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JUST THE "FACTS"

Dear Airhead,

In your article "Avant Garde Artist," Rick Gibson was criticized for Lifeforge for not protesting against the Langley poundkeepers shooting of dogs at the head (March 1989). If Gibson had checked the facts he would have discovered that Lifeforge convinced the Langley Township Council to stop shooting pound dogs in January 1980. If he was so concerned why didn't he protest it?

The media has blown out of proportion Gibson's publicity stunt of crushing animals for "art." He had no profound statement about art. He had no insight about "art." He had no profound state­ment why didn't he protest it? The bizarre incident. I hope you will give the public both sides of the issue. In respect for all life.

Peter Hamilton
Director of Lifeforce

Thanks for the "facts." The point, however, would seem to be that he had such an uproar on one rat, which was destined to die in the stomach of some repul­sive pet, yet unwanted dogs are kill­ed, now by injection.man­carnation instead of being shot (possi­bly more humane, but dead is dead) and other Snyfz continuing to end their lives at pet food.

IT'S A DIRTY JOB...

Dear Airhead,

Ok, Discorder...you've had it. I'm really sick of it now. You can print this as a letter to Airhead or as an actual article, I don't care. All I know is that somebody has to do it since you people are obviously too braindead-lazy you won't or can't, I'm not sure which.

Anyways, here it is: THE REAL LOCAL MOTION:

Here it is folks, the "let's bring Vancouver up to date ar­ticle" from the lame-ass Discorder. This month, we'll take a look at the vinyl happenings in Van­couver in the last while.

Over a year ago, a big vinyl deal went down with three local Vancouver bands that most hip cats are already aware of. The most talked about deal has defi­nitely got to be THE SCRAM­BLERS and their infamous Prange agreement. Contrary to popular rumor the band has not been thrown off the label for being rude, drunk, and just downright obnoxious. No, the execs at Panta like that sorta stuff and therefore THE SCRAM­BLERS and their infamous Prange agreement. Contrary to popular rumor the band has not been thrown off the label for being rude, drunk, and just downright obnoxious. No, the execs at Panta like that sorta stuff and therefore THE SCRAM­BLERS and their infamous Prange agreement.

COPYWRITE. This band (who's members include a couple of guys from SLOW) got the best of the bunch. They were signed to Griffin records of L.A. and basically given $25,000.00 to record with to make the best album possible. What? Copywrite do with the cash? They spent most of it on hot dogs, beer and other fun stuff, because recording costs. What is happen­ing with the Griffin-Copywrite connection now? You got me, but there ain’t no album in the near future, that’s for sure.

On the brighter side of things in the Teamtown powered town, Bob’s Your Uncle has been officially signed to a major rec­oord label from L.A. so we should be seeing and hearing a great follow-up LP to their first vinyl offering from Zulu back in '87. Also in anticipation is a full­length album from Vancouver’s Kings of England who assure us there won’t be much more of a wait.

I guess there isn’t much point in mentioning the two new album releases from both D.O.A. and Spirit of the West. Both bands are now on major labels.

New Vancouver releases have also come from those guys from Vancouver, George, on an independent label, and also from CIRT’s own "gauge­king" magazine. Nardwuar Servett, on his very own indie label. Curious George’s LP, "Children of Common Mother" is an absolutely excel­lent offering of really fun punk music in the tradition of the Sex Pistols and the Stooges. I often find myself slamming with my cat when rocking to this LP. Nardwuar’s record is another rocker but in a different sense. This record, entitled "Oh God, My Mom’s On Channel Ten!!" is a garage-rock compilation album featuring fourteen garage bands from all over North America. From Vancouver, local garage legends, THE ENIGMAS appear, as well as two up and coming garage bands THE SMUG­GLERS and Nardwuar’s own band THE EVAPORATORS. What makes this comp. really special along with the variety of great garage tunes is nifty interview­view segments between songs of Nardwuar “versus” such notables as Jello Biafra and ex-U.S. presi­dent Gerald Ford. Also included in the package is a hilarious book­let featuring pictures and bios on all bands included.

On the smaller side of things, Dirr has been in the studio lately recording a soon-to-be released EP. Also in midst of album making is the aforemen­tioned garage-rock outfit THE SMUG­GLERS. Other bands like the HARD ROCK MINERS and SARCASMIC MARQUEENS are holding back from the indie­thing, in search of a minor-major deal (with no per­son intended).

I kinda wish these bands would put out an indie record so we can have something to listen to while we wait! Yes, one could argue that these two bands, as well as many other bands, put out tapes. But face it, TAPES SUCK. You know it, I know it. TAKE ROOTS ROUNDUP for instance. They just put out a brand new tape! What a waste! Tapes are nothing. They can hardly be counted anywhere past the demo file. But back on track... also searching for a deal is a small but mighty Chris Houston.

Also in anticipation is a full­length album from Vancouver’s Kings of England who assure us there won’t be much more of a wait.

Dear Airhead,

I am appalled by some of the ignorant people who work in the record business. As a journalist for a small college in Calgary, Alberta, I have had the privilege of reviewing alternative rock concerts and records. I have taken great pleasure meeting new innov­ative people. But sometimes, I have come across some rude people.

Just last Friday, I had a chance to catch Jane Siberry live, and what an exciting perform­ance it was. Yet, an incident occurred that left me wondering what is happening to this world. While preparing to take pictures of Jane, I met a rude and obnox­ious specimen. He was an American photographer for a few major record companies in Can­ada. He told me he most de­menting thing that left me pon­dering my self-worth. He said, "The record companies and mu­sic stars couldn’t careless if some two bit newspaper covered the concert." I had to question this generalization and his moti­vation for even being in the rec­ord business, maybe the title and money.

Anyways, I was really at­tusted by his comment. I per­sonally think the university and college newspapers keep the at­lenticive scene alive to an extent. They help underground bands with media coverage and support. These papers are the medium of communication between the community and the underground bands. Maybe if it wasn’t for tiny little newspapers like the Reflec­tor, Jane Siberry might not have gotten as far as she has (just a speculation). I just wanted to inform your readers that they should be lucky that there are free papers to read for information. Keep up the good work and continue putting out creative is­sues of Discorder.

Thank you,

Nikol Mikue
Calgary, Alberta.
By phone from Marseilles France:
Who are the Cramps?
Nick Knox, Poison Ivy, Candy Del Mar, and Lux Interior.
What is the bands' average age?
The line goes dead.
By phone from L.A.:
Hey Ivy, remember I was trying to talk to ya before?
Ya, I called you from Marseilles and I was just getting a bunch of noise. I couldn't hear your voice, only a very loud screaming squawk!
Now that you are back from your European tour where are you now?
In Los Angeles.
Have the Cramps ever been to Vancouver before?
Oh yeah, lots of times.
When was your first time here?
Oh boy, let me think, it was probably '81 or '82. Ya, the first time in Vancouver we played the Commodore Ballroom. One of the things I remember is the guy brought me a... the guitar I'd been playing was a Lewis which was a Canadian make and I'd never seen another one. I found an ad for another one when I was in Vancouver and this guy carried the guitar down to the gig to show it to me, and I bought it.
So you have a piece of a Vancouver instrument then?
I do. My Lewis, it's a great guitar. It's what I played "Surfin' Dead" on.
You've covered a few old ancient rockabilly tunes and stuff like that. Do any old rockabilly guys come up to you and get mad that perhaps you're "borrowing" their tunes?
No, I've never had anybody mad. I don't think what we do should provoke them to be mad, 'cause we are honoring them. We've met some rockabilly guys from what we do. We've met Sleepy La Beef, we've met Ursel Hickey and there's a lot more I'd like to meet.
But they've never been upset that you took their song or played it in concert or anything like that. Like Hazil Adkins?
No, they should be honored that we covered their songs and credit them. I can't imagine why somebody would be mad about something like that. They would have to be out of their minds. The only thing I heard about someone being mad was Rufus Thomas because "Can You Pussy Do The Dog?" is inspired by his song "Can your Monkey do the Dog?" and I think he didn't like the obscene way that we called "the Dog."
How did ya find the song "The Crusher" by '60s burn-outs the Novas?
We got it off a compilation album that we had found in England. When we were at Miles Copeland's (I.R.S. founder and Stewart's brother) house. We were staying there cause we were going to be playing at the Lyceum in London.
We bought the record in the afternoon, went home and played it on his record player, and decided to play it that night at the Lyceum. Everybody figured it was pretty close to "Drug Train," so that we already kind of knew it, and it was the first time we did it, the same day we bought the record. Are there many Cramps bootlegs around?
Seems like about a hundred.
Does the sight of a crane looking around?
Seems like about a hundred.
Does the sight of one cause anger to run rampant through your body?
Well, in some degree because they absorb our fans. They're usually horrible people. They cost $20 and up, and they're packaged in a deliberately misleading way. A lot of our fans want to own every song we've ever covered, so what the bootleggers will do is to take them. "They'll give a new title to a previous song of ours. They'll call "Psychotic Reaction," "A Walk Down Broadway" or they'll call "Bacon Fat," and "Big and Fat" and these are all deliberate attempts to suck money off our fans.
Have you had any interesting opening acts lately?
Yeah, the show we just did at the Town and Country in London was great. There was a band called Ug and the Cavemen who dressed up like cavemen, barefoot with leopard skin print things, and do all, like, cavemen songs. They do "Go Gorilla," "Be a Caveman," all these covers, caveman things.
This incredible Elvis impersonator, that was a Vegas guy who's living in England. I guess it's a tax problem or something. That was a good opening act.
How did the Cramps all meet? Were you, like, in a record store and were you, like, both looking at a rare Hazil Adkins single, and both trying to grab it at the same time?
No. Actually, when we met Candy Del Mar we were trying to grab a parking spot at the same time. We were in a parking lot of a liquor store, and they didn't have enough parking spots for the store, and we were both kind of challenging each other for the parking spot. And then she recognized me and Lux and that's how we met.
Nick, we've known forever, it seems. We were introduced to him from a friend of ours from Cleveland who knew Nick and how we needed a drummer.
Wasn't Nick in a band called the Electric Eels?
Ya, he was in the Electric Eels, and this guy, Bradley, who's dead now, introduced us to him.
Didn't Nick's brother also once play in the Cramps?
His cousin he did.
That was after Brian Gregory left?
Oh, way after. That was after Kid for awhile, and then we had another guy playing, Click Mort, and then like played with us again for a tour. He was just helping us out kind of as a favor 'cause we didn't have anyone to tour with.
What other guitarists have the Cramps chomped out since Kid Congo?
Ike Knox, Click Mort... We've had various people hired, like Fur, who played with us for two months. Actually, before Kid was...
A girl called Julian GrindSNatch and she's in the "Ugly" movie with us.

