

THE SUPER COOLS, MIND OVER METAL

August 30th at Jabberjaw by Sammy Davis III

MIND OVER METAL, who possess one of the dumbest band names that I've ever heard, claim to be one of the first family punk rock trios. Whether or not they are the first, they are otherwise undistinguished, generic punk revivalists of the San Fernando valley squeaky clean "Care Bear Punk" school typified by the ELECTRIC FERRETS. Guitarist IAN WAGNER and drummer RUDY WAGNER used to be in the KINGS OF OBLIVION; the utterly banal tribe that Mind Over Metal purveys suggests how much they needed the guidance of Mike Snider to set them stright and add a little of that razzle-dazzle thrashrock mania, because M.O.M.'s material and presentation were bland, bland, bland. Yawn. The SUPER KOOLS, on the other hand, know how to do the garage punk thing, so it still sounds fresh and vital. Guitarist JUDY TOY (ex-CREAMERS) slings a mean axe with the best of them and pushes the energy level into the stratosphere. Their LAZY COWGIRLS/CYNICS type of rockin' sounds provided the perfect antidote to the formulaic boredom that preceded their wondrous set. Truly. The Super Kools are super cool, and a must for all fans of this style. Mind Over Metal, on the other hand, really bit it.

MUMMIES, YARD TRAUMA

September 6th at Shamrock by Thom Dionysus night at the Shamrock! The mummies played a so-so set. They are rude, crude and kind of funny, even though their jokes aren't. But hey man they are fucking babies. This IS a talented band, though, yet prone to technical difficulties. Oh, well. Also, the DWARVES are the Dwarves, dudes! And your "attitude" thing just doesn't work in L.A. anymore. That's eighties. YARD TRAUMA rocked the living shit out of the place. They "popped the cherry" on a couple of new songs, and did some old favorites. A good band that deserves your undivided attention. Look for a new album from them in the near future as well. GIRL TROUBLE also played, but see the Al's Bar review for their write-up...

FUGAZI, SANDY DUNCANS EYE, PAPER TULIPS, POPDEFECT, TVTV\$, DIRT CLOD FIGHT, OFFSPRING, FUMES, THIS GREAT RELIGION

September 6, Jawbone Canyon Festival, Mojave Desert by Al Desert shows are a big part of the fun here in Southern California, so to end this summer with a blast, Fugazi were set up with a desert gig as promised last summer. Of course there are limitations whenever you are playing anywhere but a professional club, but this show went very smoothly and fun was had till the wee-hours of the morning. I couldn't possibly review a show that had such a great prevailing feeling of cooperation amongst all bands that played. And all bands were indeed quite good, it's takes dedication for any band to schlep their equipment the three hours out of L.A., following vague directions and always questioning if this event is even gonna happen at all. I also won't really review this show because a few of the bands happen to be on Flipside Records (but I did plug them!). Anyway, besides being bummed that a lot of people made the trek "only to see Fugazi" (which seemed like such a waste that people couldn't find it in themselves to get into the spirit of the festival, see some new, great bands, meet some new people and enjoy one great summer night under the stars), the show was a great alternative to the other Fugazi show in the L.A. area (the Palladium). I thought it was a totally killer event, and to borrow a phrase from Thrashead - "It kicked ass". Special thanks to Elwood and his buds for securing the location, Preston and DCF for the PA, Giovanni and Brock for organization and flyers and all the people and bands that made this more than just another gig, but a high point of my summer.

THIS IS EDWIN, THE HUMPERS

September 6th at the New Hillside, Long Beach by Martin McMartin A great local spot to spend a Sunday night pounding a few and checking out local talent for a mere three bucks. Booker Randy and righteous manager/bar-owner Everett seem to be giving a wide variety of acts the opportunity to play in a real do it yourself atmosphere. THIS IS EDWIN are a spectacle fronted by Edwin of Stubo comic fame, and you might remember him from the band Moist and Meaty. My thesaurus is of no help trying to find the right words to describe what a warped front-man Edwin is. Maybe a costumed mental patient with a fistful of whatever



Paper Tulips manage to end the Jawbone Festival with a rousing set to those who would not drop. - photo Al

narcotics Elvis dug in his final days. The rest of the band thrash around minus any wacky garb, which serves to magnify the lunacy of Edwin. These guys have that stop-on-a-dime talent that allows for jerky metallic tempo changes and breaks. Their songwriting recalls the wit and spirit I associate with the early Stiff Records singles. Go see for yourself. The Humpers are the kind of snot-nosed punks that would make Sir Johnny Thunders rattle his tired bones in appreciation. Scott 'Leluxe' Drake has shoved all the guitar duties on the amazing Jeff Fieldhouse, who more than shoulders the load while Scott drinks, jerks around, and tonight nearly started a riot with that "I dare you to smash me in the face" frontman enthusiasm. Not a ballad in sight, they ripped for at least a half hour with tons of politically incorrect ravers like, "Hey Shadow" with its "I need a pipe, I need to get high!!" chorus. Now all they need is a willing local label. Next time they play, take that chip on your shoulder out for a night on the town and go see the Humpers. It won't be a let down.

