

DISCORDER

A Guide to CTR fm 102 cable 100

JULY 1985 • FREE



Chris Houston
Severed Heads
Asia Pacific Festival

Chris 'Baby Jesus' Houston



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FM 102 cable 100

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Yes, You Can

Dear Airhead:

Hello.
Please send me a copy.

Thanks,
Fritz Konad
Bad Oldesloe
West Germany

Dear Fritz:

Hello.
OK.

Notes from the Fossil

Dear Airhead:

I am perplexed!

I picked up the June issue of DISCORDER and find, to my chagrin, no gratuitous slags levelled at the FOXOIDS. What are we doing wrong?

How many alternative radio types does it take to screw in a light bulb? The question is immaterial as alternative radio types spend all their money on expensive import records and can't afford to pay their B.C. Hydro tab.

How many alternative radio types does it take to jam a candle into an empty muscatel bottle...

Best regards
Peter Taylor
Promotion Director

Sorry, Peter, it just isn't that much fun anymore. Do you know that it



c/o CTR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
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V6T 2A5

has been over six months since you people last threatened us with a lawsuit? C'mon, you've got to make it worth our while. By the way, how many CFOX Djs does it take to do a radio show? The answer is two—one to push the buttons and read the cue cards and one to fire the other if he dares to utter something of even rudimentary intelligence. P.S. We'll take a speed-crazed gerbil over a candle in a bottle any day.

No Politics Please, We're Punks

Dear Airhead,

I spent a lot of my afternoon on June 5 listening to CTR. For the most part it was enjoyable; some of the music I heard I really liked and some of the music I could've done without. But one incident dissuaded me from listening any further that day. It was during the PARTY WITH ME PUNKER show (normally one of CTR's better pro-

grams) where a guest DJ, referring to himself as "Knob" began to run off his political views on Gerry Hannah and the Squamish Five. He played the old Subhumans' song "Death Was Too Kind" and dedicated it to Hannah and the rest of the Five as he wished to see them rot the rest of their despicable lives in prison. Knob rambled on about the various evils of the urban guerillas and then returned to the musical format. Whether or not CTR or the listening public agrees with views like these, is irrelevant.

Programs like PARTY WITH ME PUNKER are not the outlets for anyone's own political diatribes. Aren't there other places for that, INSIGHT, for example? People turn on PARTY WITH ME PUNKER, and most other radio shows, for the music, and that's it.

We just don't need ignoramus' like Knob tottering on soapboxes and telling the public between songs how things are. It's happened on a couple of occasions on

CTR before. I really hope it doesn't happen again.

Thank you.

Yours truly
Steve Richards
(a listener of CTR for more than five years)

The opinions of the cited broadcaster are his own and are not necessarily those of CTR. We do feel, however, that he is entitled to express them, provided that they are not of a slanderous nature. Thank you for your letter. Keep them coming.

More on Metal

Dear Airhead,

Re: Letter from Hanna K.
(June '85)

Why should "metal" be excluded from CTR's programming? Shouldn't these bands be given the same opportunity for airplay as (for example) Go Four 3 or Husker Du?

This new wave of metal that's sweeping the world is something new and intense; I haven't been so charged up about something since I first heard Minor Threat, SS Decontrol or Die Kreuzen three years ago (or D.O.A. five or six years ago for that matter). Try taking a listen to something like Voi Vod, Exodus, Destruction or Megadeth before condemning it—but maybe metal just isn't cool.

Wouldn't it be nice if we could break past all the labels of "rocker," "punk," "wavo," "mod," etc. (or "fag," "commie," "anarchist," etc.). Just be people and listen to music for what it is, not its label. Oh well, you're probably just a wimp who likes Franki and thinks Tears For Fears really care. Heck...ya' probably run out of gel once a week too...

Hats off to Gerald and Ron.
Eric and the A.O.T. hosers
Surrey, B.C.

I just don't know about this. I mean, can anybody remember the last time they heard a headbanger use a word like "nice"? I didn't think so...



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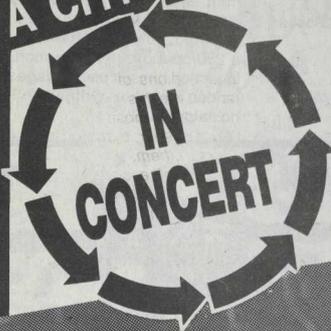
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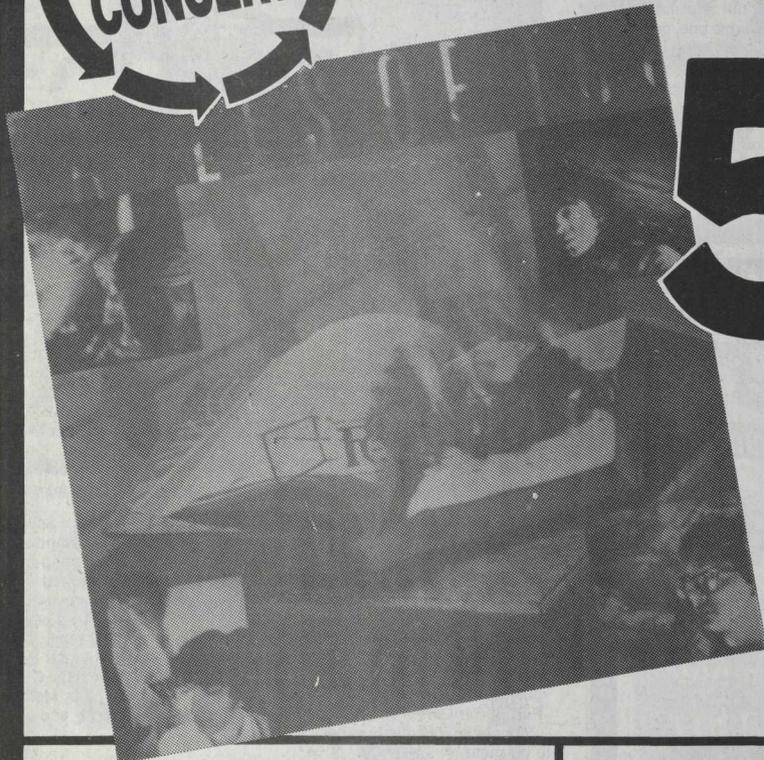
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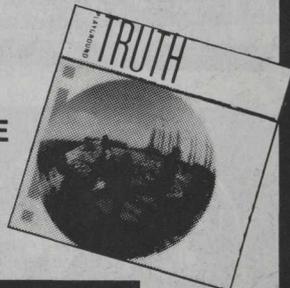
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The Shindig album should be in record stores by the end of the month, featuring live tracks from **Rhythm Mission, Red Herring, NG3, Nerve Tubes, Death Sentence, and My 3 Sons.** Recorded on Commercial Electronics' Mobile Studio (graciously donated for the occasion), the record was engineered and produced by Andrew Butler of Commercial Electronics with help from the bands and Gord Badanic. The tapes were run through the magical electronic gadgetry of Little Mountain Sound and will be sent to England for mastering in the hands of George Peckham (nothing but the best).

The disc should make its formal debut at the Record Release Party July 29-30 at the Savoy.

Thanks go to: all those previously mentioned, and Anthony Seto of Non-Fiction Graphics, Dave Jack-

lin, Marv Newland, Zulu-Bird Records, the Savoy, all the bands, and all of you who came out and supported Shindig over the last year.

In the exciting, high pressure world of High Power, things are plodding along. We won't bore you with the bureaucratic finagling; suffice to say that things are moving. No predictions, nor promises, but we're hoping for the best.

The CRTC has informed us that they are not accepting letters of support for our application at this time. If you wrote one, only to have the Commission send it back, our apologies—we jumped the gun. Please send the letter to the station, and we will forward it to the CRTC at the appropriate time.

