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ISSUE 9 Winter 1992 40 PAGES

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*Vermonstress Festival ...
Rumble '92 ... RFM Inter-
view with Uproot ... 242
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views ... Expanded Audio
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RAPID FIRE #9

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State of the Art
for the
Art of the State

Welcome to Rapid Fire's Holiday Issue. In honor of this shiny, happy season, all writers and editorial staff are on strict notice not to be malicious, spiteful or mean,

even when writing about people and things which scream out for such treatment. "If you can't say something nice ...", etc. This is also the time of year when thoughts turn to New Year's resolutions, so I thought it might be appropriate to review a topic many people seem to have strong feelings about.

I guess it's good to stop occasionally and take responsibility for our individual shortcomings so we can get on with what we're good at. With respect to Rapid Fire, it has become obvious that one of my shortcomings is giving credit where credit is due, i.e. including the names of writers with their articles. More often than not, this is unintentional and a result of being up against a vicious deadline. Sometimes, however, writers prefer to remain anonymous. When talking to people a question that often comes up is "Who wrote that article on ... ?" Sometimes they ask because they thought the article was good. More often, they want to know because they or someone they know felt injured by what was written, and want to know which slimebag to aim their hostilities at.

Such was the case with the Performances section of RFM #8. A couple of people saw

themselves presented in a less than favorable way and wanted to know who was responsible. One person was bothered that the author of the Dead Milkmen review "didn't have the balls to sign their name". Incidentally, some of our writers were born that way naturally. Perhaps even more disturbing was the belief that Tom Cuddy, rightfully credited with the Righteous Bones review, also penned the two reviews that followed it. Someone (who obviously agreed with the reviews) told me they thought the reviews were Classic Cuddyisms, and were surprised when set straight.

Since we at RFM are not nearly as insensitive and cloddish as some would believe, a lot of soul searching has been undertaken, and the following points have emerged:

* Identification limits access within a small community; at this point in time, many of our contributors choose to remain incognito to preserve that access. Indeed, discretion is often the better part of valor, and is even protected by our Constitution's Fifth Amendment. (While we're on the subject of constitutionality, whatever happened to freedom of speech?) In order to maintain a flow of contributions, we must respect our correspondents' wishes. When we receive so many articles and news items from people who are willing to write under their own names that we must choose which to publish, the issue of pen names may disappear.

* Every thing has both its positive and negative qualities; pointing out something's negative aspects doesn't necessarily lessen our love of something. RFM wouldn't exist if everyone involved didn't have a great love for the local scene and its diverse and sometimes idiosyncratic cast of characters.

* Whenever a situation or thing is observed by two people, there are at least three distinct realities: the two experienced by the

observers, and *the objective reality which encompasses them.*

* Specifics: The Dead Milkmen review was a collaboration of several sources who were present at the gig. After talking with these sources, I edited their comments and impressions into a single cohesive article. The reviews of Guppy Boy and The Cuts were written by me. Anyone who has opposing viewpoints is more than welcome to put them in print. As of this date, we have published all opinions and contributions which relate to the local scene, as well as some that don't.

* If you demand responsible journalism in what you read, stick to the Vermont Times.

From The Front: In our ever expanding effort to widen our musical horizons, we endeavor to understand the phenomenon of Central Vermont band Uproot through another in a series of RFM interviews. Although it's highly suspected that our correspondent had strong ulterior motives in travelling to Goddard College, he did manage to turn in his assignment with a minimum of unidentified stains.

RFM's publisher threatened strong action if Jamie Williamson turned in another "incoherent" piece like RFM #8's "Story of W.", even after I explained that English literature has a strong tradition of incoherence (consider James Joyce, Hunter S. Thompson and William F. Buckley). Hopefully Mr. Allison will be out of town until this issue hits the stands.

I first met Tony Max Nance (see his art starting on page 34) in '87 when I answered an ad for musicians interested in starting an industrial art rock band. I was the only one who stuck around, and eventually we gigged as Dogs Eating Glass. The artwork in this issue was originally intended for some posters for a performance where we managed to piss off the club owner, the audience and the other indus-

trial bands on the bill. Tony was a former Marvel comics illustrator and a U.S. Postal carrier, and he was fond of saying that the Postal Service was made up of three basic types: Alcoholics, druggies and people who didn't know any better. After viewing his art, it shouldn't be too hard figuring out which group he fell into. All in all, a good argument for staying out of MacDonald's and other likely mass killing sites.

In response to those who feel we should ditch the music coverage and concentrate on what really matters - motorcycles - we have another installment from Lew Simpson, who should be hibernating somewhere in Starksboro by the time this winter issue reaches the public. RFM readers from last year may remember the long gap between issues once the weather became too cold to ride. Someone oughta take up a collection and get this guy a 4-wheel drive.

It just figures that after I refer to Black Hairy Tongue's single as their "swan song" effort, they would release their best effort to date. Available on cassette, 2" Bung Torque is required listening for anyone interested in "the next Seattle". Look for the review and possible interview in RFM #10.

For all you old school Burlington punks ("Ah, ya shoulda been here in '82"), take heart: while listening to WRUV's *Exposure* program this week, DJ Denwyg played a recent basement mix of the re-formed (but by no means reformed) Nation of Hate. I've heard there's even money on actual public appearances; maybe they can snag the opening slot on the annual Wards gig.



Election '92 Update

Hello RFM:

I saw the review for RFM in MRR, and I think they missed the point by complaining that RFM covers the "same bands" every time.

RFM is not a general music zine, it covers a specific area which has its own scene, and a scene usually consists of a crew of regulars, so what's the big deal about reporting about the "same bands"?

I'd like to apologize about the embarrassing letter I sent to RFM #7. In my desperation to encourage people to dump Bush (as if they needed encouragement), I came across like a real Clinton booster.

At the time of my last letter, I saw Clinton as a lesser of evils who at least came from a hipper generation than Bush did, but now it appears that Clinton is a traitor to the generation of the '60s, with his talk of continuing the glorious "drug war" and establishing "boot camps" for first-time drug offenders. If first-time "offenders are sent to a concentration camp, what do second-time offenders get, the death penalty?

End the fascist prohibition and they won't be "offenders" anymore, and as far as boot camps go, free societies don't send their people to be bossed around, coerced, brain-washed or to have their spirits broken, so let's dump the barbaric notion of boot camps and go forward towards becoming a civilization of conscious and enlightened beings.

Libertarians actually believe in the Bill of Rights, and that this country should return to the principles on which it was founded; that responsible people have the right to read, think, smoke, drink and be what they wish to be, without fear of reprisal from a system so corrupt that it really has no business to judge anybody.

For some supercool libertarian info, send \$1.00 to Renaissance Books, 6639 Magnolia Ave, Riverside, CA 92506. Ask for "Path To Peace", "Free Trade" and "Privatizing Eastern Europe". The first of these pamphlets is especially heavy.

Or, get in touch directly with the Libertarian Party: 1528 Penna Ave S.E., Washington DC 20003; 800-682-1776. Send \$1.00 and ask for info.

Also, send \$2.00 donation to the Fully Informed Jury Association (F.I.J.A. P.O. Box 59, Helmville MT 59843). Request their newspaper which is stuffed with mind-blowing historical facts and other informa-

mail, etc.

tion that Big Brother doesn't want you to know.

\$2.00 gets you a sample issue of "New Age Patriot" (P.O. Box 419, Dearborn Heights, MI 48127).

After you read all the above material, copy it and send it to: President Clinton, 1600 Penna Ave N.W., Washington DC 20500. Also include letters of protest about what's happening today.

Free countries don't wage war against their own people by making an industry out of the incarceration of human beings for the purpose of creating careers in "Law Enforcement".

Best Wishes,
Mr. Guy

Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Come Out Of The Voting Booth ...

Ho, hum ... we've got a new President. Is he a Demican or a Republicrat? Hard to say; he's not George Bush, so there is hope.

Voting for Bill Clinton was scarcely the greenest thing I've ever done; voting for Al Gore was only slightly more so. Gore's shade is too similar to Army green for my taste. I prefer forest green, and the difference is not subtle. While parts of their program are exciting to an ecologically conscious citizen, other parts rile her as violently as Bush did. Foremost among these is Clinton and Gore's support for maintaining a strong military. There are gaps as well: neither their program for cities nor their program for ancient forests have received the emphasis they would have by green candidates. That foretells of continuing crises in these and other areas during the next four years.

Many of you were in a celebratory mood the day after Election Day: I mean to rain on your parade. Achieving a desired end is a commendable act, but that commendability is always tempered by the end itself. Therefore I commend you for having achieved the end of helping to elect Bill Clinton, but I suggest that

the achievement would be all the more commendable if the electee had been Jerry Brown, still more if she had been the nominee of the Green Party, USA.

In 1994 and elections following, let us be sure either that one of our present major parties becomes green, or more plausibly, that there be candidates on the ballot who stand on a truly green platform.

Kristian Omland
Burlington, VT

OH, MY GOD! The Holy Bio

CREATION

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form and void. And God said, let the earth bring forth grass. And the earth brought forth grass. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth. And God saw that it was good. And God said, I shall make a creature in my image. But he couldn't. So the Lord God formed man out of dirt, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished. (In more ways than one.) And so God took a smoke break. During the Lord God's break He noticed Sid jerking off in the garden. And God saw what he had

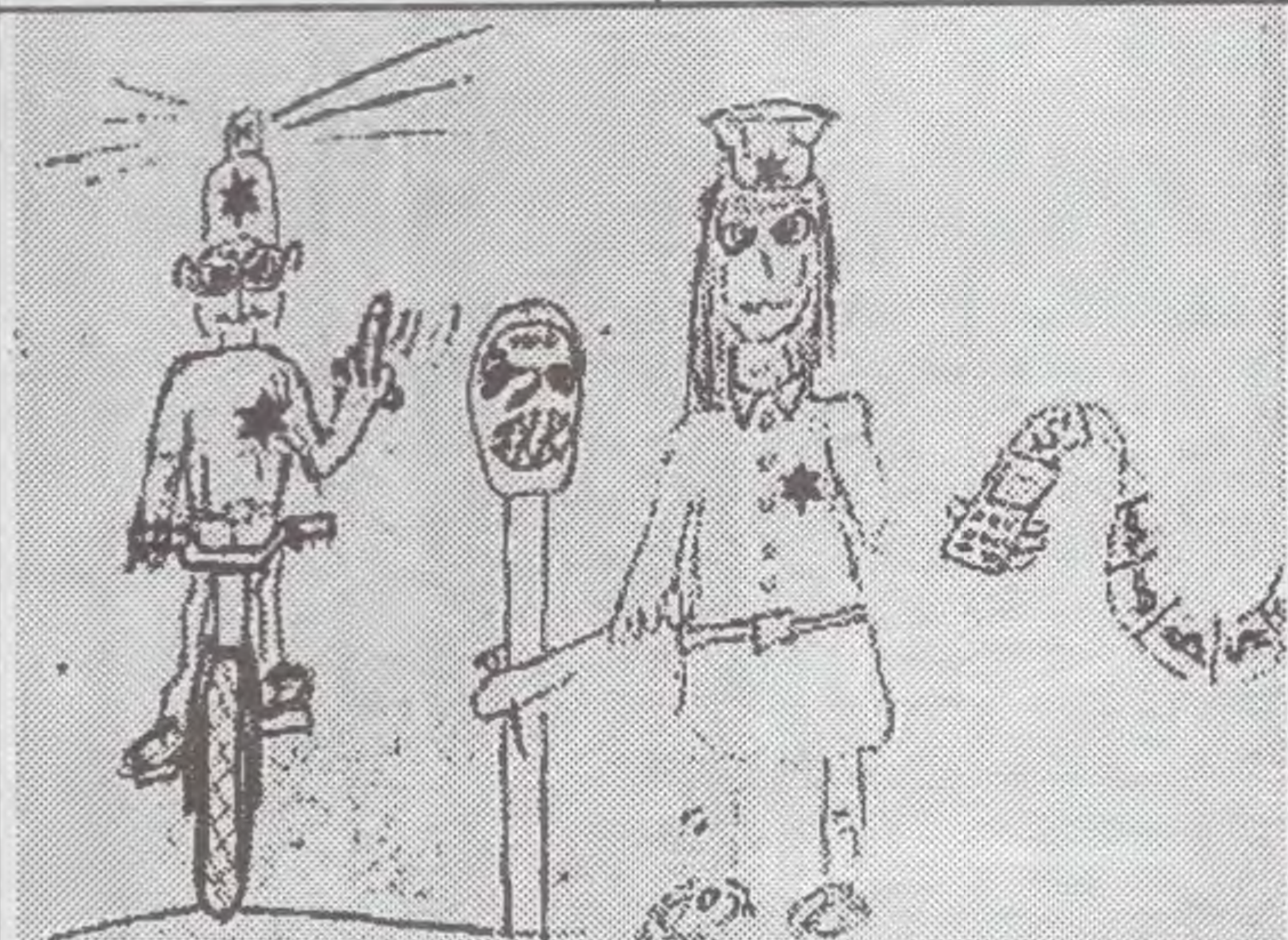
made, and behold, it was very embarrassing. And so God made Nancy, and brought her unto Sid. And they were naked, and not ashamed. And there was much fucking. And God saw everything, and behold, it was very good. And it came to pass, when men and women began to multiply on the face of the earth, that the Lord saw the wickedness of man was great. And it grieved him at his heart. But Elvis found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

And Elvis walked with God. And God said unto Elvis, "The end of flesh is come before me; the earth is filled with violence; and behold, I will destroy them with a flood. Elvis, build thee an ark; thou shalt come into the ark with thy wife and of every living thing, two of each." Thus did Elvis; according to that God commanded him. And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, that was in the dry land, died. And Elvis only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark.

And God remembered Elvis. And it came to pass at the end of 375 days was the earth dried. And Elvis begat four sons: Ted, Rusty and Mudd. The fourth son, Drool, was a Satyr which Elvis felt obliged to adopt from the goat couple. (Do you think it had something to do with the length of the voyage?) And God blessed Elvis and his sons, and said unto the sons, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you and the dread of your fluorescent stage show shall be upon every beast of the earth; into your hand are they delivered."

From The Church
of Fluorescent Punks.

The translators of "OH, MY GOD!" wish Grace, Mercy and Peace through our Fluorescent Lord.



How patrons envision our small, quaint Montpelier shopping!??
Illustration compliments of a longtime Montpelier merchant



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.