THE ENEMIES, GIRL TROUBLE

September 7th at Al's Bar by Thom

Well, lessee here... first off, thanks go to Gregory B. Harris (the "soundman") for just being cool- even though HE IS the SICK MOTHERFUCKER! First up was the ENEMIES, who were plagued with technical difficulties. This created a loss of momentum that was not their fault. A good band on a bad night. It happens to the best of 'em. Their sound is very raw, thrown together noise with a beat (my favorite!). Later on, GIRL TROUBLE from "up north" took the stage. I like this band. Really grungy, rockabilly sound. Impressive, humorous stage antics. Very well rehearsed and tight. BUT. If the lead singer would get his LUX INTERIOR fixation out of his system, this band would RULE. It is not enough to annoy me too much, though, and the man IS talented. I'll get over it, I am sure.

BABYLAND, PULL YOUR HEAD OUT, THE STRIKE

September 12th at Raji's by Thrashead

The Strike played melodic '77 influenced punk rock. Nothing special just good old punk rock. Pretty interesting. Pull Your Head Out were next.

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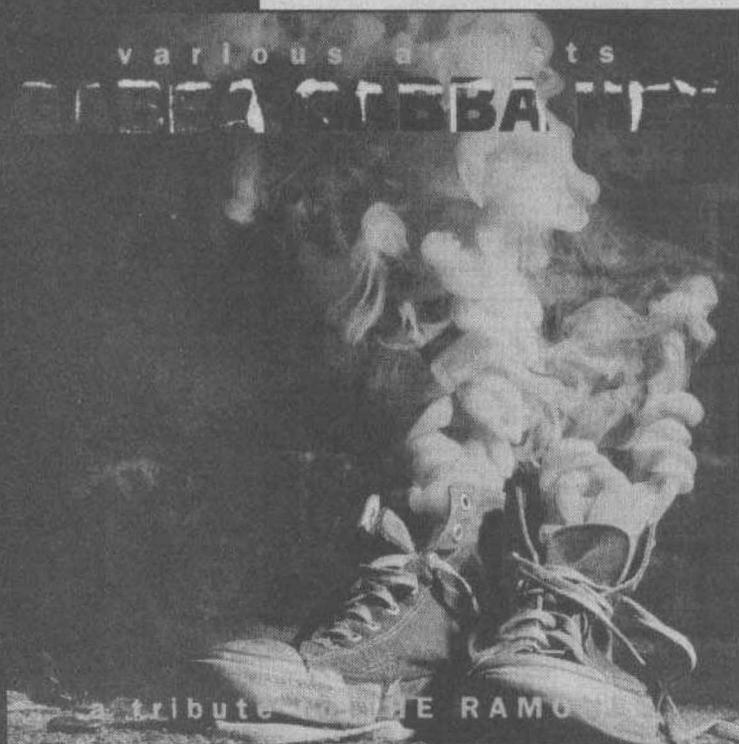
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This band improves by leaps and bounds everytime I see them. They've tightened up and lot of loose ends and are really rocking hard, check them out. Last up Babyland played a devastating set. for once the P.A. was turned up loud enough so I could hear the music. Great tunes, intense performance.

DUMPSTER, HAUNTED GARAGE, THE DWARVES

Friday, September 13th at The Roxy by Thom
All I am going to say about DUMPSTER is that they didn't do the PEPSI theme, which disappointed me. A lot of wierd shit happened at this one. First off, though, I would like to graciously thank JIM at METAL BLADE for going WAY out of his way to get Bob, Tiffany and myself

and an argument ensued. Ha ha! Then I went outside and caught HAUNTED GARAGE. The crowd was ridiculous, the bouncers getting trampled. One stage-diver was running around the stage acting like a fool, and as a bouncer tried to push him into the crowd, the fan grabbed the bouncer and took him with him! Dooohh! Dukey even got into the act, pushing people back and laughing. HG sounded incredible, louder than ever, with lots of new props (corpses, "blood guns," etc.) and the crowd loved it. During the show, Johnny Ho blacked out from the heat and fell on his back, guitar in hand. One of the "Gore-Gore Girls" thought he was just lying down on the job and sat on his face! Whoops. Johnny was carried off of the stage and returned a few minutes later. Gaby was intense as usual, wearing a total "Mardi Gras" get-up. Never better! The Dwarves kept their word, and

same time. Other songs were a slower pace and real ambient. The whole time I kept comparing them to Helios Creed. Which is kind of ironic, because they are influenced by Hawkwind and Chrome. They are a killer band with a fresh new sound.

EMULATOR, GRANDPA KNUCKLEHEAD, ET...

September 20th at Al's Bar by Greg the "Soundman"
(This review was taken verbatim from a post on Offworld BBS by Thom and only edited for cosmetics!)
Last night the show at AL'S BAR was going real good, it was an *on* night... the first band, a power trio called EMULATOR, was delayed twice by the fucking film crew shooting some lame teevee show outside....only got to play 3 or 4 songs...too bad, they were hot...the next band, a conglomeration of horns and shit called GRANDPA KNUCKLEHEAD, lots of horns, hard funk. About a quarter after 11, halfway through their set, the Fire Marshall and LAPD shut the place down... the fucking film crew called the cops on us because we messed up their shoot! The Fire Marshall gave us a ticket for overcrowding, (we were way under capacity by our door count), which is a pisser but nothing new. The LAPD, however, combed the place for alcohol, (our liquor license is suspended until the end of the month), drugs and any other illegal activity, found none...the vice cops were really pissed off...so they gave us a ticket for *DANCING*!!!! "Dance Hall Permit Violation" - what fucking year is this? The LAPD is totally out of control! It's against the law to dance to live music? What is the legal definition of dancing? I call an authority that bans art of any form a fascist police state!!! Oh yeah, the headliners, SECTION 8 and The HEPCATS never got to play a note but were last seen heading to a nearby loft to party all night. While the place was being cleared out I was laying low in the soundbooth and overheard the firemen and pigs talking, they had just come from busting a WEDDING at a PRIVATE home! They had a list of parties to bust all over town, hope you weren't at one! DANCING IS NOT A CRIME!