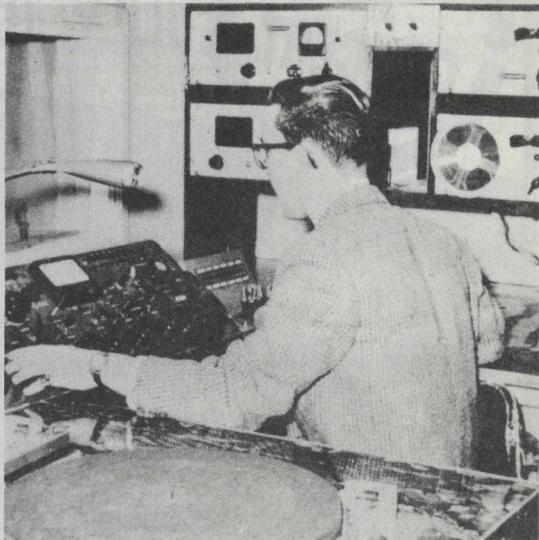
And if you haven't written a letter and/or signed a petition, please,

please, please **DO IT NOW.** Tell us what you like about CTR (we adore flattery) and mention any problems you might have receiving the station.

All letters should be addressed to:

CITR Radio
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ate the airwaves for 2½ hours, Tuesday July 30 as Gord Badanic and Dale Wiese look back on the West Coast underground scene from 1976 to 1980. Remember your first drunk, the first time you got thrown out of a club, the first time a 250-pound guy with a mohawk launched himself off the stage and landed on your girlfriend? Isn't nostalgia fun?



CITR concert presentations this month include:

- July 1 - **Beverly Sisters** at the Luv-A-Fair
- July 13 - **R.E.M. & Robin Hitchcock** at the Commodore
- July 18 - **Mutabaruka and the High Times Players & Ini Kamooze** at the Commodore
- July 22 - **Tupelo Chain Sex & No Fun** at the Luv-A-Fair.

You are all, of course, expected to be there.

Mohawks, surfboards, skateboards, and loud noise will domin-

In the Wide World of Sports, CITR's Sphere-Poundin' **Sandpigs** are enjoying unprecedented success on the softball diamond. The Pigs will take an 8-2 record (at press time) into the Sea Festival Media Softball Tournament. First game is July 15 at Braemar Park (27th and Laurel) against the CBC. Can CITR take on the Mother Corp. and win? Drop by and find out.

1985 is International Year of the Youth, and CITR has received funding for the production of a series of radio documentaries on Youth issues. The funding, from Canada Employment and Immigration's Challenge '85, allows us to employ two people to produce 10 half-hour documentaries on issues like unemployment, education, the peace movement, music, and the media.

The show will be in the capable hands of Jocelyn Samson and Lynn Price, and can be heard Thursday mornings at 10:30, starting July 5th.

Show topics for July include: July 05: Unemployment and Youth July 12: The Peace Movement July 19: Entrepreneurs July 26: Media Effects

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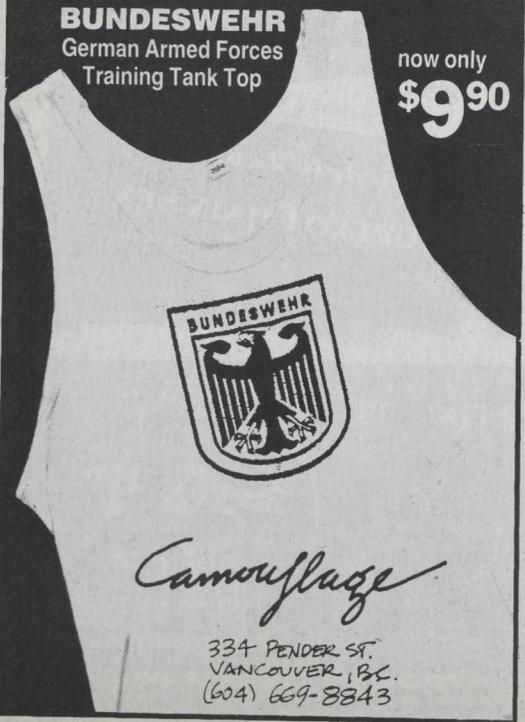


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Asia Pacific Festival

Worlds apart brought together

JUNE 8 TO 14 VANCOUVER WAS THE site for the first Asia Pacific Festival. As a semi-annual celebration of the Pacific Rim cultures, the event was a qualified success. A gross generalization, perhaps. To be more specific, there were several setups where troupes from different distinct cultures played music, acted, and danced. Already a problem: the tents, stages, and auditoria were so unlike the loose, shifting performance spaces many of the artists are used to, they found a strange distance between isolated performer and passive outsider audience. Which is not to say that with other arrangements we would behave like a typical Asian crowd. "Funny, you don't look..." But why make the separation more severe? There must be some way without annoying the Fire Marshall. The layout of the festival grounds, however, scattered across the lawn at Vanier Park, was beautifully done.

Several of the performances were of particular interest. Saturday night I saw KALAMANDALAM, the Indian Kathakali troupe. Kathakali is the oldest pure form of dance drama left in the world. Coming from the southern province of Kerala, it has remained unchanged for centuries, with techniques passed on from master to pupil/disciple. The entire preparation and performance serve as a form of Hindu rite. Strict training of actors begins in childhood and takes years. To get ready for a single evening's play takes six to eight hours. Costumes are elaborate, including huge jingling headdresses. The face makeup of the lead/divine characters is incredible: parts of the face can be built up (with paste and paper in the case of the collar-like chin); and the final face colour given to announce the character can be striking. The excerpt played on Saturday featured a small episode from the *Mahabharata* in which Bima, warrior/magician, green-faced, is beseeched and agrees to help free a village from terror and oppression by a demon, red- and white-faced with fangs. The high point of the evening was the ritualized battle between the two.

The play, without words, was accompanied by four musicians. All four played some form of percussion: a large drum played on one side with the fingers, on the other with the open hand; a drum played with two sticks; a hand-held gong; a set of small cymbals. Two of the musicians intermittently sang a narrative of the story as it went along. It was difficult to believe such complex, exciting, and at times loud, rhythms could be produced by four small Indian men. No amplification, no electronic rhythm boxes. The story is not only told by the singers. Every stylized movement of the dancers on stage conveys a literal meaning. To raise the eyebrow and twist the left hand just so translates directly into words. The trained audience is being given a story they already know well by two means on the stage. For those of us who don't know the conventions

it was still exciting to experience something so different. A full performance can go for many hours, requiring incredible agility and dexterity



on the part of the actors. We were only given a foretaste with a performance of eighty minutes. Even the shorter length proved too much for some in the audience. Which answered, I suppose, the question of why almost no troupe performed complete programs. Nobody here is prepared to sit that long. Instead we get the *Reader's Digest* version. It's not impatience, just a culture travelling at a different speed. Mind you, who of us could keep up to those drummers for precision speed?

Tuesday afternoon there was an intriguing lecture/demonstration. Entitled "Rhythms of Asia," it featured the RAVI SHANKAR MUSIC CIRCLE, the NINGXIA ART TROUPE, and the WIJA SHADOW THEATRE's gamelan orchestra. Intended to run only for an hour, it ran over two, which was fine with me. Definitely our money's worth.

The quartet which made up the MUSIC CIRCLE are students, but damn good for students. The place of the sitar, or suchlike plucked Indian instrument, was taken by a modified electric guitar. Tablas, a hammered dulcimer-like instrument, and a double reed traditional Indian wind rounded out the quartet. They played a short morning raga and a folk melody, both using improvisation on a theme. Besides introducing the music and a very brief explanation of the time signature, they just played. Very well.

NINGXIA ART TROUPE are a Chinese racial minority arts showcase. Las Vegas meets village folk theatre. In celebration of joyous comrade peasants and joyous harvest, downriver from

joyous hydro-electric project. Sorry, but that's what the intros were like. The musicians were clearly skilled, but the genuine article doesn't involve campy, cute versions of American folk-songs. When playing their own pieces it sounded remarkably like a cross between Eastern European folk and a spaghetti Western soundtrack. But played with vigour.

WIJA's gamelan orchestra began by playing the prelude to a long piece. In place of the central major development one of the players gave a detailed explanation of the instruments and their function within the whole. At each stage we



were given musical illustrations until all the layers were in place. The web of sound was shown to be surprisingly simple in any of its components, but all combined the sound is dizzying (hear it on the latest WOMAD release). This ensemble is used to accompany both the Balinese shadow theatre and the various forms of dance. All these forms of expression, including the music, hold religious and/or mystic importance. But from what I saw, the music was the most consistently exciting Balinese form displayed at the Festival.