Were you and Lux from Cleveland originally?

No, Lux is from Akron and Nick is from Cleveland.

And what about yourself, Poison Ivy? I'm from... many places, mainly. I was in Sacramento when I met Lux and we hopped around then.

Did the New York Dolls, in any way, inspire you and yourself to get a band together?

Are they a big influence on the Cramps?

Oh huge. We love the Dolls. We saw them a bunch of times, and I think that was really the final band that made the Cramps form. I think that was one of the best bands there ever was.

What do you think of what Buster Poindexter is doing now?

If he's happy with what he's doing, I guess he's earned it from having been in the Dolls. I'm certainly not interested in that particular thing that he's doing now. But he is David Johansen, and the Dolls really did something special, something magic.

Who did the Cramps play their first gig with?

The first real gig we did was with Suicide, a band out of New York that used to play pretty frequently in the late '70s. We were kind of a regular co-bill with Suicide; they're headline and we're open for them. We also played with the Ramones a lot in New York.

You guys were featured in that video "Live at Knapp State Mental Hospital," Was that a real show?

Ya, it was.

How did that get arranged?

I dunno, I think at that time it was Howie Klein or somebody in San Francisco that set that up. Just showed up and played. It was a real gig.

An incredible show it was, featuring a lot of Brian Gregory on guitar. Where is he now? Does he still sing or is he still around L.A. or Hollywood?

No, not at all. We haven't kept in touch for about ten years. We're not friends.

Was he a bad boy to the Cramps?

We're not friends.

A few years ago you recorded "Songs the Lord Taught Us" at Sam C. Phillips' Studio. Is he still alive?

He certainly is. He's alive and very kicking, very youthful. I think he's a vampire, because he looks younger now than he did in the '50s.

Where was "Staysick" recorded?

We laid the tracks down at a studio called Music Grinder in Hollywood, which is a great studio. It has this huge room, I think it used to be a brewery or some kind of factory. It just looks almost like an air-raid hanger; it's all wood and concrete. We mixed at a studio called Record One, which is a studio owned by Ocean Way, across from Sound City, which is really the best studio in Hollywood, in L.A., maybe in the world.

This time, you, Poison Ivy, produced the Cramps.

I really have on all, to some degree, you know. But it was just kind of meaningless to keep saying the Cramps, 'cause I was producing them.

Have any other artists requested your producership?

We've produced friends of ours from back East, the Mad Daddy's, a group from New Jersey, and another New York group called the Sickizde.

Are the Sickizde still around?

No, they're not. There's a group now called Pink Slip Daddy with some of the members, and I think they just came out with a new release.

What about Enigma Records, are they treating the Cramps nicely?

Hopefully they are paying for this phone call, right?

We have an unusual deal, even a lot of major artists don't have the kind of deal we do. We've given them complete artistic freedom, and not only at our request, but they really want us to have it. I think they really feel we've proven something by now, so it's in a nice position to be in. I mean they really are getting behind us; we're doing what we do. They're not trying to change us. They seem to be taking us quite seriously, and I appreciate it.

Hallucinogens?

Have they ever played a part in the Cramps act?

I suppose that's just one of our many influences. I mean we've all done them, so you can't turn back on that. There's no going back once you're there. So that definitely has an influence.

Poison Ivy, what is your favorite Poison? Oh my...

O'moon you know the answer. So, I don't.

Styceyhead!

Only in moments of supreme faith. Actually, we just came from Spain and we were really hoping, but we didn't have time, to find some absinthe there, 'cause it's something that's very hard to get except in Spain and parts of Europe. I've never tried it, so I was kind of intrigued by that.

Who is Kurt Perkheiser?

I don't know.

Who is Chris Wallance?

I don't know if I want to answer those questions, they're rude.

Reading is fun and healthy. Do you have any favorites that you, like, brown through?

I really do. I really enjoy to express a desire to No, not particularly. I certainly admire Ray Davies a lot, but I almost don't feel a need to meet people I really admire. Maybe I'm shy.

Are there any movie or TV appearances coming up for the Cramps in the future?

Yeah, actually today we're working on a TV thing today for a show called "After Hours." And we do a lot of television in Europe.

Who do you think is the Cramps' biggest critic?

I have no idea. I'm not sure that we would pay that much attention to the Cramps' biggest critic.

What is the most mini-marketed gig the Cramps have ever played. Like you guys playing with Depeche Mode or New Order?

Umm, probably a show we did in Dallas Texas once, at some small club. We were sandwiched in between two bands that both were, like, huge guys with beards. We were the middle bill, and the opening act did Jimi Hendrix songs and Double Brother songs. And we were in the middle of that in Texas, and we were not well-come there, that was kind of frightening.

I was wondering Ivy, do you think that John F. Kennedy might possibly be murdered by Richard Nixon and CIA?

Boy, I don't know anything about that. I'm afraid that's not one of my big departments.

American politics?

Ya, I don't think I'm too authoritative on that one way or another.

What about Canadian politics?

I know even less.

Do you know who the Prime Minister of Canada is?

No, I don't.

Thanks for your time, Poison Ivy, see ya in Vancouver!

Bye.

Backstage at the heavily segregated Commodore Ballroom April 12th:

After a mind-boggling Cramps show in which the band played every single tune off "Stay Sick!" often accompanied by old standards like "Primitive," "Mystery Plane," "Tear It Up," "Psychotic Reaction" and "You're Gonna Need More Oil," I managed to lasso Lux into answering a few Crampsonian questions. Yes, Lux Intern., the lead singer-songwriter said, "I've been out of shape all evening had sweated up a storm, punked out, forgotten his leather "uniform" and even rolled around in mock sexual positions. And after all, we were not welcomed in the middle of that in Texas, and we were not well-come there, that was kind of frightening.

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Do you know who the Prime Minister of Canada is?

No, I don't.

Thanks for your time, Poison Ivy, see ya in Vancouver!

Bye.

"Near Dark?" Yeah, that was a good movie. I like that. That's the way vampires should really be. They're all Hell's Angels really. All vampires today are Hell's Angels.

"Blue Velvet?" Yeah, I know that.

Is it really the best they've seen?

Ya, I don't think it's really the best they've seen. It's pretty boring but that girl is a real knockout.

Did Brian Gregory...

I don't answer any questions about him.

What movies have the Cramps been featured in?

Uh, none that I'd care to say anything about. We've been in some movies but we'd rather make our own movie.

"Near Dark?" Yeah, that was a good movie. I like that. That's the way vampires should really be. They're all Hell's Angels really. All vampires today are Hell's Angels.

Here's an appropriate question. Lux Interior. Do the Cramps give many interviews?

Well, dunno... I...

Because I want the scoop. I want the Cramps scoop. Like, everyone around town is doing Cramps articles, can you give me the Cramps scoop. Like a one liner, give it to me please, Lux! Don't make me work for it.

There's no Cramps scoop.
## MAY CONCERTS

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**SATURDAY 5**

**SUNDAY 6** CBS Recording Artists **THE RAVE-UPS** with guests

**MONDAY 7** DICKY D • UNDER RAIN • INTOXICATORS • SWEET RELEASE

**TUESDAY 8** THE FAULT • THE RATTLED ROOSTERS • SMALL MAN SYNDROME • RHYTHM METHOD

**WEDNESDAY 9** Timeless Productions Presents **CAUSTIC THOUGHT** • THE KILL • DECADENCE

**THURSDAY 10** RICK COLBOURNE • AGAINST THE GRAIN • ROCK 'N' ROLL HELL

**FRIDAY 11** Enigma Recording Artists **THE FORGOTTEN REBELS** with guests from New York A&M Recording Artists **AGITPOP**

**SATURDAY 12** THE ENDANGERED • M.S.U. • THE LUDWIGS

**TUESDAY 15** HIDDEN FORBIDDEN • LOVERS & MADMEN

**WEDNESDAY 16** BIG ELECTRIC CAT with guests

**THURSDAY 17** Slash Recording Artists **SONS OF FREEDOM** with guests

**FRIDAY 18** Dr. Dream Recording Artists **BOB'S YOUR UNCLE**

**SATURDAY 19** A&M Recording Artists from Scotland **DEL AMITRI** with guests

**SUNDAY 20** ROOTS ROUNDUP with guests

**MONDAY 21** *CITR 101.9 FM Presents* Wax Trax! Recording Artists **PSYCHIC TV** with guests

**TUESDAY 22** Get Hip Recording Artists **THE CYNICS** from Pittsburgh, MONO MEN from Bellingham, and **THE SMUGGLERS**

**WEDNESDAY 23** Perryscope Presents A&M Recording Artists **GUN** with guests

**THURSDAY 24** RCA Recording Artists **THE SILOS**

**FRIDAY 25** DREAD ZEPPELIN

**SATURDAY 26** **THE DHARMA BUMS** from Portland with guests

**SUNDAY 27** WEA Recording Artists **WATERTOWN** with guests WEA Recording Artists **RIVER DETECTIVES**

**MONDAY 28** SHE STOLE MY BEER • DIC SCENE

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**TOWN PUMP**  
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What do you dunk of the current popularity of folk music? You took a swipe at the image in your song "Folk Singer." What do you think of Tracy Chapman?

The Cult recently got into trouble in the UK because of their anti-Semitic lyrics. I'm a Jew, so I'm the oppressor. I'm part of the problem, and I always identify with her when no one else would have anything to do with me. She was always there.

Since my grandmother died it's been very difficult (for my grandfather), and I found myself just being there all the time, being involved with the funeral, being close with my family and being with my grandfather. My grandmother had been sick for a long time, and it didn't happen overnight. I've redeveloped my relationship with my grandfather in the past two years. My grandmother would always take me aside and I could always identify with her because I couldn't be a lesbian in their home. I spent a lot of time and a lot of energy communicating with my family, and through a lot of work on both our parts I'm very close to my family today. But it did not come easily and it didn't happen overnight.

I've rededicated my relationship with my grandfather in the past two years. My grandmother would always take me aside and I could always identify with her because I couldn't be a lesbian in their home. I spent a lot of time and a lot of energy communicating with my family, and through a lot of work on both our parts I'm very close to my family today and it didn't happen overnight.

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After scouring its books and testaments for hours, I would walk in the park near my apartment and consider the mysteries and teachings of its pages.

Picking out the allegories and symbolisms, I tried to strip the Bible’s message down to the bare bones. The contradictions I perceived made me doubt the authenticity of the book.