[Offworld BBS - (213) 655-1113 12:2400 8-N-1 - Greg is #2816, Thom is #3192]



The EMEMIES at the Shamrock - photo Al

in the door. First off, let me describe the atmosphere-hotter than hell itself! The club was oversold by thousands, and moving around was next to impossible. Asshole security guards and even a few kind sheriff depts were available to hassle the fans. The girl at the front door would not give me a backstage pass, so I hit JOHNNY HO up for one. He gave me one of his last passes. Thanks! So then I went backstage. BLAG of the Dwarves was hanging out on the stairs, and we started laughing about how long they would play. I bet that they wouldn't last 15 minutes (as usual). He assured me that they planned to play a full set. Impossible, I said. 20 minutes max. Just then, a waitress showed up with about 10 beers. Blag grabbed one, and a swarm of others showed up and grabbed the rest. The waitress wanted to know who was going to pay for it all, and he told her to go upstairs. A minute later she came back down upset as all hell because no one paid her. Blag told her to put it all on the "Drawwes tab," to which she responded that there wasn't one. He said that they had no money until they got paid,

actually played 35+ minutes! Can you believe it? I didn't KNOW they had that much material-ha ha! The crowd was apeshit the entire time they played, and the Dwarves were their usual disgustingly great selves. After the show, Tif, Bob and myself went to HG's "private" party (that EVERYBODY knew about) and bagged on all of the "glam"-wait. In this case glam is a complement. Let's just say "who cares WHO this party is for...as long as they're famous!" HG was obviously uncomfortable with it all, but nonetheless put up with it. We hung out for awhile and I got the interview that is elsewhere in this issue. Whew, WHAT a night!

PRESSUREHED

September 17th at Shamrock by Thrashead
I missed Babyland because I was late. Stupid move on my part because I heard they were great, shit! Finally I got to see the band Al keeps raving about. Some of the songs were fast paced and noisy, but somewhat melodic at the

BULIMIA BANQUET, BUGLAMP

September 21st at Al's Bar by Thrashead
Thanks to Greg for getting me into this one. when I arrived Buglamp were rocking out. Buglamp play the pre-punk early gggy/Dictators type sound. Dirty Rock'n'roll at it's finest. The musicians were doing some stupid glam posing, but Keith Morris stole the show jumping around and being a mad man. Great performance on keith's part. This is the first time I have seen Bulimia Banquet since they got back from Europe and with a new line up. The new line up consists of Travis on drums, Steve on guitar, and then of course Jula and Al. The new line up was fantastic. They unleashed some old classics and some real hard new songs. The new Bulimia Banquet is very tight and a little faster than before. I was impressed really good set. Check the new line up out.

PAULA PIERCE TRIBUTE featuring THE MUFFS, CHERIE & MARIE CURRIE, PRECIOUS METAL, HARDLY DANGEROUS, BENT BACK TULIPS, UNSTOPPABLE, ABBY TRAVIS & ROBERT HECKER, WHITE FLAG

Monday, September 23rd at Cock Teaszer by Bob & Thom

First off, we would like to establish that we went there without high expectations. We mean, it WAS for a cause

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and all, but we just weren't expecting much. Let us first describe the atmosphere. Upon entering the band room, we were greeted by a very tacky slideshow of Paula. Thom noticed that Arlan was hanging out watching it for quite some time (just to give you an idea of it's "tack" level). Just opposing their 60's garage period slides with their glam/hard rock period gave the whole thing a very SPINAL TAP feel. Now for the show: Bob thought that ROBERT and ABBY'S "noodling" was self-indulgent, but kind of charming- they came off as a couple of displaced flower children. Next let us slam **CHERIE & MARIE CURRIE**. They got up on stage and sang the lamest, most self-gratifying and tasteless version of "Imagine" by John Lennon ever attempted by anyone. Let's face it. The only reason they were there was because they desperately wanted a gig. MELANIE VAMMEN [of the Muffs] told Thom that Cherie barely even KNEW Paula-that once Mel, and she forgets who else played backup for her which was the extent of it. Tiffany was in the bathroom before the gig and spotted Cherie POSING in the mirror with a fake microphone, practicing!! Haha! BUSTED!! PRECIOUS METAL bored the shit out of us. They played for TEN years it seemed, and both Bob and Thom rejoiced when the plug got pulled. Pop-metal with no talent to back it up. Bob's problem was that they were so "...typical, the kind of band that just wanted to rely on the novelty of being girls." Thom just fucking hated 'em! BENT BACK TULIPS were DRAMARAMA in disguise. Not

with Bigfoot. We both thought that it was great when UNSTOPPABLE -STOPPED- playing. 'Nuff said. WHITE FLAG was great! Very raw, fresh and improvised. THE MUFFS saved the entire evening for us. Two Pandoras

