

ERIS CDORD

OCTOBER '87

drugs

FREE

that magazine from CITR in 109

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 Saturday 3
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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITR Radio 102
October 1987 Vol V No 9 Issue #57

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CITR Radio 102 broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout the Vancouver area at 101.9 FM. But for best reception, hook up to the FM cable network. CITR is at 101.9 cable FM on Rogers (Lower Mainland) and Shaw (North Shore) cable systems, but is still at 100.1 on Rogers (Fraser Valley).

Inquiries about CITR, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4 pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.



THIS IS THE

IN THIS ISSUE

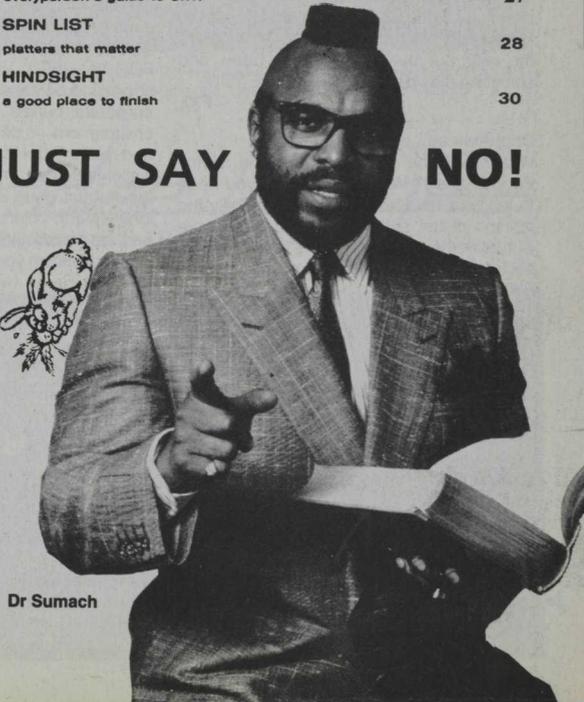
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JUST SAY NO!



Dr Sumach





AIRHEAD
c/o CTR
6136 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

THIS MEANS WAR, BUBBALOOEY!

Dearest Airhead,
In regards to "IAIN BOWMAN'S REVIEW"; of Skinny Puppy's *Cleanse Fold and Manipulate* I'd like to say the following:

The "Editor's" disclaimer seems to make matters worse. A review is meant to inform, not to make personal stabs. BOWMAN seems to disregard hard work and the desire to entertain. Who are you BOWMAN? Wouldn't the wife put out? Keep it up, baby, and someone may decide to MUTILATE YOU!

F.O.

Dear Airhead,
What's with the disclaimer after the Skinny Puppy review? Why do you think you need to tell your readers that a review is only the opinion of the author? Is this not the case with all reviews? Is it that the editor likes to suck up to Skinny Puppy or something? Please explain.

**Yours sincerely,
Avid Reader**

Dear Airhead,
It's nice to read a record review without a single reference to the record being reviewed. Make sense, huh? I personally would rather read the National Enquirer. "At least they don't give you any bullshit with pseudo-intellectual significance." CTR, Discorder, alas, alas . . .

**LONG LIVE DEATH BY OVERMIXING!!
Dave Ogilvie,
Skinny Puppy et al . . .**

Discorder
Iain Bowman wrote the best discourse on Thin Pooch I have ever read. Then some gutless editorial bastard tacks on the disclaimer that Discorder likes Skinny Puppy and that I should buy their records. I can think of only one appropriate action in light of this. I will wipe my ass with this rag in page by page fashion for the entire month of September.

Dave "Big Hair" Rosencrans

Hold the shit, please. We got some already. In the mail yet. We're still waiting for the blood test results. As for the Editor's disclaimer, let's just say it was a last minute remark that we all now very much regret. Basically, the intention was to somehow stave off another slew of threats, hate-mail and the like (remember our last Skinny Puppy review?). Obviously, it was too little too snide too late. A brand-new ugly Pandora's box has already opened up and who knows where that will take us? As for Iain Bowman, he's already fled the country and might be found in London. As for Vancouver music fans, it's clear there's something about gratuitous blood and gore that really riles 'em up. Keep on writing, kids. It's good to express your feelings with something other than kaka.

UMMM.....ENTROPY?

Dear Airhead,
The second law of thermodynamics has overtaken your magazine. Technology systematically enfolds and erodes all psychic spontaneity: one is actually "taught" 20th century alienation as an aesthetic phenomenon (old textbook title: "MAN'S SEARCH FOR VALUES"), while all opportunities for social and personal rebellion are finely tuned corporate outlets courtesy of the service environment—rock music and videos, violent and pornographic films, fashion, etc. Your well-intentioned WORDSWORTH section in the August issue is only a blank generation lonelyhearts column for all the good it may provide the socially discontented. To further this exploitation you layer it between a promo for Judy Radul (who exposes her "poetic" eye as WORDSWORTH's co-editor) and an extended book blurb for Robert Anton Wilson (come on—a former editor for Playboy Forum?). Like Tim Leary or Alvin Toffler, Wilson is haymaking: he ignores or is ignorant of the basic rules affecting all thought and action in a technical culture; his intent is irrelevant since he banks on others' cultural and historical ignorance. A question for life-stylists—What is the difference between an Andre Breton, a Malcolm McLaren, and a Shirley Maclaine?

John Culklin wrote "we don't know who discovered water but we're certain it wasn't a fish". As of August '87 Discorder has become just something else to wrap fish in.

E. Fou Zesis

Regarding the fish, we wouldn't recommend it. Discorder is printed as cheaply as possible so the ink tends to run.

GUILTY WITH AN EXPLANATION

Dear Airhead,
Ooooh, bad, bad, and very bad! Using an original work of art to illustrate Mad Dogs and Torontonians by Kevin S. in the Sept. Discorder is an insult and an offence to artists everywhere. Rita McKeough's piece at least deserves a credit line but noooo, nothing. Did you even have her permission? SHAME if not. This is a breach of an artist's copyrights and you should be fined and thrown in jail!! Would you dare play a record or tape without crediting the artists? - you artless dogs. You credit photographers and illustrators but not artists. Great. Get it together. We deserve better treatment than this! And wait till I tell Rita.

**Yours watchfully,
Robbin Yager**

Sorry! It was a mistake. Discorder policy is to credit all contributors where possible. As for cries of breach of copyright, etc., please get one thing clear. Nobody makes money off Discorder. We're part of a non-profit society whose only real concern is the free dissemination of ideas to as many people as possible. To accuse us of theft is kind of pointless. Our attitude is very simple. If it exists and it's good and it fits, why not use it? Sorry, a quality magazine is far more important to us than an artist's ego or his or her pocketbook.

KEEP ON WORKING

Airhead,
Thought this exchange between the steadily employed might interest you: Brian Goble (aka Wimpy Roy, Rory Washtok and much else) got on my bus at Pender and Carrall.

"I saw you play bass at Semiahmoo Park in 1977 and you're still playing bass."
"Yeah, well, you find a good job," Goble said, adding, "Semiahmoo Park?" He asked, "How long you been driving bus?" "Six years. You find a good job, you know?" "Yeah." Then silence, at 1:00 a.m.
"Think I'll go read The Buzzer," which he did. Which is satisfactory after ten years.

**hell is for heroes,
raifthewunderdawg**

HELP!

Dear Airhead,
Last November, you printed a letter from a DJ in Poland, Jan Pawul, who was looking for contact with people in the West. Since then, his situation has badly deteriorated to the point where he is having serious problems with the authorities and is afraid of being arrested. He is very anxious that his



plight get as much publicity as possible; the more attention he receives, the less likely he is to "disappear" as so many other people behind the Iron Curtain have. He desperately wants to hear from people out here, particularly anyone who can help him in his desire to emigrate to Vancouver with his family, and find employment. He would also like to hear from expatriate Poles and any Polish organizations, clubs, etc., that might exist in Vancouver. Write to Jan at: 41 - 709 Ruda Slaska 9, Skr-2, Poland.

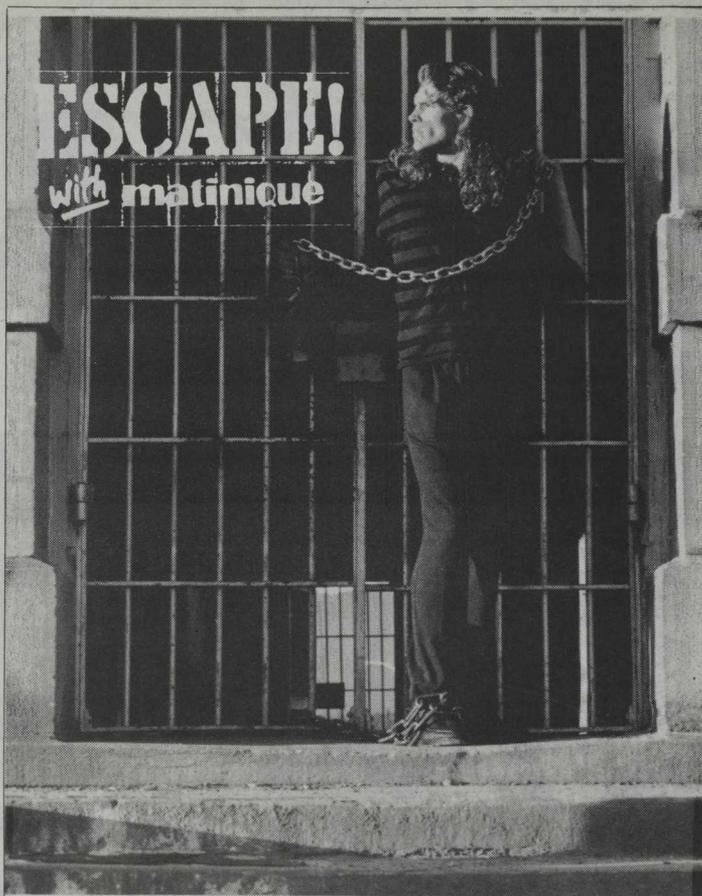
Thanks,
Tony Sullivan



it's
True!

A sombre and important year, this 1987. Not only is Burnaby's own Michael J Fox revealed as the anti-Elvis, but UBC Radio celebrates its fiftieth anniversary: fifty long years of broadcast communication dedicated to stemming the red surge of the international Communist Conspiracy. A time has come finally to reflect, to come to terms, to pause for a moment and gaze backward with fondness and regret. 1937. A different time. Another world. The Family was an institution that still meant something. Ronald Reagan, still undiscovered by The Illuminati, was just another dork who dreamed of being rich and famous. Thursday, October 8th, 1987, the UBC Radio Society celebrates this momentous occasion with a reunion dinner in the ballroom of the Student Union Building. Senator Ray Perrault will be there, as might John Turner. But you can't come unless you've been invited. If you know someone who has, remind them for us, please.