• same sentence? *On the same page?*;
 • that's more than can be said for some
 • weekly publications that like to tar-
 • get 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

.....
 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





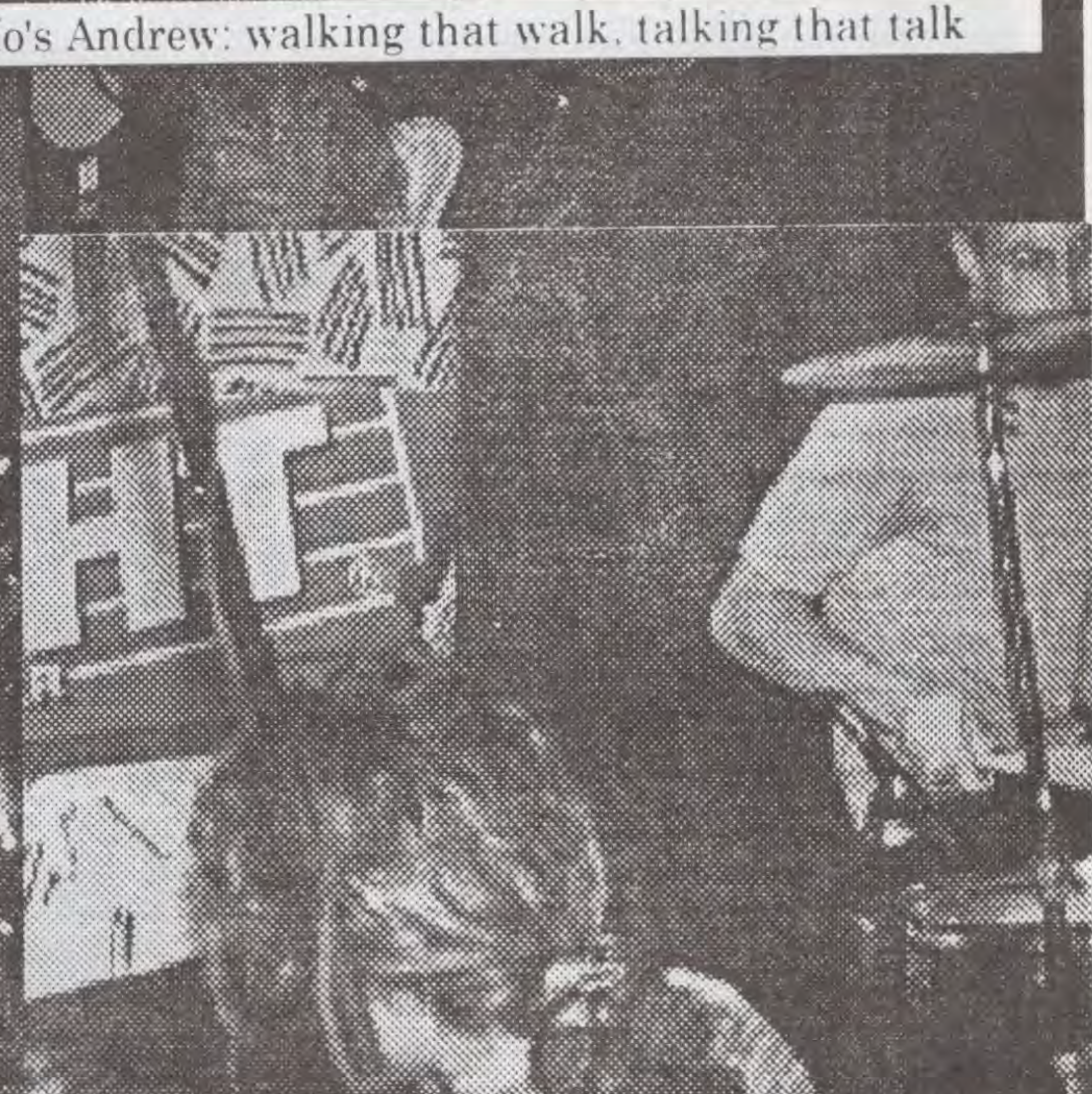
Rena Bijou rockin' da house



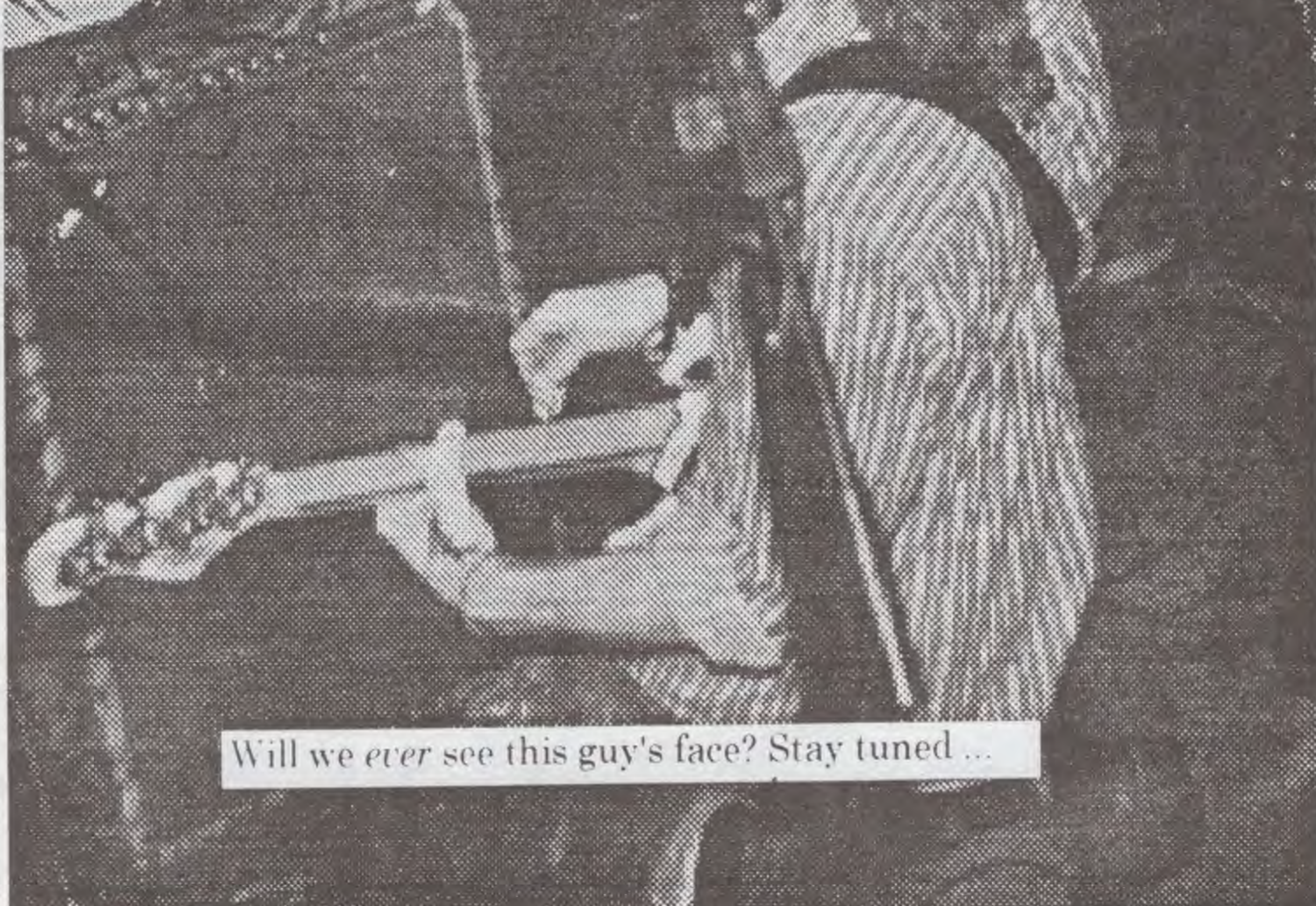
Chin Ho's Andrew: walking that walk, talking that talk




Chuck's bass machine



get sold, and prizes that exist only in the imagination. Best if I just restrict my thoughts to the music. Some random observations: even though some of the bands didn't exactly fit many peoples' definition of "new"/"original" music, the bands in attendance *did* represent a fair cross-section of musical styles played by Burlington area bands; "cultural diversity" is definitely a two-sided blade ... excellent note-for-note Zeppelin covers from Baby Jesus and Springheeled Jacks ... slam dancing "out of hand" during Peg's set? Guess we'll have to save this activity for Metronome, where it's rumored Anne herself secretly loves to mosh ... kudos (congratulations, that is, not the candy bar) to Chin Ho for their inspired




Will we ever see this guy's face? Stay tuned ...



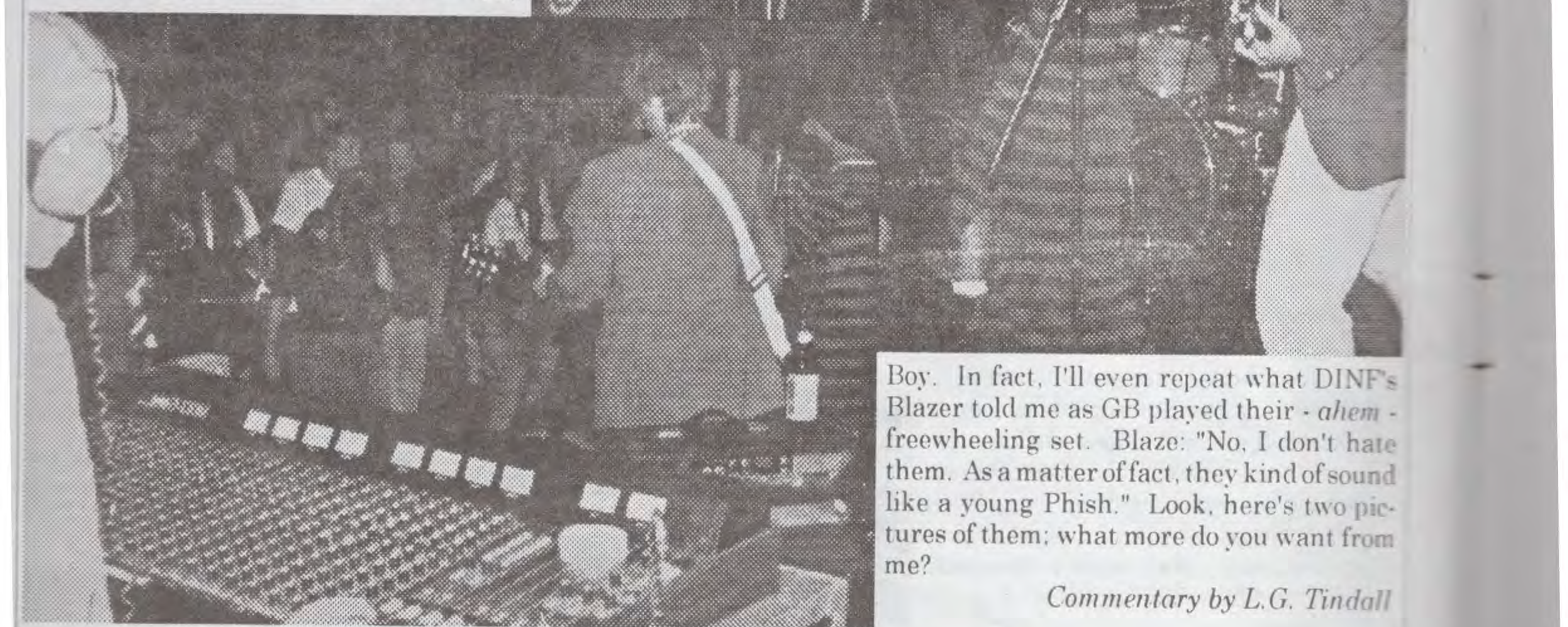
Hmmm ... I used to be the charismatic frontman for Righteous Bones ... had vinyl out ... babes, good times ... now I'm playing tamborine as these guys recreate the Led Zeppelin experience ... what is wrong with this picture?

The Rumbles corporate sponsor didn't pay for this space; I'll be damned if I give them free advertising!

Baby Jesus & The Shepherders



autopsy/medley including "Smoke On The Water" and "Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida" ... extremely respectable set from Rena Bijou as the influence of rap and hiphop becomes increasingly pervasive ... and per this issue's shiny happy theme, I refuse to use this perfectly good opportunity to dis Guppy



Boy. In fact, I'll even repeat what DINF's Blazer told me as GB played their - *ahem* - freewheeling set. Blaze: "No, I don't hate them. As a matter of fact, they kind of sound like a young Phish." Look, here's two pictures of them; what more do you want from me?

Commentary by L.G. Tindall

The RAPID FIRE Interview with ...



I caught up with Uproot on Saturday, September 26, 1992 as they waited to open for Jah Levi and the Happenings at Goddard College.

RFM: *Who's in Uproot?*

Anton: There's Joseph D, who plays bass and started Uproot with me in 1986. Since then we've been through many personnel changes.

RFM: *Let me stop you right there. Weren't you in a band called "Primitive Tools"?*

Anton: Yeah, that was with Paul Labreacano and Dan Story.

RFM: *Was that reggae?*

Anton: No. It was the Hardcore/Punk scene. Then I started a band called Lovegoat. Joseph and I were in Lovegoat.

RFM: *Lovegoat was after Primitive Tools?*

Anton: Yeah, and after Lovegoat was Anotn's Dub Band. And now it's Uproot. I'm the songwriter and 99% of the material is original.



9:30 Club, Hampshire College, Pyralisk, Metronome. We've opened for Phish, Bad Brains, Eek-A-Mouse. - Phish quite a few times.

RFM: *Do you know the people in Phish personally?*

Joseph: I went to school with them.

Anton: They went to school here at Goddard.

RFM: *Holy shit, I never knew that. Go to Goddard and*

RFM: *Who are the other members?*

Anton: Zak Leader on sax, Georgia Beale on percussion and backup vocals, and Phil Carr on drums. Often times we let other people in to play horns or percussion.

RFM: *Could you give us a brief history of the band?*

Anton: For the first couple of years we were students at Amherst and we started to play around that area - UMass and Amherst. We played in NYC, D.C., all kinds of different places. We played at Wettlands, the



become a rock star! Do you have any tapes out?

Anton: We are currently working on a tape now. We tried to record one a while back but it didn't quite work out the way we wanted.

RFM: Any future gigs?

Anton: We'll be playing WRUV's Live Exposure show and hopefully K.D. Churchill's soon. Pyralisk on October 30th.

RFM: What does Uproot sound like? Reggae?

Anton: No, not reggae. That's a misconception. We're not a reggae band. This is a reggae band [Jah Levi was doing a sound check at this point]. Uproot is not a reggae band. We play a lot of funk, blues, island influences for sure. Zak is a jazz man; Phil Carr studied steel drums in Trinidad; George has done lots of Cuban stuff and African stuff and - hmm - I've done everything from Top 40 to playing in a reggae/calypso cover band. The lyrics are many different things. Politics and lighter subjects also. You need a balance between the two.

RFM: What does the name "Uproot" signify?

Anton: The name came from us constantly moving during our third year of college. We were kicked out of a few places, sort of like "uprooted", get it?

RFM: It does sound like a reggae band's name.

Anton: That's the thing. There's

Zak: Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, horn players, John Zorn ... jazz ... lots of jazz.

George: African, Carribean music, salsa, calypso, definitely African/Carribean rhythms - you know - West African music, Haitian music, Jamaican and Cuban music. Being a percussionist I like to check around, you know, dance.

RFM: Dance Hall?

George: No, dancing - dancers - as an art form is a major influence in my musicianship. I play for dancers, you know? I work with live dancers. It's really where I learned to play these rhythms and beats. I studied a lot of dance in the African diafro. Groups of music? No, I don't know, it's just bodies of music that I listen to.

RFM: Any political themes you'd like to address?

Anton: I'll say the environment is a big one.

RFM: Are you guys vegetarians?