Other performers were also very good. Some were not. Much depended on what people wanted. As a purist of sorts, I wasn't entirely satisfied. As a non-purist I hope some people can integrate what they saw into what they do, music or theatre.

Still, where and when will we be able to see such a range of cultures performing in the neighbourhood again. (A number of shows were taped by CTR's intrepids, so if you missed out, we may at least help you hear what you missed seeing.)

—Paris Simons

Tom Ellard

Headless and human and human

On Thursday, June 6 Australia's Severed Heads performed at the Luv-A-Fair in Vancouver. The previous day, CITR's Larry Thiessen interviewed Tom Ellard, the main musical force behind this band. Following are some of his impressions from the concert itself and from the interview (which will be broadcast in its entirety during July — check the DISORDER Program Guide for details).

AWARENESS IS THE FIRST THING. TOM ELLARD SEEMS TO be constantly watching everything and everybody, listening, gauging, sampling. Information of every imaginable type is being examined. It's not shifty-eyed or nosy—he's just very conscious of his environment. That environment isn't particularly hot-house or elevated. Rather, it's quite ordinary—a bit like sitting in front of the tube with a bottle of port and recording three hours of voices (which he does). He also hears as well as listens—if it's possible to make that distinction. The quality of a radio announcer's voice, the harmonics of South Pacific Island chants meshing with pre-organized pitches, percussive hand movements, any number of simultaneous noises... they're things we can all listen to but never take the trouble to preserve (which he also does).

Preserving the sounds is probably the easiest part. Ellard's approach to the creation of his music is far less concerned with gadgetry than the finished product might suggest. Tapes, loops, delays, splicing, mixing, etc. are relatively accessible operations in comparison with the use of \$40,000 Fairlights and things of that ilk, which he freely admits to shunning. He prefers to have direct control over his sounds—the hands-on treatment as opposed to letting the hardware do the work. Early recordings use very little else beyond an eight-track tape deck, perhaps a keyboard, a mixer and a few cassettes. The results are imperfect and consequently more human. He relates the ironic story of certain bands spending wads of money to buy drum machines which can be programmed to make mistakes. My own impression of much of the sophisticated technology available now is that its potential usefulness is largely dependent upon how long it takes to learn how to use it. Ellard goes further—suggesting that no one has reached the point yet where that technology is controlled by the musician rather than the other way around.

Irreverence is there too. Ellard's perception of the music industry, his own music and probably the world in general is tempered by his belief that there should be no sacred cows. That's why he can laugh at radio announcers who splice, reverse and otherwise mutilate his recordings. It's why he can regard the whole process of trying to perform live as ludicrous but necessary—even desirable as a means to an end. It provides justification (should any be needed) for a form of musical piracy utilized by anyone (even in the big-league) who works with tapes. Dreadful B-sides of old dance singles can supply thousand-dollar drum machine tracks. Electronic sounds from the rarified atmosphere of early classical non-acoustic music are freely butchered and re-assembled to form something which can appeal to a crowded dance floor. The irony is not only inescapable, it is for him a joke that is freely shared. Ask him about any track on any Severed Heads album and he'll recite a litany of sources which are at once pedestrian, honest, outrageous and utterly brilliant

in their simplicity. Early releases even had manuals explaining exactly what was done to effect the end result.

Realism is a major part of Ellard's own view of his music. He believes that it's possible to release a single with a dance hit on one side and "something else" on the other. He understands that while popularity and radical innovation are almost mutually self-exclusive, it is necessary to juggle both in order to continue creating either. It occasionally puts him in the maddening position of being expected to justify the "pop" material to "those-who-remember-the-good-old-days-before-the-sell-out" while trying to present less danceable material to a crowd who have likely heard one or two songs at best and those only through a vapid, smoky, noisy, alcoholic stupor.

If we sometimes feel a little isolated in Vancouver, think how frustrating it must be for musicians in Australia. The sheer logistics of taking a band from down under to the U.K. or North America involve far more effort and money that we might ever realize. For Tom Ellard, I think the experience of going to England was a valuable one. He now seems convinced that while his own music is not becoming more mainstream *per se*, there may be a place in mainstream music for Severed Heads. It would be most gratifying, for me at least, if he is proven right—because mainstream music badly needs a new direction. This is an attitude Tom Ellard shares. The difference now seems to be that earlier interviews I've read convey the impression that he feels very cynical about the state of music world-wide, whereas he now seems convinced that it might be possible to change it.

Listening to him explain all this, I felt that what he was trying to tell me was that *anybody* can do this stuff. Maybe so, Tom, but not with the human-ness of Severed Heads. I would have paid \$7.50 the next day just to listen to him talk.

THE CONCERT

ART CAN PROBABLY BE CONSIDERED ART SO LONG AS creative energy of some sort is expended in bringing it about. The amount or type, or even the motive, for this creativity are all qualitative judgements and their misuse should be avoided. Anyway, art forms, and tastes, vary. On some occasions, art forms get together, have a lot of fun and something great and magical happens. I hope most people would agree, however, that magical events are less likely to occur when art forms interfere with one another. Visual art was in abundance. Two screens on stage, video monitors in corners, etc. One video screen (the left) was pre-programmed; the other was manipulated by means of a video synthesizer. I couldn't see the left one for hair and

regrettably confess to not understanding the right. To be fair, certain obvious problems should be mentioned. Electrical currents in Australia and U.K. differ from North America. Most of the equipment had to undergo major surgery for two days before the concert. There were also several other artistic intrusions which I feel compelled to mention.

Dear Person-With-The-Platform-Hair:

I really appreciated the effort, time and money which went into creating your look for June 6. Art, as I said, takes many forms and I truly thought you looked great. It was, however, Severed Heads' gig—not yours—and in purely practical terms, I feel that standing at the very front of the stage with the rest of the Joi-Gel Jungle represented for lots of us an unneeded distraction. Please don't do it again. No... that's wrong. By all means do it again—keeping in mind that any art should be appreciated on its own terms—not at the expense of others. Yours truly...

Dear Fashionable-Group-Who-Waited-Until-The-Concert-Started-And-Then-Rudely-Shoved-And-Elbowed-Their-Way-To-The-Front:

Couldn't this disgusting activity be relegated to the back-burner of de rigueur department along with slam-dancing, black garb and camouflage gear? I find myself wondering in these difficult economic times why so many people would pay good money simply to make their petty statements of fashion, act rude at a venue which was uncrowded enough to make it unnecessary and generally become nuisances for the minority who were genuinely interested in what was going on. Yours truly...

While their approach to the concert was decidedly utilitarian, this should not have come as the surprise it seemed. Tapes, after all, are tapes. You cannot record, splice, delay, reverse and otherwise alter what are primarily physical sounds on stage. Tom Ellard works directly with his sounds, without what he would no doubt regard as the interference of Fairlights and other technology which is still too expensive. When a show like his is presented, tapes represent everything that cannot be realistically handled by the performers on stage. Tom Ellard made a brave effort. He knows how to use his voice and worked whatever equipment he was using with admirable facility. The same "awareness" he exhibited the previous day was in evidence. He gauged the initial mood of the audience (burnt out by the time I got there) and watched it closely the whole time. Only occasionally did his frustration show through.

Dear Person-With-The-Microphone-At-The-End-Of-The-Concert:

Tom Ellard freely admits to snatching musical ideas from everywhere and manipulating them to his own ends. Everywhere includes old Human League drum tracks (you might have had a more stimulating time at home listening to them) and bits of Karlheinz Stockhausen. Strident cries of song-theft at the end of the concert are therefore not only strikingly tasteless, but go further than anything imaginable in broadcasting to everyone the fact that the human capacity for ignorance is limitless. Yours truly...

Perhaps the most telling point of the whole evening for me was the reaction of the people I accompanied. Many of them knew very little Severed Heads material and they enjoyed the music immensely. As far as the music itself went, I probably represent a small minority who had a really good time. The high-minded who felt let down for want of something less "boppy" might do well to remember the venue—Luv-A-Fair—not La Galeria Esoterica.

Others would have done well to recall that it was Severed Heads playing—not the Ike & Tina Turner Revue (if the analogy is dated, so's the musical attitude). Music aside, I think it is necessary for both Severed Heads and the audience (in Vancouver, at least) to do a few things. Raising the video screens, adding a few personnel on stage for the sake of being able to do more on stage and generally catering to the not entirely unreasonable public demand for dumb, schlocky but slick public appearances might help the Severed Heads. My suggestions for audiences at this point involve the use of nuclear weapons. Behaviour is a science—not an art form.