Elsewhere on the social front, CTR is presenting a number of shows beginning this Friday - the 2nd - with the **Fastbacks** at the Venue. Saturday, it's **Bleached Black**, same place. The American Invasion continues Sunday at the Luv Affair with **Sonic Youth**. Vancouver's own **Sons of Freedom** will be warming up. Later in a busy week - Wednesday the 7th - there's a free gig (advance tickets only) at Graceland with three more bands from south of the border: **Plan 9**, **Sound Garden** and **Viv Akauldren**. That Friday - the 9th - **54-40** are throwing a record release bash for their latest album, *Show Me*, at the Commodore. Watch out. It rocks. **Sons of Freedom** (the next big thing?) and **Stubborn Blood** fill the bill. Finally, further forward into a dubious future, the most dangerous rock'n roll show in the world rolls back into town: **the Butthole Surfers**. See them before they die. **NoMeansNo** and Seattle's **Skinyard** will initiate the chaos.



Pictured: Black and charcoal long sleeve button front t-shirt with matching pleated four pocket sweatpant in 100% cotton, both by Matinique. Grey walking shoe by De Michel.

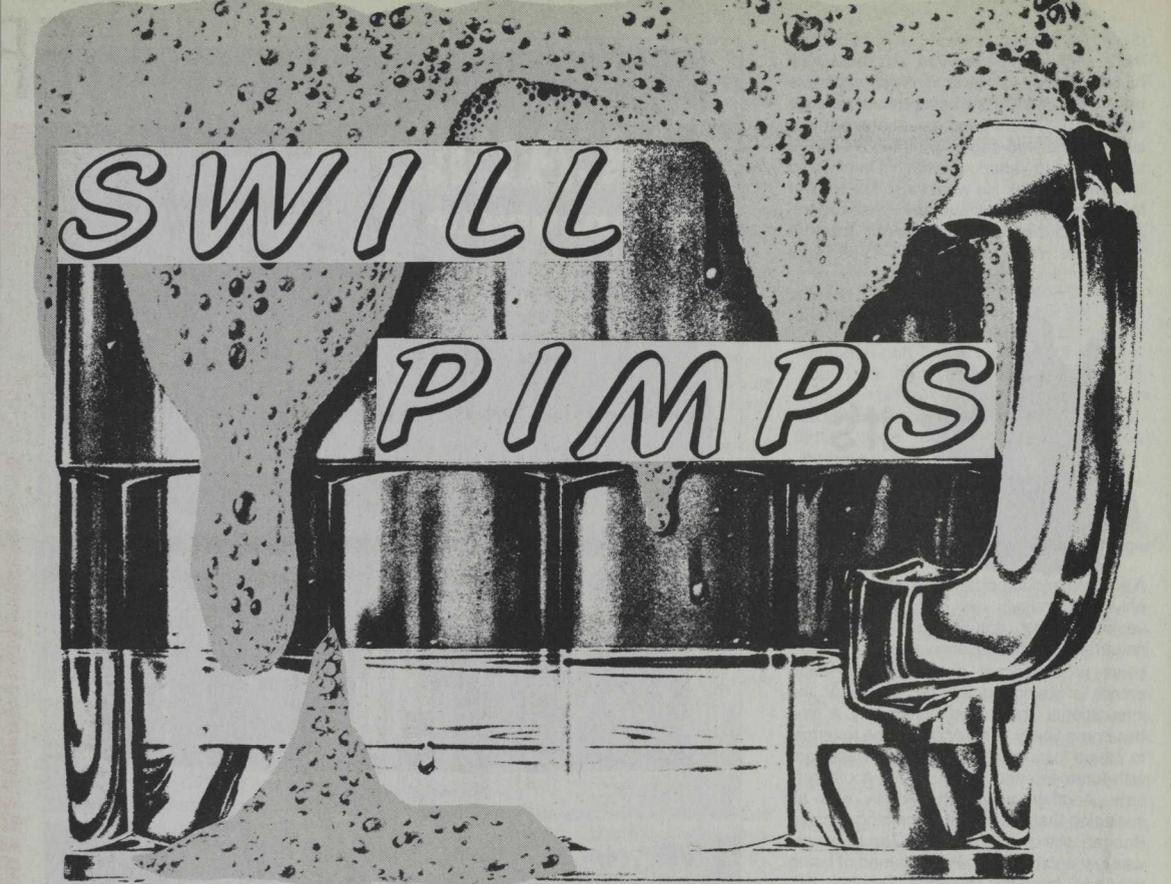
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SWILL

PIMPS

HAVE SAMPLED A NUMBER OF DRUGS; pills, powders, liquids and various solids have crossed my lips or made torturing passage up nasal canyon. But drug consumption has never been a pastime for me precluding some degree of personal concern. Generic white powders, under various titles, have left me uncomfortable and sick. Small blots of paper, enthusiastically consumed, have left my teeth clamped and senses reeling for hours at a time. Even familiar, organic Cannabis has left me with ringing headaches and a complete lack of perspective (smoking dirt, you rate what you get).

The problem is that illicit drugs are not subject to the same strict standards of purity and consistency that say, pharmaceuticals are. There are no guarantees when buying coke, methedrin or extacy that the white powder snarfed up is pure. It may well be a hodgepodge of drug, manatol, icing sugar or even rock salt mixed to enhance, not your outlook, but the profit of some low-life rat bag of a drug dealer.

Thus we come to Beer. Not just any Beer mind you, but the cheap shit, adulterated bile certain 'Big' breweries would pass off on us as quality product. Beer, like any drug, can be pure or impure, but you'll not be

finding any list of ingredients on the label to check the relative purity of most Canadian beer. In fact, a brewery that lists the ingredients for its product is an exception indeed.

This floors me, a stickler for purity, in that we're not given the necessary details to make an informed choice concerning consumption of a processed food. I mean, I'm not talking about 'secret herbs and spices' or a formula for synthetic heroin, this is a product that is sold six days a week from an official government outlet.

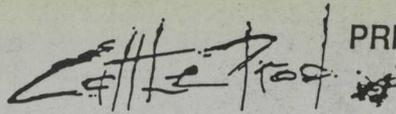
Let me speculate as to why the breweries are unwilling to display the components of what is clearly a food product. Maybe these swill pimps think chemical pus such as Amyloglucosidase, Potassium Metabisulfide, Papain enzyme or good ole Propylene Glycol Alginate might scare some wimps because of their 'nasty' names. Maybe they figure the public would be offended if they know exactly what swill they were consuming. It may even be, as some members in the industry maintain, that it would just cost too darn much to have to print all those ingredients down on every label. After all, those image conscious breweries have to find some way to pay for all their advertising, not to mention community recreation vehicles

and hot air balloons!

What's particularly odious about this situation is the willingness of the breweries involved to take advantage of a situation because there is no specific law in place to ensure they do not. Just like the rat-bag drug dealer, only true scum would increase profit at the cost of someone's health. I simply don't buy the excuse that beer additives are neutral and pose no potential health threat. The point is that people should be given the information about any questionable additives so they can decide for themselves whether or not to indulge in preservatives or artificial foam.

And what about the government agencies that supposedly watch the market place for such infractions as failure to list ingredients on food items? I must admit time constraints have stopped me from pursuing this line of inquiry. Suffice it to say, that since the government has chosen alcohol to be a legal inebriant, then it is incumbent upon that government to properly regulate the industry. The very fact that some breweries have been able to take advantage of a situation with potential consequences to the health of the beer drinking segment of the population, is a clear indicator of the government's failure in that regulation. In comparison, just

DISORDER
CITR-FM &



PRESENT

OCTOBER

SONIC YOUTH



SONS OF FREEDOM SUNDAY 04

WEDNESDAY 07



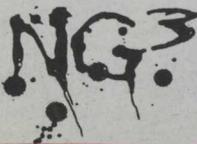
soundgarden

VIV AKH Auldren

GRACELAND

SATURDAY 17

FALSE
PROPHETS



THURSDAY 29

BUTT

HOLE

SURFERS

NOMEANSNO

SKIN YARD

GRACELAND

...INTO THE NIGHT.

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GOING UNDERGROUND

OCT. 3rd

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SEE YOU THERE

imagine the reaction people would have if the chemicals I've mentioned were added to milk without notification. It would be no exaggeration to say those responsible would be up proverbial shit creek. I for one drink both milk and beer, and can see no reason for treating beer different than any other beverage. Considering the enormous revenue generated by the taxation of liquor sales, it's sickening the government hasn't got an act together over such a basic issue in consumer protection.

Since I'm addressing the government anyway, just let me add that somebody sure fucked up picking booze as the official 'fun' drug for North America. Liquor is sloppy, sleazy, and addictive. I personally know far more alkie than junkies, and despite popular conceptions they're both ugly. If I were King, I wouldn't pimp alcohol like our present government does. Instead I would legalize a more civilized non-addictive alternative to booze. I am referring, of course, to Cannabis. There would be no way to stop the flow of alcohol in Canada, what with the tens of thousands of juice-junkies already running around loose, but at least a legal alternative would be available. An alternative that's not prone to the D.T.'s, vomiting, palpitations or addiction.

And just in case you're interested, here's a test you can perform yourself to check one aspect of your beer's purity. Simply take two clean beer mugs and at a ratio of 70 parts beer to 1 part milk, mix them. In the first glass use your brand of beer, while in the other use a 'pure' unpasteurized beer, such as Granville Island Lager. After two minutes check each glass, and don't be surprised if your beer still has a foamy head. Milk is poison for real beer foam as the 'pure' beer will prove; if your glass still has a head, then it's the result of CO₂ mixing with a chemical 'foamer', yum yum!

P.S. My apologies to those of you, few as you are, who are honest and altruistic drug dealers. It is not my intention to slag you or your occupation, just your sleazy counterparts.

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DANCE



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FLY



THE

PIT PUB

THURSDAY NIGHTS

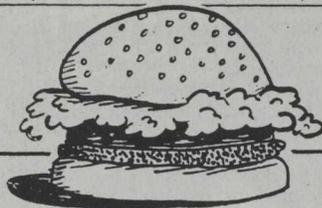
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DISCORDER

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OCTOBER

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- 9 Enigma/Pink Dust Recording Artists PLAN 9** with guests **Ra B.B. BOZO** and **VIV AKAULDREN**
- 10 Rockabilly** with **THE NERVOUS FELLOWS**
- 11 ART OPENING — JOANNA UFFNER** 8:00 p.m.
- 16 from San Francisco BARD0** with **NG3** Nev promises to cut his hair
- 17 from Washington D.C., Alternative Tentacles Recording Artists FALSE PROPHETS** with **NG3**. Nev promises to be good 'til Christmas
- 23/24 Another TWELVE BAND BLOWOUT! BIG CAN OF DOG FOOD, MADHOUSE DIG, Ra B.B. BOZO, BENT, CATCH PENNY, FILM AT 11 and more!**
- 30 The return of the enriched white flower children WUNDER BRED** with guests
- 31 Halloween Bash** with **THE SCRAMBLERS** and **WUNDER BRED** Costumes, prizes, bobbing for walnuts, demonic invocations.