It did not have the consistency or expressivity of God.
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"It seems to be some sort of neoclassical thing again and music at the moment is now at the point where it's trying to justify itself."

by Lloyd Uliana
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“A machine... the definition of a machine is a very broad one. Anyone who has used a spade is using a machine and to criticize shovelling snow as being less fluid and artistic because the person didn’t get down and use their hands is a sort of spurious criticism. To extend that a long way, I’m using a very basic connection here, but the machine is simply a tool. It’s just an extension of your arm. It’s an extension of your brain.

If you really want to look at the whole position, you can say that your body is a machine that is run by your mind or your soul or whatever. It’s very much about where you see yourself and your work starting and ending. I see myself starting with ideas and the ideas of other people I work with and going through a whole lot of machines. Not only the synthesizers and stuff, but the people you work with and yourself form a sort of machine; and the tour you see it heading in the ‘90s as to whether or not it’s going to be a wanker.

The whole process of music is a sort of machine and I don’t see that these machines are different except their usage is very posy. People who use synthesizers don’t often try and get to know each machine very well. They just acquire more of them, which is crazy! Completely crazy! That’s why you get so much nothin’ around.”

Tom Ellard is Severed Heads. A seemingly permanent fixture on dance music charts in recent years with such singles as “Big Car,” “All Saints’ Day,” “Greater Reward,” “Hot With Fleas,” and others, Ellard is responding to an accusation that the use of synthesizers (i.e. machines) carries with it a lack of spontaneity and instinct. Ellard and video-originator/mixer/cohort Stephen Jones opened their Round For Success Tour (with MC 900 FT Jesus) in Vancouver in early March. Lloyd Uliana met up with Sydney, Australia’s Tom Ellard.

Ellard: It’s an ignorant question in a lot of ways. A lot of people say, “Why don’t you sound like Bruce Springsteen?,“ you know, big and rocky. You have to point out that Bruce Springsteen’s music is done with drum machines and synthesizers. Springsteen uses the same sequencing packages as I used to do in my music. He produces his stuff, I produce my stuff. There’s nothing really to justify.

What it is is a vague way of attacking the music that’s done. It’s a way of stepping back and saying, “I don’t want to really criticize your music, so let’s pretend that I’m talking about your equipment but what I’m really criticizing is the sort of music you do.” So what you have to do is cut through the very vague, “Let’s just get down to it. You don’t like what I do, fine.”

Discorder: It’s been said that you guys, in this tour, you’ve completely abandoned the chopping, noise collages, and other experimentation that make up your first three albums (“Since the Accident,” “Dead Eyes Opened,” “Blubberknife”) and appear occasionally on “Come Visit the Big Bogan” and “Bad Mood Guy.” Do you have any intentions of ever pursuing that style again?

E: Yes, yes. That stuff is still being recorded. The band is a very large

band. There’s only two people who actually stick their mugs on the cover (Ellard and Jones), but there are a lot of people who pick and choose the stuff including the people who I work with at Volition Records (Australia). I record a lot of stuff and then we sit around and work on what’s going to turn up under the banner. The conditions are that it has to have been the sort of stuff that we’re putting out now. But there’s certainly other material that can be used.

The reasons for the change are reasonable. Number one, experimentation for experimentation purposes is a wank. You experiment to find the things that you find personally satisfying and then you explore them.

I am personally satisfied with the sort of nuances that I’m working with now on “Round For Success.” On earlier records I really feel like there’s a hand pointing down and going, “Hey, this is wacky, this is interesting, wow, they’re using this technique. It’s very futurist, wow, I haven’t heard anything like that.” That’s fine for a while, but if you keep on doing that you’re a wanker. Those little hands have to be swept away.

Every little sound on “Round For Success” has actually got just as much work and detail input into it but it’s not with neon signs all over it. Round has a lot of really strange ways of coming about sounds, but we’re not advertising it anymore.

D: “Big Car” sounds really philosophical (“Here are sights I may not see / Shine a light on me / Here are paths I may not tread / Shine a light on me”) What’s it all about?

E: None of the songs are about anything particularly specific. When you disguise real world situations, they sound philosophical. That’s all philosophy is, anyway; taking a problem in the real world and turning it into generalities.

A lot of the songs I’m writing at the moment just tend to be about what you’d really like to be doing with your life and the reality of it. Life is so short and you really should be just going for it, but you just don’t get around to it. Then you wake up and you’re old. “Big Car” and “Greater Reward” and all these songs aren’t all about this, but they do tend to relate to the difference between reality and what it could be and that’s a big preoccupation, I suppose, on my part.

D: Is it hip to dance again and the corporate labels see dance music as some sort of saviour. Where do you see it heading in the ‘90s?

E: What’s going on at the moment is...
going to bark out a band name and bullshit, basically. People just have much confidence in it. Obviously some people could come along and correct me quite wisely in that respect. There’s so much stuff which is just like turning on a drum machine and away you go. There’s quite a legitimate concern: “Why am I buying this stuff... fuck it all off!”

There is good stuff going on in dance music, but it’s going down the google hole with all the bad stuff. It’s like the indie punk stuff of the late ‘70s. There was lots of really nice singles around then, but there was just so much schlock that after a while you just didn’t feel like buying it anymore. All these sorts of poxy bands that came along at the end of it.

D: It just seems that the line between what is considered underground dance music and what is mainstream dance music is disintegrating. For instance, not in this country, but certainly in the US, support for the Severed Heads has allowed for crossover into the Billboard charts.

E: Yes, but crossing over into Billboard doesn’t really signify all that much. It means more within the industry than it does to the average listener. As far as the average listener is concerned, we don’t exist. For our fans, I suppose they just see that we’ve softened and with the softness has come more attention. We have softened in a way, but that’s only part of it. That’s the ice cream on top of the rock. Music...you start off with constraints and the constraints become less and less and then it becomes options and then it gets to a point where it’s almost mandatory to be as grotesque and overbearing as possible. You’ve seen it in painting, where you’ve gone from very studied portraiture over to all sorts of bullshit, basically. People just started throwing paint at a canvas and saying, “There you go.” Then they’ve tried to justify that by saying the act of throwing the paint has a legitimacy. Then people started calling the bluff and it is just garbage. It seems to be some sort of neoclassical thing again and music at the moment is now at the point where it’s trying to justify itself.

D: It’s “At the Movies” time. I’m going to bark out a band name and have you reply with some opinions on them, alright? First off, Depeche Mode.

E: They write great singles and their albums are terrible. The albums are really stodgy but the singles are quite nice. They write nice pop songs. By all accounts they go on about world peace and love, but basically, they’re just rock and roll attitude. “Save the trees, chicks after the show.” I think Daniel Miller, the producer, is the real star of that particular exploit. It’s particularly more pleasant than most music, so thumbs up to Depeche Mode.

D: Einsturzende Neubauten.

E: I just find the whole sort of thing dull. In Australia there’s this joke; it goes, “I’ve got spiders crawling up my anus.” “Cause there was this band who thought they were Neubauten and this line came along: “I’ve got spiders crawling up my anus!” Everyone just laughed and left. They’re a “spiders crawling up my anus” band... bash-bash-bash-bash-aagh! bash-bash-bash-bash-aagh! It’s fine, but I’m not interested at all.

D: Nitzer Ebb.

E: I just find there’s something missing. Half a record. The record I have should have been done at two levels. You could buy the CD and there should have been another CD with all the melodies that you could play along with it. It’s really DAF all over again.

DAF were sort of kitschy and that was nice. They had that big sort of brutal guy - “Roar! Roar!”- and they get the little girlie singing and stuff. That was more funny than Nitzer Ebb. Nitzer Ebb don’t seem to have much of a sense of humour to them.

D: Midnight Oil.

E: There’s two aspects to Midnight Oil. Aspect number one is the songs which again, I find really dull. It’s like “Johnny B. Goode” and variations on that sort of sound with a couple of English producers thrown in.

“That’s all philosophy is, anyway; taking a problem in the real world and turning it into generalities.”

And then there’s the political aspect of it. A Midnight Oil concert is basically the big bald guy up on stage going “Fuck the Americans” and everyone in the audience going “Fuck the Americans” like “Sieg heil, sieg heil.” It’s like a political right wing rally with all these bald guys in the audience and the bald guy on stage. The words are good but the way they are forced makes it sloganeering.

If you’ve got space in a newspaper you’ve got media access for one reason and they exploit it for other reasons. Not so much Midnight Oil because I do believe that Peter Garrett in his political activities in Australia has earned some respect for his thinking.

But there’s this band that did a Vietnam veteran’s song and they got their half page in the entertainment section. It was all about a Royal Commission that was going on for the Vietnam veterans. And they’re saying, “It’s all lies. The vets are right. The government’s lying. Blah blah.” The commission hadn’t finished. None of the findings had come out and yet here was some bunch of dildoes coming on saying, “We know. We’re a band, we know.” And they’re getting media space. That sort of thing’s just got to be stomped on like cockroaches.
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March 22nd, 1990, a day that will go down as one of the worst days in the history of Canadian radio. For it was on that day that the final episode of Hootenanny Saturday Night aired on CI TR.

HSN, or Hootenanny, or simply "the Hoot," as it was called by its most faithful listeners, was not merely a radio show. It was a Canadian institution. What names from the past forty-six years are more familiar to Canadian children of all ages than: the Hilarious Bill, the Hilarious Scott, Valerie, and, of course, Valerie’s imaginary friend, "Willy yum?" They are as much a part of the Canadian experience as the Friendly Giant, Mr. Dressup and Front Page Challenge. In a sense, the Hoot crew are yet more than these others. They didn’talter their personalities to become a gregarious mutant with a rooster, a giraffe and a chair to curl up in, or a chameleon clown with a tickle trunk and two bogan puppets in a tree. Nor did they talk about the current events of the 30s. They were real, they were themselves. They had each other. And who wouldn’t shill for fifty cent records.

Of course there were gimmicks — the Backwards Song, the Listeners’ Choice, the Deja Voo-Integration, I.D., etc. But "Between the Eyes," and that Mel Brewer “whaling songs” thing. But they were part of the tradition; it wouldn’t have been Hootenanny without ‘em.

HSN was educational, not only in terms of music and the lives of its stars, but about the world around us. Where else could you learn where to get a throw rug made entirely from Safeway bags? Or that when you donate blood, you’re giving all the blood in your head? We also learned (and heard) that Tilly Savalas is more than just a talented actor. He’s a poet and a gifted singer.

Over the years, we got to know each member of the Hootenanny family quite well. We learned of Bill’s one time romance with Scott’s three-headed sister, and of Valerie’s on again off again affair with Loverboy vocalist Mike Renofsky. While the music played we could ponder a past, present or future liaison between Bill and Val. But don’t forget Scott and his catchphrase, “Nah, I got nuthin’ to say.”