MIND OVER METAL MUFFS, LAZY COWGIRLS, TRASH CAN SCHOOL

September 28th at Raji's by Thrashead
Mind Over Metal were first and really hard punk rock. A



Dick Tit at the Shamrock photo by Al



This is Edwin, This is Edwin - photo McMartin

too bad, but of course they are commercial. CLEM BURKE [ex-BLONDIE drummer] was interesting to see, but we all noticed that he has a LOT of hair on his back, which disgusted us. We bet a lot of people confuse him

covers that BOTH exceeded the original recorded versions, and Kim MORE THAN did justice to the vocals. Tighter and tighter they get.. it's truly amazing to see this band evolve so fast. Because of them, we both changed their minds about suicide and decided to live one more day. Bob accidentally saw HARDLY DANGEROUS a year ago, Thom heard the rumours, so we got the hell out of there before this cheesy and plastic bunch of bimbos hit the stage and made us both musically impotent.

RHYTHM COLLISION, MR. T EXPERIENCE, MINATURES

September 27th at Al's Bar by Thrashead

The Minatures were a pleasant surprise from San Diego. They played some really good punk and power pop with some other influences mixed in. MTX Played a fantastic set as usual. They unloaded a bunch of really hot new tunes this show. Most of the songs are going to be on a new LP they're recording. Of course MTX played they're classic tuneage too. Rhythm Collision played they're best show yet. This band constantly improves by leaps and

bounds. Good fast paced punk rock with some melodic overtones to it. They have a good LP out too which a lot of the material played came from. Great line up.

nice distorted guitar and bass gave the tunes that special kick in the pants all intense tunes have. The Muffs were next and played a great set as usual. They played some really hot new tunes and stuff from the upcoming single. Great buzzsaw pop punk. This is the first time the Lazy Cowgirls hit the stage in two years and boy did they ever kick ass! Straight ahead, slap in the face punk and roll no hold barred! Trash Can School finished off the night with a bulldozer set that cleaned up the place. Trash Can School played their popular tunes with a few new ones thrown in. These new tunes really rock, but what else would you expect from Trash Can School. Great line up and Good night.

MY NAME, COFFIN BREAK

October 8th at Jabberjaw by Thrashead
My Name played this original kind of weird fusion between jazz and punk with some other influences thrown in. There were some real catchy parts to their songs. Other parts I had to put some real thought to figure them out. My Name were really energetic, jumping and moving around. Pretty impressive. Coffin Break got up and kicked booty all over the place. Coffin Break played tunes from all their recordings in no particular order. Nothing but good straight rocking punk came out, Coffin Break delivered the goods. Great Coffin Break at the Jabberjaw coffee house.

JACK BREWER BAND, SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE, POSTER CHILDREN

Friday, October 11th at Al's Bar by Thom
I arrived right in the middle of JACK BREWER'S set. Formerly the lead singer of SACCHARINE TRUST, at first I thought that he was a pale shadow of his former self. I told this to GUS who told me to go back and listen to them some more. I did, and when it was over I felt as if I had been raked over the coals. Powerful, charismatic as always, with a very demented and trashed-out band. Is it just me though or has the ol' vocal chords gotten more baritone? Four girls dressed in tacky early 70's clothes crossed with late 60's hair made this one a wierd experi-

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ence. Next up: SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE. CHARLIE and NICK from POPDEFECT were there celebrating something- I am not sure what, but let's just say that from their level of intoxication there had to be SOME sort of occasion! Anyway, Charlie and Nick egged on ROBERTO and the gang while they were setting up. Funny as shit, but it didn't look like they were enjoying it too much! No offense, SDE, but Charlie sure came up with some zingers! Nick just called 'em "hippies." Anyway, I am glad that "Bob Said Yes" because when they played I was bashed in the face with some fantastically distorted noise. Roberto's vocals are nothing short of demonic, and if you play a guitar you must check 'em out and appreciate their "pedal system" that can make noises MY ears have never heard before- ever. Finally, the POSTER CHILDREN from Illinois hit the stage. Although a good band, and obviously hard-working with their TWINTONE album and all, I felt that they were a bit redundant and needed some more polishing. Very garage sound, heavy on the bass, rhythm guitar is there but barely registering. Couldn't hear the vocals, either. Girl bass player (move over TOAST, you started a trend!). Hell, knowing me I will probably interview 'em next time they come around... Thanks to Al's Bar for the hospitality (as usual).

album, but they also covered their other releases very well, great show.

THE MANZANITA SISTERS, ENEMIES, BLACK ANGEL'S DEATH SONG, DICKTIT

October 16th at the Shamrock by Thrashead
The Manzanita Sisters are Jula from Bulimia Banquet, Mia from Spoon, and the "washboard king" Mark. They play some good ole down home acoustic jams. They did an acoustic version of Bulimia Banquet's "Naked Movie Star", that came off really well. Despite some technical difficulties the Enemies pulled off a real rocking show complete with noisy distortion type punk and roll. Black Angel's Death Song were next. They played a bunch of good new songs as well as the songs off their Dionysus single. Great Velvet's influenced stuff. Then Dicktit got all punk rock on the stage playing one of their tightest shows to date. Alex was dressed up as a playboy bunny, it was fucking hilarious. Then the Muffs did a surprise song without Melanie (because she wasn't there) using Dicktit's equipment.