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DRUG TEST REQUIRED NOW:

THERE'S A SAYING THAT GOES SOMETHING like this: laws that are often accepted by a docile public in a democracy, a *dictator* would never dare to impose. If this were true then certainly the issue of mandatory drug testing as a condition of employment, if imposed by the average tin-horn Generalissimo, would cause a people's rebellion that would make the Aquino rallies in Manila look like registration day at the Y. Nonetheless, drug testing as a condition of employment is now becoming mandatory amongst most major U.S. corporations – particularly those in the transport industry – and what U.S. citizens are accepting now, we'll be accepting in the next few years. After all, we all know that drug testing is necessary. That's because the freight train that derailed, the jetliner that slammed into the highway, and the power surge that blacked out the city, were not caused by an indifferent, apathetic, careless employee, but by one hopped up on that pot stuff! So let's all pee in a cup and save society.

Of course the fallacy of all this is that while nobody wants to see the guy hauling the LNG tankers past the playground wired out of it on crack, *nobody* has the right to tell you how to live your private life. But the acceptance of drug testing means that now not only is Big Brother watching you, he's telling you how to behave. But drug tests can be beaten (supposedly some people in the States are making a fortune selling baby's urine and Guava juice which if consumed in large enough amounts is supposed to alter a drug test's results) but I'm not going to tell you how (although the most obvious way is just not to do drugs). Instead, I'll tell you about my own experience taking a drug test and you can come to your own conclusions.

A prospective U.S. employer informed me that taking a "physical" was a requirement of the interview process. I subsequently took the "physical" which consisted of answering some minor medical questions on a form and then signing a waiver which gave the employer the right to test my urine for traces of marijuana, cocaine, and pcp. Although no one said anything about the right to refuse the test, it was generally assumed that failure to provide a specimen meant one had about as much chance of landing the job as a rabbit wrestling a python. I therefore provided the required test sample of 50 millilitres of urine. The results of the test, according the employer, would be kept confidential, but one has to wonder how many corporate eyes would get to see who made the list of malcontents (i.e. drug users).

To conclude, there are two things that I find particularly bothersome about my own drug testing experience. One is that the test



is all too quick. It's something that takes only five minutes for you to do, but it could leave you permanently blacklisted. The other is that while the urinalysis tests for all the drugs we're told are ravaging society, it doesn't test for dependency on the most dangerous and prevalent drug of all, *alcohol*.

There is no clause in the Canadian Charter of Rights dealing with drug testing. It is not unconstitutional, and while only one employer in this country currently requires a drug test – Air Canada – like they say it's coming to a theatre near you soon.

Jerome Broadway

NEW IMPROVED SENSE OF PARANOIA



Not having the things we're told we're supposed to have. Unavoidable media propaganda comes to those who live in the city. The truth becomes distorted and we believe the lie. Desire is misdirected through image manipulation. The majority of people in the western world have lost the ability to distinguish between material and spiritual needs, and the wisdom to balance them.

Having the things we're told we're supposed to have yet finding no joy in life. It's so easy to get lost in the material aspects of life that it becomes an addiction. A sudden inability to acquire extraneous wants precipitates withdrawal, typified by depression, anxiety, and misdirected anger.

With or without money the family unit in N. America is crumbling due to the lack of spirituality and communication. Some find a way to remove the ignorance that caused them to be hurt. Some manage to block their emotions to prevent getting into the same situation.

More often than ever I meet people who are on the brink of breakdown, toxic levels of material desire totally unbalanced by a spiritual void. Coincidentally a number of friends have recently had nervous breakdowns. One directed anger internally and attempted suicide. One directed anger externally to family violence. One returned to a childhood state of mind and institutionalized himself.

It is only the spirit that can truly feel unrelievable pain. A severed limb will heal and the ache disappear with two pills.

No joking matter these people who turn materialism into their opiate. Their self addicted self congratulatory paths only hurt others. We're infested with people who take but don't give. We're completely off balance, we may already be too late.

Matt Richards



COMMODORE BALLROOM

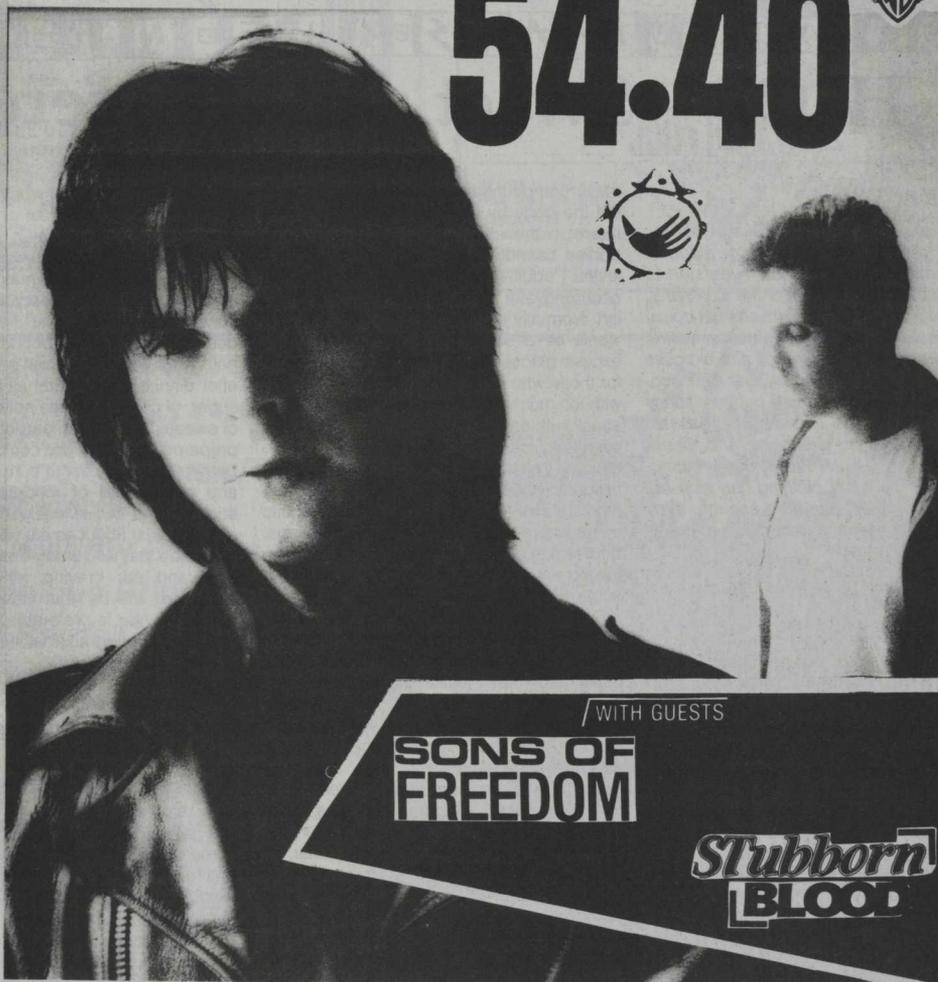
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FRIDAY
OCTOBER 9TH

54.40



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12 22 11

"I need a sugar fix!" slurs Susi. She has reached rock-bottom: no energy, sluggish movements. All the same her eyes start to gleam at the mere thought of the Candybar. She crawls to the machine, inserts her coins, et voilà! out pops that glossy object of desire. She unwraps the sparkling foil and exposes a thick, crunchy, nutty, gooey, bar of chocolate. She takes a bite. Slowly but very surely the drug percolates into her bloodstream and she unfolds, re-energizes; and then it hits hard: THE SUGAR HIGH! Susi's bouncing all over the walls. Nothing can stop her now but time itself, and sure enough, thirty or so minutes later she is back down again, lower than before.

Sugar (chemically known as sucrose) is a drug; perhaps the most widely used and available drug in the world today. Its fine white granules are indeed addictive, so think about that next time you're filled with the desire for a double-drippy-deluxe sundae. Like alcohol, heroin, et al, this simple building block of carbohydrates and starches can, when consumed excessively, harm that most sacred of shrines: your body.

Don't be misled. Sugar is a vital part of our diet. It's especially important for the proper functioning of the tissue of the brain; but we eat too much of it, in too refined a state, and this is harmful in any number of ways. A quick study of how sugar contributes to heart disease and "adult-onset diabetes" reveals the drugging effects of sugar on our bodies. Sugar is metabolized by our bodies into two compounds – glucose and fructose – and

these compounds are transported throughout the body by the bloodstream. Diabetes refers to the effects that ensue when our bodies cannot reduce high-blood glucose levels ("adult-onset diabetes" refers to this occurring later in life due to insulin insensitivity). Normally the naturally occurring insulin works as a sugar neutralizer which takes excess glucose out of our blood. However for those who continually stress their bodies with too much glucose, their bodies counter-attack with an overproduction of insulin. This eventually causes those cells that remove glucose from the blood to no longer function properly; thus, blood-glucose levels stay high. This means you've hit that pre-diabetic stage where headaches, wild mood swings, depression, anxiety and a general run-down feeling are rampant. If you can't break your sugar-fix habit, things get worse.

Sugar also rots your teeth, of course. Nothing new here. As well, in excess it causes obesity and a build-up of blood cholesterol (the digestion of excess fructose, the other byproduct of sugar, forms acetates which are converted to cholesterol): in a word or two, heart disease. This is a drug with nasty side effects.

So, you say, who needs sugar when you've got Nutrasweet? Sugar substitutes have been around since 1907 when saccharin first came into use. Sixty-three years later, in 1970, Canadian scientists discovered it caused bladder cancer in laboratory rats. Whoops. American lobbyists were able to halt this ban for a while by claiming that Canadian rats were different from American ones. Since then Aspartame has taken over anyway (in the delectable guises of Nutrasweet and Equal), and although it has been approved by the powers that be, there remains some doubt as to its safety. It

contains a methyl ester which could convert to methanol, which is just a little toxic. And remember, it did take them sixty-plus years to discover that saccharin was carcinogenic.

All this said, the reality may well be that it's impossible for us to kick our sugar habit. The concept of a "sweet treat" has been imbedded in most of our subconsciousness since before we were even toilet-trained. A cookie after dinner is as natural as breathing. And sugar, of course, comes not only in the form of sweets, but also as part of just about any prepared food item you could mention, from beer to beans to peanut butter. It's a product and natural evil of modern industrialized society; kind of like nuclear weapons, and probably just about as easy to get rid of. But given the pathetic hang-ups of the human race and our craving for some sort of addiction, maybe that frantic run to the candy counter is preferable to such apparently more deadly alternatives than smoking, drinking and sex.