Between the witty banter of “Bill and Scott,” as they were affectionately known, and their kooky post-punk guitar grunge music, there was...that gal, that voice. The one they would turn to when something puzzled them: “Let’s Ask Valerie.” Sure, Valerie usually told them what they’d be asking and often laughed at her own jokes. It didn’t matter. We listened intently to tales of her upbringing in that Irish neighbourhood in Australia, of her war exploits, her London theatre career, her Arctic and Amazon adventures. We were instructed on how to support the local band scene. We discovered her favourite TV show, most memorable Halloween parties, and that cash is the perfect Christmas gift. We also heard of “assholes at Shenanigans” dirty dancing on New Year’s Eve, and of the time they all got White Spot burgers and forgot to eat them. Hey, we even got dating tips and a guide to bondage.

After fifteen years, Valerie finally got her own theme song. Of course, the Monkees were commissioned and after spending a few weeks with the vivacious hunk of femininity (which was especially intense for drummer Micky Dolenz), the boys came up with her trademark tune, well-known and loved.

It was about this time that the Let’s Ask Valerie Army (LAVA) appeared on the scene which signaled the beginning of the end. Bill and Scott’s jealousy of a 5-10 minute segment during their 4 1/2 hour show (with a fan club 15,000 strong) became too great a strain, with drugs lain, but this time, without the "don’t try this at home, kids" warnings. They began bickering in front of stunned studio audiences. The familiar HSN slogans of “Working together to keep BC strong” and “Beating swords into plowshares” were officially changed to "So What?", "Who Cares?”, and "Get your own damn radio show, pal."

Scott failed to show up, claiming he had to “work late at the sweatshop.” Bill countered by saying that he had to “sweat late at the workshop.” Yet all of us knew where they really got their money...

With this new attitude came the final degradation of being forced to move to a late Thursday slot, thus losing their large pre-teen audience. To add insult to injury, they were prohibited from changing the show’s name.

And the rest, as they say, is history. Before ALL the sponsors bailed out and the brass upstairs pulled the plug, they called it quits themselves. After just a few months in the barren wasteland of Thursday night. During the final moments of the final show, running overtime as usual, and amidst drunken nearly-incoherent slurs against the station they once lovingly referred to as "The Big Mama," they were kicked off the air by a certain "Randy." The man who single-handedly made Hoot fans have grown to hate...

So together our heroes and their heroines(abscended to a strange land. At each other’s expense, they are out there now, maybe in the Arizona desert. Bill looking for a truck stop, Scott looking for a decent motel, and Valerie looking for her comb. Perhaps we’ll hear about the rest of their American Odyssey on the air one day. But until then, they’ll live in our hearts, minds, and tape decks, forever.

As Bogie almost once said, “Here’s listening to you, kids.” Now we can all tighten up our tretchcoats, pull down our fedoras, light those cigarettes and walk into the misty night with these words on our lips: "We’ll have a Hootenanny, Hootenanny Saturday night. And if you think we’ll be rowdy, you’re right!"

- Bartholomew
the (Scott-Appointed) Patron Saint of Hootenanny

MAY 1990 15
"I don't care about what somebody says. Like they say, I'm controversial."

I sit dizzily watching a tacky, live-stage version of the Conan story.

"Wow!" my lady friend exclaims as she watches in amazement.

"God, that's entertainment," I say. "But they haven't got it right. Conan should have a lot more muscles and Sonja should have a much larger chest — actually, they both should have much larger chests."

"Shhh!" she says as the hippie wimp-style flat-chested Conan steps up and grabs a sword sticking out of the stage floor which causes him to be engulfed in an horrendous amount of smoke and lasers. A shadowy figure emerges from the smoke. It is... Conan! Except that his hair has magically changed colour and his body has suddenly swollen, inflated by some strangely invoked steroid spell.

"Gawd, when is it going to end," I mutter.

"Shhh, it's okay," my lady friend says as she and at least 500 other females ogle Conan's chest and other parts of his anatomy. Victor Mature as Samson wasn't this sexy, nor as well developed. Come to think of it, neither was Gina Lollobrigida!

When the torture ends, I attempt to wash off the female hormones which I feel have drenched me. I then make my way towards the telephone. I have other kinds of chests (and hormones) on my mind. Where are you going?" my now seemingly un impressively endowed lady friend asks me. "Aren't you going into the gift shop with me?"

"No," I go to the phone and dial the number. "Hello, R.M. here."

I reintroduce myself and ask when it would be convenient to come over and interview him.

"Around six o'clock. Is that alright?"

"Yes, that will be fine."

As we leave the home of cross-dressing cartoon characters, otherwise known as the Universal Studios Tour, we come across Hollywood's rush hour traffic, which is in its usual state - a standstill. Eventually we get moving towards Russ' house.

"Who is this Russ Meyer guy anyway?" she asks.

"We are talking about one of the few people that has pretty much total control over the films he makes. He was a photographer for Playboy, then he made "The Immoral Mr. Teas," "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens"..."

Suddenly I realise that nothing is reading. It is probably the most embarrassing moment of my life — my equipment is failing and I am struggling to get it to work.

"I'll be over here if you need me," Russ says as he gets up to watch the rest of his Lakers game.

In light of what had transpired, I check my equipment some time after the failure. Of course, it works perfectly, without plausible explanation for the earlier problem. The only thing I can suggest is perhaps the ghost of Martin Bormann, so mischievously portrayed in many of Russ Meyer's films, interfered.

Well, I am still at a loss as to what happened, but fortunately Russ later consented to do the interview by phone.
You have a Meyer obsession, the obsession for tits. Big tits. Meyer's obsession for satire, the send-up. Nobody makes a better Russ Meyer picture than Russ Meyer.

“Have you the Meyer obsession, the obsession for tits. Big tits. Meyer’s obsession for satire, the send-up. Nobody makes a better Russ Meyer picture than Russ Meyer.”

Germany. They will show ten films. Uncut. That’s a ritualistic thing for me. If you have to cut, don’t play it. I just sold one to Finland. No cuts. “Supervixens,” the bathtub stomp, the dynamite up the ass, all of that. Canada though, oh. You know what we had to do when we showed “Supervixens” on screen? No, I don’t.

We had to punch out the nether regions of all the girls, pubic hair, with what we would call in the United States a motorman’s punch. Like they used to have on buses and streetcars. In order to transfer your ticket, you’d have to have it punched, you have a little hole made in it. So, ridiculously, I punched out all the areas that showed pubic hair.

Really.

It was like, watch the bouncing ball. When I saw “Supervixens” in the theatre, fortunately, as far as I remember, ‘cause it was part of a midnight show series, I don’t remember the motorman’s punch. I seem to remember the public hair remaining intact.

Well, I don’t know who had the print, but we had some difficulty with a schlock operator out of Montreal showing my pictures without justification. So a lot of my films have been shown in 16mm. We had a Canadian distributor who had been licensed by an American whom I am seeking to incarcerate. The Canadian distributor seems to be an alright guy, you know, submitting a lot of evidence to me where the pictures have played in 16mm.

It used to be about seventeen hours, probably four hours. I’ve got much work to do, much work. And I don’t feel like working. You see, you’ve got to be hungry in the film business, to work hard, and I’m only working on the book. That’s my only interest at the moment.

And when do you expect the book to come out? I don’t know, I won’t say anything. When it’s ready. When it’s ready.

Yep.

And as you were telling me, it’s going to be by around ninety dollars. A hundred and thirty-eight fifty. In two volumes. You’re only doing a limited run of this book?

Five thousand. A normal person wouldn’t be able to order this through their bookstore. No, there’s only a few bookstores that are buying it, because I don’t give any discounts. They have to buy it a hundred and thirty-eight fifty. But by and large the bookstores just want to own it.

You take a certain amount of stringent quality in the way your films look. As you were saying earlier, the transfer of the videos has to be good for videotape. I’ve talked with a couple of people who have worked with you on transfers and they say you’re a real stickler for detail.

Quality. Quality, this goes through all of your videotapes?

Yes, they’re all handled the same way. They cost a great deal. “Motor Psycho,” for example, cost nearly 4500 dollars, four thousand five hundred dollars US, transferred from film to one-inch masters. It’s in a vault and it will sit there. The Germans have their master, that’s all I care about.

The Germans, when are the Germans going to be showing their film?

They’re going to be showing it later this year. They’re going to pay roughly a million dollars to show them twice, ten features, no cuts, starting with “Mr. Teas,” through and including “Vixens,” no cuts; you know, at the time that little Hans is down eating his strudel and his wurst, at eight o’clock at night, at the family hour.

Well, that’s always pleasing. Let’s see, how do you feel when film critics and fans attach symbolic meaning to your work?

Well, I think it’s fine. Whatever they want to say, it’s great; all these kinds of ideas as to what Meyer’s trying to say.

Some of the more well-known film critics in North America feel that you are the only true auteur of the cinema. Russ, have you always found it difficult to give some of your creative powers to others?

You have the Meyer obsession, the obsession for tits. Big tits. Meyer’s obsession for satire, the send-up. Nobody makes a better Russ Meyer picture than Russ Meyer.

There used to be a little running gag through some of your films involving Martin Bormann. Yes, regrettably, the gentleman, Henry Roland, passed on over the Great Divide. I used him because of incorporating him originally in “Beyond the Valley of the Dolls,” and then I decided for him to become a running gag, as it were, in other films. I helped with his hospitalization; kept him up to snuff as far as the Screen Actor’s Guild was concerned.

The famous movie critic and friend of mine, Roger Ebert, who is still the only film critic in North
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Well, he essentially wrote "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." The fact that he co-wrote the screenplay, he and I, the treatment. Man he essentially wrote, he and I, the treatment. Man that's happened that we set it here, because it was a proper place, better than in Hollywood decadence; it's Meyer's decadence. Looking back...

I really admired it. Name a couple of other films that you enjoyed. Oh, any Clint Eastwood film; I go to these films, but on a personal level so many people relate. Man this is the only films that people can enjoy over and over again. Apparently, by and large, the only films that people can enjoy over and over again are mine. I mean, with all this stuff about "Citizen Kane" and the "Rambo" films, whatever... You just can't look at these films over and over again. You can with a Russ Meyer film. Apparently there lies the rub, the secret. I don't know what the secret is. Maybe because they're cartoons. They're simple. You don't have to strain to hear someone saying something because everybody usually kaps in hollows. I really don't know. As I said, I'm pleased. I guess the same thing goes for a movie like "Faster Pussycat," which seems to be enjoying a lot of controversy lately.

