

insides
WIN
a skateboard

THE GONZ'S BACK-TO-SCHOOL TEST

THRASHER

THRASHER

NSA DEPRESSION
SESSION
SORRY
BUT YOU'VE GOT
DETENTION

dAMnation

FREE
SKATE SPOTS
SNOW DICE

BAD
RELIGION

GG
ALLIN

MAD
FLAVA

GURU'S
JAZZ-
MATAZZ

BOTTOM
12

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Baseball bats bash a piñata pig in an LAPD uniform till powdered donuts spill from its innards as a bulging, pulsating band lays the rhythm down. Three sweet back-up singers, twin cartwheeling dancers, dual smashing drummers, formidable surgical guitar, precision brass and a bass player that likes to show his butt make up a crazy commotion called Bottom 12.

It all began one night on the infamous Sunset Strip in Hollywood, at the Coconut Teazer. El Duce

from the Mentors was swilling brews with a few local punkers and talking about putting out his own TV show.

"Remember Adam 12 and all the good cops?" queries guitarist Tony Tyrone Thompson. "Well, El Duce wants to do a thing called Bottom 12. It would have all the cops that give jaywalking tickets, eat donuts and don't do anything but just harass people. So that's where we got the name. And plus,



we've always been big Mentors fans."

With ol' El Duce as their spiritual advisor and twelve members in all, Bottom 12 as a whole creates something greater than themselves. Crunchy, unrestrained wordplay highlighted by resonant back-up vocals

set the stage for the show. "It's, basically all in the lyrics," explains Tony. "John has a lot of crazy stories that he says when he's singing. We have a song called 'Laughing At The Gas Station,' about somebody who hates working at a gas station and decides to go crazy one day. And then another one is 'Transplant Man.' It's about somebody who just parties all the time and ends up getting all kinds of transplants: liver, kidney, brain, whatever."

A painfully real account of life in the big city called "The Boot" will probably be the band's first hit single. "There's three different stories in 'The Boot,'" explains Tony. "One, you get the boot on your car. Two, you get the boot from your girlfriend. And the third one would be that the Man gave you the boot, you got arrested and you got a boot upside your head." —Brian Brannon

BAD RELIGION

RECIPE FOR HATE



CD cassette LP

on
Epitaph



6201
sunset blvd.
suite #111
hollywood ca.
90028

Notes



Original Circle Jerk Greg Hetson cranks the SG with Bad Religion at CBGBs in NY.

Above the ringing grind of bad ass guitars, pugilistic bass and incendiary drums, **Bad Religion** has always had a melodic edge to its vocalization. *Recipe For Hate*, the band's latest release, damns the torpedoes with more driving guitars and tuneful wordplay. "It's almost a tradition that we've had a lot of harmonies and a lot of emphasis on the vocals," says lead singer **Greg Graffin**. "One way of making that emphasis is by coloring the lyrics with nice harmonies." But clean vocals don't mean the tunes are weak, says Greg, Bad Religion could never sell out because the masses could never accept them. "A song like 'Watch It Die' is kind of poppy," he explains, "but what makes it hardcore is the shredding guitars and the rumble of the low end. The harmonies are not going to make it a song that people will hear on the radio because I don't think people can comprehend what it's saying. People can't accept the fact that now it's time to watch the planet die, and if that's the most distinctive lyric in the entire song, then people can't handle it" ... Batten down the hatches and hide all the women, **The Electric Ferrets** have arrived. *Ferretzilla* has entered the city

and is unleashing a reign of destruction on the unsuspecting citizenry. Preliminary searches of the rubble reveal shards of truth, gutteral humor and finely ground punk ... **The Goldentones** are out to make the Motor City the surf music capital of the world with a tight mix of original oceanic sounds called *Atmosphere* ... **Duane Peters** once said that the problem with most heavy metal is that they seem to need more heavy in their metal. *Heavy Classix* proves it was there all along in the classical forms of Wagner's "The Ride of the Valkyries," Stravinsky's "Infernal Dance," and "Mars, The Bringer of War" from Holst's *The Planets*, which was borrowed by **Metallica** for the intro to "Am I Evil?" ... A self-described "sonic-dance-metal-pop-thrash band," **Definition FX** refutes handy categorization with a barn burner called *Light Speed Collision*. Singer **Fiona Horne** leads the charge of techno beats and strategic instrumentation with plaintively urgent vocals ... Hard chunka guitar orbits the realms of infinity as the **Galactic Cowboys** explore strange new worlds and seek out new lands on *Space In Your Face*. Guitarsmonaut **Dave**