Anton: I am mostly, but not completely.

RFM: Not religiously?

Anton: [laughing] No, not me.

RFM: What about George

folk, reggae, blues, rock, ska, jazz and dance music. It's all built on a groove; it's groove music. RFM: Did you go to the Vermont Reggae Fest? Anton: No. RFM: What are your influences, personally? Anton: Lou Reed, Bob Marley, Bob Dylan, Eno, poetic stuff: music that has some kind of message in it.

Bush?

Anton: He's going to be gone soon. You see, we're going to start the revolution and we're going to change the world, turn the world around. The earth is speaking, the weather's all messed up, you know. We're all dedicated to the music, bringing people together, raising awareness throughout the world. Just the state of things, you know. People should be more aware of the world.

RFM: Do you go out and see many shows?

Anton: I go through phases, sometimes.

RFM: Sometimes lots of people don't show for gigs, i.e. your Metronome gig.

Anton: Well, that gig! There was a certain lack of publicity for that show due to the owner putting out the flyers two weeks after we played there. Things aren't really happening too smoothly there it seems like, you know what I mean?

RFM: What do you think of your manager?

Anton: She's the best! She's wonderful!

[Uproot's manager, Jenile, walks over] Jenile: You said it best last week, Anton.

Anton: She's a goddess!

RFM: [laughing] Can I quote you on that?

Anton: Sure.

RFM: Excellent!

Jenile: The first time I heard these guys play I (continued on p. 26)



VERMONTSTRESS!

"4 Shows in 2 Days: 17 Bands. An International celebration of music, life, love, and foliage. Presented by SubPop Records; WRUV, Burlington; CKUT, Montreal; WMBR, Cambridge. Tickets Available ONLY at the Flynn Theater Box Office."

- *Metronome flyer.*



Gravel, Codeine, Beat Happening, Pond, Crow, Velocity Girls, Drop 19's, Come, World According to Steve, H.P. Zinker, Eric's Trip, Green Magnet School, Sloan, 6 Finger Satellite, Chris Harford and the First Rays of the Rising Sun, Barbara Manning, Buffalo Tom.

The rumor mill began grinding at high speed in early September, as people in the know spoke of the upcoming visit from Seattle. "It only makes sense for SubPop to choose Burlington as the next breeding ground for Nirvana-wannabes. It's close to Boston, New York and Montreal. In fact, it makes so much sense, SubPop will *have* to close up their high-rent Boston office and stage the next blitz on America's alternative

wallets from the Queen City". Local artists scrambled to get their demos together, and began practicing their schmoozing skills on anyone who would listen. At its most feverish peak, it was rumored that SubPop would announce the opening of the Vermont office on the Monday morning following Vermontstress. For one brief, shining moment, it appeared that Burlington would finally be recognized as the bastion of genius we all know it to be (despite the fact that local musicians spend half their time preparing to leave for greener and, admittedly, sunnier scenes).

The show began at 2:15 with **Gravel**. This group from Anacortes, Washington, opened with 4 guys playing 2 guitars, bass and drums. I was quite surprised to hear them do Nirvana type material. Buzzsaw guitars rang throughout their set underscored



Eric's Trip



Beat Happening

vocals. This and some good hooks helped entertain the mostly out of town crowd. Like most of the other bands that played this Festival, they did absolutely no covers.

Codeine from NYC were next, consisting of 3 guys playing guitar, drums, and bass. The guitarist had a skinhead and looked a little bit like Ian from Fugazi. Like their name suggests, Codeine plays at a slow and at times painfully grinding pace as each member played his part to perfection. Very intense vocals with deep inner feelings to them. Most of the sold out crowd watched in amazement as this new type of music overwhelmed their conscious state. This band reminded me of Type - O - Negative. (See RFM #5.)

Beat Happening from Olympia, Washington consisted Heather on drums, and two guitarists. One of the guitarists and the drummer switched with each other on vocals and played a rocking set. The guitarist's vocals were deep and somewhat muted, but it was amazing to see how tight this band was. Each original song flowed like wine. Except for some equipment problems with the drummer (her mike stand kept sinking as she sang), this was a smooth set. They had a pop feel but the fast straight ahead pace of the music tempered the sometimes saccarine sound one associates with commercial pop music. The guitarist took off

his guitar for several songs on which he sang lead, twisting and dipping in a frenzied way. He came off as a cross between a pouty James Dean and the tuff puppet Randy from the old Pee Wee's Playhouse. During one lull between songs, some wiseass in the audience called out, "You're sexier than Elvis!" After a perfectly timed comedic moment, Heather replied

sweetly, "Thank you." All in all, a much more serious and determined act compared to most bands like this. This set marked the end of the first afternoon show.

Sydney Australia's **Pond** opened the first evening show. These 4 guys played an excellent variety of styles ranging from

complex melodies to raging hardcore. Very emotional lyrics carried this group far, and the quick music changes kept the crowd entertained. Their song "Life" starts out real slow and builds quickly. Then, the band slows a bit and takes off into another musically direction. Every one of their songs were tight, clever and well written. Pond ended their set with fast rocking "Aussie" accented blitzcore.

Crow from Seattle came up next. These 3 guys played some interesting songs that combined a fast steady beat with harmonics. This material was alternative college stuff with even some lead guitar work in it. The lyrics seemed to reach out for you as this free flowing group did mostly short songs. Again, this band played very professionally and really inspired the crowd.

Velocity Girls from Silver Spring Maryland roared on next as this 5 member band ripped into their material. Their music flowed carefully in a variety of different directions with a crisp, clean-cut style to it. This band has a snappy, sprightly, lively sound to them. They played an excellent 9 song set.

The **Drop 19's** from Boston followed in the footsteps laid down by Velocity Girls. The Drop 19's are a bit more in the punk/industrial vein though. This band which includes 2 women, really enjoyed themselves on stage as they led the slam dancing crowd with some inspired onstage slamming amongst themselves. Just prior to the start of their set, someone I was with taunted the lead guitarist by shouting "Go on, throw a tantrum!", a description which seemed to fit the energy displayed to a T. Do bands like these have such an endless supply of funky Fender



Drop Nineteens

The World According To Steve - get it?



mont and RFM is just building them up." Well, fuck you. Phish is from Vermont and I think they blow shit! I hate them and all of their fans! They couldn't hold a match to The World According To Steve. I know, I've heard both of them. "Rest your head on my pillow, sweet dreams, Saturday nights" cried Chuck Cyclone in this wild blues tune in which Kevin North does some sick lead work. Really intense stuff. It's amazing what a band can do when they sit down and work only on their songs. Can't I get this through your head?

H.P. Zinker took the stage next. These 3 guys from Innsbruck, Austria played a hardedge rock style with devastating changes. The songs all ventured into interesting melodies and crunchy licks. Heavy, quick and steady drums got things done as all the material was sung in English. Every note was played exactly right and the pace ranged from fast to slow edge. Serious lyrics and a highly proficient expertise made these guys sound like no other Stateside band.

Eric's Trip from Moncton, New Brunswick came on next. Sometimes I can't believe bands like this. This band consisted of 4 guys and one woman. She played bass and sang with one of the guitar players as they first sounded on the speedmetal/thrash vein. Then the vocals kicked in. Wow! The combination of the two had a soothing, sedative effect on their material. This calming, reassuring tone of the vocals combined with a fast speedmetal/thrash sound producing one

Jaguars that they can risk them in intraband pileups?

NYC's **Come** was the last band of the night. For the most part, they played a very hardedge rock style. Their singer was all over the place doing flips and rolls up front. By this time, about 12:30 AM, the crowd was really into it. Everybody was slamming including the singer and after an incredible blazing set, the first day of the SubPop "Vermonstress" Festival ended.

Day 2 started at 2:15 PM Sunday as I dragged myself back, ears ringing, to the Metronome. (Entrepreneurial credit must go to Metronome for laying in a supply of ear plugs which went quickly at \$1.50 a pop). **The World According To Steve** from Bennington, Vermont began and immediately ripped into their set. This band, which opened Day 2 of the Bennington Sunfest (See RFM#7) consists of Scott Ayars on bass, Chuck Cyclone on vocals, Kevin North on guitar and Gloved Fingers on drums. They blazed away with vicious stuff ala Led Zeppelin, the Clash, and Ramones all rolled up into one! Serious kick butt material with the vicissitude of a winter storm. Brilliant guitar work by Kevin North and at one point, he flicked his guitar behind his head and played this wicked solo. I know what you're thinking: "Oh yeah, these guys are from Ver-



HP Zinker

of the most enjoyable bands at this festival. At one point, a band member started to introduce the next song. "Our next song is called Blind." Somebody from the crowd yelled out, "What?" So the guitarist said "Blind, it's about ... about ... about..." As a sudden lapse of memory plagued him, the women broke in and said in a nonconforming matter, "Blind. It's about being blind, but not really." A warm contagious feeling flowed from this group. They were somewhat shy on stage but damn, did they play some blazing material. "Blind" begins with the usual fast speed tempo as the drummer wails away. Then those soft soothing vocals rush in and just as quickly she is screaming at her top end. Most of the songs were short in length. I've seen the future and I've left everything behind. As they were leaving the stage, they said "Hey, Vermont's cool. I hope you keep it that way." Most of the out of town crowd agreed.

Green Magnet School from Boston followed. These 5 guys had 3 guitars, bass, and drummer. They opened their set with a song off their EP "Blood Money" featuring slow, mean vocals with



Six Fingered Satellite

Come





Barbara Manning & her sister

a hardedge rock beat. Green Magnet School were also on the industrial/hardcore vein. The singer appeared to be drunk although it might have just been part of the act. He wasn't smashed enough to screw things up, but between the songs he blurted out some very weird messages. Their song "She Can't Believe It," was probably their best one. At 6:00 PM the 3rd show of the Vermonstress Festival ended.

Sloan from Halifax, Nova Scotia opened the last show of the Vermonstress Festival. These 4 guys playing bass, 2 guitars and drums were a tight, alternative rock band. They were a bit on the slow side of things but they had careful, deliberate vocals. Sometimes it's hard to grasp a bands material when you first hear it. They left the stage one at a time, leaving the drummer to end their set.

6 Finger Satellite from Providence Rhode Island were next. The first thing you notice about this band is it's 7 foot singer. But don't think that this is some kind of gimmick. These 5 guys playing bass, drums, 2 guitars and vocalist laid down some kick butt stuff. Really super tight and together. Down right ballsy and complete. Heavy in places, but overall extremely exceptional. I loved the song, "Raise the Roof High."

Chris Harford and the Rising Sun from NYC took the stage next. I never trust a band with a long name, and these guys proved to be no exception, playing primarily soft acoustic material. Some crossover into folk. It had a Spanish feel to it.

Giant Sand from Tucson, Arizona were up next, playing yet even more acoustic material. The pace was varied to in an attempt to keep things interesting, but after a day and a half of continuous music, something very different was re-



Giant Sand

quired to remove the glazed looks worn by the majority of the audience. In this respect, the next act was perfect for the job.

Barbara Manning followed, sauntering onstage wearing a floor-length black velvet dress, a electric/acoustic guitar and a convincingly demure attitude. I had been looking forward with interest to seeing this act. Boy, was I surprised when this tall blonde, slightly chubby, older woman took the stage. After singing a few numbers by herself, she brought out a friend, introducing her as her sister. Playing an alto recorder, she was wearing a beautiful floral dress and had perfectly combed brown hair. As these two performed, it seemed so real and natural. Their eyes constantly met and this love relationship blossomed right into the crowd. You could feel their love for one another right there. At the end of their set, she brought out 2 other members of her band and they all played amiably. Without a doubt, Barbara Manning was a sorely needed breath of fresh air which provided everyone present with the second wind necessary for the closing act of both the evening and the event.

Buffalo Tom from Boston ended the 1992 SubPop Vermonstress show. These 3 guys play some of the best written material I've ever heard. Don't prejudge these guys until you hear them. They are simply excellent.

17 bands, 2 days, 4 shows, wow! As

SubPop Soup Kitchen



one wag put it, "It was an Event-O-Rama". Special thanks to Anne Rothwell of Metronome and Dylan plus Janice of SubPop who put this show together, as well as the countless people who offered couches and floor space for over a hundred SubPop people to crash on. Everything came off without a hitch. We've got to do this sort of thing more often! *Compiled by Paul Allison and Lew Simpson. Photos by Flash Gordon and Johnny Smooth.*

No report of the Vermonstress weekend would be complete without mentioning the lavish feast laid out at 242 Main by Peg Tasse and friends. Catered by Cuisine Works and featuring such gourmet dishes as pumpkin jalapeno soup and marinated mussels, this spread was available to SubPop attendees at Sunday brunch and dinner. Entertainment was provided by Peg and members of Do It Now Foundation and the Death Cows. The all-acoustic sets made for a pleasant interlude from the predominantly electric onslaught being stage down the street at Club Metronome. Although the effort reportedly lost a considerable amount of cash, it was much appreciated by those who were smart enough to avail themselves of all-you-can-eat haute cuisine and rare acoustic sets from some of the loudest bands in town.

Thanks, Peg, we'll need more like you before Burlington makes the cover of Rolling Stone.

(LGT)



Buffalo Tom



Burlington Tom

Performances

Hippnotix Casablanca Westport, NY



It's a cold Saturday evening in mid-October, I'm returning back to Vermont after attending an alternative music festival earlier that day at S.U.N.Y. Albany. Becoming weary at the wheel, I pull off at this tiny dive just behind the railroad tracks in a place called Westport, NY. The name of the joint is "Casablanca".

What drew me at first was the enormous crowd waiting to enter the bar. I pull in slowly and look for a parking place (no small task at this mysterious venue). After ditching my '85 Nissan on a grassy hill at the far end of the lot, I make my way through the thick crowd of hippyish, '60s looking individuals toward the entrance, all the while wondering who the hell could draw this type of crowd out in the middle of nowhere. A variety of license plates spanning the entire U.S. abound! Then it hits me: "...could Phish possibly ... *no* ..." As I get to the door (finally), a poster on the outside wall reads "HIPNOTIX TONIGHT"! It's 10:15 P.M..

After making my way to the bar (and being thrown into culture shock from the low beer prices), I start to ask around about the type of music this band plays. After getting a few strange looks like "What, are you nuts!?" and no specific answers, I wait.

At 10:25 the stage lights go up in the far left corner of the room revealing a wall of tapestries and unlit candles. Above the drums in the back hangs a huge round logo depicting a red, white and blue hand in the form of a peace sign. Cool. A couple of guys start lighting the candles as the rest of the band (five guys in all) strap on their instruments. Then, the thump of amps revving up! After a quick look at each other, the drummer rips into a savage American Indian style beat. The crowd pushes toward the back of the room with such velocity it makes me nervous.