Russ, people that dislike your movies point to the fact that you use ordinary women, not actresses, and they can be from any profession, with the only qualification being that they have an attractive face and very large breasts. The word that... They're not ordinary women, they're really very special ladies. And it's always been extremely difficult to find women that would qualify. Certainly the main thing is their boobs. They've got to be big. They've got to be cantilevered. They've got to be gravity-defying. They've got to have a wasp waist, lyre-like hips; svelte, y'know. Long, attractive legs; nice face. Not ordinary ladies by any stretch of the imagination. Well, I've heard a lot of people who've disliked your films use the word "infantilize." Does that ever anger you when you hear this? No, I don't care about what somebody says. Like they say, I'm controversial. When you do the film, you control every aspect: the writing, obviously the direction, the editing. Is there anywhere else that you keep your hands on? Oh, I handle all facets of the film. I'm responsible for everything. It's my conception to begin with, I execute it, film it, edit it, create the advertising, then get out and sell it on the road. That's all past; that's years before, y'know. Did you ever think that your films would be so long-lasting? No, I never did, and I have to ask myself, "Why are they?" I don't know. I really don't know why, but I'm pleased. There's a lot of very special ladies. And it's Meyer's classics locally at the Van-nar, people that dislike your films point to the fact that you use ordinary women, not actresses, and they can be from any profession, with the only qualification being that they have an attractive face and very large breasts. The word that... They're not ordinary women, they're really very special ladies. And it's always been extremely difficult to find women that would qualify. Certainly the main thing is their boobs. They've got to be big. They've got to be cantilevered. They've got to be gravity-defying. They've got to have a wasp waist, lyre-like hips; svelte, y'know. Long, attractive legs; nice face. Not ordinary ladies by any stretch of the imagination. Well, I've heard a lot of people who've disliked your films use the word "infantilize." Does that ever anger you when you hear this? No, I don't care about what somebody says. Like they say, I'm controversial. When you do the film, you control every aspect: the writing, obviously the direction, the editing. Is there anywhere else that you keep your hands on? Oh, I handle all facets of the film. I'm responsible for everything. It's my conception to begin with, I execute it, film it, edit it, create the advertising, then get out and sell it on the road. That's all past; that's years before, y'know. Did you ever think that your films would be so long-lasting? No, I never did, and I have to ask...
Hey wow. Finally unearthed that kooky blue Slurpee flavour again, at the Sev-Elev at Alma & 10th. 'Cept instead of just "Mystery Flavour?," they're calling it "Blue Raspberry," which kinda destroys the mystique a bit. But then, nor does it taste the same as it did last year, so maybe it ain't even the real thing.

On a depressing note, it seems NO Dairy Queens, not even the trusty old one back in Surrey across from my parents' place, put an extra sprinkling of the chocolate bar atop one's Blizzard anymore. Nor does the server-person masterfully flip the Blizzard upside-down before handing it to you. Is tradition, ritual, sacrosanct custom, going to Hell in a handbasket in the DQ empire?! Goddamn it, I say.

A serendipitous discovery of mine in the chewing-gum realm was made at Best Quality Produce (3100-blk. W. Broadway), where you can pick up a 5-stick pack o' Lotte gum for $.25, or 4 packs for $.99. "Be always happy with excellent taste and flavour," proclaim the blue wrappers of each piece. God knows I go through it at a rate that could sustain the Korean economy singlehandedly. It's that really mushy, chewy, malleable kind of gum that stays that way even after lengthy chewing. Slick.

Just up the street, the Hollywood Theatre has some highly eatworthy cookies, the saucer-sized kind, going for a dollar apiece. Crammed with both white and dark chocolate chunks and better than many I've had at the Van East. Your zits will thank you.

Remember disco-white with green lettering and yellow-and-red accents? Yes, the old Popcorn Twist package has gone the way of the dodo, supplanted by a staunch conservative royal blue dealie with tasteful red and yellow lettering. Tasteful! Yecch. The whole essence of Popcorn Twists is TRASH, dammit! Without appropriately tacky packaging, I predict the wormy little vermin will plunge into the stale depths of obscurity, dragging the whole corporation right along with 'em.

Bo-nus day at the Hastings Sev-Elev recently, whence I happened upon a 3-for-the-price-of-2 pack of King-Dons at $.98. Crinkly white plastic wrapping instead of the usual anonymous tinfoil, which destroyed some of the Star Trek quality of eating the darned things, but hey. Good value for the money anyway.

West and checked out Olympia Oyster & Fish Co. for the first time this year a couple days ago; and yes, the food still kicks butt. (Kicks fin?...) Six and a half bucks'll get ya a heaping platter o' cod & chips with a dollop of coleslaw and a tall cold Dad's Root Beer. And the conversations to be eavesdropped upon from an unobtrusive corner of this little joint rival any in the Only for sheer interest value. Lotsa customers are greeted by name; the counters are lined with '50's greasy spoon style condiment containers; and lip-smacking chow, neighbourliness, and a lack of pretension (rare on Robson St) are the order of the day. In fact, why am I telling the outside world about it?! Robson at Thurlow. Mind-bendingly groovy fish posters too.
"BOB'S" FAVORITE COMICS
The SubGenius® Comic Book #1
Published by Big Off Press, Inc.

In the beginning there was lack and Bob said, "Let there be slack." In the wake of such sublime sooth, a group of abnormal mortals founded a church in HIS name and called it The Church of the SubGenius. Following the slogan "You'll Pay To Know What You Really Think," HIS followers have created the ultimate religious marketing vehicle in an era of such entities. Unfortunately, the comic version of the SubGenius System® pales in comparison with the seminal documentation the Church cracked out during the previous decade.

The origins of The Church of the SubGenius are shrouded in deep mystery. What is known is sketchy and comes from dubious sources. Legend has it that Malcyphe the Younger (Kerry Thornley, a close personal friend of Lee Harvey Oswald) found a copy of the Discordian Bible (The Principia Discordia) in a bus terminal washroom in Far East, Texas on a dark and stormy night. Realizing the potential of the SubGenius, he began to spread the word of BOB to those potentially secular beings who really needed to believe in something.... anything. Thus began the publishing history of one of the greatest written conspiracies of the modern era. Heralding the advent of the four corners of the Church — Sex, Violence, Religion, and Philosophy, the initial zealots took these words to imply complete freedom of thought and process and thus, the holy crusade to destroy the conspiracy was underway.

The SubGenius Comic Book is the divine revelation of the Reverend Ivan Stang (one of the few humans to have actually met BOB), who in the last ten years has published three books: "The Book of The SubGenius," "High Weasillness By Mail," and "3-Fisted Tales of Bob," and St. Palmer Vreedeez, who is the design mind behind this comic. Together, these two rejects from the Society of Jesus have compiled concrete evidence that Einstein was an alien, and that Crest really does prevent cavities.

The Church itself has a long history of publishing engaging ideas and bizarre postulations such as "Jehovah is an alien and still threatens this planet." An example of their more sublime attitudes is this excerpt from the classic "Brag Of The SubGenius," which was transcribed from a cassette recording made at a seance in 1973: "Yes baby, I'm twenty-three feet tall and have thirteen rows of teats! I'm too intense to die, I'm insured for acts o' God and Satan! I'm a fission reactor, I fart plutonium, water power plants are fueled by the sweat from my brow! I circumcise dinosaurus with my teeth and make them leave a tip! I pick the GOD DAMN terror of the Sun! YEEEEEHAW!"

This comic, their first, fails to measure up to their previous publications. Done in a traditional anthology style, "BOB'S FAVORITE COMICS" is a hard-boiled attempt to shock and amuse while reinforcing the SubGenius ideals of sensuality overload and total disrespect for authority. Artists such as Jay Kinney (Co-Editor of "Gnostics") and Paul Mavrides (Co-Creator of "Anarchy Comix") have contributed their work to this thirty-two page romp. Cutesy cartoons doggies undergo vivisection, friendly policemen turn out to be alien co-conspirators, saints turn into sodomites before your very eyes, all this and more for $3.50 (Can). What more could you ask from a comic book?

Well, more laughs per page for starters. How about less schlock and more shock; artwork that doesn't appear to have been lifted from the pages of Police Digest; less overt sexism and more raw sexuality; and perhaps a pot to piss in when all that is being offered is poor performance? At its best, "BOB'S FAVORITE COMICS" is rather scathing in a middle class sort of way. At its worst, the comic bores a hole into your head while trying desperately to laugh at itself. Deadly dull stuff indeed.

Could it be that the time of BOB is long past and all that is left of the original paradoxical premise that endeared the Church to thinkers of original thought is the moneygrubbing aspect? The Church of the SubGenius seems to be going yuppie mainstream and the effect of such a BIGTIME mindset is apparently fraying the edges of the original concept. Perhaps since the assassination of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs in 1984, the High Priests of the Church have succumbed to the forces of rampant capitalism and have begun to recruit investment bankers to their cause. This would explain the overall tone of dead metaphor that reeks like spoiled tuna on a hot summer day.

The idea of The Church of the SubGenius going mainstream is rather unsettling. Far gone cults are like sexual secrets; when creaked in mystery the excitement is almost unbearable but when revealed to the light of day they seem rather bland and ordinary. That said, one hopes that the second issue of "BOB'S FAVORITE COMICS" is more hip and less hype. Having been a fan for over a decade I am certainly willing to let the Church have the benefit of the doubt though I will pause before I fork over my shekels if and when #2 appears at my local comic outlet.
This month brought me one of the largest bags of demo tapes I've ever seen - what follows is just a taste of all the good stuff recorded at the station right now (call up and make a request or, better yet, go see these bands play somewhere):

Bruce A. and the Secular Activists - "By Request"  "All Torn Up" Bruce et al have come a long way since I compared them to early Frank Zappa (will they ever forgive me?) in this column. While they always did have those clever, catchy lyrics (ie "Girls in the Shower," one of those rare demo tape songs to make the transition to being sung absent-mindedly by lots of people at work and so on), there was a quirkiness to their sound that might have held off some potential fans. But now it looks as though Bruce has come around to songwriting more in the tradition of what he did with the Secret Vs. Catchy guitars and impassioned vocals add to the big pop sound, and these songs have the sort of early punk-type pop sensibilities that just might win over the occasional commercial radio MD - let's hope they do.