Oh hell.

Mike Grigg

BETAPHENETHYLAMINE

well, there she is, body next to mine, and it hits me strange, electricity to the brain goes home, words are written all over her face, but then not really. Beta-P, she says, "just read," so I read the words that aren't really there. NADIA REMOVES HER BRA. yes, and it's already gone.

betaphenethylamine is a substance manufactured in the brain when falling in love and in chocolate.

some words are more important than others.

Garrett Eng



Romios

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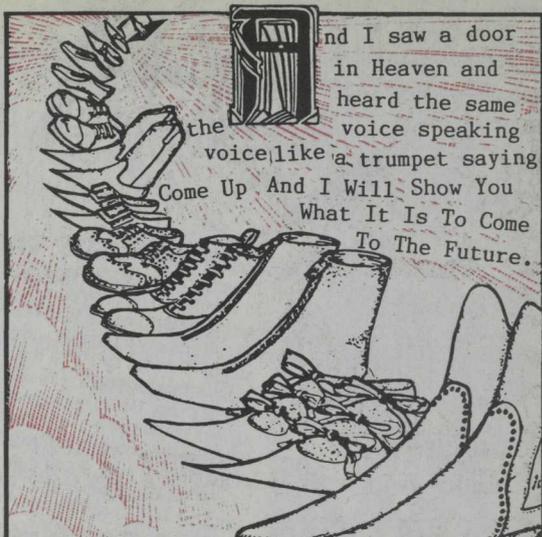
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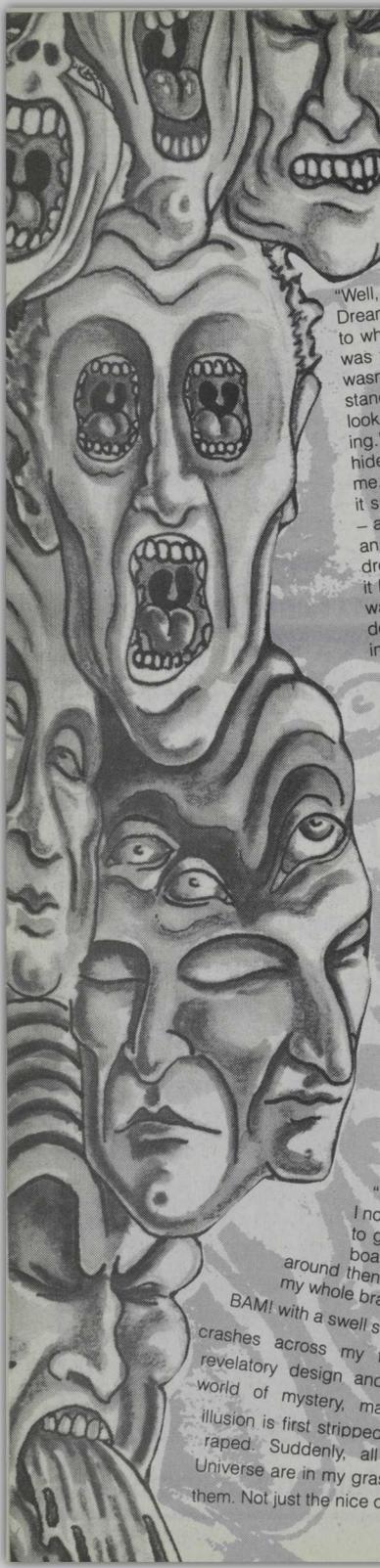
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A COLD NIGHT

"Well, it's like — Do You Believe in Your Dreams? The best explanation I can give as to what my most intense acid trip was like, was the losing touch with the fact that this wasn't actually happening. It's not like you're standing on the side of a road and say, 'Oh look, a pink elephant. I must be hallucinating.' It's like, 'Oh no, a pink elephant. I better hide. It might see me. It might come and get me.' It's like a dream in that you snap out of it suddenly — later on as the drug wears off — and you go 'Ha ha, fuck! It's all been just an acid trip.' Just like, 'Oh, it's all been a dream,' the difference being of course that it happened while you were conscious. In a way, it was a fusion of what you were actually doing in this planet earth world and that other internal acid world."

"You describe these things that I can really relate to, you know, in terms of peak delusions . . . I don't know, that's really weird. Is that just the way LSD effects you? A severe trip, or a really intense trip, or a really emotional trip — does it lead you to these ends, or does it actually happen?"

THINKING. I was into some hardcore thinking. Amazed as always on acid with how sharp I was, both fluid and efficient. But as the drug grew more enveloping, I began to lose touch. I slid completely into my brain. Lost touch, as it were, with my physical self. Got into the actual mechanics of how the ol' thought processes work. "Voices inside my head". One single human type voice being me — a childlike, curious me — asking questions. And the other force? The unexplained one(s), the freaky one(s), the stuff of my nightmares. This incredible force that knew all the answers which answered at first with a single human-type voice, but as things got weirder (as the drug surged stronger) and my reality fell further and further away —

"I don't know. That was the first thing that I noticed up in Kamloops when things began to go awry. You remember I jumped off the boat or something, right? It was sometime around then. All of a sudden, I just felt like my whole brain and everything was —"

BAM! with a swell smack, the hand of God crashes across my face with awesome revelatory design and Lo and behold, a world of mystery, magic and childhood illusion is first stripped naked, then brutally raped. Suddenly, all the secrets of the Universe are in my grasp, and I mean all of them. Not just the nice ones.

"It started off with this really tough communication problem, and then it seemed like I was being persecuted or tormented in some way, through my interpretation of the responses that these people were giving me. Like every time I got a positive response from them, I thought it was like some kind of big con or something like that. I was really having problems. And then after that, that's when it got into the real severe tape replay sort of —"

"When you say 'tape replay', do you mean, it seemed you were doing the same thing over and over again?"

"One time I sort of thought I saw my entire life go by on tape, or like, really key moments of it."

"Up in Kamloops, you were saying the same things over and over again — I can't remember the words — but it was really strange."

— and the reality suddenly fucking sticks you right in the emotional solar plexus:

HEY! I'M INSANE! I CAN'T TAKE ALL THIS FUCKING STRESS ANYMORE! THIS TORTURE AND CONFUSION. THIS HYPOCRISY! SO IT'S NOT ME ANYMORE. IT'S THIS SCARED KID WHO'S INTO HIS HEAD SO DEEP HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE HE'S AWAKE.

Various Vague and Vivid memories

IN HELL

and other stories...

I walked a fourth dimension that night, wandered in ultimate aimlessness through corridors of history I couldn't have believed existed. The sky that should've been definitive black was a blazing race of hallucination. And as we walked down the empty suburban streets, the streetlights threw down these long thin multi-shadows which both followed and preceded us, and the shadows were skeletons, the dead. I remember we went down this hill into this elementary school playground. It was the middle of winter. The moon was out. It was very cold, very clear. There was a frost on the ground and everything was sparkling in the moonlight. This big sandbox suddenly became like Egypt with all these hieroglyphics, little paisleys spinning around in the air. It was completely like, "Holy fuck, what is happening?"

"You appeared to witnessing the end of the Universe?"

"Well, there was a point where it was logical for me to assume that I could be dead. Or that I could be in this other state of being."

"Did you ever think specifically, I'm Dead?"

"I saw myself dying once. And this happened both times actually. When I was down at the Fourth of July, we went to Blaine, and I had a wild time there, too. Not quite as amazing, because it was only one hit, not three. The rain, the fire and the smoke, and the real discomfort."

"Were there tents?"

"Ya, it was just like Purgatory or something, you know? Or Hell was just, you rough it and are tormented for the rest of your life. And it was mental torment, too. It was really weird. Suddenly, I had a really, really, really tough time relating to everybody. Like my closest friends. It was real severe, like the rules of logic and stuff were breaking down for me in communication. Definitely in Blaine. That was one of the first things that started happening to me. People would start talking about something, and I guess my mind was in another completely different universe, thinking of something else, and then I'd answer them sort of from my other world, and it just wouldn't make any sense to them at all. I just couldn't understand. Why not? That was just the brain starting to really flip out a bit, I think."

— so what comes out are these vague pieces of some bigger internal puzzle — that's reading to him like a dream and — if he ever does come out of it — that's what he'll remember it as.

And seeing his eyes, I'm impaled by the horror that blasts out. Ya, man. I see it. You're in hell.

This voice lurks inside my head. It probably always has, burrowed in amid the chemicals and plasma, disguised as it were, as part of me. It's waiting for a certain moment of weakness, indecision, confusion. Then suddenly it pounces. It speaks with awesome confidence, sledgehammer-style. It tears into the fabric of everything that is me, that I love about myself, that drives me and gives me a reason to be — and it rips me to pieces.

This all-knowing other voice was now a chorus. A multitude culled from history, from my brain's incredibly full — far reaching — memory. It was as if I'd plugged myself in on a direct line with all the info in the Universe, and the faucet got stuck wide open, and there was nothing I could do to turn it off.

THE MORAL: Yes, it's true what Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary and all those guys have said. LSD, Magic Mushrooms, Mescaline and the like (psychedelics in a word) can be the key that unlocks the door to all the secrets in the Universe. ALL OF THEM. SO WATCH OUT!

Compiled by Bill Mullan

Art by Dietrich Madsen

from Those who Know



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—Jerry Tallmer, NEW YORK POST

7:30

OCTOBER 9-15

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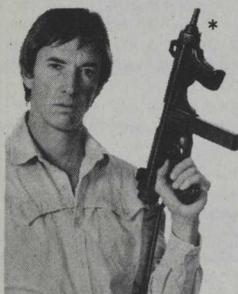
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VINYL ADDICT TURNS INTO CASSETTE JUNKIE!

In a bizarre case that has left experts baffled, a local DJ has forsaken years of work on a record collection and is now in the depths of a habit that threatens to destroy his life. Psychologists treating *Travis B.* have no explanation, but do suggest this is the first documented case of a cassette junkie.



**TRAVIS B. IN
HAPPIER DAYS**

"The depravity of this addiction is frightening," says Dr. Simon Wise. "If this thing catches on, we could all go crazy before the year 2000."

Ex-friends report that Travis B's demise began when he received a *free sample* from a mail-order cassette label. Since then, he spends all his money and time finding ways to get more cassettes.

Recently arrested for trading his teen-age sister for a *Blackhouse* cassette, Travis B. explains, "It used to be I would get drunk and telephone everyone I know, or shoot some smack and go buy records. Now I am happy, not bothering anyone and drug-free. I don't understand what all the fuss is about."



**TRAVIS B.'S
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**TRAVIS B.
STRUNG OUT**

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Mail order cassette labels offer many musical styles, from extreme experimental to grass roots garage. Buying from these labels involves research and effort; but, in return, you get a lot more for your musical dollar and can discover a whole new generation of talent. The best way to start is to write the labels and ask for a catalog or sampler.

