#JESUS LIZARD



JESUS LIZARD COVAIN

"So the future of rock 'n' roll is the Jesus Lizard - a bunch of saddoes who light their farts, sing about their urine, show us their assholes, still believe that being generally unlistenable is "challenging", and who've already been around for years without making any impact. Makes you sad, doesn't it? Me, I'm off. I'll try to like techno. I guess I'll have to. If the best the biggest new hope has to offer is being better than Pearl Jam, then there is little hope for music fans. the Jesus Lizard, you are a hard act to swallow because you are a bucket of shit. Please decompose."

Melody Maker 1/15/94

Back in the summer of 1989 at an all-you-can-eat Thai food buffet, the Jesus Lizard played a hell of a set that impressed the pants off of a bunch of Chicago yahoos. 5 years later they still put on quite a show. The media which tends to focus on alleged appalling stage antics must have been at another show. 100 moms say "the Jesus Lizard: I'd throw my panties at 'em"

Down was recorded in Chicago during January of 1994 and will be released on August 29th. It is their 4th full length release for Touch and Go Records.

"the Jesus Lizard were great. I can't say that I would love every piece of their music, but that one song ("Destroy Before Reading") was kind of catchy. I would definitely go to see them in concert." --Nancy, age 53 and mother of 2.

"My goodness, those boys sure do have a lot of energy." -- Doris, age 63 and mother of 2.

"It's not so bad, but why does he (David Yow) have to scream all the time?"

--Gloria, age 50 mother of 2.

the Jesus Lizard

DUANE DENISON guitar MAC McNEILLY drums DAVID Wm. SIMS bass DAVID YOW vocals DISCOGRAPHY

Pure EP/CS Aug '89

"Chrome"/ "7 vs. 8" 7" single Feb '90

Head LP/CD/CS Apr '90

"Mouthbreather" 7" single Nov '90

Goat LP/CD/CS Feb '91

"Wheelchair Epidemic" 7" single Jun '92

Liar LP/CD/CS Oct '92

"Puss" on split single w/Nirvana Jan '93

> "Lash" 3 x 7" single Aug '93

"(Fly) on (the Wall)"/"White Hole" 7" single Jan '94

Down LP/CD/CS Aug '94

All recordings released on Touch and Go Records

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the Jesus Lizard: a historical burp

the Jesus Lizard currently reside in Chicago where they all have very modest apartments on quiet, residential streets.

David Yow and David Sims relocated to Chicago from Austin, Texas; where they played in a band called Scratch Acid with 2 other guys: Brett Bradford and Rey Washam. Scratch Acid began sometime in 1982.

Scratch Acid released 3 records: a self titled EP [July '84/Rabid Cat]; Just Keep Eating LP [January '86/Rabid Cat]; Berserker LP [fall '86/Touch and Go] before making their last live appearance on May 5th, 1987 at the Cave Club in Austin. Touch and Go released The Greatest Gift, a compilation of Scratch Acid's works. For a more detailed accounting of the life and times of Scratch Acid, read The Greatest Gift's liner notes.

David Yow and David Sims moved to Chicago in 1988, but not before David Sims began working towards a Bachelors Degree in Accounting at the University of Texas.

Duane Denison moved to Chicago from Austin as well. Not a native Texan, Duane migrated to Austin from Michigan, where he received a degree in music from University of Michigan. Duane was a member of **Cargo Cult**. Randy "Biscuit" Turner (Big Boys) was also in that band. **Cargo Cult** released **Strange Men Bearing Gifts** LP on Touch and Go in 1986.

David Sims and Rey Washam did time in Rapeman before David Sims, David Yow and Duane got together with a drum machine and a Steve Albini to record the Jesus Lizard's first EP, "Pure", for Touch and Go Records in the winter of 1988.