JONESTOWN, LES THUGS

October 17th at Jabberjaw by Thrashead
Jonestown are a very interesting band. You really can't describe them or fit them in a musical category. They just take anything and go with it. I thought it was really cool when their guitarist whipped out the trumbone and

started to jam. Very interesting. Les Thugs were next, they played a fantastic set of their hook laden punk rock. They played a good amount of material off the new

following GG around the country taped. So if your ready for this, I'd really like a copy please. Katon took some great pics of GG and me and I ever got a reluctant krk to do so. Now it was time for GG and the Murder Junkies, which included his brother Merle and Chicken John of Leth Patrol, to annihilate the club. GG, naked except for cowboy boots, starts breaking bottles (some on his own head), and throwing them at the audience. The band started to play and gg went nuts, destroying mic after micon his own head. He runs out into the audience tramping everything in his path quicker than Godzilla, as the scared shitless audience parted like the Red Sea. GG grabs Darryl's ex-girlfriend and dragged her around by the hair. A continuous volley of tables, chairs, and bottles for the audience could not stop the evil superman as the bounced off his body like peanuts.



Pookie / GG Allin - thanks to Katon (World Trust) for taking this picture even though I came out looking like a fat middle aged Italian guy.

POOKIE'S PLUNDERS with GG ALLIN...

October 18th at Spirit Club (San Diego) by guess who? Howdy, Pookie here again. First off, no thanks to that bonehead Joey R. from Jughead's Revenge who never gave me the pictures I took in Tucson when I went there with them several fuckin months ago. No thanks bonehead. OK so I decided to take a trip to San Diego, interview Meatwagon (should be in this issue) and GG Allin (never happened). Thanks to Darryl and Andy from Meatwagon for putting me up over mt three day stay. Anyway Darryl keeps calling around and frinally gets a call that his big hero GG ahas arrived, so we high tailed it to the Spirit club. Once there it didn't seem like anybody was to eager to meet him, so I walked up and shook his hand, introduced myself, and started talking to him. I also talked to GG's brother Merle who informed me there's not way he'll be anywhere near GG's last gig in '92. Some bald moron from H.B. kept annoying GG, so GG punched him in the face twice. Later on about eight people separately beat this bald moron up for various reasons and finally the cops picked him up. GG splits somewhere after sound check and the first bands start playing, but I went outside. After one or two bands, this band RSMD with this cool guy Scott Nelson turned out a good set of heavy metallic hardcore. Then a bunch of people showed up like Rikk Agnew, KRK, and Katon (Zed's and World Trust). GG came back and Meatwagon went up and ripped into their best set ever. Half way through their set I went to hang out in GG's dressing room. GG was really cool and I asked him a lot of good questions that I think this guy from Chicago that was

Then he grabs a ceiling pipe, pulls himself up, and kicks a big light to pieces. Hanging upside down he started kicking holes in the ceiling and finally dropped off landing on his head. HOLY SHIT, he's up like nothing happened! GG starts taking a shit and everyone started running, fearing shit worse than broken bottles. He then rammmed a drum stick so far up his ass he started bleeding. By now there's a pile of up turned chairs at the front of the stage and GG does a belly flop dive straight into the metal legs. Will nothing stop him!? Fuckin no way! Someone throws a bottle, it shatters on GG's forehead, and it didn't phase him one bit as he ran after the guy who did it. Finally uner a fierce wall of flying chairs GG and the band leaves the stage. I went outside to talk to a bloodied but undefeated GG, but he said the band was insisting on leaving so the interview never happened. I said goodbye to GG and they split. Krk had shown some real guts by staying up front the whole time and has GG's blood on his jacket to prove it. Katon, Krk, me and everyone else agreed it was the most amazing show ever! Next time you hear a story about GG's exploits, believe it! If you think you could stop him, think again! GG is superman! GG is Christ! GG is Satan! GG is rock'n'roll! P.S. Thanks to Thrashead for typing this, my knuckle hurt.

HELIOS CREED, PRESSUREHED, SHIVERS, HEX,

October 23rd at Shamrock
HELIOS CREED,
October 24th at Jabberjaw by Thrashead
Hex and the Shivers bored me to no fucking end. Hex sounded like Fleetwood Mac (YUCK). The Shivers looked like college kids playing wimpy punk rock (yawn). Relief

crackerbash



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came when Pressurehed hit the stage. Because the first two shitty bands took too fucking long, Pressurehed voluntarily cut their set short so Helios would have more time to play. Pressurehed played mostly their faster paced tunes. Helios got up there a ripped out an intense set, focusing mostly on his material from his new album. He also threw in a few classics as well. The next night at Jabberjaw Helios played another intense set, overcoming technical difficulties. Great shows.