Network and Odyssey (and promoters in general) should be encouraged to take chances. No one else does. We all learned from the experience.

—Larry Thiessen

Beyond religion

Baby Jesus speaks

"...An' when you have trouble in your life," he says in an accent that comes from somewhere between Tupelo and Mississauga, "when you have trouble in your life, I want you to look to your savior. And eat a cheeseburger everyday! I want you to look to the man who owned the first home video recorder! And what did he use it for, I hear ya askin' brothers and sisters? What did he use it for? To film teenage girls wearing only white panties wrestling... Lemme hear ya say Yeah! And I want you to get your welfare drug card... Don't take illegal drugs... You can all have your own Doctor Nick! Yay brothers and sisters..."

THE SPEAKER IN CASE YOU WERE wondering, is not Jimmy Swaggart, Jerry Lee Lewis' Bible-thwacking and brimstone-raking cousin. Not Ernest Angley, not Oral Roberts. No, the speaker is Christopher 'Baby Jesus' Houston, former Forgotten Rebel, late of the Dave Howard Singers, currently the combined minister, choir, and collection plate-bearer for the Church of the Fallen Elvis.

Every Monday night for the last six months Houston held the stage of the Beverly Tavern in Toronto with the Church. Now, he's taken the show on the road, visiting Vancouver to play with his band (who double as the Rock Angels) and to spread the gospel.

"Actually, I'm trying to put the Elvis thing behind me. It's probably not a good idea to base your career on someone else like that," says Houston, suddenly serious. When he takes off his sunglasses he looks more like Howdy Doody than the Big Guy.

Still, the Church of the Fallen Elvis goes over well, and Houston patiently goes into the schtick when requested.

Chris Houston was born 23 years ago in Toronto, and grew up in Hogtown, Hamilton, and Windsor. Introduced to rock and roll by that great one-eyed beast ("There was this really awful show called 'Lickin' Stick', after I saw that I had to get a guitar"), he toiled on the fringes until punk hit in 1977.

"I used to hang around guitar stores, and fix guitars, 'cause I never thought I was talented enough to play," he says. "Then in about '77 I got into a couple of punk bands, Middle Class, and then Rich and Bored." These led to Houston joining the Forgotten Rebels, and appearing on



Photo Lincoln Clarkes

Photo Lincoln Clarkes



In Love with the System LP, to which he contributed "Elvis is Dead," "Rich and Bored" and the classic teen/junk anthem "Surfin' on Heroin."

After splitting with that band for what he describes as personality differences, Houston formed a rockabilly band, the One-Eyed Jacks, that played around Toronto for a couple of years. The dissolution of that band left Houston on his own.

After a stint playing solo four-string bass ("it would empty full rooms over the course of a night"), solo six-string bass ("that worked a little better"), and a stint accompanying Dave Howard and the Dave Howard Singers, Houston put together his current band which, in addition to the members of the Rock Angels, features the talents of trumpeter Herby Spanier and guitarist Jack DeKaiser.

And the Church of the Fallen Elvis?

"That started about three years ago, when a couple of friends and I used to sit around this studio space called the Ministry of Love and smoke hash. One of the guys started collecting all this weird Elvis stuff—Elvis garbage cans, Elvis bowling ball covers... And then one day he brought in Albert Goldman's biography of Elvis. I was amazed. There were about three things on every page that made you say 'Oh my God.' It's a three-hundred page book, so that's about nine-hundred 'Oh my Gods', probably a thousand if you average it out."

Shortly thereafter, there was an Elvis Festival, with "psychedelic bands who couldn't play Elvis if their lives depended on it" covering the songs of Tupelo's favourite son. This led to the tradition of Elvis Mondays at the Beverly in Toronto. Houston took over the show from the previous occupants, Groovy Religion, six months ago to preach the gospel of the Church of the Fallen Elvis.

He explains the Church as a result of a fascin-

ation with "the absolute best and the absolute worst. So often the really awful things have a lot in common with the really great things—Elvis was like that. He was a great singer and yet he developed all these revolting habits. He managed to pack both extremes into the same life."

While Houston continues to do his Church of the Fallen Elvis as part of his live show, he obviously prefers to talk about the other aspects of his new band.

"Herby Spanier is an amazing guy. He's played with Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Liberace, and he's wilder than all of us put together. And

"I'd like to still be able to make interesting music when I'm 50, without being some doddering old fart playing nostalgia concerts."

he's 57," says Houston. "He played with Paul Bley when he was starting out the free jazz thing. And Jack (DeKaiser) has played with John Hammond, and Otis Rush. Working with Herby and Jack has given me an understanding of the tradition of music, of doing it for a life."

The sense of tradition has made itself apparent in Houston's music, an often uneasy marriage of rockabilly, rock rhythms, free jazz improvisation and punk vitriol. It's a sometimes messy attempt to turn fusion on its head and give it a good kick in the face. When the various styles of music meld, the sound has a power and edge to it that is both chilling and invigorating. When they don't

it's time to wince.

Houston's willing to give it time to gel. He's moved away from the anyone-can-play attitude of his punk roots and now sees music as a career.

"I'm operating on a ten-year plan, and I guess I always will be. I'd still like to be able to make interesting music when I'm 50, without being some doddering old fart playing nostalgia concerts. The world's full of musicians waiting for that one break after twenty or thirty years. But the point is that they are still doing it, still making interesting music."

The skeptical among you might point out that Houston is still young, and that it's not too late to find a nice secure position in insurance sales or plastics. He has, however, armed himself well for the long haul. He has a realistic view of life as a musician ("You've got to treat it like any job, you've got to work at it twelve hours a day. And that means taking care of the business end as well as creating"), he has a healthy cynicism about the music industry ("There are a lot of human pigs in the business. Most of them don't know anything beyond moving units"), and seems intelligent and persistent enough to keep at it. While no virtuoso, he's a competent musician and, as is demonstrated by his band, he has the ability to bring together other talented people.

Chris Houston and his band are set to appear at the Savoy some time in August. Houston hopes to have Spanier and DeKaiser, who could not make the trip this time, along with him. And, of course, The Church of the Fallen Elvis will be there, at least for the time being.

Could be interesting.

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PROGRAMM

WEEKDAY PROGRAMMING

REGULAR WEEKDAY FEATURES

- 7:30 am Sign-On**
8:00 am Wake Up Report
 News, sports, and weather
- 10:00 am Breakfast Report**
 News, sports and weather followed by **Generic Review** and **Insight**
- 1:00 pm Lunch Report**
 News, sports and weather
- 4:30 pm Afternoon Sportsbreak**
- 6:00 pm Dinner Magazine - Dinner Report**
 News, Sports and weather followed by **Generic Review**, **Insight**, and a **Daily Feature**.
- 4:00 am Sign-Off**



WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

Mondays

Monday Morning Magazine

7:30-10:30 am

Esi Zamis and production assistant Patrice Leslie bring you a weekly dose of rush hour culture.

The Jazz Show

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime-time jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Listen for 11:00 features.

- 01 July Sonny Rollins in Sweden.
 08 July Cecil Taylor...: "Conquistador"
 15 July The Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert (Jan. 16, 1938).
 Charles Mingus.
 22 July John Coltrane. A Love Supreme.

Tuesdays

Morning Magazine

10:00-11:00 am

Diane Brownstein gives you an hour of Public Affairs programming to drink coffee by.

Power Chord

5:00-6:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream

metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

Play Loud

Late night 1:00 am-4 am

Where no distinction is made between art and garbage. Headphone listening is strongly recommended. Aural surgeon: Larry Thiessen.

- 02 July Music and conversation with Tom Ellard of Australia's Severed Heads.
 09 July An examination of what the various members of Wire have done independently.
 16 July Richard H. Kirk of Cabaret Voltaire.
 23 July At least three seconds of anything and everything you've danced to in the last 5 years. It will never be the same!
 30 July The morbid, outrageous and often irredeemably difficult work of Psychic TV.

Wednesdays

Morning Magazine

10:00-10:30 am (alternate weeks)

A hard-hitting, special show that includes news, sports, and features by "Franco" Janusz.

Party With Me, Punker!