Meanwhile, **Mac McNeilly** was down in Atlanta playing in several bands: 86, Phantom 309, Pygmy Twirl Arounds and Sexy Up. Mac received a degree from Texas Christian University. He moved to Chicago just in time to replace the drum machine and record **the Jesus Lizard**'s first full length album, **Head**, for Touch and Go in April of '90.

the Jesus Lizard have toured with lots of good bands including, but not restricted to: Helmet, Sonic Youth and The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion; as well as playing lots of family style gigs with their label mates on Touch and Go and Quarterstick Records.

5 seven inches and 2 albums after they released their very first album, **the Jesus** Lizard are still here in Chicago with no plans to move anywhere anytime soon.

David Sims recently completed his Accounting degree at Depaul University.

David Yow never finished art school.



the JESUS LIZARD

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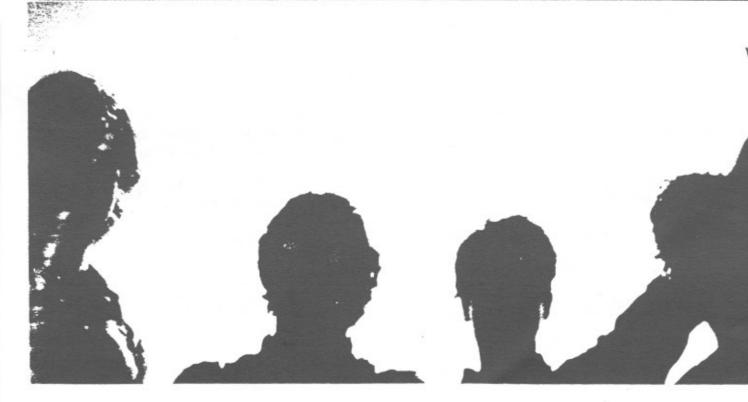
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from the final result, that's great. But I

The honest, hardworking members of the Jesus Lizard have a dirty little secret. They've earned a reputation for being a collection of ear-pummeling, nutwaggling, hell-raising noisemaniacs, and it's a rep the band often lives up to. But there's something else about these loud Chicagoans that doesn't seem to get talked about as much as it should: At present time, the Jesus Lizard happens to be one of our nation's finest, fiercest rock 'n' roll bands.

Forget about assigning the Lizard to some neo-psychopost-punk cubbyhole or some alternative/quasi-grunge garage. The thrill they've delivered across such albums as Head, Gost and Liar is quintessential, primal rock 'n' roll wallop; equal parts sex, danger, comedy, dementis and showmanship. Most recently, the band has released the Lash EP, which collects four large-sounding live cuts with a couple of sizable new tunes (also available as a triple set of singles). Sweaty, stinking, thrilling stuff. Rock stuff.

"That's how I like to think of us," says crooner David Yow. "as just a rock band. Obviously, there's some punk rock in our sound and some other stuff. But Mac here never gave a shit about punk rock." Yow gestures toward drummer McNeilly as the two partake of cold beverages prior to a headlining show at LA's Whisky-A-Go-Go. "He's a hippie. He listens to Poco and the Little River Band. " Cartoonish cackles ensue and Yow celebrates the joviel mood with a slug from a bottle of Old Bushmill's whiskey. (He also offers the bottle to well-wishers outside the tour van with the invitation, "Would you like a sip from my bottle of urine?" The offer is declined.)

"We get called 'hardcore' in reviews," says McNeilly, "and that just doesn't fit with what we think of ourselves or what we think hardcore means." Certainly the band, which includes guitarist Duane Denison and bassist David Sims, can play loud and fast if they choose to. And to the uninitiated, song titles like "Mouth Breather." "Slave Ship" and "Deaf As A Bat" might sound like they belong to fairly standard hardcore Venom bullets. But the Lizard has range. Their repertoire includes the cracked-skull, "La Grange"shuffle of "South Mouth." the gap-toothed country jig of "Rope" and the undeniable rock-slide of "Nub. " Furth the band doesn't vomit forth rag exist simply town after town and menace For nearly i years, the Jesu Lizard have h lighting up clu

it-99 per cent of our reviews in that particular song."