CRITICAL MASS: CRAIG LEE BENEFIT

September 4, at the Palace by Pat Fear
This monster of a show was a benefit of ex-Bags guitarist, Flipside/L.A. Weekly/L.A. Times writer Craig Lee, who

was then ailing and hospitalized due to AIDS related complications. Sadly, though the show sold out and raised a lot of money to help Craig to be more comfortable, he has passed on, and will be missed. To attempt to eulogize him briefly would be an insult to his memory; however, this production, and the spirit of unity and love from the community to which Craig contributed to for 15 years is as grand a statement anyone could hope for.

Hosted by Phranc, a former bandmate of Craig in Catholic Discipline, along with the ever sultry Vaginal Creme Davis, the line-up itself is too lengthy to go into unless AI decides to run the list from the program (Ta-da! - AI). The mindblowing highlights were, as everyone expected: THE ZEROS! Not the purple ones, but the Bomp/Testube 1977 era greats. All grown up, the reformed for the first time in 8 or 9 years as the original four piece (with Robert aka El Vez), and brought the house down. Equally alarming was the Gogo's with Exene singing, since Belinda was on tour. "This Town"/"We're Desperate" and appropriately Iggy's "Lust For Life". Charlotte guested with Redd Kross on her vintage Eyes classic "Don't Talk To Me" (more Masque nostalgia), and Redd Kross dedicated their set to their "first ever manager, Craig". Paul Cutler period Dream Syndicate reunion, which Paul says is his last live performance ever, Craig's last musical project was Alarma! doing songs he wrote, L7, too much to mention. Only drag was former band member Alice Bag NOT jamming with the Circle Jerks, but in the rush of good vibes, nobody was too bummed. All in all a noble effort for a great cause. If it couldn't save Craig, perhaps it raised some consciousness, as I hear it's happening again for the Craig Lee Fund: Being Alive! in the near future. Low point: Scalpers selling FAKE tickets for \$50 to people who didn't get in.



AS OF AUGUST 28th -
SCHEDULE OF EVENTS
Critical Mass: A Benefit For Craig
September 4, 1991 **WAY SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

Time	Act
07:30 - 07:40	Phranc, Vaginal Creme Davis
07:40 - 07:50	Debbie Patino, Tony Gilkyson
07:55 - 08:05	Blackbird
08:10 - 08:20	Chase Helios-Combo
08:25 - 08:35	Alarma! <i>Holiday</i>
08:40 - 08:50	Kristian Hoffman + Will Glenn
08:55 - 09:10	PIREHOSE
09:15 - 09:30	Parry Farrell Combo
09:35 - 09:50	The Go Go's w/Exene Cervantes
09:55 - 10:10	Redd Kross w/Charlotte Caffey
10:15 - 10:25	John Fleck
10:30 - 10:45	Concrete Blond
10:50 - 11:00	Zeros (1977) RULE!
11:05 - 11:15	Angelo Moore
11:20 - 11:35	Dream Syndicate
11:40 - 11:50	Ringling Sisters
11:55 - 12:10	L7
12:15 - 12:30	Flea, Chad Smith, Zander Schloss, John and Dix Denny
12:35 - 12:50	Thelonus Monster
12:55 - 01:10	Circle Jerks <i>w/ Alice Bag!</i>
01:15 - 01:25	El Vez <i>plus other names!</i>
01:30 - 01:45	Dramarama
01:50 - 02:00	Deborah Iyall & the New Cynics

Each band will be allowed one crew member.
There will be no "comp" tickets available.
Please bring your own instruments.

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CRAIG LEE

Well I can't pretend to praise Craig for anything he ever did for me. Fact was we never saw eye to eye. I'm not going to say how he was so supportive of "my" underground scene because he wasn't. He never did a single story on any Flipside Records act (in the LA Weekly or the LA Times), and he never did dig the stuff we covered in this zine (post '78 that is). But that's ok, I never liked any of Craig's bands except for the Bags... but big boo-hoo, what a sour puss - well, I'm not going to be two faced about this because I knew Craig wouldn't have been, and he would have called my bluff immediately. Craig was indeed a friend of mine. I knew him for a very long time. I've seen him play in many bands, I've seen him enthusiastic, I'm seen him bummed and sarcastic. But I've always thought that Craig was honest; real enough to call a spade a spade, and square enough to tell it to your face. We could always talk, and it was always differences we would talk about. He would never shy away from the confrontation, nor did he mellow out his own opinions, he stood his ground, he knew HIS stuff. So, I will miss Craig, not for his ground breaking journalism (although the Club Fuck article in the L.A. Weekly was excellent) but because Craig had integrity and endurance. He lasted, he endured, he out lived many bands careers, he stuck with it through all the ups and downs and all his ups and downs. I'll miss seeing what Craig is going to do next, and hoping that our musical paths would cross again like they did 14 years ago when I met him. Yeah, I will remember Craig Lee.... - AI



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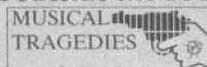


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FRISCOZONE

by (the real) Gary Indiana

Yo, if you sent me a package about mid-September, the fucking Postal Disservice lost it. Sorry. I'd sure like to know what it was.

OK, short and shitty this time, I've been too goddamn busy for gigs. I moved back into a dormitory only this time it's not on campus and my neighbors are a buncha twisted motorcycle punks and I want some sleep! OK, calm down; back in September, Friday the Sixth to be exact, I arrived fashionably late at the Chameleon to see the **PASTELS**. Karen had told me they were real good and she has good taste so I went and damn I didn't like 'em. Real pale Scottish kids who were entirely full of themselves, or just lazy, anyway it was pretty lame. Phooey. Bring back the Rezillos.

