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Infectious Garage Disease
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 [reissue] Infectious Garage Disease [reissue] (2013)
 Negative Reaction

Reviewer Rating:
 3.5

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Published on April 9th 2013 Infectious Garage Disease are dumb in the best possible way. The northern California band were never more than a footnote in punk history. But on the reissue of their debut LP, it becomes apparent that despite their lack of fame, IGD knew how to get down. Infectious Garage Disease was recorded in.



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Infectious Garage Disease was recorded in 1988, which was pivotal for both punk and metal. By that time, punk had grown from its original destroy everything roots and was becoming more contemplative. Meanwhile, metal was becoming more technical and less wacky. Perhaps the reason why IGD never made a bigger dent was because they struck at both genres at the exact wrong time.

In the vein of wackier DRI and Vitamin X, IGD mix thrash metal riffage with the energy and looseness of punk rock. Songs whip by in minute increments while the band sings about cannibalism of one's family, doing everything possible to get lucky and having a blast from getting VD.

The band's humor is similar to S.O.D. with ridiculous songs, but IGD go a step further. Like the Dwarves' nastiest songs, the band aren't afraid to get gross and ugly but in all the songs about pubic lice, shoplifting and Chef Boyardee being a nazi, the band keep their tongue firmly in cheek. They might be making bigger points, but for the most part, yuks and just generally having a good time come first. Think Municipal Waste with a sicker sense of humor and less time to practice.

Despite the band's cavalier attitude towards political correctness, they don't support themselves on that alone. As with all good party-thrash, the riffs rip hard. Songs are short and snappy, but the music switches between flip-out circle pitting and mid-tempo metal stomping. It keeps the songs varied despite their short length and makes the whole album breeze by.

The reissue appends the band's previous 7-inch and about 20 demo tracks. While the album itself is still the main point of this release, the reissue does a nice job of documenting a band that perhaps shouldn't have been overlooked. It's a nice preservation of a time when metal and punk bands weren't afraid to get silly and have a good time, while maybe, just maybe, making a bigger point. No doubt, this is dumb music—dumb like a fox.

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