it's pretty funny. The ball thing is funny, Like Elvis with his scarves or Gene Simmons and the tongue, Yow has a trademark gesture he bestows upon audiences when the spirit moves him: He pops his testicles out the fly of his jeans and performs what he refers to as "tight and shiny." Before the Whisky show, he says that he's tired of being called on to air his nuts and doesn't want to do it anymore. But as he hits the stage that night, the Bushmill's has weak ened his resolve, and it's clearly an expectant and appreciative crowd. As the band opens with the pounding riff from Lash 's "Glamorous," Yow faces McNeilly's drum riser, puts a hand to his crotch and then wheels around with what looks like a hairy

nectarine on the end of his fist. No scrotum could hope for a better backing band. McNeilly and Sims are as locked down and powerful as a rhythm section can get, and Denison plays with a boggling combination of power and precision. Jesus Lizard songs can hit a listener with all the brute force of a fist to the face, but they are also packed full of admirable craft and musicianship.

"I get a chuckle out of bad by saying that Duane didn't know how to inspired. tune his guitar. Now that's hilarious, because Duane can play circles around Joe Satriani's little midget ass."

"Duane's a surgeon," McNeilly says solemnly

To the steamrolling sound that the band kicks up, Yow adds some of the most brilliantly twisted images you're likely to find this side of a bad dream. A sad pygmy weeps while he snuffs you in "The Art of Self-Defense." The little messy stinky girl laughs at the singer's breaking bones in "Perk." An autoerotic suicide is discovered with a trowel up his ass in "Rope." Yow clearly takes great pride in the pictures he conjures and says he prefers his abstract approach to straightforward storytelling.

"It's definitely more important what the word Me than what e says. "I spend they're actual a lot of time w Ital tapes of new songs tryi ut what should go where. If a strong images

talk about what an insane lunatic

Yow's COMEDIC ABANDON, DENISON'S SKILLS AN

David Yow is. But I think I'm D THE GIANT GROOVES OF SIMS AND MCNEILLY ARE CERTAINLY APPRECIATED BY ONE PARTICULAR more like a court jester, or just audience member at the Whisky---- None other than Dr. Timothy Leary. "Every general a plain idiot, than any kind of a TION HAS ITS EXCITING BAND, AND THEY'RE IT," THE GOOD DOCTOR ENTHUSES AFTER THE ENCORE.

dangerous, threatening madman. We "THEY CREATE A FANTASTIC FRENZY. THEY MAKE ELVIS PRESLEY LOOK LIKE A KEWPIE DOLL."

THE BAND IS WELL-PEDIGREED. YOW AND SIMS PLAYED TOGETHER IN THE FORMIDABLE take our music very seriously.

The BAND IS WELL-PEDIGREED. YOW AND SIMS PLAYED TOGETHER IN THE FORMIDABLE but not ourselves. "AUSTIN OUTFIT SCRATCH ACID, AND SIMS WENT ON TO SUPPLY THE BOTTOM FOR STEVE ALBINI'S Mac agrees: "We're a band RAPEMAN. THE TWO RETEAMED AND RECRUITED DENISON AND A DRUM MACHINE TO PUT TOGETHER playing rock music in clubs. That THE LIZARD'S DEBUT PURE EP IN 1989, WITH ALBINI BEGINNING HIS CONTINUING ROLE AS THE says a lot right there about how BAND'S RECORDER. McNeilly CAME OVER FROM PHANTOM 309 IN 1990, AND IT'S BEEN A serious we are as people. You SOLID LINEUP SINCE. THE BAND HAS DONE BATTLE WITH MTV OVER ALLEGEDLY OFFENSIVE MATERIserious we are as people. You build theur single, in Dark and "Puss" (A FEATURED TRACK ON LIAR ORIGINALLY RELEASED AS shouldn't listen to our stuff as AL IN THE VIDEOS FOR "NUB" AND "Puss" (A FEATURED TRACK ON LIAR ORIGINALLY RELEASED AS Shouldn't listen to our stuff as AL IN THE VIDEOS FOR "NUB" AND "Puss" (A FEATURED TRACK ON LIAR ORIGINALLY RELEASED AS SHOULD BE A SHOULD BE A SPLIT SINGLE WITH NIRVANA). THEY'VE ALSO REPEATEDLY SPURNED THE ROMANTIC OVERTURES OF A NUMBER OF MAJOR LABELS, PREFERRING THEIR COZY, PROFITABLE HOME AT TOUCH AND GO. AND THROUGH IT ALL, THEY'VE GOTTEN BETTER AND BETTER AT PUTTING ON KICK-ASS SHOWS.