Then Wednesday the 18th a marvelous KPOO Paul Rat Jukebox nite at the Kennel with **PAPA WHEELIE** opening, they were great as always although the sound was weird, next up the **TOILING MIDGETS** who didn't fit in at all, a few left but those of us who endured were totally rocked by the **JACKSON SAINTS**. As I've said before, this band will rule the world.

The three Bad Biker Bitches from Heck held their birthday bash at the Covered Wagon the 23rd, featuring **FAST EDDIE & HIS ROCKABILLY LEGENDS**. What a party, they danced, they hollered, they fell down; can't wait till next year!

Come Friday I stopped in at the 'Geist for beer and tequila, then to the Kennel in time to miss the opener plus most of **VICTIM'S FAMILY's** set; next up was **ALICE DONUT**, those way cool New Yorkers with the way cool new album. They were excellent, so good I slammed my little butt off. Tight, great playing, solid drumming, and that guy's weird voice...go see 'em! Following a hard act was **L7**, who also rocked as is their wont; I danced until totally out of breath, I mean the place was packed and steamin'. For days, maybe weeks, I was sore, in fact my knee may never be the same from Orlando of **SPECIAL FORCES** falling on it, that's a big baldheaded fella.

Sunday the 27th I cruised down to the Polo Field for the Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream free show. The lines for ice cream were huge so I just listened to **CARLOS SANTANA** endlessly jam with a buncha people, and watched the hippies throw...wheat! Big piles of wheat and they were throwing it all over. Weird. On the way back through the Haight I stopped by Nightbreak and was pleasantly surprised to find **HEMI** doing their best to blast out all the windows; the hippies on the street were aghast.

Not a hippie in sight October 12 at Oakland Stadium for this year's only Day On The Green, featuring **METALLICA**. This was not peace and love. Opening up was **SOUNDGARDEN**, who were quite good, good sound, good stage presence, etc. The singer claimed that HE was Long Dong Silver, har har. Next up was **FAITH NO MORE**, first time I'd seen them in years, and by golly they are pretty good. A very high-energy set with some decent pit action going. Is it true the old singer replaced HR in **BAD BRAINS**!!! Good lord. During their set I caught some neanderthal action right next to me, some ugly goomer attacking some kid for bumping into him. Duh. Suddenly I noticed that the field was full of ugly goomers so I got paranoid and went into the stands, where I found Steve from Club O, and his buddies. We watched in bug-eyed amazement as fight after fight broke out, ugly goomers pounding small fry, or each other, or anyone with his shirt off. We're talking serious white trash motherfuckers here: I'd feel safer at an NWA show. Next up was **QUEENSRYCHE**, who were fairly ordinary arena-glam-hair-pseudo-intellectual metal stuff; some good tunes actually but not quite the band we wanted to see.

After them it's a long, long break, we go up to the way high seats where I find some Zeitgeist vixens I know. We're watching the goomers do their thing when some genius starts a big throwing fest. Everything loose takes to the air, first cardboard and cups then toilet paper and clothing, whole sections on the side flee the pelting from above, it's a fucking blizzard folks, then the

looneys on the field rip up hunks of turf and it's a turf war! I'm expecting tear gas shells and water cannon any minute when Metallica finally comes out with "Enter Sandman" and the place went really berserk. I counted at least sixteen pits all over the field. So they did pretty much the whole new album plus plenty of old stuff like "Seek & Destroy", they must have played a good two hours. All in all an excellent production by Bill Graham Presents, the stage was a giant Pushead design with two of his dorky skulls covering the PA towers flanking the stage. And a significant one: Metallica had just returned from Moscow where they played with AC/DC for free, so this was their first live show of the new album in the US. I was there, nyah nyah.

Ok, briefly, the 20th was the last AFM race up at Sears Point, be there next year people! I watched the big fire from Sonoma and the Bridge, that was a weird day. The World Series was rockin'. Halloween was cool, saw the **BLADE RUNNER** "Director's Cut" at the Castro, stepped out into the midst of a zillion people, yes it was Halloween in the Castro. Funny as hell for a while, eventually claustrophobic. Walked over to the Dovre Club for a pint, then to the Chameleon. **TIMCO** opened, I hated them, then the **STEEPLESNAKES** did some weird shit, hated them too. But man oh Maneshevit the **MUMMIES** were the perfect Halloween band, came out in their trademark wrappings and started humpin' that organ, totally out of control and sweating like pigs. Don't miss these characters if you can help it. Next night: **LOAF** opening at the Kennel, kinda slightly acidic, then **SHARKBAIT** blew my shit away. They had fruity guy dancers and some guy deep throated a big black strap-on dildo worn by a cute blonde babe and another girl did a nifty fire dance and they put a percussionist in a cage and drug him through the crowd trying to run people over. And if you haven't gotten their recent CD then do it. The best industrial-unclassifiable band around bar none.