Panic Productions, POB 1696, Skokie, IL, USA 60076
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Ladd-Frith, POB 967, Eureka, CA, USA 95502
GGE Records, POB 5088, Kent, OH, USA 44240
Swinging Axe, POB 3741, Northridge, CA, USA 91323
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Cause and Effect, POB 30383, Indianapolis, IN, USA 46230

RRR Records, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA, USA 01852
SEI, 475 21st Ave., San Francisco, CA, USA 94121
Hide, 363 Queen St. East, Toronto, ON, Canada M5A 1T2
Foundation, POB 140306, Dallas, TX, USA 75214
Insane, 2 Grand Rue, B-6190, Trazgnies, Belgium
Dead Judy, 7711 Lisa Ln., North Syracuse, NY, USA 13212
Inner-X, POB 1060, Allston, MA, USA 02134

SINCE THE RELEASE OF THEIR first album, *Information Overload Unit*, Australia's SPK have managed to cover a great deal of musical territory. Albums have ranged from harsh, loosely organized noise (*Information Overload Unit*, *Leichenschrei*, *Auto da Fe*), through metallic dance thump (*Metal Dance*, *Machine Age Voodoo*), quasi-ethnic chanting (*Dekompositiones*) to an almost classical neo-romanticism (*Zamia Lehmanni*). With each new concept came a corresponding change in what SPK stood for: System Planning Korporation, Sozialist Patenten Kollektiv, Seppuku, etc.

On Thursday, August 20, Playloud's Larry Thiessen had the opportunity to relieve his own ignorance and bewilderment while spending time with Graeme, Sinan and Jan (SPK) prior to their STRENUOUS performance at the Commodore on August 21. The following is a paraphrase of the discussion that took place.



I gather many artists in England are moving away because of the tax system—yet you've gone there more or less to stay

... Actually, none of that's true for us. We left England. The musical situation there is so complacent. No one does anything except wait around expecting to be entertained. As for the tax system, we never made enough money for it to make any difference. We all live in Sydney now.

How does your music go over in Australia as opposed to elsewhere?

We have almost no support in Australia; but that's partially our own fault because we just haven't done that much with it there.

I'm beginning to wonder if there isn't some sort of inverted snobbery pervading the record-buying public world-wide which dictates that in order to be good it must be imported

We didn't find that so much as a situation where you get the reception one would expect as "ignorant colonials". We would be put on a bill with some "name" British group to fill up the act, so to speak. We did find, though, coming back to Australia afterward, that our music was accepted much more, which might tend to support your universal snobbery theory.

All your music seems to fall into one of two categories . . . either you can dance to it or you can't. Is there a conscious effort on your part to dichotomize the two?

It's not so much a process of separation as one of change. When we released *Leichenschrei*, it was more or less an assault on everything normally considered musical.

Machine Age Voodoo was so different from that because it did follow a more danceable approach; but then with *Byzantine Flowers* we tried to go for a more dreamy, almost romantic mood.

For many artists it's a matter of doing one in order to support the other

That may well be true for others. We haven't sold enough of either type for it to make that much difference *Machine Age Voodoo* didn't become the dance hit it might have been expected to.

How does all this affect your attitude toward performing live?

We love it. It makes a lot of things worthwhile. There you are on an unfamiliar stage in front of unfamiliar people who have had five years or so to build up in their own minds this mystique about what kind of atmosphere we create, and there's only an hour or so to try and show them something different—something they don't expect. When we first explored the idea of performance, we looked at various electronic artists and they were so boring . . . just a bunch of sour-looking types hiding behind boxes pretending to push buttons and relying on video projection to distract the audience from the fact that they weren't doing anything. We decided right away that there had to be more to it than that. Audiences are a little more ready to accept that sort of thing now than they once were; but it's still up to the performer to entertain. If you're not prepared to do that, then why play live at all?

The Insect Musicians is something that I gather you spent a fair amount of time on

Yes . . . three years.

I'm interested in knowing why you chose to use traditional folk melodies and idioms rather than your own musical ideas such as in Byzantine Flowers

There's only one traditional melody, really

I guess what I meant was that the music seems closer to the traditional ideals

That may be true. What I was trying to do there was start each cut with the original insect noise and then work it through a

number of gradual changes on the computer rather than create a symphonic extravaganza. It was more an attempt to keep the music closer to the idea of the first things mankind did in creating his own music—the depiction of nature. Some time in the future I want to do an album using the sounds of bats. Again, it's sounds that the human ear does not know, frequencies that we can't hear, using technology to expand the human awareness of what is around us.

Do you feel any sort of burnout after a project like this?

No. There were so many things I wanted to do that I would have liked to do it three or four more times. With the bat sounds I think I'd like to explore the larger, more symphonic sound we were just discussing.

Is the material you're releasing on Netwerk being released on Side Effects or another label elsewhere?

The Netwerk release has one side made up of material from *Zamia Lehmanni* (*Byzantine Flowers*) on one side and some of our current rhythmic material on the other. We may release it that way on other labels in Germany, for example. It's an attempt to show people that yes, we do this; but then we do this, too.

As far as instruments are concerned . . . the list on the back of Zamia Lehmanni goes on forever. Surely you don't use them all in performance.

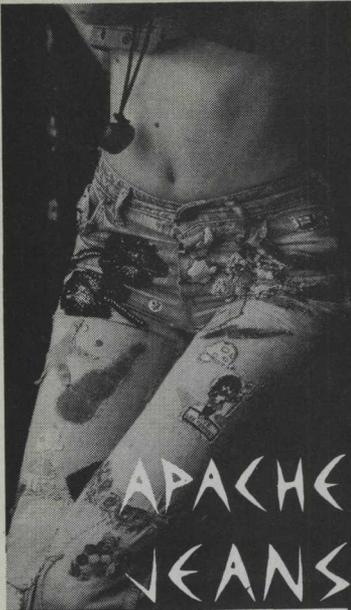
Obviously music like this requires some use of backing tapes or other means of reinforcement; but we do use some of them in a performance situation. We lost a good deal of ethnic instruments in transit and haven't been able to replace a lot of them.

What are your future plans for SPK and Side Effects?

As far as our own music is concerned, I've done the soundtrack to Adolph Wolfi's *Necropolis*, which is a feature-length film. It uses a great deal of pre-baroque style choral music. I think a lot of our future work will be done in this vein. It's quite an experience to score something on paper and not hear the realization of it until all the musical forces which comprise it have been put together. There's no other feeling quite like it. As for the label itself, we will be releasing a *Controlled Bleeding* album and we plan to do a live album of Antigroup in Berlin using 24 tracks. We're also hoping to release the early Clock DVA material which pre-dates their material on industrial Records.

Further discussion ranged from the pros and cons of Bach vs. Mozart, what new technology can and cannot do, the horrors of London and Hong Kong, automated people movers in airports, and performance art in general. The lasting impression both before and during the concert, however, was of three very attractive people who genuinely enjoy presenting themselves on a personal and a public level.

Larry Thiessen



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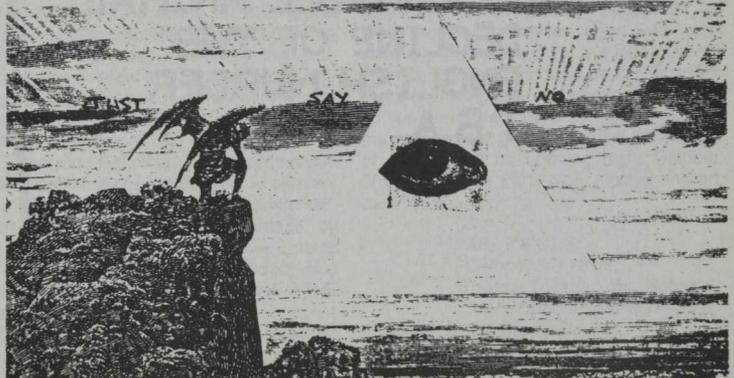
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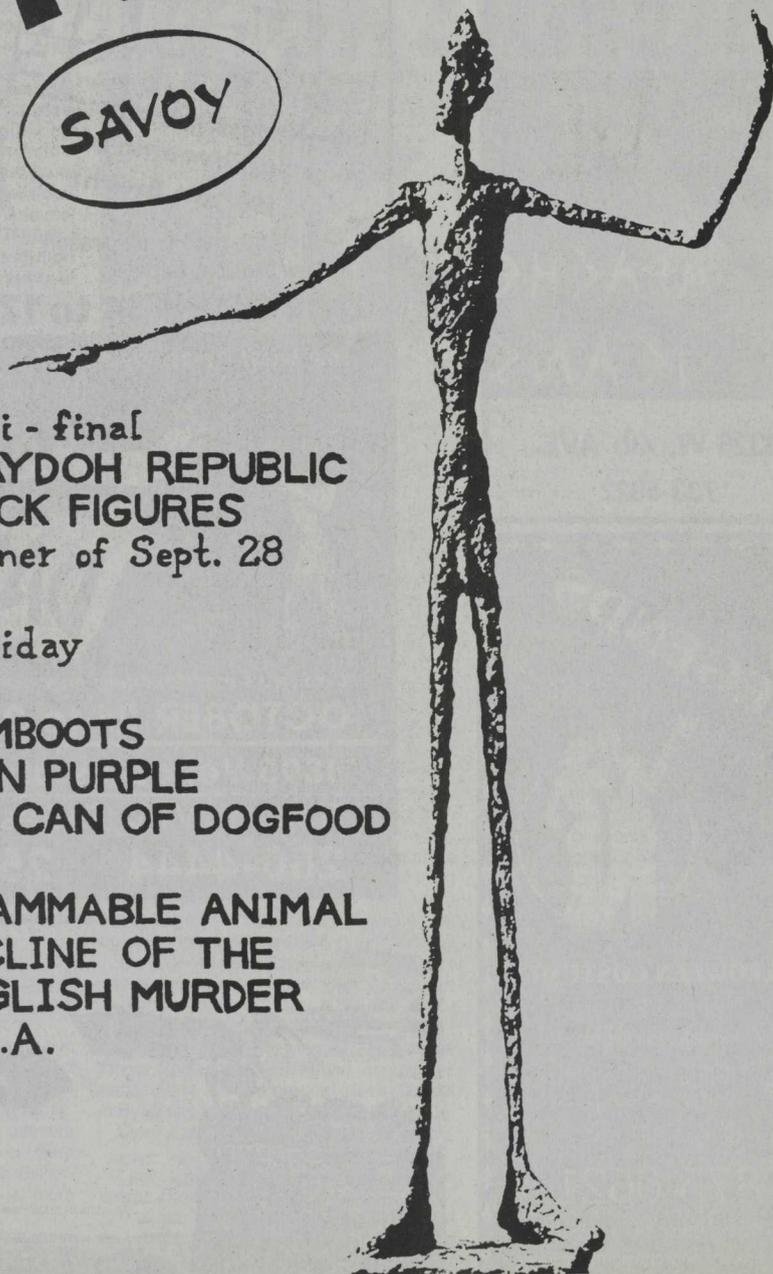


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26 - FLAMMABLE ANIMAL
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ÄÄÄRTROPÖLİSSSS



You might have seen the poster, that 1920's Russian Constructivist deal. You might have already ripped one down and have it hanging in your bathroom — it's very decorative.