> "WE JUST PLAYED THE GARAGE IN LONDON," SAYS MCNEILLY, "AND APPARENTLY WE CAUSED \$2,000 OF DAMAGE. PEOPLE WERE FLYING OFF THE STAGE, AND THE CLUB'S EQUIPMENT GOT MESSED UP. I USUALLY DON'T NOTICE TOO MUCH, BECAUSE I'M FOCUSED ON THE MUSIC. BUT I LIKE TO SEE THE KIDS' FACES WHEN THEY HOP UP ON STAGE AND THEY HAVE THAT MANIC GLEAM IN THEIR EYE JUST BEFORE THEY JUMP. IT'S A GREAT LITTLE ANIMAL RITUAL. AT THIS SHOW, THERE WAS SOME BLEEDING, BUT NOBODY GOT BADLY HURT. IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION HANDLED

> "WE MANAGED TO COMPLETELY MANGLE THESE THREE-FOOT STEEL PIPES THAT WERE SET UP AS A STAGE BARRICADES." YOW RECALLS. "THEY WERE COMPLETELY BENT AND TWISTED AT THE END OF THE SHOW, WHICH FUCKED UP THE MONITOR SYSTEM. AFTER THE SHOW, THE SOUND GUY AND THE LIGHT GUY WERE STANDING ON STAGE LAUGHING, SAYING "BRILLIANT! FUCKIN" GREAT! THEY SAID THEY'D HAVE US BACK ANY DAY."

YOW SAYS THAT IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH FOR HIM TO GET PSYCHED UP WHEN THE BAND PLAYS, BUT A BIT OF LIQUID COURAGE NEVER HURTS. "FOR LIVE SHOWS, I LIKE TO BE A LUBRICAT-ED WITH A LITTLE ALCOHOL," YOW SAYS. "I DON'T LIKE TO BE DRUNK WITH A CAPITAL J. BUT IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES AND I USUALLY END UP GETTING PISSED OFF AT MYSELF. AND THE OTHER GUYS IN THE BAND GET PISSED OFF, TOO. WE DON'T WANT TO BE TOO RAGGED."

LUBRICATION IS DEFINITELY IN PROCESS A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER AS THE BAND HOLDS FORTH AT A NON-MUSICAL RECORD STORE APPEARANCE PRIOR TO A CLUB SHOW IN LONG BEACH. YOW IS SCALING THE RECORD BINS WITH A MAGIC MARKER IN HAND, TRYING TO GET UP TO WHERE HE CAN DEFACE A HENRY ROLLINS POSTER. MCNEILLY HAPPILY SIGNS A PAIR OF DRUM-STICKS FOR AN EAGER PUNKETTE, WHILE DENISON DUTIFULLY SIGNS 8X10s AT THE FRONT COUNTER, SIMS SKULKS ABOUT, BUDWEISER IN HAND,

BACK AT THE CLUB'S BAR. YOW NEEDS FURTHER LOOSENING UP AND GENEROUSLY OFFERS TO BUY SHOTS OF WHISKEY FOR A SMALL CLUMP OF FRIENDS. SOMEHOW YOW ENDS UP WITH TWO SHOTS IN FRONT OF HIM. THE FIRST ONE GOES DOWN EASILY, BUT AFTER THE SECOND. THE SINGER LOOKS PALE.

reviews," says Yow, "because they're often he demurs politely and strides off towards the restroom for & written by somebody who just hates every quick power-puke. When he returns, he is refreshed and

> "We played some shows with the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow," he says. "And I was embarrassed to ask Jim about a lot of his tricks, but he was more than happy to explain them. I showed him 'tight and shiny' and he got a CHUCKLE OUT OF IT. Then He showed me all his penis and resticle tricks, all of which I have practiced and mastered and now do setter than He does.

