members. They went back to England and said to all the other bands, "If you ever tour the States, you've got to play this place in Vermont", and because of that Black Sabbath played there, Savoy Brown played there, Rod Stewart and the Faces, Big Mama Thornton. King Crimson did their first American concert at Goddard. I was standing right there in front of Greg Lake, with Robert Fripp over there on his stool, and Pete Sinfield was in the corner doing lights, probably thinking of more lyrics. King Crimson in the Goddard Cafeteria. RFM: Tell us a little about the Ken Sleeps Naked material. FW: Don't walk light, which is about people walking around oblivious to reality. In a literal sense, it's about the walk lights here in Montpelier, which I call the Don't Walk lights. Nothing to say. Concrete Charm which is my overtly anti-mall song. I wrote that song when they were first planning the Berlin Mall, which is the closest we come to thrashy material. National Life, which isn't about the insurance com-

pany in Montpelier, although a lot of people think it is, and they get a big charge out of it.

RFM: That's an easy assumption to jump to.

FW: Especially when the first line is "Have you got insurance?". Skunk. Leather. Two friends, which is our nice slow romantic salsa song, which is the closest we come to a love song. The great expectation, which is my song about lust.

RFM: If there were any one catch phrase you would use to describe KSN, what would it be?

FW: I use the word "Profunkative". Onlooker: That's like Anton uses the term "Ethnohuman funk".

FW: Peg Tassey calls her music "Emotion Noise". We try to keep it funky, danceable and somewhat provocative.

Onlooker: There's a lot of music happening out there. If a couple of bands make it out of Burlington on a national scale, they'll be calling Burlington the next Seattle.

RFM: Just try and convince someone in Burlington of that. The average musician in Burlington measures his life by how soon they'll be able to move to someplace else.

Onlooker: Anton tried taking his band to New York. They played there for a while, but couldn't get anything going. They're not a New York-style band, they're a Vermont band.

RFM: Plans for the future?

FW: To continue to rehearse, to play some more gigs, as many as we can, to get into a recording studio and put together a demo tape. We'd like to work out some kind of deal with a manager. A woman at the Metronome show came up to us and is interested. You might know her, Lianne Newton, she manages Chin Ho. She really liked the band a lot. Onlooker: Are they a ska band?

FW: No...

RFM: They're kind of like R.E.M. Meets Red Hot Chili Peppers.

FW: I only saw them once and they struck me as kind of Elvis Costello-ish.

RFM: Maybe they're actually like one of those science fiction creatures which reflects a different identity according to the person watching them.

FW: I saw them open for Peg at the Pyralisk, actually I only saw their last couple of songs so I didn't get a real good take on them, but I liked what I heard. I really like their tape.

RFM: Is it just a vicious rumor that you'll be playing the Pyralisk July 17th?

FW: It is just a vicious rumor, but hopefully it's a vicious rumor that will come true. I'm not sure it's available, but that's the date we're shooting for.

RFM: What other venues are you looking at for playing in Vermont?

FW: In central Vermont, there aren't

any, especially for an original band. The Pyralisk, Club Metronome, there's a place in Newport I don't know the name of, but Tom the guitarist says we shouldn't have any trouble getting into. That's partially because he used to play there in a band called the Barbeque DeSotos, and the people in Newport loved the Barbeque DeSotos.

RFM: It seems odd that Vermont is very rich in original bands, but there are so few places to play.

Onlooker: There are colleges. Up-root does a lot of them.

FW: We also played at Goddard for their Alumni Reunion.

RFM: You would seem to be a natural for Goddard. What about Gumby's, in Lyndonville?

FW: That's another place our guitar player thinks we can play. We'd like to get into the college circuit, but we need to get more material together before we go after that. A woman here who works with the Onion River Arts Council thinks we'd be perfect for that. But we really need a good two and a half hours, three hours of material. I think we have a solid hour and a half of material now. The songs are all structured so that if the crowd is really grooving on it and dancing, we can stretch them out, but as you saw at the Metronome that wasn't the case so we didn't stretch them. RFM: It was pretty happening until the clock struck midnight.

[At this point an apparently involuntarily leisured individual walked in with a crumpled paper bag]

FW: No tapes.

ILI: I got a whole bag of 'em.

FW: I don't want 'em.

ILI: They're country. You sold the last batch like wildfire.

FW: Fifty cents is all I'll give for them.

ILI: I just want to trade them even for one Rock tape.

FW: How many you got?

ILI: I got eight. You sold all the rest of 'em like wildfire.

FW: You'll trade all of these for one rock tape?

ILI: One Rock tape.

FW: What do you want, Doobie Brothers?