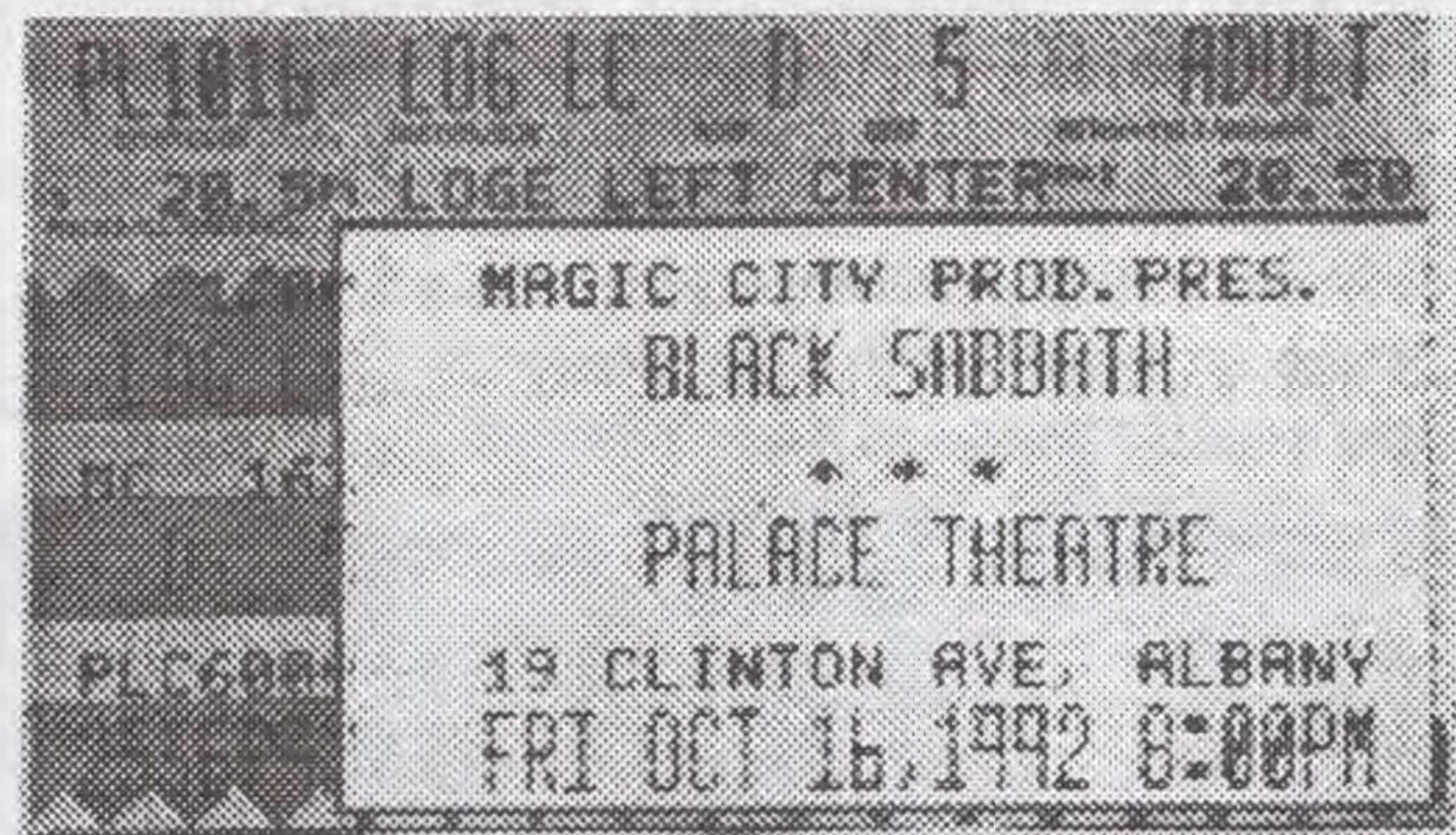
The energy level increases a thousand percent as the first the bass, then the guitars ascend to high volume. The front man starts into an eerie harmonica solo and the song turns out to be a twisted version of Fleetwood Mac's "Tusk"! After a few verses the band melts into one of their own creations - "Comin' Home" - a bouncing tune about lost love and not giving a fuck. Giving a closer look at the group, I notice over on the right side is D. Jarvis from Burlington's own Righteous Bones! Jarvis is playing guitar with these guys!?! I knew he was a singer, but ... WOW!

The band played a set of the most twisted blues improv I've heard in a long time, never really stopping to rest. It was a psychedelic rollercoaster ride through

Bluesland with a taste of grunge thrown in.

This band is the best thing to happen to the hippy scene since all that bullshit started. If D. Jarvis left the Bones for this, he made a good choice. See 'em!!!

Review by Charles "Buck" Jones



Black Sabbath Palace Theatre Albany, NY



October 16, 1992

Everyone looked at me kind of funny and said "Awright!" in a somewhat sarcastic tone when I told them I was catching Sabbath's show in Albany on October XX. It was if I had said I was going to a Seventies revival show to check out exactly how old these dinosaurs really were. And, truth be told, that's exactly why I went. Somewhere along the way, I had the error of my ways shown to me and I now speak of Sabbath with a new-found respect. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

When news went out that original members Geezer Butler and Tony Iommi were being joined by Vince Appice on drums and (shudder) Ronnie James Dio on vocals, I decided it would be good to catch these legends before tragedy and/or old age made it impossible. After all, with all the new grungecore bands paying tribute with covers of "War Pigs" and "Paranoid", it seemed appropriate to make a pilgrimage to the original source. I wavered for a moment due to Ozzy's absence from the lineup, but decided what the hell, Albany's only two hours away. If you wait for the perfect show to come along, you'll wind up spending alot of time at home watching bad Delta Burke sitcoms.

The ride down to Albany with Spot and Paula was spent listening to the new album "Dehumanizer" and making short jokes at Ronnie Dio's expense, especially when he sings "I'm a monster". Maybe with the help of a milk crate or two, Ron. We made it to our balcony seats just before the warm-up act Exodus was walking on stage. The Palace was only half full at this point, so we took advan-

Performances, con't

tage of some empty seats front row center for the first set. What a waste: these guys are *really* bad. Even die-hard metal heads I've spoken with since have cringed and rolled their eyes when I mention their name. Lots of running around on stage (thanks to wireless rigs for both guitarists and the bassist) don't make up for worn-out generic metal cliches. Nuff said.

After a short break, the theatre filled up and roared its approval as Sabbath walked on. Tony Iommi was dressed in his trademark black leather sportcoat (I swear, I saw him wearing the same outfit in a tape from Don Kirschener's Rock Concert, circa 1975) with a large silver cross hanging from his neck. With the exception of the opening number ("Mob Rules"), he played his trusty old Gibson SG with all the paint worn away where he rests his arm while playing. Needless to say, both he and Geezer played through Marshall stacks, eight cabs each.

Anyone who doubts Tony's fretboard skills should see this guy in action. Either he's been taking lessons or he managed to cut a deal with Jimmy Page's netherworld chum ("Mention my name and he'll give you a discount"): in any case, he was flawless. None of the new two hand tapping stuff that all the current guitarists seem to be born with, but strangely enough, it wasn't missed.

Was Black Sabbath the same without Ozzy? Of course not. But surprisingly, Ronnie James Dio wasn't anywhere near as irritating as I had expected. In fact, his live performance made me forget all the bad things people had told me about his days with Rainbow. Although he is downright operatic compared to Ozzy, he doesn't come off as pretentious or hoky. He did give the crowd some trouble, however, on "Black Sabbath", when his creative phrasing lagged far behind the traditional rendition supplied by the fans.

They played just about all of the new album, broken up with favorites like "Iron Man", "War Pigs", "Heaven and Hell". My only disappointment

was when, during Tony's solo, Vinnie and Geezer came on briefly to tease the audience with just one instrumental verse and chorus of "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath".

All in all, this show was the highlight of the fall season for me. And for those purists who say Sabbath ceased to exist after Ozzy's departure, the news of his one-time appearance scheduled for the last show of the tour out West should provide something to look forward to. Rumor has it that Ronny will be going home early, and Ozzy will crank out the old tunes one last time before going into retirement. Hope springs eternal that Pay-Per-View will carry it (get your VCRs ready), although it's doubtful if Ronny will be tuning in.

Review by L.G. Tindall

Rena Bijou Club Metronome Burlington, VT October 27, 1992

A young band somewhat reminiscent of Chili Peppers, playing a combination of funk, rap and thrash making for a good mixed bag. The bass helped hold things together; being a bass player myself might make me a bit biased, but he was definitely good. One song that stood out was "Green Mountain Rocker" which lampoons the majority of Burlington cover bands ("I-IV-V Nectars wannabees"). I spoke with the drummer afterwards and he told me it was only the fourth time they had played out.

Considering this, they were very tight, and it was obvious that the entire crowd enjoyed their set. Especially memorable was their excellent impression of Ross Perot ("Just fix it!"). If this was only their fourth time out, they should be really good by the time you read this.

Review by Thorvic Kelp



Sonic Youth Boredoms Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion Roseland New York, NY October 24, 1992

So since Gibson and I just happened to be in New York (Do It Now having played in a minuscule basement club at 3 am), we decided to take up an offer of free tix to the greatest arena rock band in the history of music itself. I had been in Roseland only once before at a show with Gang of Four, Bush Tetras and the Bad Brains in their first major warm-up gig. Roseland is a real ballroom from the days when people danced to live orchestras. It is imposing and beautiful in an overwrought kind of way.

We missed the Jon Spencer band, but my friend Chang said they sucked. Chang hates everything, so that's not surprising. Of course, Chang was a big fan of Mr. Spencer's most acclaimed band, Pussy Galore, but that's because they hated everyone too.

The Boredoms, however, didn't suck. Consisting of two incredibly hyper hardcore style singers, a bassist who borrowed Slash's hair, a guitarist, one drummer, and the band's real star, a trumpet-drummer who has the most blood-curdling shriek since maybe Yoko, or at least some Dracula movie. The music is wicked heavy bass- and drum-driven noise rock with most songs featuring a sudden stop, a pause, an ear-shredding shriek and everything coming back in twice as fast.

After the Boredoms, I ran into Chang, who was practically foaming at the mouth over how wonderful the Boredoms set had been. "Why bother sticking around for those old guitar wankers, anyway," he asked. "Well, I always was a hippie," I replied. "Don't they make you want to throw away your guitar?" Chang asked. "Not really," I said, "but the Boredoms are truly God-like."

Sonic Youth started out kinda low energy, but got into it more and more. I don't remember the order of the



Champions

Performances continued from p. 18

All Fall Down
Champions
 242 Main, Burlington, Vt.
 Nov. 13, 1992.

This was the first show at 242 in a while. Seems the city of Burlington is dragging its feet in finding a manager for the place. A large crowd showed up as All Fall Down played the straight ahead hardcore they are known for. These guys have played Vermont over and over again and they keep drawing bigger and bigger crowds. Keith was excellent as his crew ripped along with him. Then the local champs, the Champions took the stage. This gang with their new 7" single ripped into their NYSE type material with lead singer Slimy screaming for his vocal limits. He was a bit too preachy between the songs but the crowd was really into it. At one point, one local got a bit out of hand with his gonzo slamming technique which pissed off many in the crowd. They say he's straightedge so it wasn't liquor he was flying on. After some uncomfortable moments, the Champions finished with a cover of 99 Red Balloons with fellow singer Keith. Good Show! (RD)

Suicidal Tendencies
Megedeth
Memorial Auditorium
Burlington, Vt.
Nov. 14, 1992.

Let me tell you something about Punk Rock. Back in 1982 a band from Venice, California called Suicidal Tendencies

released a song called "Institutionalized". This one song transformed an entire generation of people. Since that time this band has written and released some of today's best material. They opened with their cult favorite "You Can't Bring Me Down." They also played hits "Alone",

in the center of the Auditorium as between the songs Mike rapped some interesting lines which helped inspire the MTV generation crowd. As they broke into their last song, "ST," the place exploded into a violent, screaming mob scene as bodies flew everywhere like hundreds of human tornados, as everybody else was screaming at the top of their lungs, "SUICIDAL, SUICIDAL, SUICIDAL".

After a short pause, Megedeth began. Front man Dave Mustaine led his followers into a sea of metal madness with crushing power chords from his 4 man group and a dazzling display of guitar techniques that would amaze the very best guitarist. Dave's infectious personality shines through and everybody was swaying to the heavy blast

Chatty's Revenge
Ken Sleeps Naked
Metronome, Burlington, VT.
Nov. 13, 1992.

I just caught the last few songs by Chatty's Revenge. This is a very large band with 9 people on stage. Local fave, Eric Heise, led a stellar cast of musical characters, playing a variety of styles. Interesting. Ken Sleeps Naked (See RFM #7 for a complete interview) came on about 11:30 PM. This band from Montpelier, VT. played some excellent original songs that had a dance flavor to them. Take it from me, see this band. (Paul Allison)

Fortune Tellers
Nectars
Burlington, VT.
Nov. 14, 1992

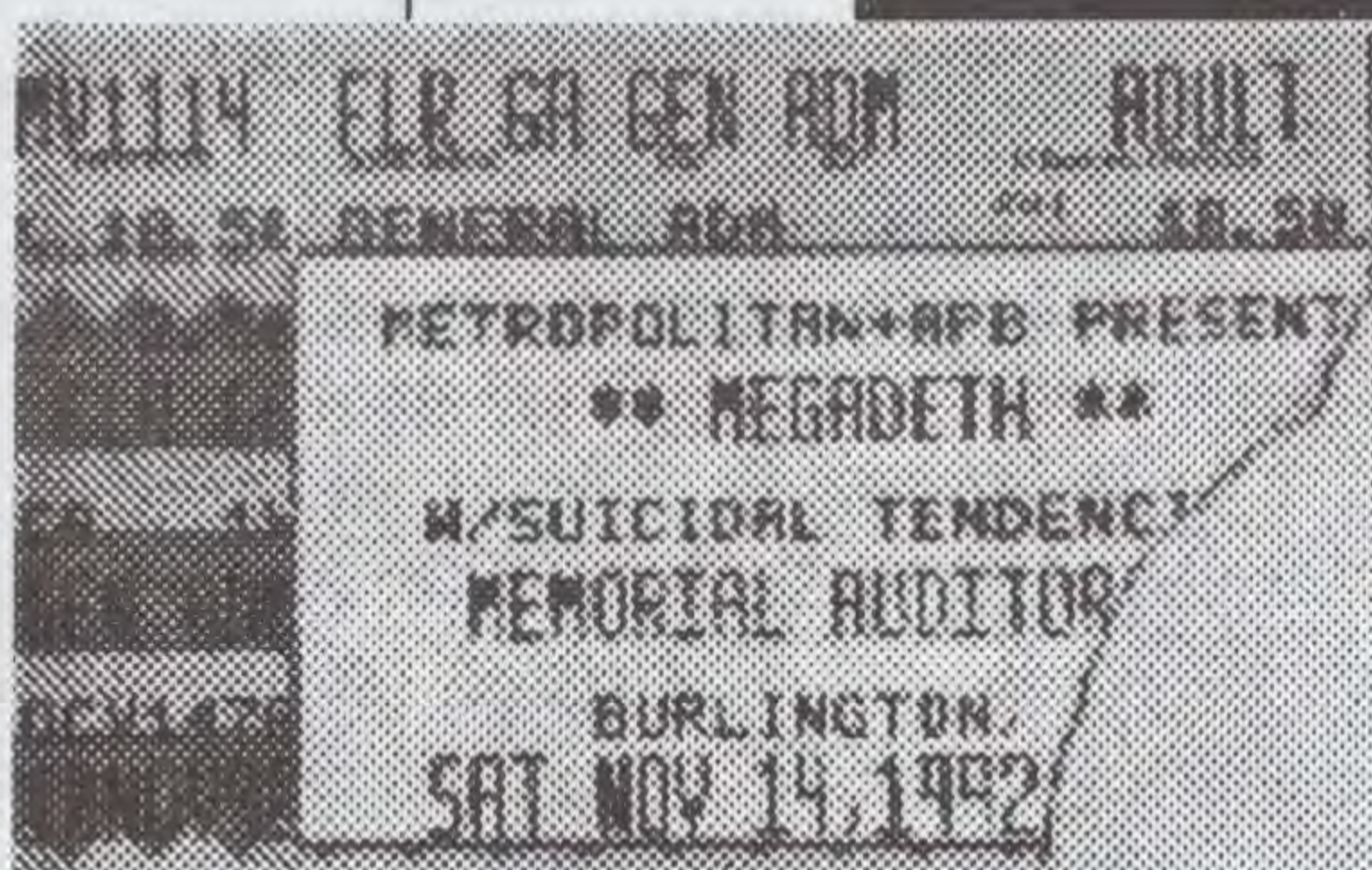
This band is made up of people who have been in just about every



Fortune Tellers

furnace music. Blazing drums set the stage as Dave ripped into sick leads which kept pace with the rest of his band. This might have been the best show ever at Memorial. Wish you were there. (RatDog)

other Burlington band at one point or another. Mostly rotten covers; I just can't understand why these guys couldn't sit down and write some new material. (RatDog)
 (continued on p. 26)



"Your Mommy's Dead", "Lovely", "Join The Army", "Send Me Your Money", "Go'N Breakdown", "ST", plus other booming tunes. Mike's vocals were clear and those killer speed changes blew most of the unsuspecting audience away. A huge slam pit erupted



Ken Sleeps Naked

Interview: ALL FALL DOWN

(Interviewed after their July 31st performance at 242 Main.)

