Concord All-Stars • June 23 • 8 pm
From Concord Records... "Sweets" Edison, Scott Hamilton, Monty Alexander, Terry Clarke and El Mo. Elegant, distinguished mainstream jazz that never stops swinging.

Joe Henderson and the Joe Ballantine Trio Double Bill with Don Pullen Trio • June 25 • 8 pm
Henderson is the most commanding and original tenor saxophonist in jazz. Ballantine is a two award winner and one of Canada's rising jazz stars.

Milton Nascimento • Queen Elizabeth Theatre • June 22 • 8 pm
"He is my musical idol... he is the greatest... he is above criticism, fantastic... it is impossible to measure the emotion." — Pat Metheny

Super Rail Band (Mali) • June 23 • 10 pm
Melodic and rhythmic echoes of African highlife. Sall Keita emerged from this great band.

Bob Berg/Mike Stern Band • June 24 • 9 pm
Former Miles Davis sidemen Berg and Stern lead a powerhouse band fronted by tenor sax and guitar. Plus Rebirth Brass Band.

Allan Holdsworth • June 25 • 10 pm
"Holdsworth is surely one of the finest guitar players the world has ever seen." — Garden Only.

Oliver Jones • June 22
"One of the best musicians I have ever heard..." — Leonard Feather, L.A.

Azimuth • June 23
"...one of the most imaginatively conceived and delicately balanced of all contemporary chamber-jazz groups." — The Times (U.K.)

Joe Pass • June 24
"...quite possibly the all-round greatest jazz guitarist who ever lived." — San Francisco Examiner.

All shows 8 pm

Jazz Passengers • June 26
"Snatches of Dixie, ultra-smooth tenors, tuba-ooze, interplay and jazz, zippy and jagged jaws... — The Wire.

Herb Ellis and Red Mitchell • June 27
Two legendary talents in concert together... guitarists Ellis and bassist Mitchell play marvelous, swinging jazz.

Ray Anderson Quartet • June 28
"...a trombone version of John Coltrane's tenor saxophone sound..." — New York Times.

Spectacles • June 29
Improvised music and dance collage in various densities and spaces. Featuring Jean Lucome (sax), Paul Plimley (piano), and Clyde Revel (clar). Plus dancers.

Sheila Jordan • June 30
"Pure genius of vocal jazz..." — Oakland Tribune

International Creative Music Orchestra • July 1
Canadian Festival exclusive! A 16 piece international band conducted by New York cornettist Butch Morris. Featuring Rova Saxophone Quartet, Andrew Cyrille, Vladimir Tarasov (USSR), Conrad Bauer (GDR) and others. Don't miss it.

JAZZ HOTLINE
682-0706
Discount Passes available


Festival Clubs: Cafe Django, Satono, Isobocha's, Tom Lee Music Hall, Alma Street Cafe, The Yale, Station Street, The Glass Slipper.

Free Bandstands: Granville Island, Pacific Centre, Oakridge, Gastown.

Jazz at the Plaza: June 30-July 2 Plaza of Nations Noon-8 pm daily. 54 free concerts on 3 stages. Refreshments, Food Fox.

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Discount Passes available

**SATURDAY MIDNIGHT - COSTUMES HALF PRICE**

**BRING RICE, DO THE TIME WARP, HAVE FUN**

**AT VANCOUVER'S BEST THEATRE**

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*PLEASE CALL 689-0096 FOR DETAILED SHOW INFORMATION*
Dear Airhead,

Thanks much for the wonderful Russ Meyer interview. At last something for a Texas redneck to relate to. I wasn't aware of Canada's censorship problem however. When I visited your fair city two years ago I came away with the impression that it would be a good place to escape to when the Quayle administration takes over. Please send your ignorant blue-nose born agains to Texas so I can move up there.

Thank you,

Joe Newman
(Rudy Shwartz)

SUSAN GETS THE SCOOP
Dear Airhead,

Picture an "independent" band with limited resources that has a product to sell. They only have money to invest in one of three choices be it L.P.'s, CD's or cassette tapes. How many cassette players vs. CD players vs. turntables are there in the world? My guess would be cassette players on top.

Now you're a band on tour. Have you ever travelled across the country (esp. southern U.S.) in the summer with a couple of hundred L.P.'s? I have and it's hard to sell your new warped L.P. I've flown to gigs with a couple hundred cassettes. No problem getting them on the plane. A little harder to do with a couple of hundred L.P.'s...

I play in a band called Roots Roundup and we are an independent band by choice. We have never gone looking for the almighty "record deal". We take care of our own business and contract out those jobs that can be done better and more efficiently than we can. However, we maintain strict control over all facets of our operation. Sure it would be nice to be "signed" but it's not at the top of our list of priorities. We are an independent band that's relatively successful, and for us, tapes are the most cost effective way of getting our music to the masses.

So Susan Ferran (It's A Dirty Job...Airhead, May) never recorded an L.P. or C.D. onto cassette tape? Hmm, thought so.

Barry Taylor
Roots Roundup

The Man Scan. By Lomm Sorbay.

Canadians' fascination with dumb guys has to end. How much longer can we uphold the careers of C-FOX'S Larry & Willy and MuchMusic's Mike & Mike anyway? Take heart, because someday when the hammer falls — and it will fall — it's coming down hard on these jokers.

For those who are impatient, let me predict the inevitable scene:

Larry & Willy & Mike & Mike are all packed in the defendant's box at the folk tribunal. They're dressed in grey prisoner's uniforms and wear the complementary wrist and ankle bracelets. They look pale, shaken, and all have several days' beard growth. They're facing a mean-assed council of young intellectuals appointed by the revolutionary cabinet.

The dumb guys' sentence is harsh: they've got to endure an incessant tape loop of their own performances. They'll have their noses rubbed in their own mess, indefinitely. The proverbial boot will stomp on their senses forever.

In a pathetic display, Willy begins to sob madly, claiming Larry put him up to it all. Mike too starts crying. The scene doesn't move any of the council, who've been hardened by months in the bush training and plotting for the coup.

Not since the overthrow of Ceaucescu does the world smell such sweet justice. The socialist utopia is at hand, etc., etc.
Tour

FRI. JUNE 29TH, 7:30PM - PNE COLISEUM CONCERT BOWL

Tickets available at the Coliseum Box Office, all Ticketmaster outlets or charge by phone 280-4444

ON SALE SATURDAY
Produced by Perryscope
“Hello, uhm, is Martin there?”

“Yes, I’m naked now.”

“Er uhm, so tell me about the band on the road.” (Shit, this won’t be easy.)

“I would be in person at their hotel.”

“Ok, okay, sure, yeah, right, fine.”

“I know he sounds really snotty but you had to have been there to understand how unforced his statements were.”

THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 6

OK, okay, sure, fine. I’m at the hotel and I’ve just met Martin the drummer. He’s dressed and my tape deck is working. Things are looking up.

“We live in London these days. It’s sort of a scam with the record company. Because we’re from Birmingham they pay for our flats while we’re in the studio and because we’re always recording I’ve only had to pay for two months rent last year.”

For those of you unfamiliar with Birmingham, it is often referred to as Britain’s No. 2 city. The music press almost wet itself over it a few years ago when bands like the Stiffies, Pop Will Eat Itself, and The Mighty Lemon Drops popped up out of the Midlands in which the city is located. Martin is far more succinct: “I don’t lining the wall. That’s why Miles will say things to piss off the crowd. Getting a bad response is better than getting no response at all.” All this bad press stuff in the UK is starting to make sense.

“But there is basically only one radio station in the UK (the BBC’s Radio One, which provided the inspiration for “Radio Ass Kiss”) the press there operates like college radio does here. But no matter how much they write about the band you still won’t know what they sound like...so you get 15,000 - 25,000 out down side of this would seem to be their relationship with the US office of their label. “It is all business in New York; they don’t even talk about the music. They don’t understand a band that doesn’t want to be rich and famous so they leave us alone, which is fine by us.”

He does, however, take a certain amount of delight in recounting the label’s treatment of bands when they first arrive in New York. “You’re put in a first class hotel, you go down to the office, everyone has a copy of the record, they’ll all tell you how much they love the band and you come away thinking, ‘Hmmm, maybe we do have a chance over here.’ But there was a case where they had two bands coming into town, one day after another, and they got it wrong and greeted one band as the other!”

“So what about those records? Their first Canadian album, “Eight Legged Groove Machine” presented the band as a snotty-bunch of young men singing “It’s your Money I’m After Baby” and “Give, Give, Give, Me More, More, More.” “It’s hard to explain the songs,” he said, before giving it a try. “We only write about what we’ve experienced. When you’re close to the band you can understand, see how they were written...before we recorded ‘Groove Machine’ we were so amazed about this money and how it was coming from and I guess that showed up on the record.”

The follow up, last year’s “HUP,” showed a slight change in the lyrical concerns of the band. “Malcom broke up with his girl friend so there’s ‘Unfaithful’ and ‘Carrot Boyfriend.’” He then paused and looked over at Malcolm Treece, The Stiffies’ guitarist, who was being interviewed in the next room. “Actually, ‘Unfaithful’ was something different.” I guess you do have to be in the band, because that made no sense to me. (But I think I know why Bob “The Bass Thing” Jones, the least pretty human being to ever wrestle some rhythm and a bit of melody out of four strings, left the band... no “M” in his name.)

THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 7

My impossibly tall room mate paid $22.00 to see The Wonder Stuff open for The Mission. He was a bit late and the band was on stage early, so he saw only three songs by those pop groovies and then endured an hour of The Mission. So I figure he paid $7.00/song for The Stiffies and $1.00 for The Mission’s entire output.

THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 8

Ok, okay. If you don’t like The Wonder Stuff you’re just a big goof. Rock On, Right, Fine, Sure, Good, Uh Hub.
Timbre Productions Presents:

Rock 1040 presents Polygram recording artists

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

with guests

SATURDAY

JUNE 9

TICKETS: Zulu, Black Swan, Track, Highlife, Razzberry Records (95th & Scott Rd.), Reminiscing Records (across from The Bay at Surrey Place), The Town Pump & all outlets. Charge by phone: 280-4444.

COWBOY JUNKIES

SUNDAY JUNE 10

TOWNES VAN ZANDT

THE QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

Doors: 7:00 pm, Showtime: 8:00 pm

TICKETS: All outlets, or charge by phone: 280-4444.

CiTR presents A&M recording artists

TRIP SHAKESPEARE

with guests

WEDNESDAY

JUNE 20

KING SUNNY ADÉ & THE AFRICAN BEATS

THURSDAY JUNE 21

COMMODORE

Doors: 8:00 pm, Showtime: 9:30 pm

THE DEAD MILKMEN

WEDNESDAY

JUNE 27

The Town Pump

Doors: 8:00 pm, Showtime: 10:30 pm

CiTR presents ENIGMA recording artists

THE CHURCH

THURSDAY

JULY 5

Blue Aeroplanes

MICHAEI PENN & LLOYD COLE

FRIDAY JULY 13

with special guest ROUGH TRADE recording artist

VICTORIA WILLIAMS


BMG recording artist

the Fabulous Commodore at Cranville Mall • 681-7838
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PROFESSOR GRIFF
Pawns In The Game
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"Minister of Information"
9.94 CASS.
19.94 IMPORT EACH DISC

SOUNDTRACK - TERMINAL CITY
RICOCHE
Featuring Music By Jello Biafra,
NOMEANSNO, DOA, Beatnigs, and More.
7.94 CASS.
14.94 EACH DISC

DR. DREAM
RECORDS

NATIONAL PEOPLES GANG - ORANGE
"A very hip & hypnotic combo from somewhere in the suburbs" - CASHBOX

SWAMP ZOMBIES - SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF CAR CRASH
"The best new-wave neo beatnik rock band in the world" - PEOPLE MAGAZINE

EGGPLANT - MONKEY BARS
"Recipe book includes ripping 60's - style garage rock & psychedelia" - L.A. TIMES

FOOD FOR FEET - FOOD FOR FEET
"Rip-snorting, L.A. based trio featuring bassist John Avila & drummer Johnny Hernandez
of Oingo Boingo" - BILLBOARD

IMAGINING YELLOW SUNS - SELF TITLED
"The day-glo knockout punch of the Suns" - THE REGISTER
7.94 CASS.
14.94 EACH DISC

YOUR TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE

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607-0337

SOUTH VANCOUVER
732 SW MARINE DRIVE
321-5112

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2699 E. HASTINGS ST.
254-1601

METROTOWN BURNABY
4568 KINGSWAY
429-0233

NORTH SURREY
10280 130TH STREET
569-7200

DOWNTOWN VICTORIA
641 YATES STREET
365-1461

1275 SEYMOUR
In the early eighties the Gothic scene in Britain was apparently alive and vibrant, although this seems contradictory for a movement based primarily on death. Bands such as Bauhaus, The Southern Death Cult (who later pared down their name to the Death Cult, then finally just to The Cult), and the Sisters of Mercy were both very popular and important musically. But with recent meagre offers by Peter Murphy and the Cult, as well as the impending travesty to come from the joining of forces of Andrew Eldritch (the only original member of the Sisters left in the band) and Tony James (of Siouxsie and Gen X notoriety) as the band) and Tony James (of Sigue Sigue Sputnik) and Simon Hinkler (guitarist from Artery) in order to continue their musical odyssey. This time they would be called the Mission, after the first attempting to stay alive by use the name Sisterhood, the unofficial name of the Sisters’ fan club.

Somewhere between the time of their first single, “Serpent’s Kiss,” in May 1986, and their latest offering, the “Carved in Sand” LP, a span of eight singles and four albums, the Mission have lost any credibility which they may have started with. Strutting onto the stage as if they were about to conquer the world, the Mission were laughable in every possible respect. Probably very few people who saw them could take the band and their music seriously - in fact, it seems most people were there to see The Wonder Stuff, and rightly so. This pseudo-Gothic band with their hard-rock bombastic anthems is attempting, with the help of their Canadian record company (Polygram), to become the next big band to break through into commercial radio via the path opened up by the success of The Cult. (Is their new single “Deliverance” to be the next “She Sells Sanctuary”?) To this end they are willing to exploit themselves, the press, and worst of all, their audience. Sincerity, integrity, and inspiration have been forsaken in order for them to enjoy the rock ’n’ roll lifestyle of easy drugs and easy women which they openly advocate and participate in. In order to fulfill their fantasies of Rock stardom they first had to assume the typical rock ’n’ roll attitude of posing. Apparently, they have found this a fairly easy transition to make. Whether it is the mock modesty with the ensuing “surprised” reaction at actually being recognized at the back of the audience at their own gigs, as Wayne Hussey demonstrated at the Commodore; or the less than convincing human connection with enthusiasm, such as their new song about child abuse done very poorly but nonetheless mentioned in every review; or the clique appearances at benefits (remember, even Guns N’ Roses play benefits); they were going to play at AIDS benefit before the negative attention caused by their homophbic and racist song “One in a Million” led to their removal from the bill). The Mission comes off as artificial and lacking any substance.

The second element of the mission was to have the rock ’n’ roll posing noticed by the press and by the public. Hussey and company toyed with the British press, “teasing” stories about Wayne Hussey’s use of narcotics and his compatriots. With this said, Discorder had the opportunity of interviewing Craig Adams and Mick Brown from The Mission, which we readily accepted. And as representatives of the Mission they were polite, affable and interesting people to talk to. We did not have the opportunity of talking with Mr. Hussey.

Discorder: It seems as if early on in the Mission’s career there was a conscious effort of myth-making by intentionally “leaking” stories about Wayne Hussey’s use of narcotics and the band can’t stand on its own merits. They are trying cheesy gimmicks. Included in The Mission press kit: one Mission brochure, one Mission necklace, one Mission bandana, one Mission Tour Poster, one Mission T-Shirt, one Mission baseball cap, one Mission tour CD (promotional copy only not for resale). Most of these were for sale at the gig - one Mission necklace... $8.00. I don’t know if anyone wears this Mission clothing and ornaments one becomes more attuned with Wayne Hussey, or if they are just meant to be a method by which to fleece the band’s audience of even more money.

In the end, The Mission is not a band, it is a publicity and dating vehicle for Mr. Hussey and his contemporaries. With this said, Discorder had the opportunity of interviewing Craig Adams and Mick Brown from The Mission, which we readily accepted. And as representatives of the Mission they were polite, affable and interesting people to talk to. We did not have the opportunity of talking with Mr. Hussey.

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or did it just not bother you? And was it case of a classic attempt to exploit the press for publicity?

Mick Brown: Yeah, um ... um, yeah ... you know there's ... um... [and other guttural sounds until a very unconvincing response] No, it didn't bother me. I could waffle on for ages but that's the short answer. There is probably an element of truth in a lot of the stories; some are quite true while one or two others are complete fabrications. We're like anybody else, we take any opportunity presented to have fun. We live by the pleasure principle.

Craig Adams: I think it was a little bit of both, Hussey and the press exploited one another. It was great to have a front cover on a major newspaper before we even had a record out so we started playing up to that, which is very easy to do in Britain. I don't think we could do it here. But the newspapers realized that they had something that they could sell newspapers with. I don't regret the stories which were written because most of them are true.

D: Is there a difference between the British and North American press? And do they say anything that bothers the band?

Craig: There is a complete difference between the North American and British press. The British press are more into how much you had to drink last night, or how many times you fell over, and not what you actually do musically. They are far more into scandal mongering than you are here.

I think the people here are far more into listening to the music than the scandals which go with it, which is good. You get sick of it all because it becomes very boring. I mean, we don't take any notice of what anyone says anyway, in regards to newspaper people.

Mick: You can't let them bother you. Besides, we sell more records than they sell papers.

D: The Mission is now apparently one of the few remaining vanguards of the Gothic Scene. Has this scene in Britain merely become a living parody of itself?

Craig: I don't know if there really was a Gothic Movement. I think it basically came down to journalists wanting to pigeon-hole another sort of music to make their jobs easier. It's like the heavy metal scene now. There is death metal, speed metal, and thrash metal, but it's all just music.

There is only good music and bad music and not all these false styles of music. If people think all we do is wear white make-up and black clothes they shouldn't bother coming to our shows; we're not, nor were we ever, like that. Not do I think most of the bands who were put into that category ever were either.

Mick: I don't really know or care. It's just music to me. There are times when a fashion goes along with music, everybody has a uniform to wear. Yeah, even The Mission has a uniform; we wear short shirts and sneakers at the moment.