What the Russian alphabet is doing on a B.C. art poster, I don't know yet, but hey! Russia is the happening thing (today), Vancouver is a hip place (now) and all those dots and slashes on the word look foreign, therefore it must be cool. It's sort of like Häagen Daz.

All trendiness aside Artropolis must be seen. It is the third major B.C. art show after the Warehouse Show ('83) and The October Show ('84). The original Warehouse Show was organized in part by the Vancouver Artist's League (an artist-run organization for

the non-profit gallery system) to create an alternative exhibition space for B.C. artists who were being completely neglected by the Vancouver Art Gallery. Ironically this anti-establishment show has evolved into a very popular quasi-institution itself, with Willard Holmes (the Vancouver Art Gallery's new curator) operating as one of its curators.

Holmes and five others have selected 200 artists for Artropolis whose work is relevant to one of several 'specific themes of interest'. These are: performance art; self-image, by the artist as the artist; Vox Populi; Les Enfants Terribles; Urban Renewal; and video; plus music (organized by Alex Varty). This is THE total art experience.

This year's location is not another one of those desirably decrepit warehouses but a brand new, blue-tile (!) establishment. The

last show (four years ago) was nearly shut down due to fire hazards. Remember all those troubled, confused cops who were standing around watching out for smokers? The new venue looks down on the Terry Fox Plaza and is right on the way to B.C. Place, so you can always drop by on your way to the next football game. The best time to go, of course, will be opening night October 3rd. This will be Party Nite. Alcohol and art can mix.

ARTROPOLIS:
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Julia Schenck

SHINDIG

WELL, IT'S OCTOBER NOW, and that means that we're well into this year's shindig, CITR's very own Battle of the Bands. In the first round, held on

September 14, Room 101 and Madhouse Dig lost out to Playdoh Republic, whose longtime search for a good rhythm section appears to have paid off. (Later that week they opened for and made fans of **The Young Fresh Fellows** at Graceland.) The second round, the following Monday, was a close contest with **Stick Figures** coming out on top in spite of a good portion of one song being played while the singer gamely hunted around for his lost microphone. **Ship of Fools**, sort of a post-hippie commune with instruments, may have been too wild for the judges; **Jonn Kröm** are a different keyboard-based band with a singer who doesn't sound so different from Madeleine Morris. Listen for demos from most of these bands soon (my favourite so far from the irrepressible Ship of Fools) and get out to the Shindig and take part—they're held every Monday night at the Savoy and the first semi-finals are coming up soon.



Local Motion

THIS MONTH WILL ALSO BRING the return of the **Animal Slaves**, at Graceland on Tuesday the 6th, with **Redemption**. Elizabeth Fischer, the only original member remaining, describes Ryan Morre as "the only bass player alive that could replace Rachel," who has also "displaced Emily as the winner of the Animal Slaves hairy leg contest." As for Paul Brennan, Elizabeth says simply that he "plays in the tradition of the intense skinny drummer." Red Herring's Steven Nikleva will be guesting on guitar, and you can expect the Slaves' music to be a little less frantic and heading into "more of a funk groove" now.

Recent demos include the latest from **Peter (We Paid Already) Archer**, and a twenty-year-old recording from **The Misty Deep**—whose vocalist sounds, oddly enough, uncannily like Paul McKenzie, at least to me. My pick of the month, though, is a tape from a band called **Decline of the English Murder** (they say the name's from an Orwell essay), whose influences range from Metallica to Prince to Adrian Mole. While some of the guitar solos strike me as more noodle-y than they need to be, there are some good machine gun parts and tempo changes here, and their sound has an overall solid thump groove.

Since demos tend to flood into the station at this time of year, this might be a good time to talk about submissions. Most importantly, make sure any tape you send or bring in to CITR (we prefer cassettes, by the way) is

marked with the band's name, the names of the songs (if you give us between 2 and 4 we can get a really good idea of your sound without having to spend an entire afternoon on each tape) and at least one contact phone number in case there's a problem, we'd like more info, or if you're interested in some feedback or advice. A bio of some kind— it doesn't have to say you're famous or anything— really helps us, and ultimately your fans, understand where you're coming from. We're *definitely* not returning tapes anymore though, as we want to keep the cassettes on hand for a local archives the station hopes to soon set up; so please don't send a master or anything you want to get back. And my own philosophy is that since a demo tape is by definition meant to promote your band, and not be an end unto itself, you should be playing live (or planning to) or have some kind of saleable recording in the works so that the masses of fans that hear you on the airwaves will get a chance to see you or otherwise support your music. If you keep all this in mind, if your demo's decently recorded, and if it fits in with CITR's "format" (i.e. it sounds like you're inspired by something other than commercial radio), chances are that you'll get played.

And before I burrow back under the piles of cassettes for another month, could the **Young Adults** please send me their phone number? Also **The Hip Type** are looking for a rocksteady drummer into their kind of music— you can leave a message at 929-8530.

Lies!



THIS COUPON CAN BE EXCHANGED AT THE STUDIO CINEMA BOX-OFFICE FOR ONE REGULAR ADMISSION: SUNDAY, MONDAY OR WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY IN OCTOBER 1987. UPON PRESENTATION YOUR GUEST WILL BE ADMITTED FOR \$3.50. (NO CASH VALUE. NOT VALID FOR MIDNITE SHOWS)

**MOVIE PASS
STUDIO CINEMA**

THIS COUPON CAN BE EXCHANGED AT THE STUDIO CINEMA BOX-OFFICE FOR ONE REGULAR ADMISSION: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 11th/87 FOR MIDNITE SHOW OF "PINK FLOYD-THE WALL" UPON PRESENTATION YOUR GUEST WILL BE ADMITTED FOR \$3.50 (NO CASH VALUE)

**MIDNITE SHOW
PINK FLOYD
MOVIE PASS OCT. 11**

EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY

**THE ROCKY HORROR
PICTURE SHOW**

AT MIDNITE

DOWNTOWN

Studio Cinema

919 GRANVILLE

681-1732

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12"

45's

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COLLECTOR'S R.P.M.

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Free gifts with any purchase until Oct. 31/87

ON THE DIAL

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

RANDOM DESIGNS

7:30-10:00 am

"Can you catch exploding bunnies from hell? What do you do with them once you catch them? Do you care?" A show for apathetic fur-bearing humanoids. Join Melissa for your weekly dose of superficiality.

SOUP OF THE DAY

11:00 am-1 pm

Comedy, jazz, 'punk,' bootlegs, oldies, post-hip pre-punk, pre-hip post-punk, etc... You may not get your fill, but this soup will wake you up and get you started on your week. Hosted by Kevin Williams.

MORE DINOSAURS

8:00-9:00 pm

"And another funny thing, doc," the confused detective revealed, "he craves the smell of old motor oil on concrete." Across the desk the shrink's face lit up suddenly. "Well that explains it, he spluttered excitedly, his garage band fixation, I mean. Perfectly harmless, you know. You can let that Rob Simms follow go now. Besides, I dig his show..." The dick stared at him bemused, shrugged and walked out of the office.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00-12:30 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.

05 Oct. "The Fox," a hot, hard driving record that changed many people's ideas about what "West Coast Jazz" was supposed to sound like...The Harold Land Quintet. Harold Land (the hardest tonor saxophone in the West) with Jazz legends Dupree Boulton (trumpet) and Elmo Hope (piano) plus others. Modern Jazz at it's best.

12 Oct. One of the best known and best loved Jazz recordings in history, The Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Jazz Concert. Return to the night of Jan. 16, 1938 and hear for yourselves why this record is so highly acclaimed.

19 Oct. What did Charles Mingus sound like in a club? We have a great answer: "Charles Mingus at the Jazz Workshop." Two long

pieces by Mingus' working quartet; with altoist John Handy as guest on one of them. Mingus (bass), Dannie Richmond (drums), Jane Getz (piano), and the great Clifford Jordan (tenor saxophone). A musical explosion!

26 Oct. Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition. "Irresistable Forces"...the latest offering from the master percussionist, pianist, composer. With new stars Gary Thomas and Greg Osby (reeds), Lonnie Plaxico (bass) and guest Nana Vasconcelos (percussion) and old star Mick Goodrick (guitar).

ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY

12:30-4:00 am

Ever tasted blood?... Ever run your hand through warm guts?... Well I have... don't feel like nothin'!

TUESDAYS

PEST CONTROL

11:00-1:00 pm

Whether it's plague-spreading rodents, paranoid schizophrenic parents, or just a case of fire ants in your futon, host Don Cerveza has a remedy for all pests. Music...

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

1:00-3:00 pm

Every second Tuesday, music to scrape the cowshit off your boots to.

THE ORAL DAVE RADIO SHOW

3:00-5:00 pm

—There are no quick and easy answers—

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30-8:00 pm

Are you suffering from burning rectal itch? Well then—tune in and expose yourself to a long-playing laxative and an aural enema.

STUFF

4:30-6:00 pm

Poetry and music stuff. Hopefully most of it choice. Hosts: Kevin Smith and Julia Steele.

AURAL TENTACLES

Midnight-4:00 am

When he finally did wake up, the music was real clear in his head and he remembered listening to AURAL TENTACLES the night before. It had seemed like another normal night, the WILD WORLD OF DRUGS, some off-beat news items and lots of music. The D.J. had even played his request. ...But something was wrong ...something was terribly wrong, even though he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Shaking the sleep from his red and tired blood-shot eyes, he absent-mindedly fingered the antennae sticking out of his ear and wondered what was wrong. Stay tuned for the continuing saga, hosted by Pierre Huish.

WEDNESDAYS

THE CLASSICAL SHOW

7:30-10:00 am

A variety of musical styles ranging from the early Medieval to the 20th Century. All styles will be discussed with historical importance. Requests taken. Hosted by Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

WE BE BOTANISTS

10:30 am-1:00 pm

Back after 2 months of meditation and unemployment. Variety, variety. Expect more of the same.

*PAULA TAKES LIBERTIES

1:00-5:00 pm

So where's all my fan mail?