Last but not least some real bad news: Bill Graham died October 25. Why so many disasters around here? If you haven't heard of him you're from Mars: he was the guy who organized the hippie shows here in the sixties and made them and the bands viable. He went off to totally revolutionize the business. A lot of punks whined about how he'd taken over and how his shows cost top dollar but hey, they'd admit they were quality shows and worth the money. I saw a lot of Graham's shows, at Winterland or Oakland Stadium or Wolfgang's or the park or Shoreline or the Fillmore and wherever; seeing the **JAM** at the Warfield in 1980 was what got me completely into punk rock. They were all quality shows, every one. And I'd venture to say that if he hadn't done what he did, one way or another, punk rock or whatever kind of music scene you're into nowadays might not even have happened.

So on Nov. 3 they had a big wake out in the Polo Field, it was a gorgeous day and the setup was spectacular. Everything went perfectly. First the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** circled the field on a flatbed, playing New Orleans style, then **BOBBY McFERRIN** sang the anthem, then **AARON NEVILLE** did "Ave Maria" with the head ballerina from the SF Ballet dancing, then **JACKSON BROWNE**, then **JOE SATRIANI**, then **SANTANA**. After a few Santana tunes, **LOS LOBOS** came out and jammed with Carlos on the Dead's "Bertha", then Santana cooked some more. **ROBIN WILLIAMS** came out and cracked everyone up, then **JOURNEY** did a couple of tunes, then **TRACY CHAPMAN** had quite a few people crying, man was she great, then **CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG**, and then the **GRATEFUL DEAD**. The Dead invited **JOHN FOGERTY** out during their set and the did a bunch of Creedence Clearwater Revival songs. That was too cool. Meanwhile a DC-3 hired by Otis Spunkmeyer heaved flowers on the crowd. Then **NEIL YOUNG** jammed with the Dead. And to sing "Amazing Grace" and close the show, **JOAN BAEZ** was accompanied by **GRAHAM NASH**, **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON**, and the Dead, all acapella. And of course Wavy Gravy told everyone to clean up after themselves. What an incredible wake. I don't

think anyone will be able to keep up the kind of work that Graham did, though. It's another big loss for the Bay Area.

THANKS TO: Skid from **GO DOG GO** (Sorry I didn't make the shows. Is Dwight Yoakum really your manager? Go on!). Also Gaitner, the baddest artist in Louisville, KY. Perhaps we'll have some of his work in here soon! Also the **MOL-ECULES**. Also **SONIC IGUANA RECORDS** in Lafayette, In. And of course **THE LIST**.

I AM:

Gary Indiana, PO Box 881343, San Francisco, CA 94188-1343.

REVIEWSREVIEWSREVIEWS

METALLICA

"Metallica" CD

Well, if you haven't heard or heard of this release you must be in Tibet. Much-ballyhooed by critics everywhere, a record that will doubtless radically change the way rock music is marketed and played on the radio. Mostly, it's pretty darn good. The band took some steps away from their former relentless chugga-chugga style and with mostly great results. "Enter Sandman" is pure genius, the greatest hard rock song since Black Sabbath's first album. "Sad But True" is heavier than the Melvins even, and it takes off into the trippy side a little. "The Unforgiven" seems a bit whiney, "Don't Tread On Me" is largely really stupid (never started a war? Go back to school!). "Through The Never" is great metal sci-fi metaphysics. I admire them for trying a love song with "Nothing Else Matters", but it don't work. Nor does "My Friend of Misery", which has a guitar line that's extremely childish. All in all an A-, a record with some brilliant spots on it. **GI**

Elektra

THE MOLECULES

"Steel Toe" CD

Reminds me a lot of old MX-80, minus even their minimal rhythm. Or Assassins of God, or some of the old Ralph stuff. Dada music, but they swear it's not "art shit". Swirling, jagged polyrhythmic polyphonic polyinstrumental stuff. Includes live cuts from several way alternative venues. A must if you're into Bay Area techno/indus/avant craziness. **GI**
Tragic Mule, 4001 San Leandro St., Ste. 7, Oakland, CA 94601

RATTAIL GRENADIER

cassette

About as punk rock as they come down Indiana way, Goes from medium to real fast. Pretty hard overall, although mostly very simplistic. Lotta the songs deal with everyday life, and they tend to be very witty and humorous, like "Life Sucks"; and "Pay My Price", which demands a blowjob from the devil in payment for the singer's soul. "I Wanna Be Right" kinda Stiff Little Fingers-ish. Vess from the Zero Boys sits in on some tunes. **NOT BAD!** **GI**
Roadkill Records, PO Box 37, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0037

VARIOUS

"Children of the Corn" CD

Sonic Iguana Compilation of Indiana Alternative Bands
16 count 'em 16 bands, purebred Hoosier whitebread spunk rock. Lafayette seems to be the hotbed, but bands from around the state are on this... Toxic Reasons do a hot version of "Shut You Down" (is it true they've reformed with JJ and Eddie Pitman????). A very strong and melodic Datura Seeds power pop tune is next. Things go downhill a bit from there. You gotcher punk rok, yr Metallicalicks, yr speed metal, yr pop. I do like Union Groove for some reason, it grooves! Young Lords have a clean, strong sound. And Steve Kowalski (why the name?), are they a Jam clone or what? Check this CD out to find out how punk/speedmetal bands are born and bred in the Midwest. **GI**
Sonic Iguana, PO Box 4035, Lafayette IN 47903.