> With that, he leads a select audience back to the band's pressing room to pisplay an amazing piece or maniputation cause "the hamsurger." With a suice of cheese and some shree LETTUCE, Yow's genitrals could easily be used in a Can's Jr, ab compaidn. The small parry sneaks up веготе тне sincer can permonsтrate the Lecenbary "pio prinking red wine from a trough."

> The show that night hits a phenomenally high energy Level. McNeilly plays like a man possesseo, Sims is perspiring mapty, Yow spenps as much time prostrate across the supportive Hands of the audience as he poes on the stage proper, Only Denison seems cool as a coroner, chisexing our guitar rines. Crowp and sand seem to reach an epiphany puring "Puss." Yow is either speaking in tongues or picking up extraterrestrial case channels, sut he's making sense to his congregation. And it's clear from the Looks of suiss and uplift on the races around the room that THIS SHOW IS ABOUT AS CLOSE TO HOLY communion AS SECULAR CLUBGOETS GET.

Afterwards, the sand is completely prained and wholly elated. McNeilly savors the moment and tries to explain his satisfaction. "Too many sands just leave you saying 'Hun? What?' Not that everysopy has to se wild, but there has to se something special there musically, and THAT'S WHAT WE TRY TO GIVE. WE LOVE WHAT WE DO. WHEN OUR MUSIC WORKS WELL, IT TAKES US AWAY.

And I hope it takes the crowp away, too, Maybe that sounds pretty cosmic, but it sure reels good

Yow is a sharp guy,

waist, prenoted in s

set it to come

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play well a

vrapped up in it. low, when he's ace is assocutecy remony, "It's so 's so simple: The 's glorious

NE MELODY MAKER

What is the excuse to cate like-minded s world 1993?

What is the NEW MUSIC SEMINAR? Is it an excuse to catch the best new bands around, make contact with like-minded souls and discover what's going on in the music world 1993? Or is it just an excuse to have a good time? EVERETT TRUE thinks both. Gity lights: STEPHEN SWEET

Someone informs us we should see RODAN at the Knitting Factory.

A little shamefacedly (cos, after all, we do exist in the heart of indie cred-land), we inform him we can't. We have to go see NIRVANA and THE JESUS LIZARD at Roseland. We can't even go watch singer/songstress LIZ PHAIR (think Lois, think someone who's nothing like PJ Harvey) over at Irving Plaza.

Man, The Jesus Lizard. Man oh man. Of course we'd been told by about 5,000 scenesters and music lovers that the Lizard are the best f***ing

rock'n' roll band in the world today, that frontman David Yow is touched, blessed with some indefinable presence or demon which makes him the finest frontman since Nick Cave in his prime with The Birthday Party, that the Lizard exude a magnetic attraction you just can't catch from the photos and records, but frankly...we didn't believe them. No one's that good. Okay, so Yow has been known to flaunt his phallus onstage, but that alone does not a great band make.

Man oh man.

Even before the music's f *** ing started, the crowd's gone berserk. Yow leaps head-over-heels into the crowd and from there on in, everything's chaos. (Where Mr Fricke got the impression that the Lizard flopped last week, we just don't understand. Was he even at the same show as us?...etc.) The band wrench varying shades of torture and grime from their guitars, the songs shudder and judder along quite fearsomely, the vocals rip and rant, seemingly at random...but never quite. Every belch, every snort and gasp and high-pitched squeal is absolutely, brilliantly timed. Or maybe it's just us...

Nirvana were pretty good, too.







REPTILE RIOT

JESUS LIZARD fans caused thousands of pounds worth of damage at the London Highbury Garage last Saturday (September 11). A reinforced steel crash barrier, designed to keep the audience off the stage, was bent out of shape, monitors were smashed when the crowd subsequently invaded the stage, and the mixing desk was badly damaged.

