

Infectious Garage Disease return on deluxe CD

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Credits: MVD

Scrappy. Pugnacious. Aggressive. Profane. Abrasive.

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Defunct.

Infectious Garage Disease was one of countless young unsigned bands who eschewed '80s hair metal for breakneck hardcore while playing basements and dive bars. The Roseville, California quartet apparently didn't last long, but now—courtesy Negative Reaction Records—their first and only album sees daylight once again.

The cuts comprising IGD's eponymous, Peter Miller-engineered 1988 release have been mastered for posterity and are accompanied by their demo-version doppelgangers (1 which appeared on the band's two EPs in 1986-87). That's a total of 43 unruly studio anthems concocted by a quartet of testosterone-enraged teens on a single souvenir slab. Anyone who dug The Meatmen, The Accused, and Stormtroopers of Death back in the day—or reveled in the middle-fingered fury of Suicidal Tendencies' first album—will appreciate the politically incorrect catharsis captured here.

Who were these guys? The liner notes—featuring amusing cartoon illustrations by Brian Suponch, several black and white band photos, and reproductions of IGD concert flyers—disclose only first names: Matt (vocals), Mike (bass), Donni (drums), and Jimmy (guitar). The booklet says the band disintegrated as grunge reared its flannel-and-denim clad head in the early '90s. Where are they now? The IGD boys could be dead now. Then again, they could be your governor, your accountant, or your son's high school algebra teacher. It's kind of nice not knowing their fates beyond the recording of a final demo in 1990, following Matt's departure (per the text). The mystery just heightens the allure.

Of course, if speed-metal satire isn't your cup of Earl Grey, this probably isn't a fossil you'll want to dig up for inspection. Matt's lyrics praise inexpensive alcohol ("Milwaukee's Best"), mock sex perverts ("Porno Junkie"), and lambast Africa's hungry ("Starve & Die"). Other songs bemoan STDs ("Public Lice"), chronicle an arrest for petty theft ("Shoplifting Blues"), militarize a pasta icon ("Chef Boyardee's Mercenaries"), and inform a booze-swilling father that his daughter is—to put it mildly—promiscuous ("Dear Pops").

It probably helps to know going in that Matt, like many youngsters (particularly teenage entertainers) is playing a role. So when he appears to be teasing someone, he's sending up the tormentor / narrator as much as the perceived victim. Society is far less tolerant these days of artists who walk in psychopaths' shoes in order to more convincingly sympathize with them in song. This enhanced package serves as a reminder that perhaps a few of us should loosen our sphincters or grow thicker skins.