D: Your most devoted fans, those who follow you from gig to gig and from continent to continent, are called Eskimos. What is the origin of this most unusual moniker, an interesting one for us in Canada? And do you ever wonder if these people actually have lives, unlike Dead Heads?

Mick: The origin of the term Eskimos comes from an incident in Germany involving one of our fans who happened to look a lot like an Eskimo because of his half Asian descent. It was very cold so he was wearing a Parka before the show. The locals began pointing at him and laughing; but he couldn't understand what they were saying except that they would occasionally point at him, say the word Eskimo, and laugh.

On the whole the Eskimos are pretty cool; they are just into having a good time. They are not totally devoted to us; they take the piss out of us just as well as the next guy. But those who follow us all the way to Canada must be either rich or thieves.

Mick: The origin of the term Eskimos is that one reason that is always given for the breakup was that we didn't like him [Andrew Eldritch] anymore. He was a bad person to get along with, and there was no point in wasting so much of our time on something that we didn't particularly enjoy anymore. We don't want to get into a situation where we are staying together just for the sake of it. As for Simon, I think he didn't feel like doing it anymore, so he's not doing it. It's as simple as that. Although we don't know where he is, I don't think there is anything wrong with him, like he's gone mental or is strung out.

D: Do you feel that the present promotion of the band is demeaning its integrity?

Mick: That's record company stuff, isn't it. It's always the same. Yeah, it's bollocks.

Craig: Obviously the record companies are in the business of selling records, and they would be foolish not to promote it in some way. But I think they can only do so much.

D: What hobbies or passions do you have that take you away from the music business?

Mick: I've got a passion for trucks. I used to be a truck driver; me dad used to drive a truck. Driving through America is quite nice for me. I love going to all the truck stops and exchanging pleasantries with all the big, hairy truck drivers.

D: The show in Vancouver is all-ages, which is an oddity here. Is it all-ages throughout the tour?

Craig: Yeah, we are getting a lot mail from people who are not old enough to get into the gigs where we play. That's not fair really. So, pretty much the whole tour is all-ages, although we had to do a little bit of diving and weaving in Montreal where it was supposed to be an over age gig, but we got everybody in.

D: Considering the recent poll tax demonstrations and the apparent failure of the Red Wedge movement in Britain, what should be the role of musical artists in politics? And within that role, where do The Mission place?

Craig: I don't think The Mission has its own politics. We each have our own personal politics but we keep them out of what we are doing as a group. If there is something that we feel strongly enough about, which is basically humanitarian causes and not political things, then we'll do something. Thus, we have played many benefit concerts throughout our career. It would be wrong for me to speak on behalf of the entire band, nor could Wayne Hussey be placed in such a role.

I don't think people who stand up with a hammer and metal strings have any more right to make a statement about a political thing than anybody else has. Why should they be able to abuse that power. The fact that there are a bunch of twelve year old kids listening to your music doesn't give you the right to tell them what is right and wrong in the world. They should have the right to make up their own minds, and not have it forced onto them by people abusing power.

JUNE 1990 11
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M y Uncle Shep operated his demolition company for years, and everyone understood that his work was strictly his concern. None of the family had ever been to a Shep worksite, and for fear of upsetting him, no one dared ask the man, so I have no idea what art deco number 27 was. When the young man passed the time before the dinner rush washing an elbow-deep pile of grease pans, Fat Ford was clever, he idly smoked a joint behind the shop until the delivery began. Fat Ford, our young man, and Sweet Dick the drifter were the delivery staff for Ilyich’s Pizza. Ilyich, the only Russian

Work continued on the site that day, whereby the structure was razed to the ground. A weighty mound of brick, splintered lumber, plaster and pipe buried the tinged hand, sleeping bag and assorted belongings. One crewman kept a walkman he found at the scene. It worked once he unwound a Traveling Wilburys tape from the pinch roller. Nobody noticed that their hard-nosed boss had stuffed the device in another's diary without getting caught, the opportunity is often taken advantage of.

The diary began on a typical Friday evening in the urban backyard. The young man passed the time before the dinner rush washing an elbow-deep pile of grease pans. Fat Ford was clever, he idly smoked a joint behind the shop until the deliveries began. Fat Ford, our young man, and Sweet Dick the drifter were the delivery staff for Ilyich’s Pizza.

Ilyich, the only Russian

first stop. Without the Travelling Wilburys’ encouraging refrain, “It’s Al-right,” and the weekly delivery to #A3, the young man would not be able to tolerate his job. Nightly he suppressed the urge to drag Ilyich’s patrons down a staircase by the hair. He especially loathed the Bad Tippers, whom he regarded as the lowest form of life.

The one unique opportunity delivery work afforded - to see slobs at home - the young man detested.

Day after day, he saw yellow and white in the rubble, and no one notices he’s gone. Shep gets shipped out with the rest of the crew, and Shep Demolition has one unique opportunity delivered - to see slobs at home.

Sweet Dick the drifter had arrived for the late shift. Sweet Dick was the image of the gentleman bum. Sixty years ago his type would’ve riddled empty car trunks, and they’d find work and to keep two steps ahead of trouble. In spirit he was a drifter, in reality he boarded in an upstairs heartbeateet. Dick lived by two rules: never come to work rowdy drunk, and keep your opinions to yourself. True to those words, he was always very quiet, and just a little pissy.

Dick and Fat Ford kindly agreed to a deal that let the young man deliver to #A3 each week. It was their secret, for if Tom Bon Jovi found out he’d spoil the young man’s routine. Setting out on the girl’s delivery the young man was as usual, anxious. Every Friday brought him closer to the one where he would finally, and decisively, act. Tonight though the standard “hellos” would do. He pressed button #A3 at 1267 29th Street, heard her usual “Come on in,” and then tugged open the buzzing door. He rounded a corner and there she stood, in the doorways of her main floor flat, holding $7.50, exact change. “Thanks.”

Ilyich was an advantage for the tip-seeking seeker. He left with a satisfying five-dollar tip. For the possibility of foul play. With the young man’s ire. Here lived the girl he loved. He didn’t know her name, mind you (she was listed as Occupant at the building’s entrance); and he hadn’t said more to her than, “Hi, How are you tonight?” and “Thanks.” Still, plans of asking her out invigorated him. Eventually he hoped to build-up enough courage to act.

“Delivery!” bellowed an irritable Tom Bon Jovi. The would-be rock star was tougher than usual tonight. His cheese allergy had flared up again and left his face stinking of booze and pot, one becomes cynical about democracy like the young man had. Someday he hoped there would be a better political system in which he and the girl in #A3 could prosper.

With four pies in the hatch, his rear fogged up, he was a party order that size. Each pizza was a meat special which meant a very butch crowd. The young man took the armload around to the building to the house and kicked the basement door. An athletic kid answered and said, “Nah, it’s the pizza!” Apparently they were expecting someone else. Actually, they were waiting on an ambulance, explained the kid. Two members of their stag party had hurt themselves for subsequent events. And it’s all preserved in the journal, thanks to Uncle Shep.

Everyone, with the exception of Ilyich, knew that Sweet Dick kept a walkman he found down a staircase by the hair. He especially loathed the Bad Tippers, whom he regarded as the lowest form of life.

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rider large order, piled clumsily onto his arms by Bon Jovi. The top pizza began to slide, and in trying to catch it, the remaining pies tumbled to the floor. This was during the dinner rush - deadly timing. Dick was about to choke Bon Jovi, but the young man reached in his coat and drew the flask. "Look at this, Illyich!" he said. "Dick's half-cut, no wonder he can't talk!" A hand fell on the place. Illyich, ever the righteous family man, simply said to the wizened gent, "Out." Someone greener than Dick might've objected, but he just shrugged his shoulders and walked.

After the firing, our pusillanimous-to-the-core protagonist decided to do something - a big step. He would avenge Sweet Dick. That evening he quietly coasted the Honda into his parking spot in order to elude the building manager's attention. Then, while still strapped in the driver's seat, a devious plan occurred to the overdue renter. If it succeeded, it would tear the guts out of Tom Bon Jovi.

Illyich's kitchen must have resembled a circus some nights. The Russian ringmaster expected his employees to play along with his Slavic sense of fun. Sometimes "fat" was the order of the day. At other times, however, the young man knew a comment pierced Ford's big, overworked heart.

Ford's head was somewhat in the clouds about what life should bring him. For example, he thought that one day he might marry and have a family. You can always forget the little rightful thinking of life in Ford's case, unless the 37-year old lug won the lottery, any trip down the aisle for him would have to be permanently postponed. It was the Italian maestro's THC-fed talk that provoked Illyich's cruelest teasing.

The Russian would roar with laughter while describing what a Mrs. Ford would possibly look like, or what the Ford lilter might amount to. The fat jokes rolled over Ford as they always had, but the attack on his dreams hit him hard. He was already short one driver, and vivable leap off a bluff in the Honda was something he knew when to take our final bows. If he gave his uncle's approval, he deserved more from him - something momentous, like a little humanity. I decided to corner the wretched and, once and for all, get an honest sentiment about the deceased driver, whose diary he'd read, and whom he'd essentially burried days before. If he gave me one of his trademark "shit happens" responses I'd strangle him.