4:35-6:00 pm

85 glorious minutes of exclusive punk and hardcore music, tasty tidbits of info, and nifty live cuts with the irrepressible Mike Dennis.

- 03 July Surprise guest host
 10 July The Replacements live
 17 July Eastern Canadian bands
 24 July Dead Kennedys live
 31 July Vancouver Hardcore live Part I: House of Commons, Bill of Rights, D.O.A. and more.

Just Like Women

6:20-7:30 pm

Anne Pollock hosts this magazine show on women's issues of all kinds.

The Knight After

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by. This show will really mess up your hair!

Thursdays

Rude Awakening

7:30-10:30 am

Dance, surf, or just plain rock yourself out of bed with all kinds of loud music and brutal mixes. With host Janis McKenzie.

Over the Wall with Nob

3:00-6:00 pm (alternating Thursdays and Fridays)

All sorts of guitar junk. No whiffs of arty pretension here. Odd interviews, strange guests, scatter-brained editorials and diatribes.

Top of the Bops

8:00-9:00 pm

Top of the Bops approaches rock'n'roll from the broader perspective of its roots in country, country swing and rockabilly as well as R&B, jump blues and doo wop.

Mel Brewer Presents

11:00 pm-midnight

Jason Grant joins everyone's favourite station member to give you the latest on the local scene.

Fridays

Youth Focus

10:30-11:00 am

A brand new magazine show starting July 5th

Over the Wall Show - Part I

11:00-1:00 pm

With your host Brian Maitland, featuring a cross section of the latest from the L.A. psychedelic scene to the hottest polka tunes. Music to do your housework by.

Over the Wall with Nob

3:00-6:00 pm (alternating Thursdays and Fridays)

See Thursday listing.

Friday Night Fetish

6:20-9:00 pm (alternate weeks)

Life after Life After Bed, with host Garnet and friends, maybe even Phone Fun. Don't miss it for anything!

The Big Show

9:00 pm-midnight

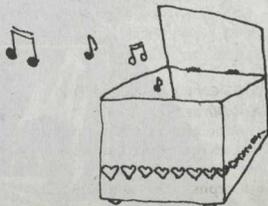
Why pay money to get into a nightclub on a Friday night? If Big Al and Big Mick can't get you dancing, no one can.

The Visiting Penguin Show

1:00 am-4:00 am (late night)

Now every week, hosted by Steve Gibson and Andreas Kitsmann.

- 05 July Music with women in the leading role
 12 July Interview with Burning Giraffes (formerly Esprit d'cor)
 19 July Ethnic and New World Music
 26 July Interview with Twenty-four-gone.



G U I D E

WEEKEND PROGRAMMING

REGULAR WEEKEND FEATURES

- 7:30 am Sign-On (Saturdays)**
8:00 am Sign-On (Sundays)
Noon Brunch Report
 News, sports and weather
6:00 pm Saturday/Sunday Magazine
 News, sports and weather plus **Generic Review**, analysis of current affairs and special features.
4:00 am Sign-Off

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

Saturdays

The Altered Alternative Show

7:30-10:30 am
 Jennifer and Todd bring you G-rated interviews with local luminaries, man-in-the-street opinions and lots of requests.

The Folk Show

10:30 am-noon
 Everything from traditional to the most contemporary folk music.

Playlist Show

Noon-4:00 pm
 CTR's music directors bring you a taste of the newest and hottest releases from around the city, the country, and the world. Listen for new arrivals at the station as well as the countdown of CTR's top 40 demos, singles, EPs and LPs.

The African Show

4:00-6:00 pm
 A program featuring African music and culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest news from Africa, plus special features at 5:00 pm

Propaganda!

6:30-9:30 pm
 An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, Today in History, High Profile, and other features with Mike Johal.

Pajama Party

9:30 pm-1:00 am
 Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present everything from ambient music for snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and pillow fights. At 11 pm—CTR's #1 Playlist Album.

Tunes 'R'Us/Music From the Tarpits

Late night 1:00-4:00 am
 Lots of music, a little chat and loads of fun. Listen for Handyman Bob, Groove Jumpin, and the first Saturday of every month, **Music From the Tarpits**—aural dinosaurs courtesy of the **Knight After, Random Cacophony**, and **Tunes 'R' Us**.

Sundays

Music of Our Time

8:00 am-noon
 20th Century music in the classical tradition in all styles, media, and nationalities, with hosts Lynn Price and Bill Hobden.
07 July Karlheinz Stockhausen—pioneer of Electric music
14 July Russian and Soviet Composers
21 July Student composers of UBC out of the academe onto the radio
28 July Krzysztof Penderecki—Polish Composer exploring new timbres

Rockers Show

Noon-3:00 pm
 The best in reggae with host George Family Van Barrett, Jerry the Special Selector, the Major Operator and Collin the Prentice.

07 July Rocksteady Stylee
14 July Sugar Minott Experience
21 July Prince Far-I and various artists
28 July Bunny Wailer solo

Soul Galore

3:00-4:30 pm
 Focusing on Black-American popular music of this century, this program takes you from the birth of the blues through doo-wop, soul and funk, from Massachusetts to California and everywhere in between.

07 July Sounds from Philadelphia
14 July The "Little" People
21 July Memphis Part II—The Stax Sound
28 July The Finest of the 1970s

The Shaded Grey Area

4:30-6:00 pm
 Simply devoted to providing standard CTR fare (if such a thing exists) on a day otherwise devoted to specialty programming. Tyler Cutforth rotates the grooves and/or magnetic bits and takes requests.

Neither Here Nor There

6:30-8:00 pm
 Relevance? What relevance? Music, interviews, comedy, and readings of prose and poetry with hosts Chris Dafoe and Paris Simons. This month's readings include:

07 July Elizabeth Smart
14 July Wayne Holder
21 July Michael Ondaatje
28 July David Watmough

Sunday Night Live

8:00-9:00 pm
 Jacques presents your favourite vinyl heroes captured on tape in their truest element—the live performance.

Fast Forward

9:00 pm-1:00 am
 This month's programming on Fast Forward will be somewhat less rigid in the wake of

the Security project. Future listener participation theme shows will be announced. Thanks to all who took part with special thanks to Greg Nixon, Chris and Cosey, Tom Ellard, and the people at Brave New Waves. Success! Of special note will be the radio premier of Paul Dolden's epic new electro acoustic piece, "Veils." It will be half an hour of pure textural transformation! This will be on the July 21st edition of Fast Forward at 10 pm. Also, for you regular listeners, listen for the Fine Tendons series of tape/poetry works by Clemens Rettich as well as new music from the members of Hextremities. July will also be a month of many, many radio premiers of work from abroad and outstanding local stuff as well.

The Early Music Show

Late night 1:00-4:00 am
 Join host Ken Jackson for music from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, presented at an appropriately early hour.

01 July "A Feather on the Breath of God"—Hymns and sequences by the Abbess Hildegard of Bingham (12th Century)
08 July W.A. Mozart "Requiem"—Reconstructed version by the Academy of Ancient Music
 The music of Guillaume De Mauchat
15 July Monteverdi's "Vespers"
29 July J.S. Bach—"Leipzig Chorales" Pt. I
 —and lots more...



SPECIAL FEATURES

High Profiles

Every Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday night at 8:00 pm.

Here are this month's High Profiles for...

Tuesdays

02 July The Moberleys
09 July R.E.M.
23 July The Bobby Fuller Four
30 July Vancouver-L.A. 1976-1980
 A special 2½ hour show (6:30-9:00 pm) on the West Coast underground scene, taking a comprehensive look at the first five years of Pacific Punk.

Fridays

05 July Fat Men
12 July Women Who Think They're Sexy
19 July Songs to Cycle to
26 July Grab Bag

Final Vinyl

Most nights at 11:00 pm
 Hear an album played in its entirety.
Saturdays CTR's #1 Playlist album.