Planet of Spiders - "Hey"
This is the first demo I've heard that was recorded in "The Sonic Studio," which belongs to SFU's Communications Department, and I can't say that I'd recommend it. Perhaps the recording facilities can be blamed for the musings here, and the way the guitars (with too much midrange) sound like keyboards. It's also unfortunate that "Hey" probably isn't the band's most memorable song - "I Had," the second selection on the tape, is more representative of their harder (and better) side, and was the song that stood out most in their Shindig performances. Stylistically Planet of Spiders are a lot like the Grassesomes and other recent garage-'60s bands, but usually with a cleaner and more controlled sound. I guess it's just going to take a better recording to do them justice.

Evan Symons - "The Spider and Ze Watch" Angela Symons (nee Rancourt) is singing her own lyrics here, which would make you wonder why it's Evan who's got his name on the tape if this weren't the only song where she does. While the vocals themselves are all right, as is the musicianship, this song only goes on for too long, which leaves the listener with the feeling that it's just tuneless and confused. "The Spider" has its moments, but Angela probably aren't gonna' make a big splash with this one.

Seethru Flowers - "To Cynthia Gray" Robin Platts (bass, guitar, vocals) now sings and strums for another Victoria band, 64 Funnycars. On the whole, this tape is an odd combination of primitive recording techniques and relatively high-tech effects (mainly on the vocals), and these seven songs do suffer from the flatness that often plagues studio projects (since there are only two people in the band, I'm just assuming it's a studio project). In spite of the not-so-great recording quality, some of these sounds very pretty (one song goes so far as to be a little reminiscent of '60s Bee Gees) and "Cynthia Gray," the first and best song, is short, simple, and (in the finest pop-rock traditions) also has a chorus that'll stick in your head.

Green House - "Spring Will Call" Like everything else on this tape (previously on our playlist: "Divine") this is exquisitely produced, played, and sung. So what if these aren't their best lyrics? Don't listen to the words, just enjoy the nice sound.

Tankhouse - "Reptillion" (sic), "Tears" Wow! Tankhouse outpowers the competition.

Wages of Sin - Wages of Sin. This tape, and its playlisted songs, "Pretty Blonde Enigma," are this month's most pleasant surprise. These are the new-and-improved Wages, with poppier, more powerful and varied effects, enthusiastic backup vocals, and an unstoppable beat. The lyrics are tantalizingly tricky to make out (there is a lyric sheet, but, I don't know if it comes with the tape or only in the promo package) but usually worth the effort and, ultimately, appealingly simple. While all four of these songs are catchy, "Pretty Blonde Enigma" probably is the most. Never mind that Gary (the singer) said the song could be about me - but he says that to all the reviewers.

Rooted. In an ideal world, there'd be a new Roots Roundup tape every summer to listen to while lying out in the sun somewhere. Fortunately, it often seems to turn out that way - this one has arrived in stores just in time for the good weather. These eight songs may be the best-sounding to ever emerge from Profile Studios. My favourite (playlisted at the station) is probably "Sleepin,'" which mixes up an immensely pleasing combination of harmonicas, horns, guitars, and words that are somehow both sad and good-natured and only contribute to the cheerfully tone of the song. Buy the tape!

Drums Along the Gardiner-Boronto. "My Hometown" and the title song are the two playlisted at CITR, but "She Said No" and "Beegurl" (at least) are also bound to stay in your head for a while. My copy of this tape has been rattling around in my car for a couple of months now, and this has given me time to evolve a theory about punk rock recording: mainly that music in this genre, when made immaculate by 24-track studios, lots of EQing, effects, and noise reduction, almost always loses something of its essence. Happily, this isn't what happened with Boronto. There's just a lot of singing-along-able sneering, growling, and yelling with a nasty blur of guitars and thudding drums. Although, as you may have guessed, they're from Toronto, once-Vancouverite Pete Moss fronts the band. (Also buy their "Fish" single - the one with the Indian chief on the sleeve.)
Bug Head Jojoka Town Pump Tuesday, April 3rd
It would be easy to dismiss Jojoka as pretentious art-wank, what with Mark Critchley’s banks of synths, Sondra Lockwood’s “serious” lyrics and posturing and the slow motion big screen video backdrop, but that wouldn’t really be fair. Jojoka’s chosen multimedia performance style is difficult, both technically and as far as audiences go - going on stage at the sparsely populated Town Pump with a fish strapped to your chest takes a lot of guts.

When the separate elements of video, sound, movement and voice did mesh cohesively, the result was mesmerizing montage. False colour water videos combined with ethereal keyboard and voice to create a mesmerizing montage.

All too often though, the performance was held up by technical hitches and Mark Critchley’s determination to show his versatility on electric piano, guitar, synths and drum pads. The minutes between songs that were spent setting up his colossal hardware arrangement spoilt the continuity of the performance and distracted the audience. I always thought that the technology was there to make complicated changeovers unnecessary, and when you go on stage with that kind of backup, you have to make sure its going to impress or else risk the title of “Wealthy Music Hobbyist.” As I’ve said before, you have to make sure its going to impress or else risk the title of “Wealthy Music Hobbyist.”

Bug Head were excellent. From Seattle, the band consists of a drummer, bassist and keyboard player, but really the group is expanded by their lighting engineer and two dancers, who give the show its visual impact.

They play dance music, specifically House. The basic beats and samples are on tape, and the musicians play over this, crashing in and working the piece to a frenzy, or sometimes stopping altogether and letting the tape carry it. The dancers intensify the energy, as do the pulsating slides, and when Bug Head are in top gear they kick out incredibly powerful chunks of rhythm. The drummer, freed from timekeeping constraints by the tape, pitches in snapping cross-patterns a la Keith LeBlanc, and the bassist alternates with the tape in playing slap or hard dub.

What this band do is pretty well unique around these parts, and adding the live facets to the mix changes it from a cold, machine music to real life sweaty dance workouts, with musicians who are able to react to the crowd and alter the mood appropriately.

What pissed me off was the lack of support for this gig. Okay, they’re not big names but they have had exposure, on CITR and at a gig the Commodore earlier this year. It always amazes me why people are willing to pay $25 to see some English “alternative star” bare (Matt Johnson?) play songs that sound just like the album versions, in exactly the same way as the previous night, or even six months ago in another continent, with no acknowledgment of the audience at all, yet they don’t risk six bucks on a couple of new bands who are actually still into the idea of communication. At the Bug Head gig not only were they relaxed enough to take time out to sing “Happy Birthday” to one of their dancers (now I know why they’re an instrumental band), but the audience all got invited to the after gig party! If you’re into dancing (and if you ain’t, you’re dead) then next time Bug Head come to town go see them. They combine the funkiest Acid House with the intensity of a live band, and they love what they’re doing.

Peter Lutwyche

Babes in Toayland Marshmallow Overcoat Numb Club Soda Tuesday, April 10th
If Angus Young was a girl, instead of the manly Australian guy that he is, (s)he would probably still have picked up a guitar, donned a parochial school uniform, and formed a band. And that band just might have been Babes in Toayland. This all-girl Minneapolis trio a Totally N-Tolerable Tuesday in April somehow tolerable. (Just ask the head-bobbing Superconductor members who remained in awe at the front of the stage throughout the Babes’ set.)

What the band lacked in song variety and virtuosity they more than made up for by their extra loud crunchy guitars that complemented the wildly, flailing, screaming antics of the Youngesque lead singer.

After an “ambitiously long set,” the steadily growing crowd was ready for headlining Numb, but Marshmallow Overcoat, a garage-y five piece from Tucson, Arizona, took the stage. The few eager dancers who were encouraged to gyrate might have briefly mistaken Club Soda for a UBC frat dance.

The confused were quickly brought back to reality as Numb began their orchestrated mayhem. With lights, smoke, and a somewhat forced sense of impending doom, the four members of the local industrial/noise ensemble took over. Lead singer Blair Dobson tore into the crowd in more than one way. He also announced that this was to be the last local show for Numb. This is bad news. A Numb show is a brilliant amalgamation of a frenetic Big Black performance, interesting arrangements and sounds, and a Graceland dance mix.

Although industrial music has become something of a Vancouver mainstay, with several offerings to choose from, Numb has managed to remain unique and avoid the trite and boring Gothic gore that has become so much a part of the genre. This is definitely a plus for fans of loud noise/thrash music who have something other than black in their wardrobes.

If you ever again get the chance, remember, a night with Numb is worth a slight hearing loss.

Lisa Christiansen

PS. Winnipeggers, don’t expect to see them anytime soon. I’m sure they’re just as happy about it.
Cows
Daddy Has A Tail! (Amphetamine Reptile)

"IF YOU ARE OFFENDED BY SCENES OF SEXUAL ACTIVITY, DO NOT ENTER THESE PREMISES." This album could do with a warning sticker to that effect on its cover. Course, the depiction of Wilma Flinstone as a three-breasted frog serves the purpose just as well. Yup, you got yourself another kooky ‘n’ warped band from some part of the Mid-West, and one that kicks butt at that. Though the tunes occasionally bags down into (or should I say, “speeds up into”) kinda generic hardcore mode, as on "Camouflage Monkey" and half of "Bum in the Alley," for the most part the Cows serve up a hefty platter of juice-oozing, mind-bending muck. A Mid-West interpretation of grunge, if you will. Lines like "I saw a girl...She was so pretty! She made me understand...That was the girl to finally make me a man..." don’t score high on the originality meter, but a few lines later you come across a gem like "I am a waffle and you are the syrup/I am covered with square dents, you are sticky and sweet." Eat your heart out, Aunt Jemima.

Rife with sexual warping, "Tail" should be avoided by anyone the least bit unclear as to her/his gender identity, because it’ll screw your mind around badly. These are a bunch of troubled boys (?) alright. But hey, all the more fun. The band’s musical acumen, feedback, pulsating bass seeping out of every crack, ominous hornet attack guitars — provides the ideal foil for the twisted lyrics. And dig those total ‘70s FM radio echo chamber vocals on "Chasin’ Darla." "You say I’m not a way-ay-ay-ay-ake..." Notwithstanding all these pluses, the record would yield a few more through them, yield a pity quote by which "Haus der Luege" may be summed up: "Nor does God get off lightly." Amen.

Viola Funk

Prong
Beg to Differ (CBS)

This is Prong’s first release for a major bigtime label. Fortunately, the band hasn’t sacrificed anything musically for their new bosses. For the uninitiated, Prong is a throbbing, grinding, super-heavy three piece from New York. Comprised of ex-members of Damage, Swans and the Radium Boys, Prong rides the fine line between metal and hardcore punk. Thankfully, perhaps due to the group’s punk rock background (two members work at NYC’s CBGB’s, the ultimate hardcore homeland), Prong is far more intense, intelligent and innovative than the speed-metal freaks they are often compared to.