"Look, Uncle Shep, just between you and me, that kid in the old box, he's a good old time. You're going to have a blast with that guy. He's a shy, sly,alu guy, and the pizza deliverer's story seemed like a lot of work just to win a bit of my uncle's approval. I deserved more from him - something momentous, like a little humanity. I decided to corner the wretched and, once and for all, get an honest sentiment about the deceased driver, whose diary he'd read, and whom he'd essentially buried days before. If he gave me one of his trademark "shit happens" responses I'd strangle him.

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Discorder: Are you on tour to promote a product or is this just a way to see the world?
Paula: Actually, it does coincide with releasing an album.
D: So what's the album called?
GPO: The one on Wax Trax and coming out on the 25th of May. One of them which is the studio/song rock dance version is called "Towards the Infinite Beat." But simultaneously with that is an album and CD of club remixes called "Beyond the Infinite Beat."
D: I read somewhere that you consider Psychotic TV more of a literary concept as opposed to a band, more a vehicle for your writing. But upstairs during the soundcheck you sounded pretty hot. How can this be?
GPO: That's cause we're just brilliant anyway. (laughter) I mean, being a man of great taste I have surrounded myself with incredibly good musicians who don't want to be paid. (laughter) It's true! That's the great error people make. They assume that we're not musical just because we're not obsessed, per se, with music as a career or as a holy grail. Like when a junkie chases heroin he gets less of a kick; a lot of music people chase music and get less of a kick and you can see that in what they do. Like tonight what you were listening to was new Evan's disc that Fred made that we'd never heard before. The first time we heard them was as he put them up on stage. Everything you heard was improvised straight away.
D: Is that true as well for your rap, your poetry?
GPO: Oh yeah, I mean I don't know what I'm going to say. I've never heard it before. Whatever I was singing was made up as I was going.
D: Do you depend that spontaneity when you perform?
GPO: I think it's really important for live work. It's funny, I asked Fred what this new one was called and he said it's called "Intoxication" and I've just finished reading a book on intoxication. All the animals find ways to get intoxicated from insects upwards. And it actually is a natural urge, a natural state of being for every living being. And that most intoxicants that human beings use, they observed animals using then first and then copied it. But it apparently seems that most animals naturally stop at a certain point. The fruits and the leaves that they use are seasonal and it's a kind of annual celebration. Whereas with human beings we don't seem to have any built in filler. We love the feeling of intoxication so much that it's actually more natural for us to get high to the point of killing ourselves by overdoing.
D: That isn't true of some native people. I know of some native groups who use drugs in celebration. Whereas with human beings we use them first and then copied it. But it apparently is a natural urge, a natural state of being for every living being. And that most intoxicants that human beings use, they observed animals using then first and then copied it. But it apparently seems that most animals naturally stop at a certain point. The fruits and the leaves that they use are seasonal and it's a kind of annual celebration. Whereas with human beings we don't seem to have any built in filler. We love the feeling of intoxication so much that it's actually more natural for us to get high to the point of killing ourselves by overdoing.
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D: Do you feel that there is a re-emergence of this inNative TV and storytelling and so on. Therefore it's naturally controlled by events and by the seasons again, whether they be spiritual or physical. But our society has broken down that basic tribal unit, fragmented it, so there are no longer those parameters.
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GPO: I think there is a re-emergence of this inNative TV and storytelling and so on. Therefore it's naturally controlled by events and by the seasons again, whether they be spiritual or physical. But our society has broken down that basic tribal unit, fragmented it, so there are no longer those parameters.
D: It happens very quickly. We can see it with music trends, that's true. We get hip hop and there is usually a street style that goes with it. There's usually a slang that grows incredibly fast. With the acid house that became deep house and then it became ambient house and now it's scally music which is Manchester. Each one has its look and its codes and that happens and it always has from the mods and the rockers in the sixties. But even within that, the Manchester mods wore eye make-up that was green and black pig skin hats whereas the mods from Sheffield didn't. It's always been that way.
D: Getting back to the words. How does your song writing come about?
GPO: What I've realised about the way that I work is that I never have any lyrics written down. Even with the new album, I had to write them down after it was recorded because I had improvised them onto the master tape, for the sleeve notes.
D: That's the troubadour.
GPO: Well it's also the storyteller. It goes back to that tribal function. It goes back to the middle ages when there would be the wandering storyteller/minstrel who would have basic mythological or allegorical stories and then would interweave the events of the particular place where they arrived and would use the names of the locals to bring them into the story. It was a long time before those were written down. So I see us as being a part of that earlier oral tradition which is where the verbal side of music began. The musicians in the band play the rhythmic, celebration, altered state, trance part of music. So going back to caves with people hitting bones and rocks to make rhythms the rhythms meant different things like, "clap pause clap" is a male rhythm and "clap clap pause clap clap" is female. It's all part of native culture. Everything is represented.
All the native rhythms have key meanings: male, female, daughter, son, earth, and so on. As the rhythms change you're hearing a rhythmic story. That's were it fuses. At the same time as the music, the wise person of the tribe would recount stories about the people, about the world, about the earth, about their position and their beliefs, their legends, their origins, and add that onto those rhythms. That is basically all music ever was and is. It's resonance really.
Fred: There is also a practical consideration why we work this way. Why we don't sit down and work out lyrics to go with songs is because we live on two different continents.
D: You're American and you write the tunes for the band.
Fred: I'm American and I can't spend a lot of time in England so I do my writing at home. I used to send tapes but now I don't even bother and it's even more spontaneous.
D: So you just get together when you're touring or when you've got a recording project?
Paula: We don't rehearse.
Daniel: And that's a conscious decision not just an accidental factor. It's a matter of deliberately withholding things so that when we are together we've got the maximum amount of spontaneity available and it makes the performance.
The Temple ov Psychick Youth

**Disorder: What does it mean to be member of the Temple ov Psychick Youth?**

C12: There are different levels of what it means to be a member of the Temple ov Psychick Youth. We have what we call alts which are people who are sympathetic but might not necessarily want to become committed to just one type of thing and we consider them to be Psychick Youth. For example, the band and the road crew, with the exception of Gen, Paula, and myself, no one is a so-called member of the Temple ov Psychick Youth and yet the band works long hours, loses lots of sleep, and basically make no money out of the time. So, in a sense, they are much more committed than somebody who might buy some records and cut their hair funny. It's more a state of mind than a fact of membership.

D: So membership is not an obligation to become involved?

C12: We never request that people become members. We tell people ways that they can become more involved and then we leave it up to them. We don't say that you write something for one of our newsletters then you have to become a member.

D: Is there an initiation into the Temple ov Psychick Youth?

C12: Yeah, yeah there is. I don't know how many people in your magazine will want to know, but basically what we do is we have a ritual, on an individual level, on the twenty-third of the month at eleven p.m. which you can't really hear this before, because I haven't heard this before that's what people are talking about to each other. Our perception of life; what she wants to say about what she wants to satirize; all that information is selected by her based on her perception of life; spiritually, economically, physically; we kill in masse to disguise the fact that this isn't a dark side that's different or bad. That's a kind of Christian idea designed to suppress our own sexual desires. To push them a little bit farther than the accepted norms to see if those values are just opinions, not laws. We're trying to break through that to make reality a more individual thing and less based on consensus. We're looking at what people think of the morality and value of their own lives and we're also dealing with our own personal morality and our own personal values.

Focusing on sexual desires makes you realize that some of the things that you would really like to happen to you are things that you wouldn't like your mother to know that you would like to happen to you; you start to get free of the conditioning of what's right and what's wrong in your sexuality.

What the majority of people think is right or wrong may or may not be actually, on a cosmic scale, a right or wrong thing. Most people's really deep seated moralities are just opinions, they're not laws. There's a dark side that's different or bad. That's a kind of Christian idea designed to suppress our own sexual desires. We're not talking about what people do to each other because that's kind of obvious. What I think this whole game of telling people that it's bad to kill or it's bad to rape is a load of bullshit. It's so obvious. We don't keep it. We do things that work. We don't look so much at broader context of the moral implications of what we do or the social implications. We're looking at the results and we're also dealing with our own personal moralities and our own personal values.
On Tuesday May 8th, Club Soda had its last regularly scheduled night of "alternative" music, and is now back to its old, exclusively Top 40 format. RJ Christie's also went Top 40 in May, canceling the bands that were scheduled to play during the second half of the month. According to Denise Jackson of Paizley Promotions (who booked alternative bands into Club Soda and, a couple of years ago, the Luv-A-Fair), the reason is simple; the Top 40 crowd drinks more. And since the Metro burned down, a large part of this (more lucrative) clientele is moving to Club Soda.

Of course this looks like just more bad news for people who want to go out and see (or play in) original bands in Vancouver, but Paizley, at least, has other plans. Denise will continue putting on the occasional Sunday show at Club Soda with out-of-town and local bands, and may also start booking Mondays at RJ Christie's (in contrast to the old system, where bands booked themselves in, usually for weekends). Paizley is also one of the possible promoters for all-ages, after-hours shows to be starting at the Lux Theatre in early June. Doors will open at midnight, the cover will be five dollars, and there will be two bands. Although there won't be liquor sales, there may be a speak-easy system where it'll be okay to check bottles at a counter (for those of us without charming little pewter flasks).

This month didn't bring a lot of great demos our way, so we're hoping to get more. Send your submissions to Dale Sawyer at the station (he puts them on the air) and be sure to include names of band members, whatever biographical information you can, and a phone number (this one on the actual tape, if possible) so we can contact you if we have any problems or questions. Let CITR help you promote your band—tell us something about yourselves! And remember, high-priced 24-track recordings aren't necessary—all we ask is that the tapes are in fact "demos" of some type, and not just an indication of how many people got 4-tracks for Christmas.