RFM: *Where are you from?*

AFD: Albany.

RFM: *Who's in the band?*

Keith: I sing; Buddy - bass; Ian - drums; Adam - guitar.

RFM: *How long have you been together?*

K: Going on three years.

RFM: *What kind of material have you released?*

K: We had a 7" put out about 2 years ago and we're working on putting out something right now. We do have a song on a compilation CD which should be out now on Skeen Records in Minneapolis.

RFM: *Where can people get your 7" record?*

K: Write to Footlong Records, 3 Highland Drive, East Greenwich, NY 12061 or through Blacklist mail order.

RFM: *Where has AFD played?*

Buddy: Burlington four times, Hartford CT, Providence RI, NY, Massachusetts a few times each.

RFM: *Do you have paying jobs outside the band?*

K: I work in a pharmacy.

Buddy: I work in a printing shop.

Adam: I work at a car wash.

RFM: *Future gigs?*

K: We might be playing at Johnson State College in the fall and we're opening for Superchunk in Albany. Mostly we're concentrating on the recording project that's happening.

RFM: *Did any of you go to the Lollapalooza show this year?*

K: No, not this year. But we did attend last year's show.

RFM: *Any closing remarks?*

K: Get off your ass and come to the shows!

Reported by Rat Dog



All Fall Down



Sacrement

BANDS!





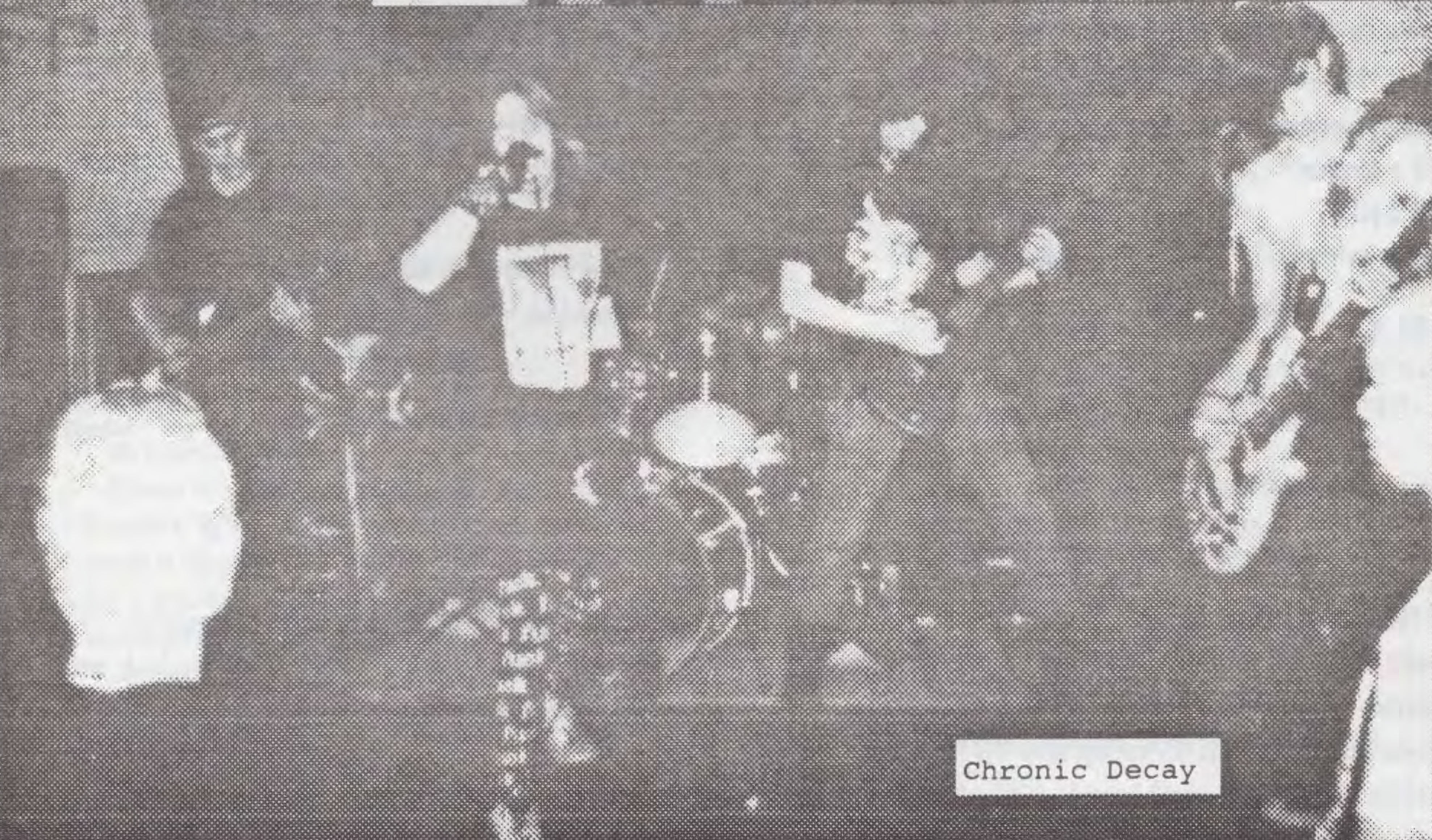
Into Another



You've just got to drive it!



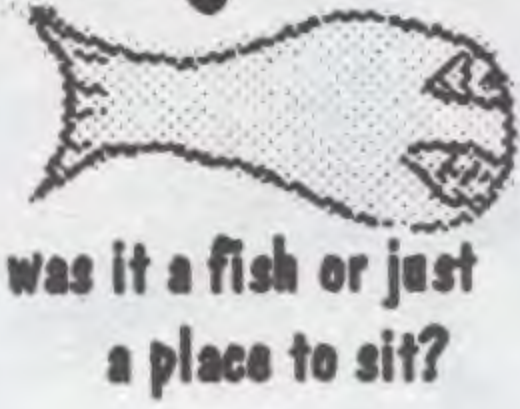
Peg & the boys



Chronic Decay

ROCK 'N ROLL
CHURCH

When the flight reached its apex
 Mr. Perch parted the e



was it a fish or just
 a place to sit?

a c t o r
 s e a t



and it all began again:

A Masonic Frenzy

THE DEATH OF THE BODY POLITIC

by Jamie Williamson



So

W. began to write his world.

He filled it with words or images, scratches on the tomb, you might say, then attempted to solder it into a seeming totality.



"The words in books are epitaphs"

W. thought in his morgue

and in the shuffle of source material, W. turned to reflection, in order to more fooly appreciate the void, or NOTHINGNESS, into which to filter, to seive, to strain, and all the rest

this resulted in the aforementioned frenzy . . .

After which it appeared before, long before, W. :

was it a cranium?

was it a pilot?

was it an astronaut?

not Red Rabal

it was a **P. Y. G.**

(write in what
 it means) _____

At the appearance of the P.Y.G. W.

looked

closer

and the deader he became

The cells began to extend in many directions, crossing and re-crossing in a (no doubt) masonic fervor. As the messages began to arrive, W. swilled atop the P.Y.G. and before he (or all the rest) knew it, there was a

general junta flap and flapping and flapping flip flap
 flup into the air up and up



and then he sat atop a
 plastic mountain

From there he called 'pon

W.ASHINGTON

and the P.Y.G. propounded how it came to be.
 would you-jump melt?

And thereupon, after the aforementioned malt,
 W. found he-self dripping d



(had this happened
 before?)

a very simple direction where usually or unusually
 but always oozually, crossed wires tend to lead, and
 in this place they are re-placed by squirming worms
 squirming wirms

"Hello, are you dead yet?"

It was Mort. W. had forgot the requirements of entry to the body politic


b. p.
B. P.

beautiful people

The bodily shuddered into a nuclear flamily, a species little known or counted elsewhere

"Or are you a worm?" continued the morticianly voice.

"The disturbance is leading to ambidextrous throes"

But W. could not leave  dead enough alone, and

the corpse corpulated up into a grand, grandiose THING that did not go bump in the night, but it did SPOUT eloquent, decaying rhetoric

Friends

Romans

David Crosby

which is father?

which is son?

which is holy ghost?

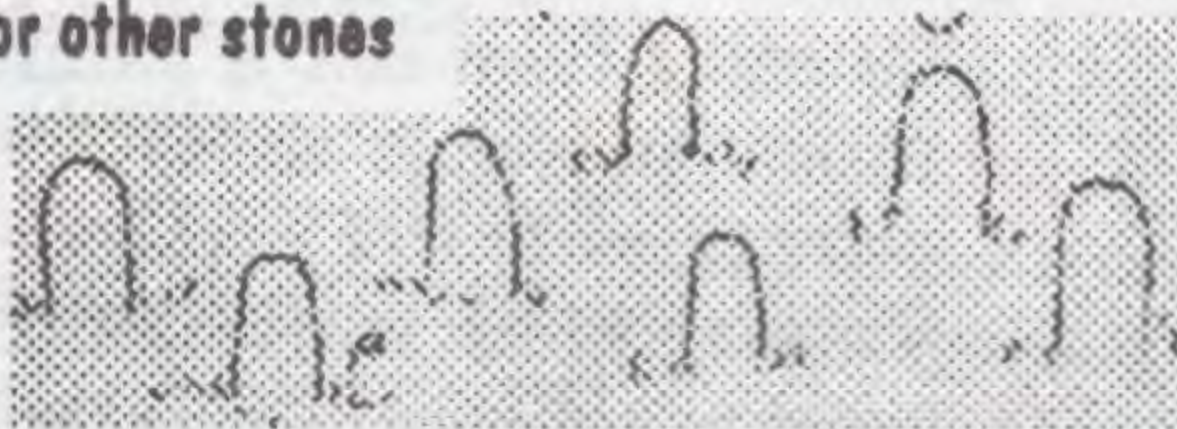
And as the grand words drew to a halt, W. split to the margin, followed by an even grander invocation:

Let us have a great resounding SPURT of admiration for General Schwarzkopf



From the margin W. sent out the scouts and lingered onto the streets

"This may be my epitaph" W. thought, and looked around for other stones



Grave, nervous exteriors, or amused (as the casket might be) began to people the eye, still and white. The exteriors began to converge on W., who became marginaler and marginaler.

Until the great stiff symbol of authority him/itself appeared: it was

Please **O**rificer

(because the police always turn up in W. stories)

the unparalleled hero

followed by his loyal follower, Ass. Orificer


Meanwhile, W. had rumbled about upside down, tossing and turning in the White House which was lacking W. access.

But W. was then perforated by a bluish glaze which in his own mind squelched into the already appearing Please, who began to P.Y.G., sorry, began to Pierce Your Geni - oops, began to exert large erect authority

W. sang

Please Police Me

but, unamused, the loyal orificer questioned W.'s motives, pushing the already disorganized cells into little paddies.

Arrests are placed 

with truncheons which are like small baseball bats

After the beating GOD

(Please Orificer often wondered if Jesus had gotten into his soup, because Campbell's soups had a lard part of a Necro-ho in the entire proceedings)

But a conversion occurred
authority is transformed

and

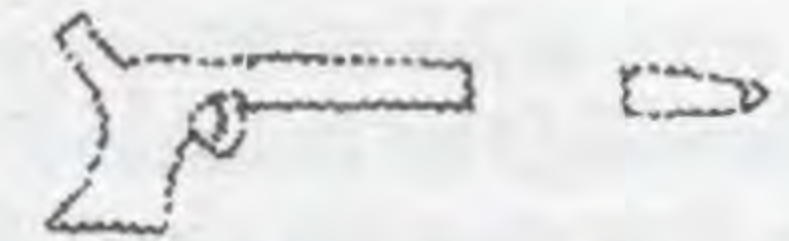
G.O.D. is invoked

a G.U.N. is pointed

fired

buddha

bull



This indicates a subtle symbolic progression

from STATE worms

to

AUTHORITY stiffness

to

G.O.D. nuclear explosion

meaning Jesus liked elected policemen

or was he a policeman?

How was a W. to know?

He had a pointy head

He had a swirly scare

We looked to see if he had horses

but there was nobody there

Then the original intention had borne away all semblance of Ralph, who was not part of the story anyway,

but then the P.Y.G. appeared

again

but this time Red Reba (who

had been missing) rode aback

it - on its back dummies - and

W. leapt up (not to be misin-

terpreted) behind, and they rose

to the plastic mountain again for

a re-capitulation.

This is what the end is

as had been scripted into the scenario

Milton Bradley was GOD once, as we hear

and W. ordered his pact in a disgruntled legacy

and Red Reba danced on the verge of the unknown

And at that grand moment of history, while the corpulent mastification was motivated or mounted, a pignose pointed to the horizon

Where a horrific three-faced corpse rose, glowing over the heroes (including a P.Y.G.)