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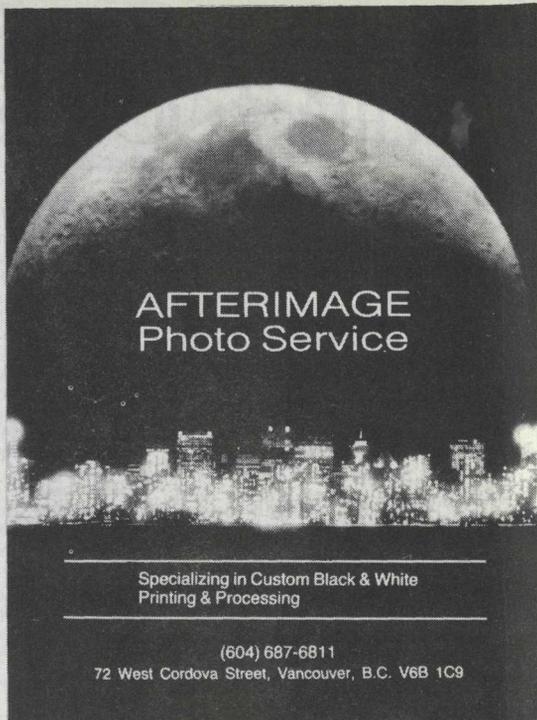
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VINYL

DOA



Let's Wreck the Party
Alternative Tentacles (USA)

AFTER LISTENING TO THIS RECORD I have come to the conclusion that DOA is like Coca-Cola. The people who like DOA, myself included, do so because of what they are (or were), a marvelously loud, trashy, combination of sound, fury, and political conviction. Unfortunately we, like Coke drinkers, are now saddled with something none of us asked for. (They got a lousy Pepsi copy, we got what sounds dangerously like a lame heavy metal band.) Why has this happened? It appears that DOA, like the Coca-Cola Co., are trying to "crossover" to greener pastures, "crossover" being the process whereby a musical act, which had been relegated to one of the sub-categories of popular music (i.e. Croatian Electro-Funk) attempts to enter the wide world of the Top 40, thereby gaining fame, fortune (and riches?) and living happily ever after, secure in the knowledge that the labels which once applied no longer fit.

DOA, until now relegated to the "punk rock" sub-category, have attempted to do this by hiring one Brian "Too Loud" MacLeod (one hopes he didn't choose the nickname himself) to produce their latest release. Mr. MacLeod, a former figure skater, member of Chilliwack, present leader of the (are-they-or-aren't-they-together-anymore) hard-rockin', head-bangin', ass-kickin' Headpins (loved by Trans-Am owners across North America), has done his job quite admirably. He's taken the patented DOA musical assault of guitar, bass, drums, vocals, and politically correct thoughts and made it squeaky clean.

As a result one can now pick out previously overwhelmed musical subtleties, adding a new

dimension to the DOA sound. You can now tell what they're singing about.

Previously one had to try and decipher the chorus, look at the title of the song, and try to extrapolate from that what the song was about. Now we're confronted with the wit, wisdom, and humour of DOA in all its DOLBYed, well-mixed glory (and if that isn't enough, they've enclosed a lyric sheet). Unfortunately on this record the wit isn't very witty, the wisdom is doubtful, and the humour is almost non-existent (with the exception being a cover of "Singing in the Rain" that Gene Kelly wouldn't recognize if it was forced to him through his nose). Which brings us to why this record just doesn't make it.

It's not necessarily because DOA is trying to reach a wider audience, nor is it because DOA cleaned up sounds like a heavy metal band sans the moronic outlook on life—it's because they're taking themselves so damned seriously.

Interviews with the band have shown Joey, Dave, Wimpy, and Dimwit to be possessors of good-humouredly anti-establishment minds. Here, however, the band seems to have decided to address all the world's problems with a serious-minded tenacity which makes itself boringly evident by a simple glance at the song titles (i.e. "No Way Out," "Shout Out," "Our World," etc.). Taken as a whole, the album seems to be an attempt to tackle all of society's evils on one 12-inch disk. Be it racism ("Race Riot"), the dangers of religious extremism ("Dance of Death") or the trampled rights of minorities ("The Warrior Ain't No More"), this album aspires to address it. It's not, therefore, too surprising that without a solid dose of humour to lighten it (the aforementioned Hollywood classic aside) this album almost sinks under its good intentions.

Taken individually some of these songs are quite good. The all-out, speed-crazed "Race Riot" is a reminder of past glories and "Dance of Death" shows the band trying to experiment with their song style. However, as a package this record isn't helped by songs like the extraordinarily lame "Dangerman" (which sounds much better on 45 RPM), "Shout Out," with its embarrassing back-up vocals, or the dangerously token "The Warrior Ain't No More."

So why is this record like this? The idea behind it may carry some of the blame—who does the band expect to "crossover" to? With their all-out balls-to-the-wall brain-damaging sonic-assault style of playing they certainly aren't going to appeal to the average Top 40 listener in search of Hall & Oats, Duran Duran, Prince, Wham! or any of their musical clones. So who's left? The head-bangers in Lynn Valley? I'm really not sure what's happened—they've run their songs through Mr. MacLeod's musical car wash (cleaned and polished outside, a light vacuuming inside) and

emerged an uninspiringly serious drag.

—Pat Carroll

VERDICT

Guadalcanal Diary



Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man
Db Records (US)

AMONG CERTAIN CIRCLES OF PEOPLE it is currently vogue to exhibit abhorrence towards the United States. Viewing it as a nation made up of red-necked, war-mongering fascists led by a rapidly deteriorating Alzheimers' victim, who has one finger curled around the trigger of world destruction, and who makes Darth Vader look like Mother Theresa.

I, however, do not circulate among these people, nor do I subscribe to their views. Because I like America, I think it's great. Any nation that could produce the tallboy six-pack, the cheeseburger, the fin-tailed Cadillac, the 7-Eleven (more than an institution, a way of life according to Black Flag's Henry Rollins) and *Miami Vice*, is all right in my books. Another thing I like about America is that it has the ability to continually re-examine itself, a procedure similar to orangutans picking at each other's fur for mites. This self-scrutiny has let the Me generation to decide to become nuclear familled yuppies, and has also convinced the American public, with a little help from Chuck Norris and Sly Stallone, that the U.S. may have actually won the Vietnam war. Of a more beneficial nature, this self-scrutiny has led America to go back to the basics musically. Doffing the synthesizers, gelled hair, and 'weirder than yours are' clothes, and exchanging them for faded Levis, broken-in Keds, and the stock acoustic guitar, bass and drum kit setup.

What I am referring to, is America's new music

Renaissance, which features such bands as: The Blasters, Jason and the Scorchers, Los Lobos, Violent Femmes, and R.E.M. to name but a few. Entering on to this new musical scene are Athens, Georgia newcomers Guadalcanal Diary, whose first LP *Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man*, is receiving substantial publicity. And is this attention deserved? Does Jack Daniels make bourbon? This album is so hot you could barbecue T-bones on it. Well, maybe not. But lead singer/guitarist Muarry Attaway and his quartet produce such powerful big sound guitar and vocals, that some cuts, like "Trail of Fears" and "Watusi Rodeo," should be registered with the FBI. Also meritorious is the instrumental "Gilbert Takes the Wheel," and the countryish "Ghost on the Road."

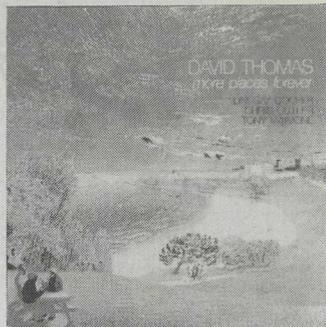
But all these cuts pale in comparison to

Guadalcanal Diary's version of the old folk tune "Kumbayah." These boys inject so much power, purpose and meaning into this song, that it should make even the trendiest wavers desire to trade in their spikey shoes for a pair of well-worn Tony Lamas. Guadalcanal Diary takes "Kumbayah" and transforms it from a song suited for Cub Scouts sitting around a campfire, to one tailor-made for grizzled, chain-smoking marines preparing to assault Pork Chop Hill.

I like "Kumbayah," Guadalcanal Diary, and I like *Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man*. I like it a lot. And if Athens, Georgia continues to produce bands like R.E.M. and Guadalcanal Diary, then it is destined to be held in the same regard by historians in the future as its namesake in Greece is now.