**Howe Sound—"Somebody Girl."** Yes, this is the Picasso Set song—Nardwuar suspects that it's even Picasso Set's Dave Lea-Smith singing here, but I have to wonder why Dave would want to do this to something he wrote himself. No, Howe Sound are two other fellows from the North Shore, who (for some reason) thought that this quite fine pop song would benefit from a complete overhaul. Gone: the swirling keyboards, backing vocals, and, in fact, most of the instrumentation. Remaining: two guys singing over acoustic guitar. Almost unrecognizable, and in this case that's not an improvement.

**Bang Twang—"All of This to You."** Another cover, this time of a more famous band, and all the unexpected stops give a good effect. I hope to find out more about Bang Twang who are, apparently, from Vancouver.

**Route 666—"Goodness."** Route 666 have a great name and the lyrics sound like so many others ("She screamed out for mercy, mercy! He just screamed out for more"")—sexist and familiar. Even in context, there's not a lot to get excited about here. Maybe it's just what I've heard of them so far, but if this tape is a fair indication, I'd rather listen to Taskhog.

**Last Wild Sons—"She's Alright—"Around Town."** Unfortunately, this 8-song self-titled cassette (recorded at Profile Studios) would benefit from the kind of crispier, more defined production we heard on last month's Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbilies demo (studio unknown, to me anyway), and Paula Remple's of some time ago (Bullfrog). While there's nothing to complain about here (everyone sounds quite competent), there's also not much to notice. "She's Alright," for instance, is a fine song, but maybe not the best to start off the tape with ("Around Town" is much

**Joy Division**. Since I couldn't find this song in the CITR record library, I can't say how this version compares with the original, but I'm assuming it's been rocked up a little. (At least, there's not much resemblance to the cliches of the hardrock genre. Taken out of context, the lyrics sound like so many others ("...the noise...")."

**Ludwigs—"She Was Real."** Another band I wish would send me a bio or something—this is the second song to be playlisted from their This Is Not A Demo tape. Unlike other bands that feature a man and woman singing together, the Ludwigs aren't likely to be confused with X, which is a nice change. The song is dominated by these strong vocals (perhaps at the expense of the guitar and drums, which are fast and powerful but a little hard to hear)—the male leads are somehow growly yet clear-sounding, while at the same time the female backups have just as much presence. A good second outing.

**Sandy Scofield—"Angels."** It took me a while to get into this, since it's so different from everything else this month, but it grows on you. Impeccably sung (the background vocals, with slightly muted accordion and a slow kind of rollicking quality. This is a very pretty, and cheery, entry in a genre we don't hear much of in demo-land (with the exception of our old friends Roots Roundup), danceable folk.

**The Hoover Effect—"Into Stephanie's Room—"Zombie."** If I didn't have the colour-xeroxed cover (cassette title: The Eighteenth Wonder of the World) in front of me, I'd almost think that "Zombies" is off one of the Nuggets compilations. In more recent terms, often the Hoovers sound somewhat like The Enigmatic or the Ramones covering "Time Has Come To Day." "Into Stephanie's Room," on the other hand, sounds more like the above (on an off day) crossed with The Celebrity Drinks. The best thing about this song is the false endings; it's probably best not to talk about the lengthy guitar solo. A pleasant surprise from Winnipeg.
The Fall

**Extricate** (Fontana/PolyGram)

Quirky a catchy and diverse release from these veterans of thirteen years and something like twenty records. This is their most obvious foray into electronics and danceable music; Adrian Sherwood and Coldcut help out in the production and mixing areas on a few songs. "Arms Control Poseur" is a very fine but incomprehensible song (which could also be said about most of the rest of the songs). Mark E. Smith's voice in "Telephone Thing" made me think of Inspector Clouseau. Don't worry about the electronics obscuring The Fall's sound because there is no way you could mistake this for a release by any other band. However, it might disappoint fans of the earlier Fall releases.

Adam Sloan

**The Grinning Plowman**

*I Play Jupiter* (Carlyle Records)

I chose this record at random having heard nothing of the band beforehand. As I listened to The Grinning Plowman's "I Play Jupiter," it was the first record that I had really listened to. Not only did I find most of the tracks fascinating but I like the band's attitude and approach to the music. Fresh and relatively uninafluenced, although I can sense some Joy Division, their approach is quite unique.

Their music consists of bass, guitar, drums, lead vocal with intermittent backups, and some synth. The result is a good album with some exceptional tracks.

The first track, "Radiation," is a fast-paced psychedelic nightmare of textual images of a young man's first love. "Magpie House," the third track on the first side, is the expression of an introspective outlook on life that took me five sessions to understand. This is the first song that I've heard in a long while that succeeds in defining dreams.

The last of the standout tracks is called "Pretas Opas." This song is perhaps better listened to in a dark room with a loved one nearby. It's an emotional parade of sadness and suffocation. The vocalist dwells on images of violence against furniture. If you can find it, this album is worth buying.

Eric Kiraly

The Fall

**Imaginary Landscapes: New Electronic Music** (Elektra)

April 9, 1990. This is excellent. I'm really glad I listened to this. This is a much-needed break from the music that I've been listening to. Maybe I should wait until I've heard more than the first 10 seconds of the first track. April 14, 1990. There was no need to wait. "New Electronic Music" is of the genre of what John Cage essentially began in the 1930s, not the drum machine powered, sequenced keyboard stuff you usually hear. This is a great sampling of what the experimental electronic music scene is up to. Half of this compilation was recorded live at an electronic music festival in New York City. The cassette gives a bit of background on the new musical movement, begun by John Cage in 1939 with "Imaginary Landscape no. 1." Live Electronic Music.

This cassette, over an hour long, contains a very diverse array of what note is samplers, composers, and weird things such as, "brainwave-excited percussion" (which isn't as strange as it sounds if you have any knowledge of medical equipment or MIDI).

I've listened to about one hundred records in this vein from the fifties, sixties, and seventies, and it's good to see that the very cold, very calculated nature of the old stuff has been lost and the sounds and electronically treated voices actually sound like music now.

Adam Sloan

**Boo Yaa T.R.I.B.E.**

*New Funky Nation* (4th and Broadway/MCA)

The Los Angeles-based Boo Yaa T.R.I.B.E. consists of six big, multi-talented brothers of Samoan heritage. The Devoux brothers consist of: Ganasta's R.D.D., E.K.A., King Roscoe, Godfather Rock 'T', Don-L, and O.M.B. Formerly gang members, the Devouxs lost one brother in a gang related incident which became the turning point in their lives. They now take an uncompromising anti-gang stance. However, their main concern at the moment is their career in music. We were born in the streets of L.A. Where the street ain't safe at night! Between the rapper and the rag we have chosen the mic right. These lyrics sum it up quite well. Thrown off track by their imposing physical bulk, I was pleasantly surprised at the diversity of the album. The music ranges from danceable tracks like "New Funky Nation" and "Raid" to even a track for all thrash metal heads, "Pickin' Up Metal." Almost every track on the album is worth listening to because of the great production from 'Joe the Butcher' Nicolo and Young MC's producers, the Dust Brothers, and DJ, Tony G.

A definite must have album.

Bill Tastoilis

Professor Griff and the Last Asiatic Disciples

*Paws in the Game* (Luke Skywalker)

If you can't hear and/or have been following the Public Enemy "controversy," you will know that Professor Griff is Public Enemy's Minister of Information and has his own view of the way things are. This solo record makes public his views. The first couple of songs are pretty clean as far as radical expression goes and consist of sampled funky guitar, big bass and high tuned snare drum with plenty of samples from past black leaders. There are also a couple anti-drug songs which could be confusing to those not familiar with the way some rappers use abuse the English language.

"The Last Asiatic Disciples (L.A.D.)'s save the record as far as rapping goes since Griff's voice isn't really suited to it, and some of his attempts at being funny are laughable. (He tries some James Brown-like grunts which come across as someone clearing their throats.) On the monologue entitled "Real African People R.A.P. Parts One and Two" Griff starts to go over the edge. He is not rapping to the bass drum background; he is speaking what he wants and purposefully trying to confuse and anger people. It gives insight into his paranoid, back towards mind. Here's two examples: "I'm just a juvenile with style...trying to avoid the cause of being dumb, gifted, and black." And "Never disband, get in the game plan, be tricky by "hiding" his message in a "rap" record and dropping a lot of heavy names. Don't believe this hype.

Adam Sloan

The Victims

**All Loud on the Western Front**

(Timberyard Australian Import)

When the punk/new wave explosion of the late seventies exploded to the four corners of the globe, one of the places it touched down was Perth, Australia. Out of this backwater came a band called The Victims.

At this time, most of the international rock 'n' roll community seemed to only really know about The Saints and Radio Birdman. The Victims played the same quirky, jerky noise as those bands but they were less honed and extremely raw, as most of the punk bands at the time were.

The liner notes to "All Loud on the Western Front" by the Triffids' David McComb, a fan he first saw The Victims at age sixteen, tell of the inspiration that would induce him to pick a guitar and try to band at this punk rock thing.