It was the Body Politic with Knox-like faces



the endless mill

But there came beside it one unsuspected
And the Queen of Swords raised the sharp edge, and brought it down

THE DEATH OF THE BODY POLITIC
in memorium



REVIEWS



Sounds

Jesus Chrust

"I'm Nailed Right In"

17 song 7" vinyl

Starts out with nuns singing and breaks into the first song, "Be Ashamed". Crushing guitars, fast crunchy short songs one right after another with Sick Blastofous quotations taken directly from the Bible. Blazing speed thrash dominates this 17 song 7" as Jesus Chrust twists quotes from the Bible into a sick demented prophecy. St. John the Rapist (guitars), Jehovah Hitler (drums and skill saw) and St. Peter the Pussy eater (bass) round out this crew. Especially recommended for individuals who would like to slap around their preacher, priest, minister or pastor. Executive Producer: Charlie Infection. Fudgeworthy Records.

(Michael Johnson)

Welcome to Ax/ction Island

Compilation with Cancerous Growth, Stupids, G.G. Allin, Psycho, Spastic Rats, PTL Club, The Scam.

7 song 7"

It's a few years old, but this is a must for anybody. I saw most of these bands at the '86 UNH Hardcore Festival and believe me, they all rip and roar punk rock Boston-style. Get this. Fudgeworthy Records.

(Michael Johnson)

G.G. Allin and Bulge

7" 45 rpm

Three songs "Legalize Murder and Suck My Ass (It Smells)". Fast guitar and drumming dominate this brutal hardcore slab. A must for all GG fans. Interesting phone conversations round out Side One. On the flip side, GG preaches venom from prison as Bulge blasts behind his convincing vocals. Great stuff. Fudgeworthy Records.

(Michael Johnson)

Bulge

"Penis Rising"

11 song pink EP

More blasting H/C, and I mean *Hardcore* for this X-rated Bulge crew. Heavy thick guitars, wild vocals and steady drumming rule this EP. Clear recording and clever sound effects make this one great

as well as interesting. More phone conversations. Released in 1991. Fudgeworthy Records.

(Michael Johnson)

Revenge of the Kamikaze Stegosaurus LP

Ax/ction Records compilation featuring No Fraud, Wretched, XYZ Rise, PTL Klub, Prong, Bulge, Ripcord, G.G. Allin and the Scumfucs, The Stain, Psycho, Damage, Cancerous Growth, The Freeze, Mentors, The Scam, After Birth, Phobia.

This 19 band compilation contains ass kicking Punk Rock, H/C, Thrash, Grindcore, Blitzcore material for everybody's desires. Amazing cover and a near perfect sound make this LP a definite must. Order this. Fudgeworthy Records.

(Johnny Smooth)

Suburban Voice

Slap of Reality, Kingpin, 411

3 song 7"

Slap of Reality is a catchy rock style band with good harmonies. Kingpin is more on the hardcore vein with their song "Fuck You". Side 2 contains 411 doing "Flesh", a dark scary song with banging drums and crunching guitar. This is an amazing project seeing that it comes with SV #32.

(Lew Simpson)

Random Killing

"Welcome - Random Killing"

21 song CD

Starts with a speech, then the guy cracks up. Blasting straight ahead hardcore with touches of Punk Rock and Speed Metal included. Full production quality assures maximum deliverance. Wide range of different styles helps defer the short, quick songs. Deep powerful bass, steady fast drumming with angry vocals and fire breathing guitars. Get you girl friend to get this for you by X-Mas. Raw Energy Records.

(Lew Simpson)

Righteous Bones

"Live At The Palace"

4 song 7" 33 rpm

Basic straight ahead Rock n Roll with fast drumming, standard 4 beat guitars, live. This debut record advertises itself as a

thick crungy, raw pschedelic garage rock sound. Immediately I think of bands like White Zombie, Sonic Youth and Green Magnet School. But Righteous Bones is more on the 70's side. Here's how I break this one down: "A" for effect. these guys managed to put 4 songs written by themselves down on vinyl. Very few local bands have been able to do this. I give it a "B" for the interesting changes in songs like "The Real" and "Circle and Colors". Overall, it's well produced and engineered by Rick Middlebrook. D. Jarvis on vocals, organ; Dave Fishell on drums; Jason Leavitt on bass; Andrew Pattin on guitar. My only complaint is the excessive laughing in a couple of the songs. Everyone in Vermont should own this record. Tombstone Records, P.O. Box 1463, Clackamas, OR 97015.

Do It Now Foundation

2 song 7" 45 rpm

Side A starts with "Empress", an upbeat folk rock song featuring Lene Clare on bass and vocals, Tom Cuddy on guitars, Blaze on bass and Jay Weiner on drums. Very spirited with cathy, interesting lyrics and refreshing clean sound. Side B contains "Pleasure Seeker". This is more on the rock side of music. Lene sings "I don't need your God / No, never worked for me / I am not a small piece / I come from the whole thing". It has a spacey change as D.I.N.F. clicks into overdrive. This is a great start for this band and they need to release more records like this. A definite standout and one to watch. Contains lyric sheet. Hermetic Records, P.O. Box 103, Colchester, VT 05446.

Chickenshit Conformity

90 minute tape

This was put out by Brent of Strange Damage fanzine. A collection of short takes featuring jokes, prank phone calls. Some guitar only stuff. Side A is OK with a few Sabbath covers, but by the time you get through Side B you are ready to commit felonies. It's never really boring because of the short takes, but this is for serious noise fans only. Some might call this garbage, but anything's better than the same old thing. Get it. REO Speedwagon (repeat 1000 times) Strange Damage Fanzine, 357 Causeway, Lancaster, NH 03584.

Snapcase

7" vinyl

5 piece band from Buffalo, NY. Heavy



Reviews, con't

crunchcore by these veterans of the Buffalo scene. 2 songs with heavy thick guitars ala SSD. This is worth seeking out. Victory Records, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614.

Hover

"In A Sense"

Debut Tape

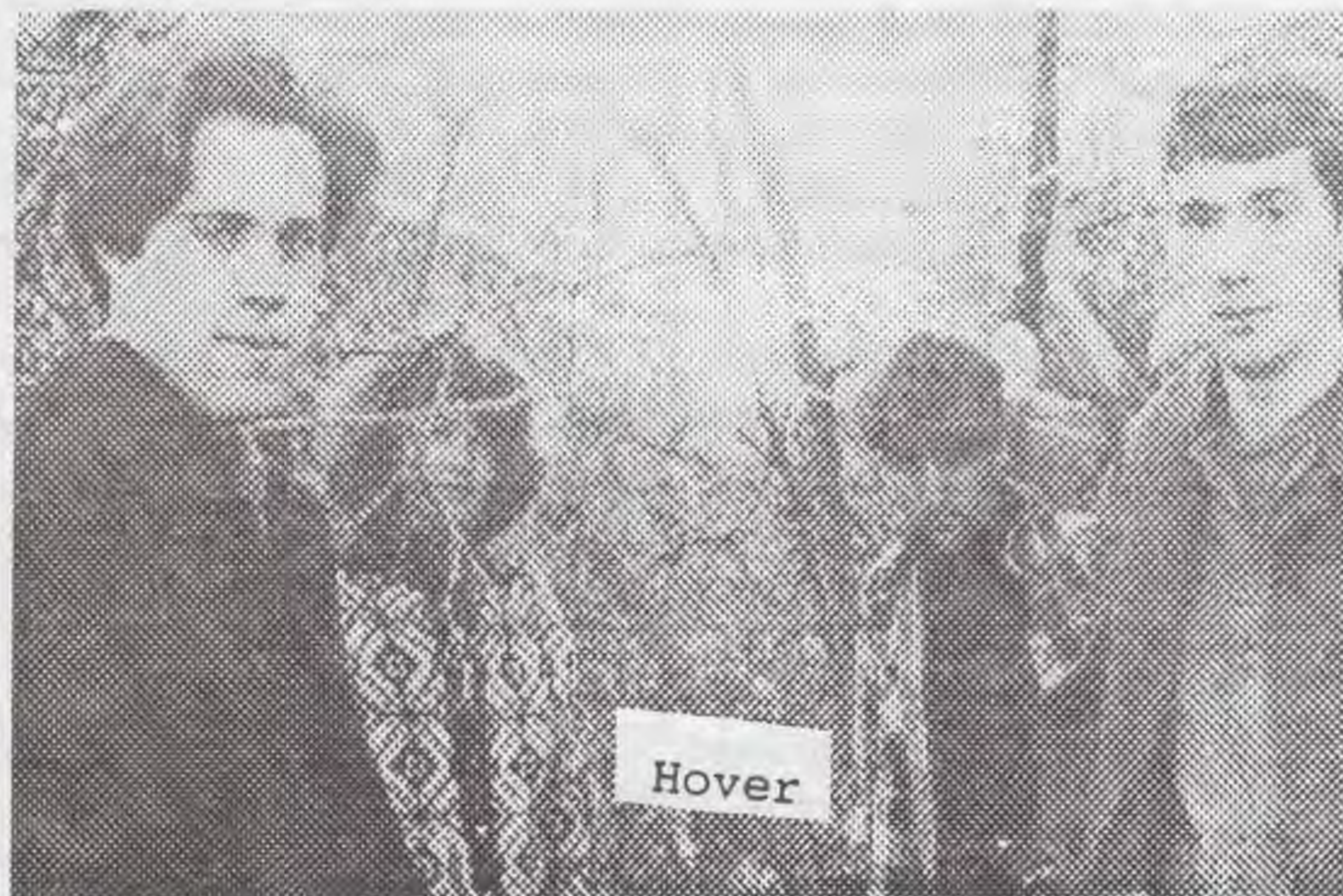
Once I got past the 4 track PortaStudio production values, this first effort from Burlington's Hover provided me with hours of listening enjoyment. Truly fresh alternative (two words which are fast becoming mutually exclusive) music, and quite possibly the most original band to surface recently in these parts. I could go into greater detail about the crystalline vocals and economical yet satisfying arrangements, but what's the point? At \$3.97 (Pure Pop Records; yes - Pure Pop!), you can't afford *not* to pick this one up, if only to show off to your envious friends years from now when Hover is world-reknowned. Way fuckin' brilliant. (LGT)

The Fat Tape

(including Hover, Chin Ho and Guppy Boy)

The original subtitle of this tape - "A Burlington Music Sampler" - was sure to irritate just about every Burlington band except the three on it. Wouldn't you be pissed if you opened a Whitman's candy sampler and found nothing but the cherry-filled and weird nut cluster numbers? To be fair, tape coordinator Brad Searles only had two weeks to throw this compilation together for the benefit of visiting SubPop dignitaries, thus limiting the potential involvement of more local bands. After much deliberation and discussion, it was decided to drop the "...Sampler" subtitle and re-issue the tape with a new and more modest J-card. You might ask why bother with this tape at all since all three bands have full length projects

in the stores, especially if you only like say, two of the three bands included. A valid point, unless as a collector you urgently require the two unreleased songs by Chin Ho (an acoustic "Harder Than This") and Guppy Boy ("Chopper"). Dwight Garner, the Vermont Times' resident hep cat, panned the acoustic "HTT" ("doesn't improve much on the original") and described "Chopper" as having a "coily psychedelic grind". What a rogue! Makes me glad I got to hear this tape for myself. (LGT)



Zines

Suburban Voice #32 Spring/Summer '92

Coming out of Lynn, MA, this 62 page zine "written & edited" by Al Quint (he does credit a number of other contributors as well) is a fistful of coverage on the Boston scene mainly, but reviews of other zines and music seems to be nationwide. Interviews include Helmet, Samiam, Quicksand, Superchunk and Swervedriver as well as an interview/debate between 411's Dan O'Mahoney and Shelter's Ray Cappo on the relevance of the Krishna movement in the H/C scene. Although the front page states "SV Reviewing Policy: Cassette=No Review!!", they seem to make exceptions to the rule if they're in the mood. More reviews than I care to shake a stick at (after a while, terms like "alternative" and "hardcore" lose their descriptive power, a common enough dilemma to anyone confronted

with the quantity of music in existence today). Supposedly this issue came with a 7" EP featuring 411, Slap of Reality and Kingpin, but Rat Dog must be holding out on me. Contact: PO Box 2746, Lynn MA 01903-2746 (LGT)

Strange Damage #9

Every time I drive to Boston, I wonder what life growing up in New Hampshire must be like. Bleak desolation without the nation-wide rep for quaintness of Vermont makes me pray to any convenient deity that my car holds up at least until I

else's turmoil (that's sarcasm, mate). Interspersed between these rants and interviews with Sockeye and Burlington's own Squab are reviews and bits of advice like "pour ketchup on your ass, walk next door naked and tell your neighbor you've been raped". There are some genuinely interesting items in here, but be prepared for a long and arduous search. For those of you who are 13, or just want to feel that way: Brent Field c/o Strange Damage zine / Burping Turds Cassettes, 357 Causeway, Lancaster NH 03584. (LGT)

(Almost) Nothing But Record (and tape) Reviews Vol. 2 No. 2, Winter '92.

Put out by Mykel Board of MRR fame, this 32 page zine lives up to its name. Non-review items included in this issue: a conversation with Roger Ebert discussing the merits of B movies; also a prank phone call cassette with two calls (one scenario has a junkie calling a drug clinic in the middle of an OD - "My ... address ... is [gag/retch/sniffle] ... 319 North ... [gag/retch/sniffle] ... 319 ..." "Hello? Are you still there?"). Despite the inherent difficulties of reviewing countless bands and maintaining the interest of the reader, this zine held my interest from cover to cover. Contact: (\$2) Seidboard World Enterprises, PO Box 137, Prince Street Sta, NY, NY 10012. (LGT)

Maximum Rock 'n' Roll #113

144 pages, one color, newsprint. The very best in Hardcore/Punk scene coverage. This issue includes interviews w/ The Queens, Jesus Lizard, Slaughter and the Dogs, The Stalin and a supercool interview with Pete the roadie - 12 years with England's finest HC/Punk bands. Big RFM fans can see the review of RFM #7 in this issue of MRR. Scene reports, music reviews, zines - this is the best anywhere. \$2.00 to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.



(continued on p. 26)

Maximum Rock 'n' Roll #114

150 pages. This issue has a story on why Uncle George wants you to stay home on Election Day, interviews with Unborn, SF, Transmisia, Leatherface, Total Chaos, Jonestown, Bark 8, letters, more. Contact: See above review.

Are You Listening #2

40 pages, one color. this 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 zine tells about the Athens, Ohio underground scene. good layout and strong tape / record / CD reviews. Send your material to: PO Box 1200, Athens, OH 45701.

Magic Trick #1

12 pages, one color, pink colored paper. 50 cents or donation. This first issue was put together by 3 women who live in NY. Poems, reasons why TV sucks, RU-486, comics. Good start. Contact: Simone Mangano, Old Post Road, RD#1, Box 12, Red Hook, NY 12571.

Flipside #81 - 128 pages - 4 color, glossy cover, double stitched. This amazing magazine has interviews with Ministry, Mudhoney, Pain Teens, Television, Vacant Lot plus reviews of zines, records, CDs, books and more. Also has report on Bill Cooper's work concerning government UFO, AIDS conspiracy. Networking.

Uproot Interview, continued from page 10

went home and I literally could not sleep. I heard them play at the Pyralisk one night and I was so excited about their music that I went home and could not sleep until like, 6:00 am. I slept 3 hours and got up and went to work and I was still buzzing at work. Then I heard them again and I went home and started water coloring.

Anton: Yeah, she did this real fine painting that I saw.

