

melodic at times and with a howling emotionalism in the vocals. Stone-faced. Overly serious. In other words, a little of their angst goes a long way. (<http://www.rivalryrecords.com/>)

A WARM GUN-Panic In The Face Of Time (Yellow Dog, CD)

Hammering hardcore/metal/grind, suffering from mono-rhythm syndrome on the faster parts. The type of band people will go "BRUTAL!" There are some hot riffs—the Slayer-ish "Running Into Walls," for instance. It's the standard lament—less grind and it'd work better, at least for me. (PO Box 55028, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, <http://www.yellowdog.de/>)

BAD BRAINS-Live At CBGB 1982 (MVD, DVD)

One of my favorite stories to tell the young'uns is about how I saw the Bad Brains in the spring of '82 at a tiny club called Maverick's. Don't go looking for it, it's not there (thank you Marty DiBergi—look it up, if you don't know what I'm talking about). They show up close to last call, set up, plug in and play one of the greatest sets I've ever seen in my life. 15-20 minutes of all hardcore. No rose-colored glasses. Seeing the performances on the DVD, recorded at three shows around Christmas of '82, proves my point. Even with the occasional bad camera angles, lights going out, sound issues, the chaos is captured. In fact, it's apropos for that to happen because that's an accurate reflection of a Bad Brains show, at that point, anyway. I'm still not a fan of their reggae songs but that's what the skip button on the remote is for—OK, I DID watch a bit of the reggae but, sorry, it remains boring. The Brains were in peak form. Incredible musicianship—Earl flailing away with precision even at the high velocity, thundering bass-lines from the invisible Darryl Jennifer (I don't think he's in the shot at anytime) and Dr. Know knocking out sick power-chords and lead runs, looking as if he's having the time of his life playing those riffs. HR, of course, moves around like a maniac, sings out the words at a rapid-fire clip and works himself into a frenzy. I'm using hyperbole here—maybe overdoing it but, damn, it's killer and one of the coolest things is to see the faces of the people in the audience, dancing, diving, singing along—then there's one kid playing air drums on the side of the stage. Not too many extras—just a brief interview segment with a few fans. In any case, this is an essential release. A document, not a documentary and just seeing the source material, without commentary, is a better experience. (PO Box 280, Oaks, PA 19456, <http://www.musicvideodistributors.com/>)

BURIAL-Hungry Wolves (HeartFirst, 7" EP)

The latest from the powerhouse known as Burial. Bruising songs with angrily spat out vocals and a tandem of hardcore, crust and some metal—kind of a modern-day Japanese hardcore sound, if I had to pinpoint it. In any case, the

rampaging qualities are in full effect and the cowbell for "Insanity" is a cool touch. (Landsberger Str. 146, 80339, München GERMANY, <http://www.heartfirst.net/>)

DT'S-Nice 'N' Ruff—Hard Soul Hits Vol. 1 (Get Hip, CD)

Rocked-up cover versions of not just soul songs but CCR, AC/DC and Roky Erickson. Diana Young-Blanchard is an over-the-top, gritty shouter and the band competently play through the songs with strong musicianship. One of the people in this band is Dave Crider, late of the Mono Men. Those are the facts—the reality is I'd rather hear the originals although the opposite gender take on AC/DC's "What's Next To The Moon" is momentarily interesting. It gives me the same feeling as the Bell-Rays, another hard rock/soulful outfit with a dominant female vocalist—well played but a dirtier, nastier sound with more musical and vocal snarl would be much better. (PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, <http://www.gethip.com/>)

FPO-Giving Birth In Order To Kill (Third Party, 7" EP)

The problem with FPO, who hail from Macedonia, is they have some great slower riffs that are wasted when the blast comes in. A common malady for this kind of hardcore. "You Call It Life," for instance, flows from moody quietude into double-speed mayhem. Once and for all, CONTROL THE SPEED... slow down a bit. It works a lot better. (21 Nancy Lane, Amherst, NY 14228, <http://www.thirdxparty.com/>)

PERMANENT TRIP-s/t (Shock To The System, 7" EP)

The vinyl debut for Albany's Permanent Trip and the last recording with guitarist Nate Wilson. Jason Krak voices the words (warning—alliteration alert) like a bear with his paw caught in a trap. Twists and turns—"Divider" starts as a dirge and ends with some double-speed thrash. "Losing Ground" begins with hammering stop/start riffing and then settles in a mid-tempo jam with wah-wah (is it?) on the guitar—maybe it's weed-induced because the only thank yous on the list are the guy who put out the record and marijuana. "Stasi" takes on more of a mid-to-fast attack. Not the catchiest songs but they have presence. (PO Box 300991, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130, <http://www.shocktothesystemrecords.com/>)

RABIES-Disease Core (Sorry State, 7" EP)

Skate-thrash-punk and repeat. Actually, these guys have a "Jealous Again" period Black Flag feel, as well and let's not forget the bass calisthenics for "The Man With The Flute (Is Drilling My Head)"—huh? That's about as poetic as they get—otherwise, you have sentiments such as "I have RABIES and I fucked you mom." I remember how snotty some of those skate punk kids could be and carry it over into whatever band they chose to start. Rabies fit that bill and fit it well. (1102 N. Greensboro St., Carrboro, NC 27510,