ILI: Unless you got the Steve Miller Band.

[The transaction completed, FW returned.]

FW: Some of these tapes have been traded and bought four times. One week he's into Rock, the next week he's into country.

RFM: Not hip-hop yet?

FW: Not yet.

Onlooker: Give him a week.

FW: I think he'll detour around hip-hop.

RFM: One thing that struck me when I saw you at the Metronome was that it was definitely not a Burlington crowd. There was something almost tangible about it. Hav-

ing worked in Montpelier, and knowing that Ken Sleeps Naked is from Montpelier, made it very easy to put my finger on it. A phrase popped into my head, and considering the original source, many people will probably give it a negative connotation, but it seems that Montpelier is "a kinder, gentler" town than Burlington.

FW: It's a white collar, Republican office town. The sidewalks roll up at five o'clock. This town will do everything it can to kill light.

RFM: There are no white collar Republicans at Ken Sleeps Naked shows.

FW: That is the real contradiction, because in this town there's a very hip population. I would say that the core group of radicals live in central Vermont. Burlington elects Bernie Sanders, but the core activist radicals live, not necessarily in Montpelier but definitely in this area. And yet this town is run by a very conservative banker/insurance/lawyer mentality, I think. Right now the city council is debating "entertainment" licensing fees, \$500 a year for live music, \$100 a year for recorded music.

RFM: What if someone wants to dance?

FW: That's included in the \$500. Friday night at the Pyralisk, we got a complaint at 12:30, the police came and told us to turn down. We shut all the windows and doors and baked for the last hour.

Onlooker: They only need one complaint to shut you down.

FW: That's all they need in this town. It doesn't matter that there are 300 people dancing and having a good time.

RFM: The police only had to walk across the parking lot to tell you.

FW: I don't think the police care that much, I think someone complained. My point is that this town is dead seven nights a week. There should be one night you can do it. Onlooker: Friday night.

FW: Friday or Saturday night. Two nights would be great.

RFM: Montpelier hosted a concert featuring Roger McGuinn on the front lawn of the Capital last year.

FW: Yeah, but that was during the day, and it was sponsored by the arts establishment, underwritten by a bank or an insurance company or something. Actually, the Pyralisk is finally becoming accepted.

[As with all interviews, I had more questions driving out of Montpelier than when I had driving in. What type of commotion would likely ensue at a KSN gig performed on home turf? What musical style will the Tape Trader be into next week? Perhaps most importantly, what kind of cheese does Ken like on cheeseburgers.]

Interview: Luckless Pedestrian

RFM caught Luckless Pedestrian right after their set at Memorial Auditorium. The event was the Grey Ribbon Campaign's Rock Against Racism. This show was quite different in some ways than other Rock Against Racism shows that I've played. This being a very respectable event while the shows of the early '80's were much more counter-cultural. In some ways, it was nice not to have to deal with Dana Beal ...

Anyway. The band consists of Derek (guitar), Loren (vocals), Django (guitar), Otis (bass) and Bill (drums). They've been together nine months.

RFM: *The first question is where you all come from.*

LP: Marlboro College, right near Brattleboro, VT.

RFM: *How long have you been together?*

Otis: Well, the way it is now, about nine months, but Django and I have been playing together for years.

RFM: *Where did you get your name from?*

LP: Oh, God ... (laughter).

Otis: Tell him the bus story (laughter), the bus ride.

Django: Oh, yeah. I was tak-

ing a bus across the country and I made a list of names for bands. It's from a Steely Dan song called "Luckless Pedestrian".

RFM: *It's always cool to have a literary allusion, I think.*

Loren: Our favorite band. Yeah, right.

RFM: *Sounds it. That was my first guess. What kind of stuff do y'all listen to?*

Otis: Mr. Bungle ...

Derek: Paula Abdul.

Loren: He really does.

Otis: Rollins, Bad Brains ...

Loren: I dunno ...

Otis: Humble Pie, Code of Honor ...

RFM: *Rhode Island's Code of Honor?*

Otis: San Francisco's.

Loren: Go-Gos. I like the Go-Gos.

Bill: Schumann, Schubert ...

Loren: Beethoven.

Bill: The great Romantic composers of the 19th century.

RFM: *Is there anywhere to play around Marlboro? Have you ever tried to play the Mole's Eye?*

LP: We haven't gotten around to that yet. We were gonna

play Common Ground, we'll probably play there next fall.

[We discuss Do It Now's missed gig at the Common Ground. You don't care.]

RFM: *Do you play at Marlboro College alot?*

LP: Yeah, cabaret type things. People always get pissed off if they can hear us though! We finally found a place to jam.