The Victims featured two future Hoodoo Gurus: singer and guitarist Dave Faulkner and drummer James Baker. The band was filled out by bassist Rudolf V. Listening to this compilation of singles one can tell-they lacked proficiency but made up for it with unbridled energy.

The band only lasted for a couple of years and Faulkner then moved on to Sydney to make the "Stoneage Komodo" album and soon garner an international following as the Hoodoo Gurus.

Although this Victims album sounds rather dated, it is a notable reflection of the independent Australian music scene of the time.

Greg Garlick

**Scratching the Whole 12"**

(Phonogram)

Electric fun from Montreal. Fortunately I don't judge a record by what other people say before I hear it because contrary to what other people say, I think that this recording is better than most other Canadian releases. According to a Polygram info sheet the Victims' "Scratching the Dub" should be a dancefloor hit.

Adam Sloan

JUNE 1990 19
The Wonder Stuff
The Mission
The Commodore
Monday, May 7th

Yeah, so anyway, the
ticket says 10 p.m. so I show
up at quarter to and my be­
lowing Wonder Stuff are al­
ready halfway through "Ra­
dio Ad Kiss." I ask someone
how long they've been on and
she says about fifteen min­
utes. My heart collapses.
Luckily, they played for about
another forty-five minutes and
then encored.

The newest Stuffies,
Martin Bell on fiddle and
bassist Paul Clifford, fit in
well on "Room 410" and
"Cartoon Boyfriend" from the
band's second LP "Hup." Along with the familiar,
the crowd is treated to some new
material: the latest single,
"Circlesquare" (check out the
"Paranoia Mia" on the 12
inch), and with more honesty,
passion and anger than Billy
Idol's Generation X could
ever muster. John Lennon's
"Give Me Some Truth" (with
the first verse of "Jane Says" by
Jane's Addiction thrown in
for good measure). While
being stormed with requests
from the "excitable bunch of
fuckers," the ever cynical lead
Wayne Hussey, replies,
"You misunderstand, we
choose the songs. That's why
you pay us." Which is fine by
me. If Miles'
songwriting continues to im­
prove as it did from the first to
second LPs, the third should be
as brilliant as the second;
The Mission for a tour? The Won­
er Stuff play heavier guitar­
drums and guitar three­
music sieve; a bare-bones
equipment; b) didn't feature
instruments; c) didn't feature
struments and T-shirts a
"Thanks-Canucks." Ah...as­sonance
City...gorgeousness. Word
has it they're not as riveting
tonight as they were the last
tour and, happily, re­
turn for an encore despite the
protestations of an inebriated
audience member ("I HATE
encores! ") and a horrible
smell permeating the air, like
when you open a bag o' Pop­
corn Twists. Maybe the dry
ice system is rebelling, I
dunno. Anyway, the guitarist
gives the tapes and T-shirts a
rebelly: a band's stolen/burnt
equipment; b) didn't feature
any socially relevant songs or
messages; c) did feature gra­
that, Coffin
Break turn out not to be as un­
remittingly hardcore as I'd
expected - more like hardcore
filtered through the Seattle-
music scene; a bare-bones
bass drums and guitar three­
some that kick butt. There's
an almost Yin-Yang musical
give-and-take between Mr
Bass Player (Rob Skinner)
and Mr Guitarist (Peter Lit­
win), who alternate on vocals,
and as if in illustration of this
imbersonator with sticky­
uppsy hair joins the band for a
passable version of The
Cure's "In Between Days,"
which proved to be the only
distinguishable song of The
Mission's section of the eve­
nings. I admit it only a passing
fascination with their earlier
albums, but it seems that with
the exception of "Deliver­
ance" the band played the
same songs nine times.

The puzzling thing is:
Why would anyone pair up
The Wonder Stuff and The
Mission for a tour? The Won­
er Stuff play heavier guitar­
pop dealing with real, com­
on emotions ("Don't Let Me
Put Down Gently") whereas The
Mission offer pseudo-Goth
escapism ("Serpent's Egg").

Wayne Hussey and his
band are like a religion - only
the truly devout get anything
out of them. They take them­
selves much too seriously and
should listen to Miles Wonder
Stuff when he says, "It's only
fucking pop music."

Burdodemos

Celebrity Skin
Coffin Break
Club Soda
Tuesday, May 8th

An occasion for great
gnashing of teeth and rending
of garments, the last of Club
Soda's "Totally N-Tolerable
Mjnute Hair joins the band for a
fourth song nine times.

The evening featured El­
vis Love Child, the celebrated
reunion of The Brainers,
"New York's original" Sissy
Boys, and local bad laves, The
Scramblers. Rock 'n' roll roll at
its worst and, of course, its
best, was offered to the alco­
hol saturated fans. What was
there for the screaming
crowd? Jim Commins running
back and forth on stage and
throughout the audience; the
Sissy Boys, who proved that
hair spray and make-up really
do make the man; and The
Scramblers, who, sans
stitch, played with inspired
erver and aggression.

It was fun for a night to
get covered in beer by musi­
cians and fans who merged in
mutual appreciation. There
wasn't much to think about on
this night except to try and re­
member who you came with
and who you'd like to leave
with. And when the morning
after came, like the morning
after always does, you could be
comforted by the fact that
your headache and dry mouth
were the result of hedonistic
musical pleasure. Nothing at
all redeemable. Just like rock 'n' roll.

Lisa Christiansen

Bobby Watson and Horizon
Arts Club Revue Theater
Sunday, May 13th

What is it about jazz that
turns people off? I really don't
understand. Every time there
is a jazz concert or club I want
to go out, everyone I knew gets sick or goes out of town for the weekend or has two tests and an essay for Monday and I end up either not going or more often going with my best frays, myself. Well, when I found out that Bobby Watson and Horizon were coming to Vancouver I was overjoyed. This is a guy who started in Art Blakey’s infamous Jazz Messengers and is currently one of the hottest alto sax players on the New York scene. So even when I couldn’t convince/bride/trade favours with anyone, I still had to go to this concert!

The concert didn’t go as smoothly as I would have liked due to a number of glitches, including numerous sound problems. At first Victor Lewis on drums and Ed Simon on piano were so loud that all I could hear was a lot of great piano and drums, but no bass. The bass, while I’m on the subject, was good, Carroll Dashiell was using his own patented electrified upright stick bass. When the levels were finally adjusted correctly the bass came alive.

A young guy and definitely one of the top bassists of the present and the future.

The other soloists were also extremely good. The piano player reminded me of a harder Keith Jarrett, lyrical but with a tinge of abrasiveness. Ed Simon’s piano playing was also flawless, but he had a really distracting habit of glaring at the audience when the others were soloing. I had never heard of Victor Lewis, so when the audience gave him a rousing round of applause I was surprised. I found out that he is presently considered one of the premier drummers in the world, and that he played with the late, great trumpeter Woody Shaw for a number of years. By the time he was finished his first solo, I could tell he was an expert. Lewis ranks right up there with Tony Williams for the best present day drum soloists and overall drummers. He was great. Also worth noting was his excellent brush work on the slower ballads. Lewis also wrote one of the best songs of the concert, “Shaw of Newark,” which is dedicated to Woody Shaw.

It is starting to sound as if this concert was perfect instrumentally. Well, it wasn’t.

I was not impressed by the trumpeter until the last three or four songs. Melton Mustafa, when you could hear him over Watson’s sax, was slow and tentative throughout most of the concert. I wanted him to attack the music as Watson battled each other. Two good examples are Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry, and Charlie Parker and Miles Davis. Even though the sax in the premier instrument, the trumpet should challenge it, and I didn’t hear Mustafa challenge enough. Also, his solos weren’t upbeat enough. Watson would end his solo with an up tempo flourish, leaving the crowd wanting more. However, Mustafa would then slow the tempo down. On the positive side, for the last two or three songs Mustafa was great, doing exactly what I wanted him to do throughout. He really attacked and wasn’t Watson’s equal.

Finally, the leader, Bobby Watson. He was everything you could want in a sax player. Unlike most, he doesn’t copy the styles of others. Although at times Watson sounded somewhat like Benny Carter, Sonny Rollins, Cannonball Adderley and Eric Dolphy, instead of copying one of these greats, he combined these already famous and some others I feel that if a group which has both a sax and a trumpet they should both be used equally, and should be almost out beat tripping was born. The reintroduction of ’60s paraphernalia like strobes, slides, dice and ultra-violet lights followed logically. Therefore, Genesis’ P-Orridge is either a genius or has a lot to answer for, depending on your feelings about acid house.

I guess the same could be said about people’s reactions to Psychic TV’s set. Acid house in the U.K. is undeniably the biggest youth music movement since punk. It also shares many characteristics with punk. It’s easy, anyone can do it; it’s widely criticized for “not being music”; and the movement evolved out of depression and unemployment. It was quickly seized upon by many bandwagon-jumpers and suffered gratuitous commercial exploitation. However, this doesn’t alter the basic validity of acid house any more than it did punk.

Psychic TV was there from the start, before all the hype. According to Genesis, acid house is the logical end to Psychic TV’s sound explorations, coupling hypnotic beats with overt and subliminal messages and plenty of noise. Starting with vocal and noise samples from the rack of six tape decks operated by Paula P-Orridge (Mistress Mix), a taped beat kicked in which was then added to by the musicians and Genesis’ own “Mick Jagger meets the Spanish Inquisition” vocals. The songs were long and usually they evolved into a frantic groove, drummer and tape combined, Fred Giannelli’s guitar sending out waves of flanged feedback, changing little but growing in intensity. Genesis would stop singing and wander into the audience to join in the dancing. The backdrop was lit with slides and films of startlingly disparate objects and art.