A ceiling section immediately above the stage was also damaged when singer David Yow repeatedly kicked it while being held upside down.

A spokeswoman for the Garage told The Maker:
"It was a brilliant show. We don't have any problems
with the damage. Nobody was hurt.
"We'd definitely have them back again."

THE JESUS LIZARD

MOUTH BREATHER (Touch And Go)

The Jesus Lizard put a lid on their guitars, and force them to exist within short, static spaces. This means their energy has a real edge. The B-side is a cover of a Trio song (no, not "Dah Dah Dah"). Don't bother with it. The A-side is from their forthcoming LP, "Goat", and you can most certainly bother with that. If it doesn't bother you, ha ha. Thought I'd slip in a little Victorian humour there.

TOMIS C

THE JESUS LIZARD LASH EP (Touch & Ga)

IMAGINE The Birthday Party doing The Cult's "Love Removal Machine", calling it "Glamorous", admitting "this is a job for a stoopid man", then spitting out trad Caveisms about "homosexual gangster men on my living room floor". If The Liz really are yown – the next Nirvana (I doubt it: David Yow isn't pretty enough), I won't complain.

THE JESUS COME (Touch And CHROME (Touch And Go)

Ithink the Lizard are a conglomerate of various hip Yonk punk rock dudes. Find you for yourself if you care. Chrome out for yourself if you care. Chrome of the week for kicking-ass-and-that's gets the standard E.T. recommendation of the week for kicking-ass-and-that's all-you-need-to-know. Feering alright



Tribune photos by John Bartley

David Yow throws himself into a song-and into the crowd-at the Vic. Yow ends up upside down as he is passed around.

Leapin' Lizard

Local band can keep up with Yow's antics

By Greg Kot Tribune Rock Critic

There are torch singers and then there is David Yow, a torched singer.

With the Jesus Lizard, the Chicago band that is among the very best live acts in the country, Yow has occasionally acted out the nursery rhyme, "Liar, liar, pants on fire" with the help of lighter fluid and matches. This is not something the kids—or anyone else, for that matter—should try at home.

Although the singer didn't light up Saturday at the Vic, Yow's desire to go down in flames can't be quenched. The singer brought new meaning to the phrase "in your face," hurling himself into the audience numerous times to slobber lines like, "If you had lips, I'd kiss ya."

Time and again, the shirtless one was swallowed up, only to emerge Lazarus-like retching into the microphone, singing entire songs in the maw of the mosh pit. Once, he was tackled on stage by an audience member and dragged back into the whirlpool of sweat and beer. "I can't swim," Yow bellowed during "Seasick" as he flailed above the waves of clutching hands.

Yow's lyrics are rooted in the disturbing dreamscapes of movies such as "Blue Velvet," "The Shining" and "The River's Edge," and if the singer is the show, then his band mates are the soundtrack. This is

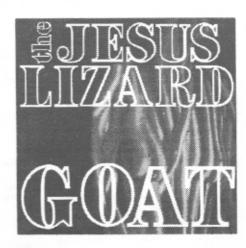
Rock

cinematic music, which makes dramatic use of silence, interlocking riffs and abrupt tempo shifts. There's a delicious sense of groove, but it's spasmodic rather than danceable.

Brutally spare yet indelibly melodic, the riffing of guitarist Duane Denison stamped him as a postpunk Jimmy Page. David Wm. Sims is so proficient on bass that his rhythmic lines often implied melodies of their own. Mac McNeilly simply hit the drums harder than anyone this side of Nirvana's Dave Grohl, and yet he was capable of bringing things down to a malevolent, low rumble.

It takes a great band to stand up to the freak show that is David Yow. There's the trifling matter that Yow can't actually sing. On record, however, songs like "Puss," "Gladiator," "Monkey Trick" and "Mouth Breather" are so strong that it almost doesn't matter. And on stage, Yow's limitations—and how he gleefully mutilates them—make the Jesus Lizard a particularly strange but peerless brand of entertainment.