RFM: *How did she become your manager?*

Anton: Well, we work together and one day she came up to me and said "You know, I really would like to be the manager of your band".

RFM: *You didn't have a manager at this time?*

Anton: No, not really. I was doing most of the bookings and such. We were associated with Fast Lane Productions in Washington D.C. for awhile. But now that's strictly reggae.

RFM: *How do people reach Uproot?*

Anton: You can write to Uproot, RFD#2, Box 1600, Plainfield, VT 05667 or call 802 454 7792 or 802 223 4241.

Performances, con't from p. 18

songs, but they played almost the entire "Dirty" list. Sonic Youth on record is only an approximation of the beauty and power exhibited in live performance. They obviously love playing and get better at it the longer they do it, which is unusual. Think of all the bands that started out great and fizzled out (the Stones and Led Zeppelin, for instance). I say Sonic Youth is the greatest Rock band cause, why not? Maybe being horrible when they started saved Sonic Youth from sucking later. Who knows.

However, this wasn't the best Sonic Youth show I've seen, and everybody - band and audience - seemed tired. After "Expressway To Your Skull" (do they always end with that?), they walked offstage. Despite a lukewarm response, they returned to the stage to play "Nis Fit" with J Mascis on guitar and Thurston pretending to be Keith Morris. After that Thurston introduced one of the singers from the Boredoms and Mark Arm and they all did a hardcore song/jam that ended with Thurston and the Japanese hardcore singer running at each other and colliding and doing it again, continuing long after Kim and Lee had walked off the stage and long after it was anything but icky and proved that Thurston really is totally nuts.

Sonic Youth ruled, and after the show I saw Chang again. He had stayed to watch the guitar wanking hippies after all.

Review by Tom Cuddy



Billy Greene, Nashville-bound



Zine Reviews
Con't from p. 26

Bitch Queen #1. 24 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied. This zine consists of pieces about "Guerilla Girls," Faking a hemorrhage (so women may seek healthcare for an abortion), "Anti Choice Leaders", and other women's issues. Nicely laid out and the printing is clear. The Heterosexual questionnaire drew the best response from the crew at Rapid Fire. \$1: to Bitch Queen, Box 1447, Boston, MA. 02117.

Working Class Hero #3. 48 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 copied on colored paper. Excellent zine covering Upstate New York area. It has articles on bands like "Suck-o-Deluxe," "Tricycle" and "Band Go's Boom." Also, has killer piece about long haul truck drivers and lots of interesting art work including a nude hand drawn women centerfold. Send \$1.50 to: Working Class Hero, 418 Peninsula Dr. Erie, PA. 16505.

Under the Volcano #7. 20 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 2 color glue folding spine. This zine covers the action in and around the NYC/ Long Island area. Interviews with "Surgery," "Sea Monster." Also has classifieds, Poetry, Audio Reviews, and comics. They distribute it free within the NYC area at many different record stores. There's an excellent piece written by Donny the Punk on the "Popsicle Jubilee Festival" at Charlotte, North Carolina. Send \$1 to: Under the Volcano, P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767.

Under the Volcano, #10. Same as above with interviews with Babyland, Cows, Jawbox plus amazing audio reviews and Donny the Punk's piece on "Use your head: Punx on dope." Performance reports from Lollapalooza 2, Sea Monster and Bushmon at CBGB's.

There is Life North of Boston #1. 12 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied. This is a contact zine for Northern New England, Southeastern Canada. Covers Punk, Hardcore,

Grindcore, Low Tech Experimental Music and beyond. Includes zine's, clubs, bands, radio stations, stores, where to hang, more. \$1 to: Mike Kemp 46 Old Hillsboro Rd. Henniker, NH. 03242.

Soundviews #20. 24 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 1 color, glue folding spine. This magazine contains interviews with the Ramones, Lunachicks, 40 Dog, Spin Doctors. Poetry, Classifieds and a bit of fiction is also included. \$1.50 to: Soundviews Magazine, 96 Henry St. Suite 5W, Brooklyn, NY. 11201.

Neon Magazine #23. 16 pages, 12 x 15, 1 color, newsprint. This paper has articles about Black Sabbath, Kings X, 24-7 Spyz, Trouble, Widowmaker, Regulators, Stray Cats and a report on Lemmy and Joey Ramone on the Tonight show with Jay Leno. Write to: Neon Magazine, P.O. Box 176 Cooper Station, NY, NY. 10276.

New York Night Howl # 47. 24 pages, 11 x 15, 4 color, newsprint. Club listings and phone numbers, shows, music, video, film reviews, personals and pillow talk ads. Covers the Manhattan club scene very well and is a must for any band wanting to play NYC. New York Night Howl, P.O. Box 137, Montclair, NJ. 07042.

Ambiguity is a Disease #1. 8 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, copied. 8 pages of art photos. Interesting and different. Good start. \$.75 to: Sarah Ryan /Mindy, 69 Peru St. Burlington, Vt. 05401.

The Angle #3, No. 11. 16 pages, 11 1/2 x 15, 2 color, newsprint. This paper covers the NYC music scene. Top 10 Demo's, club calendar, reviews, classifieds, personals, photos. Write to: New York City Rock Magazine, The Angle, P.O. Box 7770, Flushing, NY. 11352.

Moo Cow Fanzine #5. 24 pages, 7 x 11 1/2, copied. This cool looking fanzine has an interview with Into Another, performance reports on the Champions, Peg Tassej and Proud Of It, Shelter, more. \$1 to: Moo Cow Fanzine, 38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA. 02178.

(continued on p. 33)

One picture tells a thousand words but how much does one word say? Nothing more than the letters dictate. Advertising experts have claimed that the average person doesn't have the attention span to read a written advertisement. They (consumers) are attracted by slogans and graphics. Empty promises for the future. Stop and objectively look at the ads around you, which do you find more appealing? When you're dealing with a billion dollar industry, every move counts. Advertising, be it punk rock or main stream is the same. Consumerism is one of the few things that stretch across all walks of life. You are no different. You could interchange any ad in main stream and plug it in here. The slogans and products may be different but the same principal works. Think about it. You can attempt to buck the system, but your culture, consumerism and up bringing from day one will get in the way. You can scream slogans until you are horse, but you will remain trapped on a consumeristic planet



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DANCEHALL HALLOWEEN

by Fred C. Dobbs

Walking down Main Street Burlington recently, I spied a flyer for a "Reggae Dance Hall" Halloween show plastered all over the now-defunct Wendy's. Having heard about the recent trend in town as of late, I decided to check out the session and did a bit of asking around to find out what the Dance Hall scene was all about in Burlington. Here's what I discovered.

Most have a cover charge and a cash bar or a higher cover charge and an open bar. Gig flyers never say when the party is or anyone's real name. Bigger ones usually serve awesome vegetarian food, and most have really sick sound systems. They're usually in somebody's basement, but with the amount of networking going on lately, I think you'll see quite a few warehouse parties in the near future.

With my curiosity sparked, I decided to track down this "Knightrider" character and see what time it was. After using every means at my disposal, I managed to track him down to his house in the middle of the Olde North End. On Friday, the day before the session, I explained that I would be reviewing his party for Rapid Fire Magazine. Knightrider put me on the guest list and after a handshake and some mongolian, I was on my way.

Before I knew it, it was 7:00PM Saturday night and time for to get ready. Freshly showered, I put on my costume, and at last arrived in the "Ghetto" about 9:00. Luckily, I was able to scope out Knightrider's sound system just before the music started. Holy Shit!

There were two bass cabinets, two midrange cabinets and one of the coolest DJ booths in town. 800 Watts low end, 300 watts midrange/treble and (due to a generous loan from Chan-

nel Two Sound) a 31 band stereo equalizer, a delay unit, a brand new Alesis compressor/limiter and a bitchin' stereo crossover to round things out. With two turntables, each DJ sings his own words to selected samplers. Lots of great Halloween decorations provided the proper atmosphere.

Before things got started, I met a few of the DJs who would be performing. First off was Grandpa, a member of the 10 1/2 crew. Showing incredible promise, be on the lookout for this guy in the future. Next, I met two members of the 105 posse, Devil Dan and Ratman, who are well established in the Ghetto sound annals. 'nuff said! Last, I met Flappity Samro another veteran of these Ghetto gatherings.

After these introductions, I ventured upstairs to the bar scene. Whoa! Ice cold Guinness, Harp or Bass Ale for \$1.50. I grabbed a Guinness and wasted no time seeing and hearing Grandpa and Flappity kick things off. I was greeted by numerous local celebrities and unbelievably, assembled in some guy's basement were some of the best singers I've ever seen.

RED SHADOW - Originally from St. Thomas, this guy is awesome, non-stop, could cut three LP's in one day; the lyrical Don.

JAH-ROY - The originator, was in great form and had lots to say. It was a real pleasure to see him in action.

INSPECTOR K - An unexpected bonus! He did some singing as well as DJing. Nice to see him at this session.

Shine - First time I met him. This guy performed very well and seemed to be having the time of his life. He got everybody really fired up!
Kenny Melody - One of the numerous guests. Always a pleasure to see this guy in great form with some awesome new lyrics about "Knightrider" and Mike Tyson, too. He was my personal favorite of the night, respect is due.
BIRDY - Didn't really know this guy, he sang only two or three songs and seemed pretty good. He didn't stick around long, though.

Of course it would be impossible to describe the action as things were really pumping by this time. Suffice it to say, I was treated to a couple of hours of intense, nonstop singing. Whoa! After a brief intermission, singers Devil Dan and Ratman were flinging down the dancehall tracks again! The basement got really hot as Knightrider assured me that his new, huge, exhaust fan would be installed in time for the next session.

I took some time out to mingle with Knightriders roommates, Mindi, Scotter and Nosses. Mindi had cooked up a Indian dish called Dahl, served over rice with a vegetarian gravy. After my meal, (burp), I headed back downstairs for a cold Bass Ale and packed a few bong hits with Mindi and Jack Jr.


By this time, the singers had started again with Tax and Inspector - K on the wheel. Each singer took his turn again and the whole place raged till 3:45AM. Special thanks to Knightrider and the Channel Two Sound crew and most of all to everybody who showed up and spent a few bucks to support the local underground Reggae scene. Until next time ... (New Year's Eve, says Knightrider)....

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The PYRALISK GALLERY

by Rose Vanderslit

The Pyralisk Gallery - a funny name for a funky club. Where is it? What is it? Good questions and one worth exploring for yourself. The Pyralisk is a coffee house/art gallery/dance club/hidden in a shaky-looking building behind the fire station in Montpelier, Vermont.

When you come looking for it, you won't find neon lights, or even a sign pointing the way. Once you're in the parking lot of the fire station on Main street, look for a three story building with a long ramp leading to the front door. The ramp can be intimidating. It's the only way in and sometimes it's packed with locals. Actually, these are friendly people, it's just that there's no smoking inside but one can bring in their own liquor to the club. (None is served).

Friendly is one of the best words for describing the Pyralisk. As I often tell people, it's a comfortable sort of place.

The door scene is relaxed, (but please pay - musicians need to eat, too!) There's a coffee bar with juice and a water cooler if you want it. The floor is unpainted and slightly wavy from years of warping, there's almost always an art exhibit by one of the many talented local Artists. It can be very interesting, the lights are dim and people are here to relax and have a good time. It's the kind of place where you don't feel stupid, if you come alone. (Hint about the bathroom - look for the handle under the tank!)

So what happens here? Most anything, really. Some friends of mine had their wedding party here, complete with red table cloths and candles. Elegant! Another friend had a photography exhibition, complete with wine and hors d'oeuvres. Maybe it wasn't exactly a big time NYC gallery opening, but it was fun and a lot of people came. I've also been

here to see cabarets and Shakespearean productions. Then there's the music, always the music - everything from Jazz to Punk Rock!

Does it always work? Mostly. I've been there when there were only a few people standing listlessly in the corners, other times I wonder if the floor is really going to support all those sweaty, swaying bodies! Anyway, many of us around here are just plain grateful to have the PYRALISK GALLERY in Montpelier. Call them up, find out what's happening and come on in. It's a good place.



The Weasel West Coast Report

"It has been said that history repeats itself. I'm not sure if that's true but in the case of Rock and Roll I think it's an even money bet." - Jim Morrison

I sit in Tinseltown on a weekend (the land of perpetual 60+ degree summer, smoglike weather) watching another repeat of Saturday Night Live. And I wonder, What the fuck happened to the early '80s? WILD ABANDON, Jack - Drugging and Boozing until we passed out with a girl or two we hardly (if at all) knew, only to find that acts committed the previous night would get us 5 to 10 in 36 states. Ahhh, the good old days.

Now we are stuck with Max Blagg GAP jeans commercials and a bunch of aging comics trying to recapture a bit of old glory by adapting to the NEW WORLD ORDER of comedy ... IT'S NOT WORKING!!!

What happened to the Belushis, the Akyroyds, the Morriszes? Well, one is dead & the others are too smart to bend over for producers like Lorne Michaels (who obviously panders to the network and government ordaining what washes for entertainment). It's not like Hollywood has changed IT'S moral code. But enough of that ...

"HOW CAN YOU SHOOT INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIKE THAT??"

"EASY - JUST DON'T LEAD 'EM AS MUCH!!" - Common LAPD response

How far can Rock & Roll go in this, the Nineties? That depends on how many musicians can still stomach writing songs that won't pander to the A&R reps of the Big Name Labels. Sure, we can send the music and art we make to the indie labels, but how many of those have enough backing to send the cool shit nationwide to let the real music lovers (and not those poser fucks who just buy the Nevermind album 'cause it hit #1 on the Rolling Stone Top Ten list) decide for themselves what they want to buy. To these struggling musicians I say this: find yourself a cool local recording studio, cut compilation tapes, pool collective bands' money to do Dub Tapes (not forgetting of course that the local dupe engineer is your friend also!). And then send the fuckers to every fanzine rag, indie record store and college radio station possible. Carpet Bomb the Country with Unsolicited Local Music.

"SOME REDNECKS IN A PICKUP TRUCK / GIVING US A LOAD OF SHIT / RAN THE FUCKERS RIGHT OFF THE ROAD / TEACH 'EM ALL A LESSON AND HAVE SOME FUN!!" - A. Gluck

So you whine "But WEASEL, Who are these people, where are thses Record Stores, How do we start the ball rolling?" Calm your pooty ass down, kid! Here is what the Weasel is prepared to do: send your tapes (5 max) to the Weasel (P.O. Box #661582, Los Angeles, CA 90066) and each issue I'll report on what tapes got sent where and if they got airplay and maybe I'll even review a couple just for Kicks.

Let's record some fuckin' progress.



Achilles died when an arrow hit his heel.

The Under 11 Club

by Lew Simpson

Suzuki 1100G and GS850G

touring models like Gold Wings, Ventures, all BMW machines which all have shaft drive. If you're under 12, you're on a light-weight machine which can range in cc's between 250 (Kawa Ninja 93) right up to the 1100s. At this speed, weight is critical, so any luggage racks or poorly designed fairings can't be overcome by having a larger engine. Still, at this speed, you're moving. This would include machines like Suzuki's GS models, Honda V-Fours, Interceptors, Sabres, Kawasaki 750LTDs, Yamaha's Secas and all cruiser models.