The audience reacted positively to this bombardment and the Town Pump’s tiny dancefloor was crammed, causing several people to seek more space up on the stage. Psychic TV didn’t seem to mind this and towards the end Genesis gave one guy the microphone, which he delivered a mix of screaming and panting that I thought was good as far as my shell-shocked brain could make out. Personally, I found enjoyment was not acid dependent, and that a few pints of stout produced an effect conducive to sweating away on the dancefloor in a semi-hypnotic haze.

Psychic TV managed to clear away the dead weight that has begun to envelop acid house and they revealed the excitement and energy that must have surrounded the movement at the beginning.
IT WAS A DARK EVENING—WEDNESDAY—WHEN I REDISCOVERED THAT FATHERLY PASSAGE.

JESUS TOOK BREAD AND BROKE IT AND SAID TO THEM AND SAID TAKE EAT: THIS IS MY BODY.

AND WHEN HE HAD GIVEN THANKS, HE GAVE IT TO THEM AND THEY ALL DRANK OF IT.

AND HE SAID UNTO THEM THIS IS MY BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, WHICH WAS SHED FOR MANY.

I HAD BEEN SO OBVIOUS, SO SIMPLE, RIGHT BENEATH MY NOSE, AND THE DROP OF WATER, SURELY THAT HAD BEEN NO COINCIDENCE; HOW COULD IT BE? THIS WAS WHAT I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ALL ALONG, A DIVINE MESSAGE—A CLUE FROM GOD. BUT WAIT, NO IT COULDN'T BE GOD; HIS VERY EXISTENCE DEFIES ALL MY RECENT RESEARCH.
### June Concert Schedule

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<th>Events</th>
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<td>Showcase - No Retreat, Nightstalkers, Nellie’s Room</td>
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<td><strong>Saturday</strong></td>
<td>WEA Recording artists SPY V SPY V SPY from Australia with guests THE POSIES</td>
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<td>From Toronto Ray Condo and the Hard Rock Gomers with THE CRAZY RHYTHM DADDIES</td>
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**UBC Student Union Building**
**Lower Concourse**
**All Ages Welcome**

**Town Pump**
66 Water Street Gastown 683-6695
SOCIALIST TURTLE

SEPARATE! SEPARATE! I’M GONNA SEPARATE IF YOU DON’T DO WHAT I WANT! HA HA HAHA!!!

COULDN’T WE TALK ABOUT MY CONCERNS FOR A CHANGE?

ONLY IF YOU AGREE WITH ME BEFORE WE DISCUSS IT!

BILL 101, FRENCH ONLY: SIGN LAWS, SUPPRESSION OF STUDENTS WHO DARE SPEAK ANYTHING BUT FRENCH IN SCHOOL, 2ND CLASS CITIZENSHIP FOR MINORITIES AND TO HELL WITH NATIVE, WOMAN’S AND CIVIL RIGHTS. NOT MUCH TO ASK, EH?

OTHERWISE—SEPARATE! SEPARATE! SEPARATE! I DON’T LIKE YOU!! NYAH-NYAH-N- NYAH- NYAH!! PPPP RRRRR!!!

THAT’S ENOUGH! GO ON—SEPARATE!!! AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!!

SACRE MERDE! WHAT’S GOTTEN INTO YOU?
I have my roommate/best friend to thank for converting me into a tea-drinker. Did I say “thank”? Make that - slavishly worship, hail, heap gratitude upon - and curse from the depths of my bladder. Yeah, tea’ll do that to you, if nothing else. As I write this, I’m downing herbal peppermint tea, so the effect is mitigated; but dang, any tea worth its salt’ll make your bladder buckle down to business, no two ways about it.

Salt. Tea worth its salt. The nomadic tribes of horsemen in northern Afghanistan use salt in their tea in place of sugar, being as how sugar is impossible to procure in any quantity up in them that mountains. However am I of the “drinking tea straight,” no sugar, no milk, school, though I didn’t start out that way. Nope, I was a one- or two-cupper for a couple years at first, till I read George Orwell’s hyper-uptight essay on Proper Tea-Drinking wherein he rails at length against adulterating one’s brew with other substances. “What a lot of rot,” I thought smugly behind decaying teeth. But whaddya know, six months or so later, I took that momentous first step and tried a cup of tea without sugar and hey, I was on the road to purist tea ingestion.

Milk in tea I can take or leave, but much oftener leave. When I do on rare occasion use it - if I’m feeling in need of comfort, for example - the milk always gets pourn in first. Ritual is everything, nowhere moreso than in tea-drinking.

Honey or lemon juice or that sparkly, coarse kind of unrefined sugar can be added to tea also, but tea straight up is where it’s at.

What the tea is made in is a question of vital import. There’s a certain taste to it when you have it in one of those little stainless steel pots like what most restaurants use; a sort of tinny, metallic aftertaste that enhances the experience if you’re in a greasy-spoon or something. Mind though, the setting has to be right. Experts concur - and for once they’re right - that earthenware/ceramic is the best thing for it. I know a plain old brown Betty has tea-brewing capacities unequalled by anything on the face of this earth. Making the tea in an enamel teakettle again lends it a distinctive flavour; you get strong, unrefined, but sort of iron-y tasting tea-age. The basic one

I decided to pick up another 400’s box of PG Tips in the bulk-
Big Numbers #1 $6.95
By Alan Moore and Bill
Sienkiewicz
Published by Mad Love
(Publishing) Ltd.

"Alan Moore knows the
score," or so say those mutant
(Publishing) Ltd.
and Bill
speaking in the hushed tones
saying, "Hey, just who is this
as Pop Will Eat Itself. I'm
Published by
Mad Love
on the pop paper scene since
astronauts, and/or game
these days, Moore has argua-
the way in which Moore sav-
these big boys and their
fashion. In doing so, he realised
...told about Jack Kirby, who,

where are
the Civil
War and
War of the
Roses Decades? Where were
England's Last Witch
Burned?" WHERE WERE

WHO WAS IT TOOK
THEIR COUNTRY'S
GREATEST POET AND
STUCK HIM IN A
MADHOUSE?"

"Tis impossible to re-
view a 12-part series based on
the contents of one issue.


ten years (12-part) minisries.

Alan Moore fella anyway."

In the land of comics, Alan Moore is a name to be
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DISORDER DATEBOOK


SATURDAY 2 Chris Houston and the Pickle Eggs at the Van East Cultural Centre. - Mary Coughlan at the Station Street Arts Centre. - Five Alive at the Station Street Arts Centre.

THURSDAY 8 Steve Earle at the Railway. - Frank Miller at the Granville Island Village. - Fred Dryer at the Van East Cultural Centre.

TUESDAY 13 The Mysterians at the Railway. - Beryl Marsden at the Granville Island Village. - B. B. King and Son at the Granville Island Village.


WEDNESDAY 21 ciTR presents "Skateboard Party" at the Railway.

MONDAY 25 Lloyd Peterson at the Arts Club Theatre Granville Island ($25)... Forthright Brass Band with Rebirth Brass Band at the Yale... Curtis Salgado at the Yale.. Festival of Hong Kong Cinema continues at the Starlight Cinema: The Godfather Part Two (7:30pm) and Godfather Part III (9pm) plus The Harder they Come (midnight) at the Starlight Cinema. - Curtis Salgado at the Railway.

THURSDAY 21 G11 presents King Nothing at the Customs House. - 34-40 at the Paramount... Sin-Sin Diles with Paleface at the Lux... The Stoaters at the Railway (8pm) and Mr. Vampire (9pm) Life and nothing but at the Ridge Theatre (7:30pm) and Fitzwilly's (9pm) with Mark Cantor in person at Pacific Cinemathque...
LONG GROOOOOOOOOS