CHICAGO TRIBUNE 2/15/93



THE JESUS LIZARD "(Fly) On (The Wall)"

Propelled by a riff creepily similar to the one in that Stone Temple Pilots rock hit. "(Fly) On (the Wall)" is nonetheless another monster single for the Jesus Lizard, who, five years old now, remain undefeated. Can these guys do no wrong? Not as tothe-point as much of Liar, "(Fly) On (the Wall)" starts out slow but sticks with you like MSG-dosed sesame chicken. As the bass chases its spiny, trebly tail, singer David Yow holds forth in a John Lydon yowl-what else?-while the

rest of the band hulks around in a grotesque parody of "Kashmir." Inspiring. (Touch and Go, POB 25520, Chicago IL 60625)

-Wm. Ferguson

STOOL #3

JESUS LIZARD LASH CD EP

I will never say no to a Jesus Lizard release. They could fart in my face and I would love it. Two new studio tracks and four live cuts, all brilliant in their uniquely scuzzy way. Sick, sick puppies - The Birthday Party we never had: [Touch & Go



THE ROCKET

THE JESUS LIZARD

Lash (CD-EP) Touch and Go

IKE THE SON OF GOD HIMSELF, THIS CHIcago-based group keeps coming back at you, year in and year out, with their hauntings. Since the inception of the band in the late '80s, they've kicked out a piece of music in some form or another every few months. This EP is probably a bridge to their next apocalyptic LP. It starts off with two new songs recorded in the spring of this year. Both cuts are a bit of a departure from previous dark and foreboding work. Rock 'n' roll guitar riffs, upbeat and punchy, accentuate the music. Of course frontman David Yow is doing his trademark mouthful of dry crackers vocals. The lyrics are actually decipherable at times, and the pain he seems perpetually to be in is softened. The CD also takes a look back at earlier days (November '90) with two songs from a live performance in Boston. "Killer Mchann," a stellar song from the first LP, really rocks live. They finish the brief tour of their career with two more live songs recorded in London in '92. Short and sweet, it gives you something to look back at and something to look forward to. - SCOTT GRIGGS



JESUS LIZARD "(Fly) On (The Wall)" (7") (Touch And Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625/312-463-4446)—The somewhat evil-spirited Jesus Lizard dangles small pieces of work in front of us, a few songs on Lash and now mis 7", tounting fans with the possibilities of a new album. "(Fiy) On (The Wall)" is a languid tune compared to the regular raucous rhythms the band produces—a tune of ramblings, both musically and tyrically, as David Yow complains incessantly of never getting any (sleep), the guitars returning to

the groove but never reaching any sort of climax. The B-side, "White Hole," continues the torture—the instrumental contains a repeating pitch that has the same effect as scraping fingernails down a chalk-board. With enticing bits like this, we can't wait to hear an entire album of new songs, which could be nothing but just plain mean.

—Dawn Sutter



JESUS LIZARD Lash (EP) (Touch And Go)

Well, you talk about the Midnight Rambler Forget what's been said about so many other imitative bands: Jesus Lizard is the only true Rolling Stones of the '90s, the only truly daring re-take on blues-rock. What that means, I don't know. But once upon a time, the Stones released Got Live If You Want It, a live EP (in its original form) which stood as a testament of live rock's pure power, showing both that some songs deserved to be recorded on stage and that some bands knew how to perfect a song in that spontaneous forum. Lash is the same kind of thing, collecting two studio cuts and four more from Boston and London gigsall sheer bottom-heavy, chrome-plated, Texasbred. Chicago-fed groovers that manage to highlight the performances of all four members concurrently, a method perfected on the last Lizard LP, Liar. For those who first tuned in to the JL with that disc or, heaven forbid, their more recent split single with Nirvana, Lash offers a history lesson of sorts, with two selections from Goat and one each from Head and Pure, while the spanking-new studio tunes cruise ever forward through their anarchic art lowlife soundscape. "Thank you very goddamn much," singer David Yow says at the end, and announces the next band. Fugazi, in a way that sounds like "hah, let's see 'em top that,

-Eric Gladstone