Prong’s sound is difficult to describe. I’d call it a sort of "Metallic shuffle," played with great restraint with respect to speed and flaming guitar solos. Also, Prong has a refreshingly honest and simple approach to the issues deals with on "Beg to Differ." (cool punk rock stuff like society, conformity and the fall of civilization). So, check out Prong, one of the best “whatevercore” bands around.

Mikey Jiggle

Death
Spiritual Healing (Columbia)

Right on, dudes! These guys play soooo fast! "Spiritual Healing," is, like, a totally crucial album. I mean, these guys thank their instruments! Yeah, and on "Living Monstrosity" they sing about cool stuff like killing women who have kids born addicted to drugs. Check this out: "Some say she’s naïve/She’s a stupid bitch/Some say to forgive/Guilty, she must die." Yeah, right on!

The next song, "Altering the Future," is about killing women who have abortions. "Life for a life should remain the rule...look to the past is what we should do/When justice was done and justice was true." I couldn’t have said it better, man!

Oh yeah, Death think so much of themselves that they credit every masturbatory guitar solo. If that isn’t enough, the singer sounds like he’s drowning in oatmeal, and all the band members wear fat guy muscle shirts. Bitchin’ dude! By the way, does anyone want my Death cassette?

Viola Funk

The Cynics
Rock ‘n Roll (Get Hip)

On their last album, "Twelve Flights Up," Pittsburg PA’s Cynics offered up sounds similar to "Surrealistic Pillow" period Jefferson Airplane. There are none of those allusions on "Rock ‘n Roll." The Cynics have dropped the Wurlitzer organ and turned up the guitars in order to blast out some straight ahead, unstranied rawk ‘n roll.

Lead singer Michael Kascelic sings/yells so hard it sounds like his voice will pack in it after each song. The adept rhythm section combines with Kascelic’s primal vocals and guitarist Greg Kostelich’s stinging riffs to create fourteen songs of tightly wound 80’s garage rock. Credit must go to Greg Vizza, whose deft production gives the album a crisp, unencumbered sound. "Rock ‘n Roll" is the Cynics’ best LP and one of this year’s finest independent releases.

Greg Garlick

The Cynics are playing the Town Pump on May 22nd.

Burton Cummings

Plus Signs (Capitol)

My first exposure to Winnipeg’s second most famous son was by way of his expansive ballad, "Melanie." Full of trite sentiment, the song was only pushed to hit status by the movie of the same name, which, incidentally, starred our poor, hapless Burton. Of course, I knew him by reputation as the impassioned wild man of the Guess Who — I probably saw a reunion concert on television at some point.

On this comeback album, Burton gets intensely personal. He strips bare his everyday existence of all its failings. He tells us what contributed to this revival. The album paints a portrait of a guy — yeah, just an ordinary guy, somewhat of a poet, though aren’t we all? — who’s reached an impass, dealt with it and emerged from it all with a new outlook on life. No excuses are made for past failings. "Plus Signs" signals a new spurt of activity for this volcano from the age of the dinosaurs.

The key line can be found in the first single, "Take One Away," where Burton sings: "Mama, I’ve joined the church, y’know." No, not that church, but the sacred ground of the unknowable. The ether of the mind, man. Culling inspiration from Stephen Hawking’s "A Brief History of Time," Burton has come up with his philosophy of a a nether world, or rather with the rational conscious plane existing within the great being that is the universe.

Ironically, the only crunker here is the track, "Cerebral World," in which he spells out his new understanding. In five different places on the record he mentions the influence - or manipulative quality of time, in either each instance pronouncing the word “time” differently so as to emphasise the very maleable nature of it.

On "Bridge in Time" he evokes the names of the past, Johnny and the Hurricanes and Henry Mancini, repeating them over and over like his own personal mantra. Bella and a sitar-like drone fill out the soundstage to produce a nether-worldly effect. Hypnotic. However, the real pay
off comes when you've sat through to the end of side two to discover the Vegas-y (hints of a possible career move, hmmm?) "Boring Dreams" and the timely "Free." Both celebrate the liberating image of Eastern Europe, but he is really addressing the people of Eastern Europe, but his audience, with head from its snares of logic and the timely "Free." Both They all return to the theme. mind from its snares of logic and the timely "Free." Both

More often than not, Burton's new '90s sound is an improvement on his 1980's. Burton's new '90s sound is an improvement on his 1980's.

"Spy Vs. Spy" is the name given to Zorn's collection of Ornette Coleman-penned songs. Zorn tears strips off the Ornette mystique and pays tribute to the jazz great's compositional skill at the same time.

The "treatment" each of these sixteen songs receives consists of the band playing the character's theme on the electrically brief theme once or twice, the dual saxes then breaking off into spastic squeals and honks, mad-derish style drumming from the two drummers and a rudimentary sort of key feeling applied by the bassist, who is alone in his venture to hold our attention. They all return to the theme.

And end. This is done at an incredible breakneck pace. They swiftly kick into another song, performed in the same manner.

The sheer relentlessless of this approach mimics Ornette's trait of using repetitious repetition to the point of making your ears beg for a respite. And it's all executed without the same emotional ambivalence that Ornette applies to his art. The music is exhausting, and certainly to be taken in a full evening's worth of music.

As the ubiquitous "they" say: in short, a masterpiece.

Now take "Naked City." Smack dab in the middle of this album is a little three minute surprise. The only way I can try to describe it is to ask you to imagine the last time you suffered from a really painful toe stubbing. Or maybe you've lived through a misfortune which left a featured memory of which is a short but seemingly irremediable burst of the most excruciating pain that you could ever believe possible. Or maybe you've given birth. Imagine that pain... tenfold... imagine the soundtrack to that pain. Imagine that soundtrack being at close to you as the nearest record store. Imagine that those eight songs (average length: twenty seconds) are but a brief portion of an hour's worth of the most varied musical sandwich you can bite into. Do I need to say more? Surf, reggae, boogie-woogie, sleazy lounge jazz, funk, beat, rock, and the above mentioned punk rock blitzkrieg. And that's just one song.

"Naked City" might as well be a retrospective of the whole John Zorn trip. He has assembled the cream of the American avant garde - pared down from the number that appeared on The Big Gun and his debut album, The Big Gun down. He treats familiar ground with Morricone and Ornette Coleman covers and, like his Spellane opus, this album could sport the warning: "completely concerned with crime" (that of the inner-city television/movies/crime drama variety). The inside sleeve of the CD features a colour illustration of a tattoo-festooned man holding his hands up to his head, apparently in pain. The drums are laid down from the place where his ear, now sailing through the air, had been.

Both albums are only available on cassette and compact disc.

Len Morgan

Stumpy Joe Day Dreams? (Estras Records)

Out of New York's Lower East side comes Bloodsister, a band consisting of five female shredders, blasting out the grungiest rock 'n roll this side of Killdozer. Produced by Don Fury (responsible for producing bands such as Agressive Front and Gruella Biscuits), this LP delivers a strong shrubbery - well for recommended effect. Yes, but haven't put something else into your music that I can't quite put my finger on.

Or perhaps it is that Fugazi's music fights any mood, frame of mind, or time of day. It's happy or sad, early morning, late night, and mid-afternoon music. Fugazi's "Repeater" is just the thing to listen to no matter what you are trying to do. But maybe trying to fall asleep.

Or perhaps the difference is Ian MacKaye's "Minor Threat, Fallding, and Embrace, and the originator of the "straight edge" movement.

Or it could be that Fugazi are the ultimate in musical power. They are the best at making you re-think your goals and inspiring to achieve them.

Whatever it is it makes Fugazi special, the proof is in the puddin'. So find a copy of "Repeater," and don't waste any time.

Bartholomew

The Fall

Extricate (Cog-Sinister)

Or perhaps the difference is Ian MacKaye's "Minor Threat, Fallding, and Embrace, and the originator of the "straight edge" movement. Extricate.

This album, their first 'post-Brix' album, displays the qualities that made Smith's now ex-wife, Paul Weller when he was in the Jam (there was nothing enjoyable about the Style Council) and Steve Albini of Big Black / Rapeman. Most people would think that this would apply to Mark E. Smith of the Fall, but just the opposite is true in this case. The enigmatic arrogance of M.E.S. actually heightens the pleasure when listening to the band's albums, including their fourteenth, "Extricate."

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"Extricate" we get a virtual short history of the Fall: the pseudo dance tracks, the stream of consciousness grunge, the full before pop tunes, and even the well chosken ("Post-Pop, The New Black"), which also appears in songs like "Fanfare In D Major," "The Main," and the "intoxication of 'You're the Victim ' (of the wrong lyrcal effect)." The end remains. The Fall's music. We hear Smith chanting "You You You You you know it could cause a mild stroke."

The Fall's music. We hear Smith chanting "You You You You you know it could cause a mild stroke."

..."You You You You you know it could cause a mild stroke."

"I'll buy Hart's next album for his drumming, in favour of key-boards. Grant Hart not only has a lot of piano and organ in the background, but he also provides an organ based instrument entitled "Roller-Rink," as well as the hymn-like "She Can See The Angel.""
SATURDAY 26 DISCORDER

MARTO

Folk Club... Figgy Duff from New- foundland at the WISE Hall... with Alex Varty by Vancouver Pro Musica at the Glass Slipper (8pm)... Steel Kiss continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

TUESDAY 15 DISCORDER

STEEL KISS continues at the Vancouver Little - Thea tre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

TUESDAY 14 DISCORDER

STEEL KISS continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

MONDAY 14 DISCORDER

STEEL KISS continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SUNDAY 20 DISCORDER

BOOS Roundup at the Town Pump... The Second Annual Festival continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Who Fofger Roger Robb at the Town Pump... My Life as a Dog (7:00pm) and Bobette’s Feast (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SUNDAY 19 DISCORDER

DEHANU at the Town Pump... Pacific Coast Music Festival at the Old Auditorium, SU Ballroom, Freddy Wood Theatre, and Dorothy Somerset Studio (4:00-8:00pm)... Steel Kiss continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, 9:30pm, 10:30pm)... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SATURDAY 18 DISCORDER

SLUMBERS, Scary Boys, Brin- dled Heroes at the Commodore... Forgotten Rebels at the Town Pump... Pacific Coast Music Festival at the Old Auditorium, SU Ballroom, Freddy Wood Theatre, and Dorothy Somerset Studio (4:00-8:00pm)... Steel Kiss continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, 9:30pm, 10:30pm)... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SATURDAY 17 DISCORDER

SONS of Freedom at the Park Board... Cool Thursdays at the Town Pump... Open Re- ception and Elvis Reunion at the Hoot and the Holler... Forgotten Rebels at the Town Pump... Steel Kiss continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, 9:30pm, 10:30pm)... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Chopsticks and Matzo Balls (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

FRIDAY 16 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

THURSDAY 16 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

THURSDAY 15 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

WEDNESDAY 14 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

WEDNESDAY 13 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

WEDNESDAY 12 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

TUESDAY 11 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

MONDAY 10 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SUNDAY 9 DISCORDER

BOOS Roundup at the Town Pump... The Second Annual Festival continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Who Fofger Roger Robb at the Town Pump... My Life as a Dog (7:00pm) and Bobette’s Feast (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SATURDAY 8 DISCORDER

BOOS Roundup at the Town Pump... The Second Annual Festival continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Who Fofger Roger Robb at the Town Pump... My Life as a Dog (7:00pm) and Bobette’s Feast (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema.