PUBLIC ENEMY • Fæard of a Black Planet CBE/Def Jam
CONSOLIDATED • S/T Enigma
VARIABLE LEAGUE • Like Oil Will Come, Rooms to Cower, Various People, etc. Iron Pigs
THE RESIDENTS • King and Emperor Polygram/Exile
AEB SMIEHAN • S/T Epilogue
A TIBLE CALLED QUEST • People Introducing Theirselfs & the Path of Rhythm Zomba
VASILK • Acqua Musica Manipulation Magnifico
CONTROLLED BLEEDING • Control MCA/Skele
SPIRIT OF THE WEST • Save the House WE/Story Point
NEUBEE • Days of Open Hand A&M
SURFING COOKIES • Days of Open Hand A&M
BEL CRAFTED • Birds of PassageWE/Story Point
LUCIFER'S DIAO • A Place We're Geneva Magnifico
DEPICE PHIL • Violator Sire
THE NOLLS • The Skin BMG
NO GOOD LUCK • Love with the Proper Stranger WEA/RCA
VARIOUS ARTISTS • Politics Come to Your House Enigma/Still
ROBYN WEDCOCCHIO • ACQUAESTUS
MARCUS HILL • Love with the Proper Stranger WEA/RCA
THE JAMES BURTON SHOW • Everybody wants to Shag EPA/WEAP
LAVA HAY • The Jibun's House Bong/Coral
JAMES ENGLISH-VERSTIESEN • Violator Sire
CATHERINE • Perfectly A New Alliance
WE ARE GOING TO KILL YOU • Everything We Like Polygram/WEAP
RIGH TA CHAKRA • Rocks and Wings Indigo
PORT 68 • Bag to the Office Virgin
THE TRIAPS • Stay Sick Enigma/Still
VARIOUS ARTISTS • Home Run Singing BMG
FUGAZI • Repealed Corpo/Chadwick
THE RADEK PROPHETS • Everybody wants to Shag EPA/WEAP
LORD LOU • Keep Your Head up Polygram/WEAP
ARTIFICIALS ON A TOOT • #1 (12"") Polygram/WEAP
JIMMY SCOMBLE • Read My Lips Polygram/WEAP
GREG BLAIR • S/T Polygram/WEAP
FALE SAINS • The Comfort of Madness Polygram/AD
VARIOUS ARTISTS • God's My Monkey Cheeseball 13 Polygram/WEAP
BOOM • Happy Shit the Time Is Polygram/WEAP
CHARLIZE CREMMERSEIZE • The Ap & Georgia Story A&M/WEAP
BLOODCOCKED • Bloodskull A New Alliance
RUGBAE • Tangerine Dream Touch and Go
VARIOUS ARTISTS • Children of the Generacor
MARTA SASTRE/SELVA MUSIQUAS • MontuSebastian/Musicaa
SPINAL TAP • You Better Run Polygram/WEAP
MC W0ODY JESUS WITH THE ZERO • Halfway Do It A New Alliance
SPOOKY TOOTH • Halfway Do It A New Alliance
ADAM'S À PRINCE • Tangerine Dream Touch and Go
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SPINAL TAP • You Better Run Polygram/WEAP

LONG HILL • Head of a Black Planet CBE/Def Jam
DOGBONE • Bloodskull A New Alliance
SKUNK FUNNY • Tangerine Dream Touch and Go
DA LELLY • Oh what a Day S/T BMG
EZZIE POSSE W/D. MOUJAH FURQON love on Lover / lover A&M/WEAP
ABOVE THE LAW • Murder Song CD Single CBS/Wea
PANK • Ding Dong Polygram/WEAP
MASTERO FRESH WIS • The Headless 13 A&M/WEAP
MONOMEN • Burning Bush/Yest Fire 7 Enigma
MIDNIGHT • Silence in the Face of Nothing Whatever 7 Enigma
HAPPY MONDAYS • Shop on 12 Ethic
MASTERO FRESH WIS • The Headless 13 A&M/WEAP
MIDNIGHT • Silence in the Face of Nothing Whatever 7 Enigma
HAPPY MONDAYS • Shop on 12 Ethic
WOODYOOD • Get 'er Life AAM
WOOD CHUCK • Jive for the Balls/Monopolize 7 Demo
LUSCH • Hach Ich Nicht 12" MCA/Chrysalis
FLEVIS • Last Chances 7 For Out
MUFFINS • vinyl 12" MCA
CRIP SUSPICIOUS • 4th Wall/Deadlock Stomp CBE/Coral
CHANGE OF HEART/DEJAVUEL • Slice of Pie PO-2
GOW • Groove a Month 2 STOF
THE SUBJECTS • The Subject of 2 World Production
URGE OVERKILL • Ticket to LA 7"/Lars On Drunk Touch and Go
THE BURKE FOUNDATION • S/T Bragg
FURNACE FACE • Sucked into the Darkness Forbidden
PUBLIC ENEMY • This is a Message BMG
QUEEN TEARAH • Come into My House PolyGram/Franky Boy
to
Put Your Body in S/T Infinita<br>Email
NESSESSR • Harry's Early Yout 7" PolyGram
DOD PRINTS • Heartbreak Hotel 7" Tuff
JE SABRETT ORCHESTRA • GD/WEAP
LUSCH • The Beat Boxer's Debut 12" PolyGram/Beggars Faule
MACHETE SCAR • S/T We All Know We're Dead
TRASHCANS JAVAILLERS • To Me Black 12" PolyGram/Enigma
VACATION • Birthday of the 12" MCA/Megamaster
WRECKED ENERGIES • Club High 12" MCA/Megamaster
PAB • Break the Grip of Shame 12" Tommy Boy

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 8AM-6AM

MUNCH REPORT 12-12:15AM
News, music and more with the City News, Sports and Weather De-</p>signers.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3AM
Reggae. Rock Steady and Ska with George Barent.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-4AM
Blues, rhythm and blue, gospel, funk, gospel and soul (provided by Lachlan Murray. if</p> actual show is on Chedra with soc</p>hite blue harmonica player Powell St. Blm.

THE SUNNY NEWS MAG. 6-6:30PM
City's break down/4 current affairs/newspaper show. Coverage and analy</p>s of UBC News, plus news and sports,daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here of UBC, call in for comprehensive and compendium magazine packages. An</p>ecutive promise no traffic reports.

HEAR SAY 6-6:30PM
Citi's theory covers the programs you want to submit your weekly for on-air performances as blues, rock, rappin etc.

DE-COMPOSITIONS 6-6:30PM

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-MIDNIGHT
Join host Dave Honey and colleague Brian the breeding pop and rock record guarantee to make you think twice. Bring your type deck and head-hocks. Originally broadcast on UBC FM. Now on TVT.

IN THE GRIP OF INCORRECTNESS 12-12:30AM
So what if Batty doesn't show up any</p>how. The only show where you give a shi and totally do it.

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8AM
From the famous Ten to the not-so-famous BBC Radio News, Steel, voicing the city with the Citi Morning Show. Informa</p>tion to go. news, sports, weather and "scene view" (read, radio reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta High picks. Weekdays.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-11:30PM
Lunch goes down better with the Afternoon Report. Tune in for no fill news,

THE Citi DINNER REPORT 6-6:30PM
See Sunday for details.

SPORTS DIGEST 6-6:30PM
Join the Citi Sports Department for a full breakdown of Thunderbird winter sports action and sports anywhere else we can find it.

FACEING THE MUSIC 6-7:00PM
A music talk show with topics relating to the current musical show or event.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9PM-12AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time program. None of that late night jazz. "It's not for anger and despair but for peace and a kind of home."

SUNDAY NIGHT 8PM-12AM
In your home, in the studio extra special feature.

"Not for anger and despair but for peace and a kind of home."

Suicide note of Lewis Hill, Founder of KFPA Berkeley - 1957
...enough to maintain a better than average mental and physical Impression. Some organisms in speck_ty prepared media...

Tearing ligaments to 242.KMFDM. Pankow. Roberts. New...

...getting possibilities, phone the Program... 3:30-4:00PM

HANFORO NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 10:00-11:00AM

Moobile Sound Linda Scholtens

...I certainly remember all the cases of attempted murders you... and as much Canadian content, for more information on these lines and... contact music department.

...from the auditory fringe. Live! Contrib­

JACK FEELS FINE

S-4-3-2-V (recorded live on Tape-a-mania)

...while Peter. Andy and sometimes

Trini Lopez, Ronnie Self, and The Phan­

ver. With Antje!

Join the Rhyth...

FAUCET 3-5:00PM

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM

7th Omette Cotemonond Pat Metheny:

Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest...

Hear figures in the Arts world talk about...

...continuing: Kingsnake Blues Caravan at... 7pm, free)...

Djembe Barra at the Pacific Centre Atrium (9pm)...

LOOSE GYPSIES at Cafe Django (8pm)...

...имияя на москве впц-пц...
Junkflesh:

By now, Ophelia has made it up the stairs to the Château Dur Toxique — to find both Junkflesh and the Tu gone... in a panic, she runs back outside — realizing that the pathetic plastic-injecting mockery of a — ah, well, anyways, she's worried.

UP, UP IN THE AIR
LIKE A BEAUTIFUL LUMP OF FLESH

Hey! There's what's her name...

Filling in meaningless space dept:

Junkflesh & Ophelia Warholt the Harborspace.

Ophelia is a cute, insecure young woman with an aggression problem... Junkflesh is an intelligent virus that likes to inhabit the recently deceased. It is not a zombie, both fight boredom & other fun stuff.

Thanks to Colin for brainstorming ideas & supporting my vision.

Next: Theo happy.

Shit... if I don't find her... um, it... she'll prolly jump off a building...

Aaawwww... what conveni

Boo!

You'd better duck!

OOPS!
NETTWERK & CITR present san francisco's
guitarshuffle
WEDNESDAY JUNE 20
LIVE AT THE
1275 SEYMOUR

TICKETS $8, $10 at the door
THE CULTURE INDUSTRY SHALL BE DISMANTLED
GIVE US THE FINGER
... lend us an ear!

FOR A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THESE EXCITING NEW RELEASES:

1. SUE MEDLEY “Sue Medley”
2. BOOTSUACE “The Brown Album”
3. NEW ORDER “We’ve Got The World In Motion”
4. HOTHOUSE FLOWERS “Home”
5. LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES “A Cathedral Concert”
6. MARK KNOPFLER “Last Exit To Brooklyn” (Original Soundtrack)
7. BEATS INTERNATIONAL “Let Them Eat Bingo”
8. SINEAD O’CONNOR “The Value Of Ignorance”
9. SALT-N-PEPA “Blacks’ Magic”

JUST DIAL

641 - 6110

PolyGram