Now we're down to the very fast of the fastest. The

Acceleration: To bring about at an earlier point of time; to speed up, to move or progress faster. Power - real power, like the tug on one's wrist; to increase the velocity. These things come to mind when I gaze back at my rides aboard my Suzuki GS-1100G. Utter quickness and an ample supply of fuel to air mix equates traction. Light-weight and a hype motor helped by a 4 into 1 exhaust, DOHC and Dunlop tires don't hurt.

OK, Big Mouth Swine No-Mind Idiot - get your machine and let's see what she does in the quarter. Yeah - the quarter. You know, from a dead stop to 440 feet in the fastest time. What did you say you were driving these days? A 4-wheel dinosaur carriage? You get in her, wait for the

green light and pounce on the accelerator. Like a bull wailing, your machine struggles to 30 mph and you shift into drive. By the time you've reached 80 mph the finish line is approaching. A disappointing 17 second quarter for your typical 4 wheel sedan that's tuned up right. This would include vehicles like Volvos, Accords, all minivans, all pickups, Cadillacs, Chevettas, Tempos, Shadows, all trucks plus more. Did someone say they had a Corvette? Even the newest models can't get them under 15 seconds. I know - the '92 Vette can get under 14 seconds, but at \$60,000 you really don't see many around here, if any.

So we've reduced the field to motorcycles. A few race cars which can't be driven legally are also eliminated (if you can't drive it

legally, what good is it?). The slowest motorcycles are, unfortunately, the American-made Harley-Davidson models. From the 1340cc Fat Boy Softtail Classic, to the racy Sportster, these 2 machines led Harley to the quarter mile race. The rest of their models all check in between 13.2 to 14.8. This isn't bad when you think that these machines (including the Deluxe Tour Glide) can whip just about any car on the highway. Anytime you're under 14 seconds, your terminal speed (your speed at the end of 440 feet) will be over 100 mph.

Machines that can run quarters under 14 include stock from the Big Four: Honda, Suzuki, Kawasaki, Yamaha. This would include a wide variety of machines like dirt bikes, Enduros, on/off bikes, big

Under 11 Club! This club has terminal speeds of 125 plus mph. Riproaring acceleration at all gears. At 85 mph and top gear, a neck-snapping motion occurs as these fire-breathing monsters rush towards 130 mph and up. This includes Suzuki GSXR's - 750 and 1100; Kawasaki Ninjis - 600, 750, 1100; Honda CBR-900 Hurricanes; FZR's by Yamaha; and yes, the crazy writer: me. My stripped down 1100 with 4 into 1 exhaust (adds 25 to 35% horsepower) and crushing top-end adds me into the Under 11 Club. So - if you happen to see me someday it's raining and cold outside, don't feel too sorry for me, 'cause I'm on the quarter-mile champ. Any questions?



wards



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by *The Wards*, Vermont's #1 Punk Band.
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Jah Levi



SpringHeeled Jacks

DISC REVIEWS
con't from page 25

SHUDDER TO THINK - 7", 45 RPM record on Dischord. Three songs, consisting of 4 guys, playing a as sort of Art damage type stuff. Interesting vocals and musical direction for this band. Send: \$3.00 to: DISCHORD, 38 BEECHER ST. N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007.

HIGH BACK CHAIRS - 6 song CD on Dischord. This band has 4 guys playing upbeat Pop music. This is not to be confused with the Sub Pop type stuff though. More like ACOUSTIC JUNCTION - (See RFM# 7). It's interesting to note that as the country leans toward the left, musical styles are bending to the right, like this disc. Personal favorite are, FUJ, One Small Step (is that one small step for man, one large step for mankind?) and Summer. SEND: \$8.00 to: DISCHORD RECORDS, 38 BEECHER ST. N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007.

ALICE DONUT - "THE UNTIDY SUICIDES OF YOUR DEGENERATE CHILDREN", 15 song CD on Alternative Tentacles Records. This is some of the best Punk Rock put out in 1992. Excellent musical changes with some real different directions in them. Some brutal

guitar work in songs like "Medication" and "Untidy Suicides". Cleverly photographed booklet helps one, range in and out of all that is ALICE DONUT. Write: ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS, P.O. BOX 94146, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94146.

HIGH IMPACT - 2 song Demo Tape, self released. This band plays a combination 70's style Rock with 80's style Glam Metal. The singer does lots of screaming ala Quiet Riot, Overkill. Write to: KELLEY LYON-HAYDEN, RTE #2A, WILLISTON VT. 05495.

THE CHAMPIONS - 7" 33 1/3 RPM on Unique Records. This 3 song record has songs called "Satisfied", "The Prophecy" and "In Time". Blazing hardcore ala NYSE style with even a bit of reggae. Fierce, meaningful vocals round out this clear sounding record. Write: The Champions, 10 Peru St, Burlington, VT 05401. Get this! (Lew Simpson)

CROPDOGS - 7" 33 1/3 RPM 5 song EP on Round Flat Records. Fast crunchy hardcore similar to Agent Orange guitars and Dag Nasty vocals. Strong and powerful is the best way to describe this slab. Interesting changes and a real Punk Rock feel to it. Round Flat Records, 63 Lennox Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14226. (Lew Simpson)

ZINE REVIEWS
con't from page 27

SKY FLYING BY #1 - #1.00. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 32 pages, copied with a blue cover. This first issue by Erica has writings about RUFCW, (Rare and Unfortunate Flat-Chested Club for Women.) Poetry, Helmet, local Nashville scene report and more. Also, has a piece about Punks and Pets, coffee stops, and some funny satire about MRR and Tim! SKY FLYING BY, 2308 LONDONDERRY DR. MURFREESBORO, TN. 37129.

CYCLE WORLD - Vol.31, NO.12 - \$2.75. 8 1/2 x 11, 105 pages, 4-color, double stitched. This magazine has articles about the new 1993 Kawasaki's, ZX-6, ZX-7, and the King Kong of the street, the new ZX-11. Yamaha's GTS1000 Radical Wonder, 1992 GP Wrap-Up, Suzuki's Euro-600 and a great piece about the bike, Moviestar/racedriver Steve McQueen used to ride. It was a 1949 Indian chopper, with a rolled up sleeping bag on it's sissy bar for ambiguity. CYCLE WORLD - 1499 MONROVIA AVENUE NEWPORT BEACH, CA. 92663

PLAYBOY - Dec. 1992. \$5.95, 8 1/2 x 11, 252 Pages, 4-color, perfect bound. This months issue contains a pictorial on Jessica Hahn, Barbara Moore and Sex stars of 1992. An interview with Sharon Stone, College Basketball Preview, plus fiction by Donald E. Westlake and Thomas Berger. See why Jim Baker lost his load and ministry with this issue! PLAYBOY - 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611.

POPULAR MECHANICS - Dec. 1992. \$1.95, 8 1/2 x 11.

140 pages, 4-color, perfect bound. Science/Technology updates on. New government effort to revive Maglev, Radar for Road Hogs, Muscle Battery for E-Cars, Tomorrow's Home Theater, Import Sport Car Shootout, Corvette Museum visit. Classifieds, Letters. Home Journal section rounds out this inexpensive magazine. POPULAR MECHANICS - P.O. BOX 7170, RED OAK, IA. 51591. 51591.

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL #115. \$2.00, 150 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 1-color newsprint, double stitched. Letters, Record Reviews, Classifieds, Articles, great columns, Scene Reports, Zine Reviews, Interviews with Landfill, Lumpin Proletariat and Scenes from the Drug War. This is perhaps the best fanzine in the United States. MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, P.O. BOX 460760, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94146-0760.

AMERICAN HERITAGE - Dec. 1992. \$4.50, 122 pages, 8 1/2 x 11, 4-color perfect bound. Stories about the American Revolution, Our Checked Past, (a story about the sad twilight of the American Taxicab), plus My Brush With History, Letters, History Happened Here. AMERICAN HERITAGE - P.O. BOX 5022, HARLAN, IA. 51593.

BANANA STRANGLES VICTIM - \$6.00, 24 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 1-color, with thick cover. Overpriced Poetry from Paul Weinman. Says its funded by NEA, National Endowment for the Arts. Lots of open, white, blank spaces that drive a Zine Editor like me crazy! Write to: PAUL WEINMAN, 79 COTTAGE ST. ALBANY, NY. 12203.

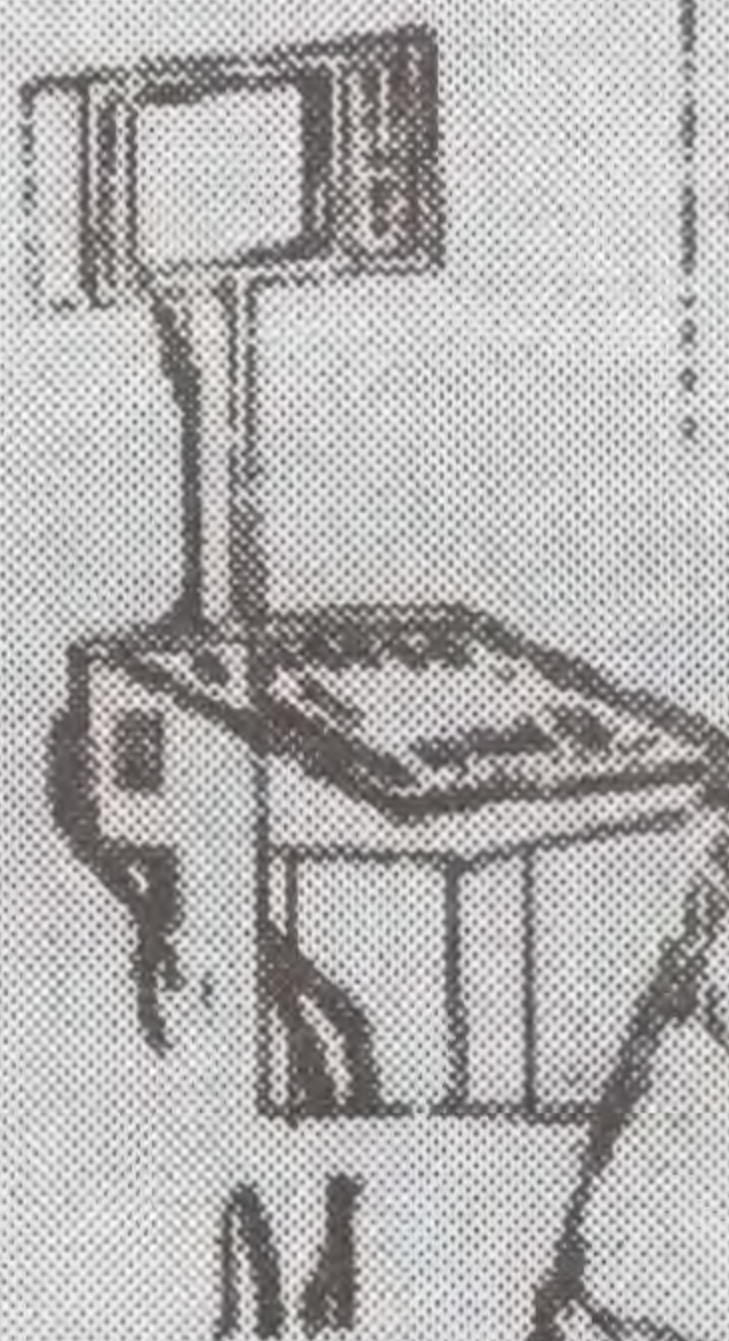


High-Back Chairs



Champion Slimy w/ AFD's Keith

Tony Max Nance



Gaither Graphix

Providing once again proof positive that there's something distinctly different going on south of the Mason-Dixon line, the graphic work of Jeff Gaither will no doubt trouble some who open this magazine (if it doesn't, drop us a line and we'll try to arrange a private viewing of some of the stuff we opted not to print). The list of publications and bands that have used Jeff's work is too long to print here, but includes Guns 'N' Roses, GG Allin, Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Van Halen, Loompanics Unlimited, Teen Punks In Heat and Maximum RocknRoll.

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The 4th Amendment of the Bill of Rights once upon a time safeguarded our right against unreasonable searches and seizures. The 16th Amendment (which pertains to income tax) took effect February 25, 1913. Possibly only ten states ratified it properly. Free countries have neither the right nor the inclination to "impound" (steal) the private property of their citizens. Support "Government Auctions" and you support Fascism. *Graphix & commentary contributed by Mr. Guy.*

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Snapcase

Chris Galas- Vocals, Michael Kinaid- Drums
John- Rhythm Guitar, Scott Dressler- Lead Guitar
Daryl Taberski- Bass

SNAPCASE hail from Buffalo, NY and are veterans of the Buffalo hardcore scene. They have sold hundreds of their first demo **BREAK THE SILENCE** and have gained a legion of fans without having released anything with label backing. The band has been actively playing shows throughout the East Coast, Midwest and Canada.

The power and huge sound of **SNAPCASE** has put them in the forefront of the current hardcore scene. Their music is filled with sporadic time changes and grooving mosh bits. They steer clear of the thrashy noise that plagues most of today's newer East Coast bands. What adds to the thrust of **SNAPCASE** is their live shows. The mobile members of the group bring the intensity level of the music up to an unexplainable degree. Wherever the band plays crowd response is always excellent.

SNAPCASE have just released their debut 7" on Victory and will go into the studio this winter to record a full length for spring release on Victory.

Label Contact: Tony (312) 421-2782

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RAPID FIRE MAGAZINE #7 / \$1.25

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs - English

This spiffy mag centers around the scene in Vermont. Feature articles concern the Bennington Sunfest, Pegfest, and an interview with band Ken Sleeps Naked. As mentioned in a letter to the editor, RFM continually dwells on the same bands (who most of you probably have never heard of), but it is fun to read anyway. (NR)

Rapid Fire Magazine / RD #2 Box 3370 / Bristol, VT 05443

IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO GET YOUR *OWN* COPY OF RFM #8! OR #7, FOR THAT MATTER. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, WHY NOT SCOOP UP THE COMPLETE SET AND IMPRESS THE HELL OUT EVERYONE YOU KNOW? ISSUES AVAILABLE INCLUDE: RFM#1 ("WARDS STORM BRATTLEBORO"), RFM #2 ("BEANO'S WILD GUITAR LICKS"), RFM#3 ("SEX PISTOL REVOLUTION"), RFM#4 ("CHRONIC DECAY RIPS UP GREEN MTS."), RFM#5 ("PEG TASSEY & PROUD OF IT"), RFM#6 ("DO IT NOW BENEFIT PHOTO SPREAD"), RFM #7 (THE BERNIE ISSUE). AND WHO COULDFORGET RFM#8 (THE MONUMENTAL BAZIMBAS ISSUE)? REALLY, HOW CAN YOU GO ON LIKE THIS, LIVING A SHALLOW AND INCOMPLETE EXISTENCE WITHOUT THE LIFE-GIVING INFLUENCE OF RFM IN YOUR HOME? ACT NOW - NO, REALLY, I MEAN *NOW* - BY SENDING \$2.00 (CHECK OR MONEY ORDER) PER ISSUE TO:

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