FRIDAY 7 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

THURSDAY 6 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

WEDNESDAY 5 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

TUESDAY 4 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

MONDAY 3 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SUNDAY 2 DISCORDER

BOOS Roundup at the Town Pump... The Second Annual Festival continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Who Fofger Roger Robb at the Town Pump... My Life as a Dog (7:00pm) and Bobette’s Feast (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema.

SATURDAY 1 DISCORDER

BOOS Roundup at the Town Pump... The Second Annual Festival continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... Who Fofger Roger Robb at the Town Pump... My Life as a Dog (7:00pm) and Bobette’s Feast (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema.

FRIDAY 30 DISCORDER

THE LITTLE THEATRE... The Second Annual B Festival opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre... Mummer of the Head at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... When Harry Met Sally (7:00pm and 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema.
JUNKFLESH

BORDUM 1990

LAST MONTH: JUNKFLESH HAD SEX WITH TV AND 105 CHANNELS... WOW.

THIS MONTH: ENTHUSIASTIC FREEDOM... NO BEACH, THOUGH... OH YEAH... SOMETHING WILL SOON DISCOVER... WHAT HAPPENED TO HER TV?

BITE THE HAND THAT FEELS ME - MMMM GOOD!

AND HEY KIDS - DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT OLD MIXED UP - JUST DRINK MORE BEER!

ANDON TODAY'S SHOW, MEN'S PERSONAL FEARS, SELF-INFlicted VIOLence, AND FREEDOM OF CHOICE -

MAN NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR TV!

COZ HEY -

1 HOUR LATER:

YAH! THE NEW HAND IS DOO!

GOT A RADIO SET IN MY HEAD, I THINK THE BRAIN WERE IN IT'S BETTER SMARTER.

GOT THE TUNING RIGHT, FINALLY.

WHERE'S OPHELIA? TIRED OF TALKING TO ME, WANT PLASTIC.

HEY, THEO!

UH... I WOndered WHY TV SHOW SCENES WERE ALWays SO VIOLENT...

I WANTED TO CHECK YOUR PLACE.

WHY?

HEAD BREAKAGE! WHEN I WENT PAST.

AN SHIT! NOT AGAIN!

THANK THEO...

NO PROB.

CONTINUED NEXT NELL.

WHERE'S OPHELIA? EATS PLASTIC.
It seems as if only a few moments have passed, but he's sure it has been hours. His eyelids are sticky and the scent that wafts up to him from his prostrate body is rank. This is the death knell, and he sinks back to the pillow, closes his eyes, and tries desperately to gather his thoughts. If Mr. Patterson had not been mellow from luncheon martinis, it would have been all over yesterday. No job, no friends, no money from no money. Dark paleolithic fear grips his guts and he begins to sweat. If I fuck up again today, that's it, he tells himself. Today is the day. His bowels tremble, and he dashes to the toilet, feeling small and lost and terrified.

It seems as if only a few moments have passed, but he's sure it's been hours. Somehow the icy wind that has howled past his tent all night has found its way in, and its cold challenging tongue licks quietly at his ear. He is awake quickly, and quickly begins to heat water on his small burner. This is it, he thinks. He hopes to banish fear with movement. It works.

Nigel is at Nigel's desk as he tears into the office late, and Colin is at Colin's desk. Only his desk is empty, free of clutter, devoid of activity. His scalding shower did little to wash away the stink of fear, and now the odour percolates redoubled through his shirt and tie and tailored jacket.

"Patterson here yet?" he hisses to Nigel as he scurries by. Nigel looks up, mutters "Ya," with undisguised contempt, and returns to his market analysis.

"Oh Jesus." "He wants to talk to you." "Oh Jesus."

He's midway up a two hundred metre rock face when he slips. The smallest finger of his right hand is firmly lodged in a crack, and this saves him. The moment stretches like this: the narrow ledge he'd chosen to momentarily support his weight gives way underfoot, he claws for a new holdout with his left hand, the crevice that was a godsend a second before slides viciously down, his small finger, his scrabbling left hand finds no purchase, and he swings freely, supported only by that one finger. All in a second. He feels a tearing, a popping, a quick heat in his left hand, and begins to fall, to bounce. A ledge ten metres lower stops him, most of him. He's left a finger in one of the mountain's mouths.

"Oh Jesus." Blood drips from a gory socket. "Oh Jesus."

His face is suffused with blood as he cleans out his desk. All he gets from his co-workers, his friends, is "Canned you, eh? Too bad." Visions of murder, of his mother, of the last girl she slept with, of suicide, all jostle for centre stage in his mind. He's numb, without control, he fills his briefcase automatically and without a word he leaves the office. The remnants of what had been his life go into his status symbol car, his body goes into a bar. His entire life had been designed to get him that job, and he'd fucked it up from the first moment. Now he thinks with a little drunken grin at his own wit, his entire life is in the glass in front of him. So be it, he thinks, drink up. And he does. And he makes a decision.

Blood is all over his right hand, staining his tights and his intact left hand. He leathers himself. He came to prove something to himself, to set himself a test of his own making, and he's failed. Woe be less afraid, less in pain, he might continue, but he knows he won't. He just wants to get down now, off the mountain, away from the scene of his failure, away from shrieking harpies circling in his skull and crying "Coward!" in the silken voices of beautiful young women. He's paralyzed for a moment, but when a parcel of agony slides up his arm, he moves. He makes a decision.

She's very young, too young certainly to be here with him, paid for, in his unpaid-for automobile. He's drunk and nervous, and he needs to feel in control. She's bored and strung out, and she needs to eat. He roughly forces her head into his lap, and she wearily complies.

He's twenty below the ledge that saved his life, when he slips again. This time he makes no effort to clutch the rock face and he fails, gracefully. He doesn't feel the cold stone as it smashes his skull.

His penis slips between her lips, and he grunts his approval. Everything is going to be okay. He doesn't feel the myriad notes of lethal virus enter his body as he enters hers.

He is lucky who can choose the manner of his own death.
Timbre Productions Presents:

THE CHILLS
Eleventh Dream Day
with guests, from Chicago, WEA recording artists
Doors: 8pm Showtime: 10:30pm

THURSDAY MAY 3
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.

THE TOWN PUMP
66 Water Street, Gastown
683-6880

SUNDAY MAY 6
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.

SATURDAY MAY 19
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.

DEL AMITRI
with guests Doors: 8pm Showtime: 10:30pm

MONDAY MAY 21
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.

MICHELLE SHOCKED
with guests Dooms: 8pm Showtime: 9:30pm

THURSDAY MAY 24
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

QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE
Doors: 7:00 pm Showtimes: 8:00 pm
TICKETS: All Outlets, or charge by phone: 280-4444.
NEW ON VIDEO

16.94

**VAN MORRISON**
The Concert
- 90 minutes LIVE, filmed at the Beacon Theater in New York, 30/11/89
- Contains material spanning Morrison's 25-year career
- Backed by George Fame & The Blue Flames and featuring guest appearances by Mose Allison and John Lee Hooker
- This is the video companion to "THE BEST OF VAN MORRISON"
- Album contains 10 songs – 18 on cassette – 39 on CD
- Includes tracks from THEM (“Eldora” on) and spans his entire career

OUT NOW

**SUE MEDLEY**
- The self-titled debut from Vancouver's own Sue Medley
- Features the hit single “Dangerous Times”, “Blue Skies”, “Queen Of The Underground”, “That’s Life”, “Oh Atlanta” & more
- Produced by Mike Wanchic
- Features guest appearances by members of John Cougar Mellencamp’s, Van Morrison’s & John Hiatt’s bands

**BOOTSAUCE**
The Brown Album
- Catch the street buzz on this debut release by Montreal’s Bootsausage
- Includes the single “Scratching The Whole”, “Every 1's A Winner”, “Pay With Me”, “It's Not Easy” & more
- Combines elements of Iggy Pop, Red Hot Chili Peppers and The The all rolled into one

**THE MISSION**
Carved In Sand
- Coming to the Commodore May 7 in concert
- A Top 10 seller in the U.K.
- Also available “Crusade” the LIVE video

**QUEEN LATIFAH**
All Hail The Queen
- Filmed LIVE at the Dominion Theatre, London, June 3/88
- One hour of captivating performances
- Includes “Hustlar’s Choice”, “Joyride”, “I’m Not The Man I Used To Be”, “She Drives Me Crazy” & MORE
- Check out the voice featured on Bowie’s “Fame ‘90”

**SALT-N-PEPA**
The brand new release by the duo that brought you the rap smash “Push It”
- Includes the dance floor smash “Expression” & more

**THE MISSION**
Crusade In Sand
- Coming to the Commodore May 7 in concert
- A Top 10 seller in the U.K.
- Also available “Crusade” the LIVE video

**THE WONDERSTUFF**
Blow
- Coming to the Commodore in concert May 7 with The Mission
- The critically acclaimed followup to their Top 20 U.K. debut "The Eight Legged Groove Machine"
- Includes the British Top 20 hit "Don't Let Me Down Gentle", "Radio Aki Kin", "Cartoon Boyfriend" & MORE
- "A thinker, a grower, and a kick in the bollocks" (New Musical Express); "one of the most brightly shining talents in the business" (Rolling Stone)

**SALT-N-PEPA**
Black's Magic
- The brand new release by the duo that brought you the rap smash “Push It”
- Includes the dance floor smash “Expression” & more

COMING SOON

**HOTHOUSE FLOWERS**
**JIMMY SOMERVILLE**
**BEATS INTERNATIONAL**
**YNGWIE MALMSTEEN**
**THE HYPOSTICS**
**Oleta Adams**
**GO-BETWEENS**
**TONY TONE**
**REBEL MC**

STOP, LOOK & LISTEN

BRING IN THIS AD FOR A FREE SAMPLER CASSETTE. LIMITED QUANTITIES. NO STRINGS ATTACHED.