RFM: *Parties, or just rehearsal?*

LP: It's a fire hazard or something.

RFM: *Do you have any plans to play out more, is it a hobby thing or are you gonna go for it and play Boston, New York, and the big city - Burlington? I know you're playing here next week.*

LP: Well, this summer is kinda our first. We just came from Greenfield, MA today, another seven band festival kind of thing. We'll play anywhere. This summer we have two shows every weekend for the next six weeks.

RFM: *Where are all these shows at - I mean, they'll all be over by the time Rapid Fire #8*

comes out ...

Loren: Well, we're playing at Peg Tasse's party next week, Level 242 on Saturday ...

LP: Jersey, Loren, we're playing a friend of mine's party the 22nd.

RFM: *In Jersey.*

Loren: Yeah. Whoopee.

RFM: *Road trips are great. I love driving all day to play for no money and sleep behind the Holiday Inn.*

Loren: I'm totally psyched to do that.

[Laughter]

LP: We're gonna play some off night at the Pyralisk. We're separating after that.

RFM: *You're gonna break up?*

LP: No, just for the summer.

RFM: *6 weeks and then you're gonna take summer vacation?*

LP: Yeah, come back to school.

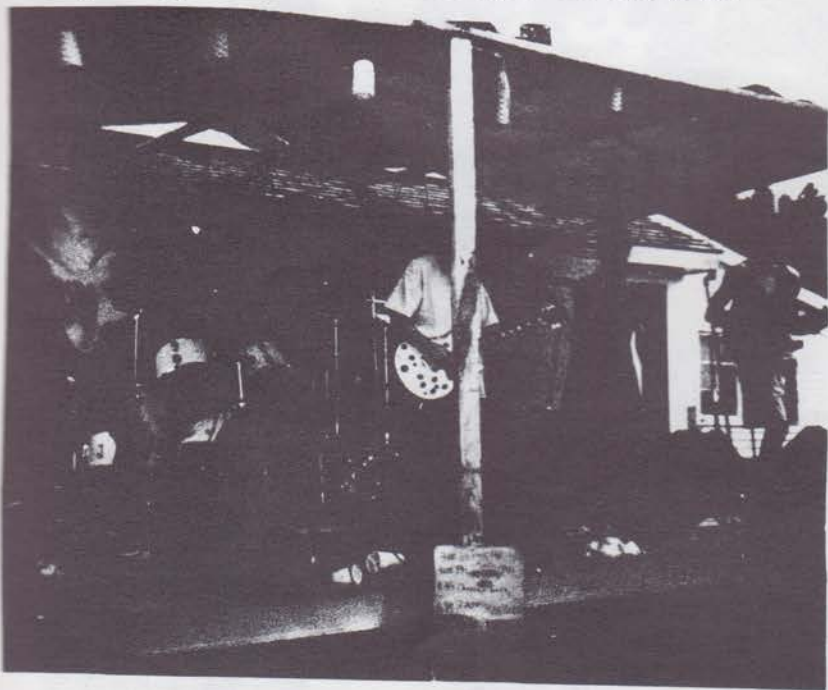
RFM: *You're all students?*

LP: Yup. He [pointing at drummer] just graduated. He [points at rhythm guitarist] works there. Derek is a cook at Marlboro College.

RFM: *Are you interested in playing KD Churchill's or any of the Burlington clubs?*

LP: Oh yeah, we played Metro-nome.

[Note from Tom Cuddy: "Oh kay. That's about as much as I can transcribe and not go nuts".]





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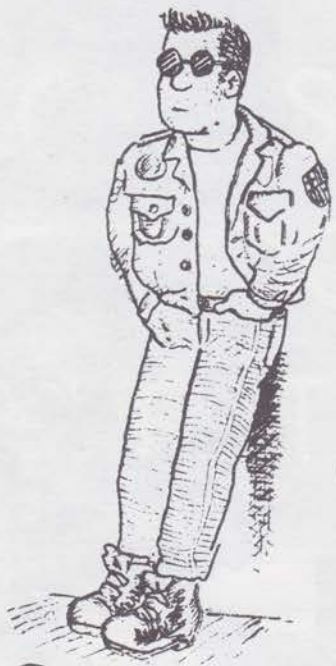
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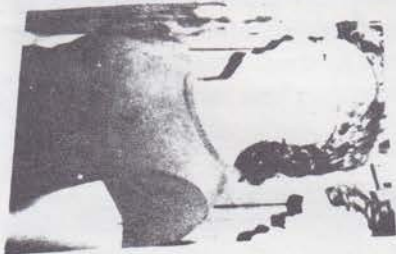
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