Sonnier says the outer limits are in his blood. "I was born the same month as the moon landing," he says. A Houston native, Sonnier visits his hometown's Space Center and Mission Control for inspiration. But when he's at gigs, he gets weightless via the stage diving attack. "I take advantage of my All Access pass," he says. During his flights of fancy, Sonnier has also seen the parting of the Red Sea firsthand. "We were out with **Overkill**, and it was like **Moses** himself was standing there," he said. "I've been lucky enough to fall flat on my back instead of flat on my face" ... My first **GG Allin** experience would also be my last. The original rock 'n' roll terrorist was found dead from causes yet unknown in the East Village of New York. It looks like the Grim Reaper beat him to the punch on the planned grand suicidal finale he always talked about. First up were **The Insaints**, a band clearly schooled in Allin-style performances. The singer chick had blue hair, no clothes and Doc Martens. Her breasts were full but her butt left a lot to be desired, unless cellulite is your bag. Pissed off, tattooed and naked, this chick ran around ranting, raving, hitting dudes in the face and

occasionally tripping over herself. More girls joined her onstage, and they also declodded. Soon, the mob grew too thick to see through, but reports of vegetable insertion fluttered through the air. This girl obviously had a lot of angst bottled up inside, but somehow, it all seemed pitiful. **The Murder Junkies**, a bass player wearing a German army helmet, a guitar player wearing an officer's cap, and a long-haired drummer took the stage, followed by a tornado of destruction wearing only sunglasses, knit cap and combat boots that went by the name of GG Allin. If a small penile member could ever cause someone to be angry with the world, GG would have been a likely candidate. He ran over to where I was hanging, ejected brown fluid from his bowels and started rolling around in it. He put his feet up on the wall between us and I could have reached out and touched him. Instead, I poured what was left of my beer down his crack. Next thing you know, GG was flinging excrement in every direction. My girlfriend **Adrienne** and I pulled up the hoods on our sweatshirts and took cover. Soon, the all-clear sounded and we resumed our positions. GG was on a roll, and every time he ran one way, there was a guaranteed stampede in the other direction. After "I Kill What I Fuck," GG came traipsing around the roses. He ran in my direction and the crowd scattered. I stood my ground, fearing no evil, and as GG passed by, he wiped his hand across my face. The smell of excrement pervaded my nostrils and I realized I had been a fool. Details on GG's fate in the next issue. —**Brian Brannon**

DICKYER SCALE

'68 Comeback, *You Could Call Me Job. 7*. Fine Memphis BBQ-flavored punk blues ... **Mö1 Triffid**, *Touch the Monkey*, CD. Lengthy power metal with tracks like "The Devil and Sammy Davis Jr" ... **Black Train Jack**, *No Reward*, CD. Crunchy punk pop with a Gorilla Biscuits edge ... **Creedle**, *Halfman, Halfpie*, CD. Power chords and zaniness ... **Hemi**, CD. All the singles and more from SF's nitro fiends ... **We're From Texas and You're Not**, CD. Killer comp featuring Jesus Christ Superfly, Brutal Juice, Lithium X-Mas and Third Leg ... **Shovelhead**, *Gear Box*, CD. Cab's outfit do up some choppy riffinghood ... **The Tulips**, *Jack Mag*, CD. Biting up-tempo sludge pop ... **Pig-face**, *Washing Machine Mouth*, CD. Exhilarating ... **Accidental Tribe**, *Jaz God Rok*, CD. NY crunch in low gear ... **Splintered/Headbutt**, Split CD. Good UK noise terrorist match-up ... **Six Finger Satellite**, T.B.A. 2 x 12. Eps. Innovative extra sensory perception ... **Morbid Angel**, *Covenant*, CD. Florida's finest cultivate rituals worthy of Satan himself, who is in the band ... **Fallouts**, *Here I Come and Other Hits*, Lp. Older recordings from these NW garage rockers ... **Hellnation**, *Colonized*, Lp. The ultimate in killcore ... **Cathedral**, *The Ethereal Mirror*, CD. No letdown in the bell-bottom ungrind category ... **Spore**, CD/Ep. Mike Dean (ex-COC) and crew caught me off guard ... **Old**, *The Musical Dimensions of Sleestak*, CD. Forging the new regime ... **Scorn**, *Colossus*, CD. Should be a soundtrack for a sci-fi thriller ... **Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion**, *Xtra Wide*, CD. Never ceasing to amaze, his best yet ... **Boss Hog**, *Girl, 10*. Jazzy, trashy, bluesy, sexy ... **Sam Black Church**, CD/Ep. Spread the word of Sam, you'll be rewarded. —**Rick Rotsaert**