—Jerome Broadway

David Thomas



More Places Forever

Rough Trade

AS FRONTMAN FOR PERE UBU, ONE OF the more important bands to come out of Middle America in the 1970s, David Thomas may have seemed more dominant a force than he truly was; a man of unavoidable stature, poetic-humorous lyrics and a unique voice, he tended to be the focus of any project blessed by his presence. With the departure (and death) of co-founder Peter Laughner, and then, gradually, most of the other early band members, Thomas became Pere Ubu. Ubu's albums evolved into music that was more declaratively 'art-rock' and less racious than earlier, industrial-influenced releases, and whose themes tended to focus upon the seemingly mundane elements of everyday life and nature, with animals and the sea being common subjects.

That Thomas has left behind the chaotic, industrial sounds of early Pere Ubu is evidenced by this third solo LP, *More Places Forever*. The album continues in the vein of the later Ubu LPs and the vocalist's first two solo ventures, but also offers something new. Thomas has utilized a progression of quality musicians on his solo albums, and once again, on this new release, musical backing is provided by some first-class talent. Chris Cutler (Henry Cow, Art Bears) returns on drums, and former Ubu mate Tony Maimone (now in Home and Garden) supplies adept bass playing and piano. The emergent delight of the album, however, is Lindsay Cooper, who plays piano and organ, as well as an assortment of horns. Cooper manages to make any instrument she plays, even basoon or oboe, an integral part of the music. Her horn playing is exquisite throughout, ranging from funny little snippets to slow moody pieces. Thomas is the definite leader on this album, but Cooper and the others are not mere backing musicians, a key factor in the album's success.

The songs of *More Places Forever* are a testament to the humour and poetic sensibilities of David Thomas. "Through The Magnifying Glass" illustrates the nature of his music. A funny, seemingly simple song dealing with the old ant and grasshopper fable, "Magnifying Glass" encourages the listener to investigate with hints that the song is more than the subject matter would suggest. "Song of the Bailing Man" documents Harry's attempt to bail out the ocean.

I cannot bail out the ocean.

I cannot empty the sea.

This work only lends itself to airs of nobility.

At first very determined, Harry comes to realize the impossibility of his task. Is this a tale about the futility of life, or is it somehow linked to

A.K.O.B.



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Thomas's religious beliefs as a Jehovah's Witness? Musically and lyrically, each track on *More Places Forever* intrigues and challenges the listener.

Despite the contributions of Cutler, Miamone and Cooper, the heart and soul of this LP is David Thomas. The big man continues to produce humorous, unpretentious, and decidedly different music, which makes *More Places Forever* a very worthwhile album.

—Kevin Smith

Tupelo Chain Sex



Tupelo Chain Sex

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING. I MEAN I'VE heard of crossing social and musical boundaries, but there has to be a limit somewhere. After all, punks are punks, country boys wear pointed shoes and the hippies are all dead. Someone must have moved a couple of freeway signs in L.A. because somehow they managed to get a bunch of the above out of their local clique hangouts and into the studio—together.

Yeh, there they all are: Limey Dave—expatriate British punk, Tupelo Joe—country boy complete with accordion and mandolin, Willie Dred—looks like he's playing hookie from junior high to beat the skins. And then there's Stumuk whose waistline stretches from the summer of acid to the winter of Star Wars, and Sugar cane Harris, older than Stumuk and blacker than all of them. And Kevin Eleven with a Slurpee balanced neatly on his bass. I've heard of the melting pot but there is a difference between cultural cross-pollination and what happens when a 50-mega-ton bomb goes off in a crowded hot tub.

The lyrics are free form and bitterly satiric. They're about the people of America; doctors, gamblers, drug pushers, Ronnie Rayguns. And they're whispered, spoken and screamed in pure punk poetic style. But the music is set up in almost absolute counterpoint. Tight and restrained. And ranging through a broad musical spectrum. Surfers will perk up at the first chords of "Doctor Nightcall," rock and rollers will bob at "The Dream" and Husker Du fans will retrieve their eyeballs from the backs of their skulls when they hear the rewrite of Leonard Bernstein's classic from *West Side Story*, "America." Hell, there's even something for the kids called "Champion the Wonder Horse."

And all the time against the sweet sounds of the violin and saxophone, and allied with the steady complex rhythms of the mandolin, guitars and drums, there is that grating voice and grinding lyrics.

I like it, I like it all. Some bands cross musical boundaries only in interviews. These guys have done it on vinyl. Musical variety and lyrical substance, vamp and social conscience. But only in California you say...

—David Firman

**A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE
FROM COLLECTORS R.P.M.**

**JULY 3 THE BILL OF RIGHTS
DEAD KATZ
IMMORAL MINORITY**

**JULY 10 BRILLIANT ORANGE
OMNI SQUID
LOVE CIRCUS**

**JULY 17 RUGGEDY ANNS
BELGIANIQUES
PLUS GUESTS**

**JULY 24 THE RETURN OF
HOUSE OF COMMONS
WITH SOCIAL MENACE
AND GUESTS**

**JULY 31 WED.
WELFARE DEATH SENTENCE
STAB EM' IN THE ABDOMEN
SEXUAL INFECTIONS
EVERY WED. "ALTERNATIVE"
MUSIC AT JOHN BARLEY'S
23 W. CORDOVA
ENTER FROM BLOOD ALLEY**



YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS - Doin' That One

I should mention that this song is actually the flip side of their new single. Side A has a re-done version of the Young Fresh Fellow theme song. To be blunt, this is a great single. Tell your friends, request it on the radio and buy it before the scant one-thousand hand-coloured copies are sold. The sound is rough, raw and ragged as only a band of the psychedelic garage genre can produce. Besides being a wonderful song, the Young Fresh Fellows have taken it upon themselves to include at the beginning and the end of "Doin' That One" sound splices of my all-time favourite TV show: *Superman*. So you get a great song and TV dialogue for the price of a single. I say that it's an opportunity not to be missed.

TALKING HEADS - Give Me Back My Name

Rather a depressing song for the Talking Heads, but still a great song. In fact I really like this single. It's full of interesting hooks unmistakable of the Talking Heads and wonderful lyrics.

*"There's a word for it
Words don't mean a thing
there's a name for it
names make all the difference in the world
some things can never be spoken
some things cannot be pronounced
that word does not exist in any language
it will never be uttered by a human mouth"*

Then they go on to sing about how something has been changed in their lives and how it must be returned. Pretty sad stuff; but, never pessimistic. The Talking Heads always come up with surprises which are never disappointing.

THE DAMNED - Edward The Bear

I feel that either I'm missing something or else the title of this song has absolutely nothing to do with anything. It's a good single of the sixties' genre and probably will go over well in the clubs. Old Damned fans may find it a bit hard to swallow; it's pretty slick to say the least. In fact after hearing this song a few times, the word

'clean' came to mind. Squeaky clean no less. Rather surprising from a band with such a dirty (?) past.

GOLDEN PALOMINOS - Omaha

Like the colour—wimpy.

PORTION CONTROL - The Great Divide

The deep guttural yelps of what sounds like a dog in heat, coupled with a funky electronic disco beat at a club where the bass is turned "Wwwaay Up", should get the hair-spray/leather set on the dance floor. This song is about five minutes too long. I would file it away under the heading "Once hip, died a painful death."

SHRIEKBACK - Nemesis

Gothic Disco best describes Shriekback's latest release. The video is sure to be a visual extravaganza. What with lyrics like:

"No one move a muscle as the dead come home"

or

*"Greeks and Cannibals
prehistoric animals
big black Nemesis
(something or other) Genesis"*

I don't know about you, but after listening to a whole song of lyrics similar to the above, I've got the word "BIBLICAL EPIC" flashing neon in my mind's eye. I'm waiting to see the video with baited breath, maybe I'll like the song better.