THE LION'S DEN

5:15-5:30 pm

Neil Davis will interview players, coaches and special guests on The Lion's Den. There will also be a trivia contest, the prizes being gift certificates for the Fogg 'n Suds Restaurant.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible special features at 9:00. Your host: Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

Midnight-4:00 am

Sick and tired of all this punk, new wave, underground bullshit? Elevator music is where it's at... Travis B. lights up your life and plays the best Montovani and Muzak.

THURSDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY

7:30-10:00 am

Ever feel like you've slept-in 24 hours too long? Maybe this Killpigge fellow inhabits his own time zone, or universe for that matter.

FINE LINES

10:00-11:00 am

A new feature on CTR, courtesy of the fine folks at CFUV, U. of Victoria. A literary program featuring readings and interviews with known and obscure poets and authors. Produced at CFUV and heard across Canada. Hosts are Jim Andrews, Barry MacDougall and Rick Andrews. Tune in and get cultured!

GREEK WEEKLY REPORT

5:50-5:30 pm

Brothers Pi, Gamma and Delta will be bringing you all the information on what is happening inside the Greek Society at UBC. Everything from sports & social information to the Greek tune of the week, as well as the Greek personal columns will be heard each week.

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30-8:00 pm

The Spinlist will never be the same again! Tune in. Turn on. Drop out.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

"I was in my kitchen quietly cooking up a can of gourmet Alphagetti, minding my own business," explains Ed Lasko, "when the spirit of Buddy Holly started talking to me though my toaster. And it told me to take over hosting duties on this show and that soon *all* would be revealed..." 'Normal' programming will resume as soon as Ed's appliances stop haranguing him. Next month: Richie Valens is alive and well and living in my food processor.

EXHIBITIONISM

Midnight-3:30 am

"The noun, not the pathological term, you ninny" (Langley Strood)
Cutting the diamonds—Matt Richards. Vinyl obedience—Kathy Day.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

The re-emergence of New Souls. Sacred Dates, Times, Points in History. Overthrowing history. Plus what's going on in Vancouver.

02 Oct. Communication: A profile of the Commonwealth Drum Festival. The

New Dynamics of Photography, with Rick Etcan from CAPIC. Plus much more. . .

09 Oct. Who is Judy Collins, anyway. . . New music from the Topp Twins, Dagmar Krauss. New Ideas, New Jazz. More music from the Commonwealth Drum Festival.

16 Oct. Profile of the New Danse: Montanero Danse, Montreal Danse, with a special guest co-host. Plus an interview with Ballet Jorgen's Bengt Jorgen.

23 Oct. A new season for Ballet B.C., plus Concert and Club Networking.

30 Oct. Headlines Theatre: NO'XYA. Plus more news on the Gitk'san Wetsuweten Land Claim.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, myths, cultures and rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Featuring the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Hill.

02 Oct. Focus on Vancouver: New Rhythms.

09 Oct. The 'State of the Art' with Timothy McKinnis. (New Technology in Music).

16 Oct. Martin Bartlett; the composer.

23 Oct. New Music for New Danse.

30 Oct. How Evelyn Roth spends All Hallows Eve.

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

2:30-3:00 pm

Join Narduar and his warcat, Cleopatra von Flufflestein, for a half hour of stimulating, Manhattan-Clam-Chowder-flavoured entertainment.

NEOFILE

6:00-9:00 pm

More new records than you can shake a stick at, while Kevin Smith suffers extreme humiliation.

CRACK RHYTHM

9:00-midnight

A large, messy, enigmatically entertaining evening program, highlighting the hefty sounds of exotic beats and the malicious chunk of modern funk, with constant and current info on the Vancouver alternative music scene supplied by those who should know. Hastily hosted by Robert Shea.

LOUIS LOUIS

3:00-5:00 pm

By the time you read this, something major may have occurred. Do not be alarmed, this is only a drill. (Rock 'n' Roll, eh?)

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00 am-noon

I isn't easy getting up this early on a Saturday morning just to bring you this show, so the least

SPINLIST

TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

ARTIST

•Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper
•R.E.M.
•Various Artists
•Lime Spiders
•Last Exit
•Yello
•Einsturzende Neubauten
•Various Artists
•Arvo Part
•Various Artists
•Tuxedomoon
•Zodiac Mindwarp
•Beat Farmers
•Cannon Heath Down
•Tom Waits
•Nitzer Ebb
•Dead Can Dance
•Graeme Revell
•Anti-Group
•Sonny Sharrock
•Various Artists
•Unknown Mix
•Kronos Quartet
•Steven Brown
•Robert Anton Wilson
•LL Cool J
•Duane Eddy
•Various Artists
•Various Artists
•Mighty Lemon Drops
•Echo & The Bunnymen
•X
•Dead Kennedys
•Warren Zevon
•French Frith Kaiser Thompson
•Madhouse
•That Petrol Emotion
•John Adams
•Various Artists
•Various Artists
•Eugene Chadbourne
•Various Artists
•Univrs Zero
•Rare Air
•D.R.I.
•Corrosion of Conformity
•Skinny Puppy
•Dead Milkmen

TITLE

Bo-Day-Shus!!!
Document No. 5
Potatoes
The Cave Comes Alive
The Noise of Trouble/Live
One Second
Fuenf Auf Der Nach...
Kick It! Def Jam Sampler
Arbos
Lonely Is An Eyesore
You Crammed
High Priest of Love
The Pursuit of Happiness
Heart-Throb Companion
Frank's Wild Years
That Total Age
With the Realm of a Dying Sun
The Insect Musicians
SHT
Guitar
Project One
Mix3
White Man Sleeps
Searching for Contact
Secrets of Power
Bigger and Deffer
Duane Eddy
The Wailing Ultimate
The Enigma Variations 2
Out of Hand
Echo & The Bunnymen
See How We Are
Give Me Convenience
Sentimental Hygiene
Live Love Larf & Loaf
8 WEA
Babble
The Chairman Dances
WOMAD Talking Book
Chicago Jackbeat Vol. 2
Straight to Hell
Heat Wave
Hard to Beat
Crossover
Technocracy
Addiction
Bucky Fellini

LABEL

Enigma
I.R.S.
Ralph
Virgin
Enemy
Polygram
Torso
Def Jam
ECM
4AD
Crammed
Polygram
MCA
Bongo Sunrise
Island
Mute
4AD
Musique Brut
Sweatbox
Enemy
Produkt Corps
Recrec
Nonesuch
Play It Again Sam
Illuminated
Def Jam
Capitol
Homestead
Enigma
WEA
WEA
WEA
Fringe
Virgin
Rhino
8 WEA
Polygram
Nonesuch
WOMAD
Rhythm King
Fundamental
Hell
Cuneiform
Green Linnet
Death
Death
Nettwerk
Enigma



FM 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT						
9:00	RANDOM DESIGNS	THE JENNIFER CHAN SHOW	THE CLASSICAL SHOW	EXCITED FIRST DJ-ESS	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	MUSIC OF OUR TIME
10:00	FINE LINES	ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS	TNT COMEDY SHOW	FINE LINES	TRIBES AND SHADOWS		
11:00							
12:00	SOUP OF THE DAY	PEST CONTROL	WE BE BOTANISTS	TBA	Joanna Graystone		T.O.T.T.
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER						
2:00	DOG'S BREAKFAST	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	THE	TBA	THE ED.D.J. SHOW	POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW
3:00					NARDWUAR		
4:00	Stacey Fruin	ORAL DAVE	P.T.L. SHOW*	PARTY WITH ME, PIERRE & JACQUES!	Peter Courtemanche	CLOCK THE BEAT	BLUES CITY SHAKE DOWN
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT, DAILY FEATURE						
6:00					CRAPSHOOT	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG.
7:00	WAYNE COX'S BRAIN	RECTAL RECTITUDE	KATHY DAY	THE VINYL FRONTIER	NEOFILE	T.O.T.T.	T.W.W.S.I.
8:00	MORE DINOSAURS	SOUL GALORE	THE AFRICAN SHOW	TOP OF THE BOPS			
9:00						THE MEAN TIME	JUST LIKE WOMEN/ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS
10:00	THE JAZZ SHOW	BUNKUM OBSCURA	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	TEENAGE TORPOR	CRACK RHYTHM		NOCTURNES
11:00				MEL BREWER PRESENTS			
12:00							
1:00			JUST SAY NO!			TUNES 'R' US	LIFE AFTER BED
2:00	ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY	AURAL TENTACLES		EXHIBITIONISM	LOUIS LOUIS		FLOYD'S CORNER
3:00							
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS

8:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS
10:00	NEWSBRIEF
1:00	NEWSBREAK
3:00	NEWSBRIEF
5:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS

SATURDAY REPORTS

Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS
6:00	SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE
6:30	TALK OF THE TOWN

SUNDAY REPORTS

10:00	VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
Noon	NEWS/TALK OF THE TOWN
6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE
6:30	THE WAY WE SEE IT

you can do is leave your radio on and wait for me to start at 8 o'clock! The first two hours, or "Brits Go Home!" as I prefer to call it, will contain all sorts of roots music, lots of Brit content & Brit comedy. Then, from 10 to 11:30 it's The Cutting Edge of Folk Music, "The Edge On Folk." During October & November I'll be taking a look at the contribution of independent record labels to the folk/roots scene. Scheduled features are:

03 Oct. Green Linnet Records. The principal Celtic label in North America, they handle some of the best releases from the British Isles, including Silly Wizard, whose lead singer, Andy M. Stewart, will be at The Rogue Folk Club on Thursday the 8th with Manus Lunny.

10 Oct. Stony Plain Records. One of Canada's finest, and most eclectic labels.

17 Oct. Fogarty's Cove/Snow Goose, etc. Stan Rogers' legacy of record labels is represented by many fine artists, including his brother Garnet, who will be at The Rogue Folk Club tomorrow night.

24 Oct. Cooking Vinyl. The newest, and best, of the U.K. independents.

31 Oct. Rounder/Philo. This fine American label handles stars of both the folk and bluegrass fields.

At 11:30 The Edge On Soccer will present Vancouver's first broadcast of the U.K. soccer results. Next comes more music, and then the Compleat Monty Python at 11:45, adapted for radio by the Spanish Inquisition. More unexpected goodies will see you through to noon...

POWER CHORD

Noon-3:00 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.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

Featuring news, sports, weather, Insight, Generic Review, Today in History, Across the Atlantic.

THE MEAN TIME

7:00-9:00 pm (sometimes)

Lodged between the flight paths of the UBC Thunderbirds, Paul Funk presents music by which to dodge guano. Watch your step, please.

NOCTURNES

9:00-midnight

The sound of things that go bump in the night. Host: Paul C.