—Julia

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CITR TOP 20 SINGLES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 STAN RIDGWAY	The Big Heat	ILLEGAL (UK)
2 BRILLIANT ORANGE	Happy Man	**DEMO**
3 FIVE YEAR PLAN	At The Beach	**DEMO**
4 THE TRIFFIDS	Bright Lights Big City	CARTEL
5 GOLDEN PALOMINOS	Omaha	CELLULOID (US)
6 LES CALAMITES	Pas La Peine	NEW ROSE (FR)
7 LOST DURANGOS	Living Nowadays	**DEMO**
8 THE ART OF NOISE	Moments in Love	ISLAND
9 THE DAMNED	Grimly Fiendish	MCA (US)
10 PROPOGANDA	Duel	ZTT (UK)
11 THE FLUNKEES	Let's Dance On	**DEMO**
12 MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG	The Green Fields of..	IMP (UK)
13 EINSTURZENDE NEUBATEN	Yu-Gung	SOB (UK)
14 DEPECHE MODE	Shake the Disease	MUTE (UK)
15 SALEM 66	Across the Sea	HOMESTEAD (US)
16 LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS	Glory	POLYDOR (BRD)
17 TALKING HEADS	The Lady Don't Mind	EMI (UK)
18 COIL	Panic	KELVIN.422 (UK)
19 LOVE & ROCKETS	Ball of Confusion	BEGRS.BOT (UK)
20 JAH WOBBLE & OLLIE MARLAND	Love Mystery	ISLAND (UK)

CITR TOP 20 ALBUMS

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
1 TUXEDOMOON	Holy Wars	CRAMBOY (HOL)
2 GAME THEORY	Real Night Time	ENIGMA (US)
3 ANIMAL SLAVES	Dog Eat Dog	MODAMO
4 GUADALCANAL DIARY	Walking in the Shadow..	DB (US)
5 D.O.A.	Let's Wreck the Party	FRINGE
6 DAVID THOMAS & THE PEDESTRIANS	More Places Forever	TWINTONE (US)
7 THE THREE O'CLOCK	Arrive Without Travelling	I.R.S.
8 BILLY BRAGG	Life's A Riot	POLYGRAM
9 SEVERED HEADS	City Slab Horror	INK (UK)
10 SKELETAL FAMILY	Futile Combat	REDRHINO (FR)
11 BIG GUITARS FROM TEXAS	Trash, Twang & Thunder	JUNGLE (US)
12 POISONED	Poisoned EP	EAST RAY
13 JEFFREY LEE PIERCE	Wildweed	STATIK (UK)
14 ENIGMAS	Strangely Wild	ZULU
15 GO FOUR 3	Go Four 3 EP	ZULU
16 FRIGHTWIG	Cat Farm Faboo	SUBTERR (US)
17 NINA HAGEN	In Ekstasy	CBS
18 BEAT FARMERS	Tales of the New West	WEA
19 EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL	Love Not Money	WEA
20 LEDERNACKEN	Double Album	STRIKEBACK (UK)

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.....AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS

"Confucious had a saying, he said, I'm going to have to work hard and set an example."



"Contrary to what your father told you, Helen, my third husband is not Speedy Gonzalez."



"This morning at my house there was a mad dash for the microwave. I can't live under that pressure."

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Track Records
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Dunhie Books
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Varsity Theatre
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West Point Cycles

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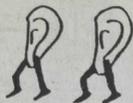
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Camosun Aquaria
Changes Consignment
Clothing
Cut Price Records
HighLife Records & Music
Kelly's Electronic World
(Oakridge)
Minerva's
Nepton Collectors'
Records
New York Theatre
Not Just Another
Music Shop
Octopus Books East
People's Co-op Bookstore
Store No. 1
Vancouver East Cinema
Vancouver East Cultural
Centre
Vancouver Folk Music
Festival
Western Front Lodge

KITSILANO

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Broadway Records & Tapes
Bullfrog Studios
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Deluxe Junk Clothing
The Eatery
Hollywood Theatre
Jericho Market
Lifestream Natural Foods
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Mushroom Studios
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The Roving Ear



... this month from New Delhi

SUDDENLY, HIP HONKIES ARE INTO India. Nearly forty years after the British imperialists were forced to leave with their tails between their legs and nearly two decades after the first wave of truth-seeking middle-class white youth booked the first available flying carpet to New Delhi, the Western world's cycle of exploitable commercial prophets rolls back into the embarrassingly misnamed "Jewel in the Crown."

The real hip ones, the ones with money, the ones who can afford to actually go to India will be fortunate enough to escape any drastic indications of the fact that New Delhi is not a happy capital. Violent and bloody social and political upheavals have left a certain tension in the air. By comparison, B.C.'s troubles are merely petty squabbles at a chimps' tea party. Where Indians get involved in their politics, British Columbians come across like extras from *Dawn of the Dead*.

Fear not, culture buffs, there's still a plethora of sounds in New Delhi for your roving ear. However, first things first: NEW DELHI HAS NO UNDERGROUND MUSIC SCENE. Anyone caught wearing lots of black stuff and sporting a Van der Graff generator hairdo is liable to be called a hippy (!), and subject to much ridicule. Those whose bodily functions have not become paralyzed at this revelation can read on and discover that the big thing amongst middle-class New Delhi youth is, in fact, disco.

Yes, disco.

There isn't really a big market in imported records, so the irrepressible Indians make their own, complete with monotonous rhythms, guitar and synthesizer melodies, and the classic high-pitched caterwauling of the women singers. Serious intentions—but hysterically funny. For about forty rupees (\$4) you can pick up the latest disco sounds by such fave raves as Babla and Kanchan. They don't really do many live gigs, especially outside. Most of the concert halls in New Delhi feature more traditional song and

dance. Well worth watching.

If, however, you feel like getting down on the floor and shaking your thing (in India they call it dancing), don't bother looking for any discotheques or nightclubs as such in New Delhi. The nearest thing is the disco night they have at some of the major hotels like the Ashok and Mavrya Sheraton in Chanakyapuri district. However, with all things Western becoming highly fashionable in the big cities, finding nightclubs will become far easier as time goes on.

India has the largest film industry in the world. Movies are one of the few areas of entertainment available at an affordable price to the masses, who consequently flock to the cinemas like mosquitos to a foreigner. The acting, ahem, is melodramatic, to say the least, and the plots are formula song and dance romantic sob stories. Sheer escapism—which, to be fair, is probably the whole point. There are plenty of cinemas dotted around the city and you really should attend at least one of the current releases, either to observe the absorption of the Indians or just to say that you did.

For the visitor, merely being in New Delhi is sheer entertainment. Like the rest of India, with its teeming masses of humanity, it's an ongoing carnival. All your senses, not to mention your nerves, will be challenged by a barrage of noises, smells, tastes, sights, and people. There is a brief respite during the wee hours and then, at daybreak, it starts again: animated conversations, traders and customers haggling over prices, the roar of heavy city traffic which includes cycle-rickshaws, horse-drawn carts, and hundreds of three-wheeler taxi-scooters, honking horns at ambling pedestrians or a cow calmly chewing the cud in the middle of a major road.

In such confusion, New Delhi residents have little time for local architecture, some of the most breathtaking in the world, much of it owing to the Mongol invaders whose dynasty ruled for the better part of two hundred and fifty years. Go through the Delhi Gate on Mathura Road and

you're in Old Delhi, where, just off Chitli Bazar you can see India's largest mosque, the Jama Masjid. White marble and red sandstone support a huge, typically Mogul onion-shaped dome. Across the road is the stupendous Red Fort, a seventeenth-century military palace whose dimensions can only be related by the number of football fields you could get inside it.

Go back the other way through India Gate on Rajpath and you'll end up in awe of the Rashtrapati Bhavan, the Presidential palace. Set in 330 acres, its style has both Islamic and Buddhist influences. A short walk towards Connaught Place, the commercial hub of the city, brings you to the parliament buildings, sort of low-rise versions of a Roman coliseum.

According to Fodor's Guide to India, there are about a thousand historic movements representative of the "Seven Cities of New Delhi." Just one word of caution when asking directions: an Indian is usually far too embarrassed to tell you that s/he doesn't know the way and will, therefore, point in the direction that sounds the best to her/him. Ask several people...

It would be unfair to tease the reader with an example of the low cost of clothes and most other things in New Delhi—but I will anyway: I bought a made-to-measure long Nehru-style frock coat for 400 rupees—\$40. It's a shopper's paradise. Scour the Cottage Industries, tiny little shops all squeezed in on the Janpath, as well as the claustrophobic mess of shops across from the New Delhi Railway Station on Chelmsford Road.

For dirt-cheap accommodation try the Youth Hostel on Nayaya Marg in Chanakyapuri or the Ringo Guest House in the heart of the city near Connaught Place—they'll do you for the astronomical sum of 15-20 rupees (\$1.50-2.00) per night for a bed.

India's one hell of a place—in more ways than two. It's well worth a visit. Don't be content with all things Indian while sitting here in Vancouver. Go there. Be hip.

—Mike Johal

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