31 Oct. Halloween Nocturne. (O-o-o-o-o-o... Scaddy).

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Commentary on the historical, technical and latest fashions with regards to all genres. Requests taken. Your host, Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:30-3:00 pm

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae Beat International Hour: news and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

BLUES CITY SHAKEDOWN

3:00-4:30 pm

Finally, a tasty Blues show again on CITR. Everything from early Delta Blues to Chicago Urban Blues to contemporary blues-influenced rock. And anything in between. Tune in weekly to get your shot of the blues. Your host: Mike Dennis.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

THE WAY WE SEE IT

6:30-7:00 pm

Join the CITR News Staff as they discuss a week of events and issues, causes and consequences. Learn all there is to know about a world of happenings, as each reporter gives story details and discusses its implications.

JUST LIKE WOMEN/ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS

7:00-9:00 pm

04 Oct. JUST LIKE WOMEN: Tune in for invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

11 Oct. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: Join with us as we mourn the day the indigenous people of the western hemisphere discovered Columbus on their shores, lost and confused in the delusion he had reached Hindustan.

18 Oct. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS: Tune in for a special feature on traditional aboriginal forestry practices. The abundance of 'culturally modified trees' (CMTs) on the west coast is evidence of a living culture's harmonious relationship with a living forest. Now, transnational forest rapers want to destroy the evidence and deny us all the opportunity to learn valuable lessons.

25 Oct. ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS:

Tune in for a review of nuclear hot-spots on the west coast. Reports of protests and direct actions planned for the Nanoose Bay submarine base and the Hanford nuclear complex 25/26 October.

PLAYLOU/THIS IS NOT A TEST

9:00 pm-Midnight

"Voltaire announced the Age of Reason two centuries too soon. We are still in the Dark Ages." R.A. Wilson.

FLOYD'S CORNER

2:00 am-Until Jeff fades...

Jeff G. pulls the cowshit from his boots and slings it on the turntable every Sunday night for all you funny-walking, shit-disturbing, cattle-riding winos.

SPORTS PROGRAM NOTES

Thunderbirds Sports Broadcasts on CITR:

02 Oct.	FOOTBALL (U of Calgary)*	7:30 pm
10 Oct.	FOOTBALL (U. of Alberta)	7:30 pm
16 Oct.	HOCKEY (U. of Alberta)	7:30 pm
17 Oct.	HOCKEY (U. of Alberta)	5:00 pm
24 Oct.	FOOTBALL (U. of Manitoba)	7:30 pm
30 Oct.	HOCKEY (U. of Calgary)	7:30 pm
31 Oct.	HOCKEY (U. of Calgary)	5:00 pm
31 Oct.	FOOTBALL (U. of Saskatchewan)	7:30 pm

*Denotes broadcast of an away game.



HINDSIGHT

Don't picture a tomato. See? You did, didn't you? A tomato. Even though you were told not to. And you did it automatically, without a moment's thought. Because that's the way the mind works. It won't process a negative. Don't picture a green pepper. See? You did it again.

DON'T DO DRUGS!

You might as well tell a child not to cross the street. You might as well tell a dog not to bark. Kids don't do drugs because they're trying to escape reality. They do them because they're fun, because, hey! for some people, at certain points in their lives, getting shit-faced and hanging around is significantly more enjoyable than just hanging around; because for others, getting stoned and listening to tunes is significantly more complete than just listening to tunes. Drugs enhance experience. The point here isn't DO DRUGS! People are doing them anyway. All ways. All kinds. All ages. Legally, and otherwise. Voluntarily and otherwise. For recreation and for survival.

SOME FOLKS ARE EVEN DOING DRUGS TO ESCAPE REALITY!

The point here is Yes! It's happening. It doesn't matter what you say, everyone is doing drugs! And it's nothing new. Fruit has been going rotten and fermenting ever since there was such a thing as fruit. Amanita and psilocybe mushrooms have been pushing out of damp ground ever since God invented muck. When marijuana was criminalized by the American justice system in the early twentieth century, hemp still grew wild in over half the States.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A HEMP FARMER!

In his diaries, he refers to the separation of the male and female plants, a process that is only relevant to the production of marijuana, the drug THC. THC which is now illegal pretty much anywhere you're likely to go in this wide, wonderful world. People go to jail for it, get killed for it. Organized crime reaps huge profits from it. Families are ripped apart, children are abused. Young minds are destroyed forever, not because of what the drug does to them, but because the drug is illegal.

BUT MARIJUANA LEADS TO HEROIN ADDICTION!

It does! No bullshit! Ask any junkie. They all smoked grass long before they tried smack. No doubt about it. Pot leads directly to heroin. Because if you grow up being told a certain drug is totally evil and deadly and then one day you find out it isn't ("It's quite amazing actually. Everything gets fuzzy and warm and you laugh a lot - and music sounds incredible..."), well maybe you figure everything else they've told you about drugs is also a blatant lie. Why not try acid? Why not try heroin, PCP?

YES NANCY, THERE IS A SIGNIFICANT MINORITY WHO DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY!

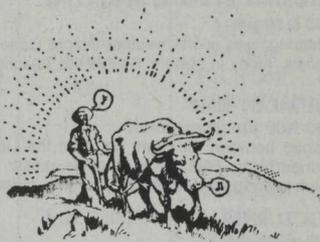
You lied about this and you lied about that, so just Shut Up! And all this would be wonderful and fine if only there weren't some damned nasty illegal drugs. Heroin is brutally addictive. Cocaine can trigger cardiac arrest. In Los Angeles, where Ecstasy and other new-fangled "designer drugs" have been prevalent for a number of years, an alarming number of otherwise healthy young

adults are showing up at medical clinics with all the symptoms of Parkinson's Disease, except Parkinson's Disease isn't supposed to strike until middle age. Can you say "disease of the central nervous system"? Can you say "total paralysis"?

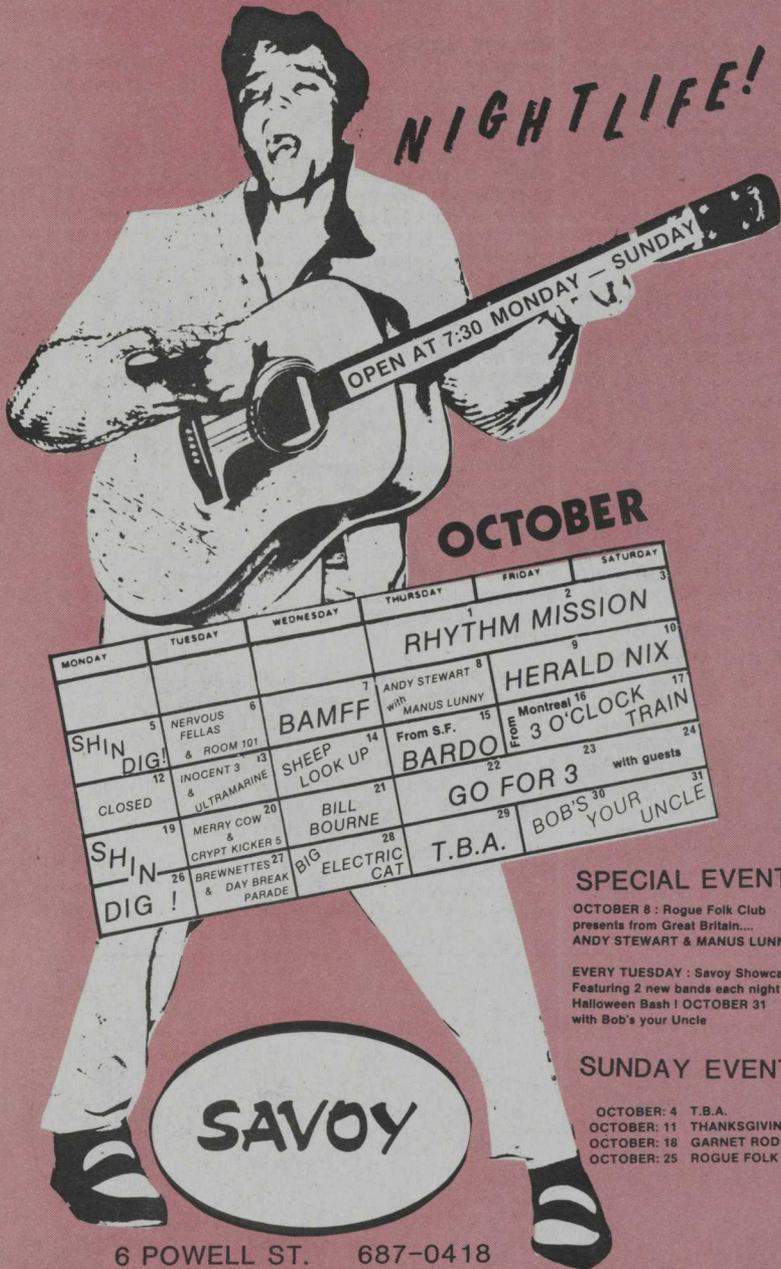
JUST SAY NO, KIDS! JUST SAY NO!

But we know they'll cross the street anyway regardless of what we say. We are composed of chemicals. The way they act and react based on various external and internal stimuli dictates our behaviour. Whether we like it or not, we're on drugs all the time: Nature and science offer other options; additives as it were. Some of these are sanctioned by the state (alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, etc.). Many more aren't (cannabis, LSD, psilocybe mushrooms). And the sad truth is, these designations have as much to do with political necessity, superstition and just plain ignorance as they do with logic and scientifically proven fact. This issue of Disorder doesn't come close to dealing with everything that's scary, weird or dangerous about this best-of-all-possible society's attitudes toward drugs. It wasn't meant to. Those questions go way too deep. When you're talking drugs, you're talking the nature of reality, perception, life itself; things worth talking and thinking about. We urge you to do just that. Bring it up at the dinner table. Have it out with your parents, your children, whoever it is you care about. If we can save the life of just one child....

The Editor



NIGHTLIFE!



OCTOBER

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3
			RHYTHM MISSION		
5 SHIN DIG!	6 NERVOUS FELLAS & ROOM 101	7 BAMFF	8 ANDY STEWART with MANUS LUNNY	9 HERALD NIX	10
12 CLOSED	13 INNOCENT & ULTRAMARINE	14 SHEEP LOOK UP	15 From S.F.	16 Bardo Montreal	17 3 O'CLOCK TRAIN
19 SHIN DIG!	20 MERRY COW & CRYPT KICKER 5	21 BILL BOURNE	22 GO FOR 3 with guests	23	24
26 BREWNETTES & DAY BREAK PARADE	27	28 BIG ELECTRIC CAT	29 T.B.A.	30 BOB'S YOUR UNCLE	31

SPECIAL EVENTS

OCTOBER 8 : Rogue Folk Club presents from Great Britain... ANDY STEWART & MANUS LUNNY

EVERY TUESDAY : Savoy Showcases Featuring 2 new bands each night Halloween Bash 1 OCTOBER 31 with Bob's your Uncle

SUNDAY EVENTS

OCTOBER: 4 T.B.A.
 OCTOBER: 11 THANKSGIVING BOP
 OCTOBER: 18 GARNET RODGERS
 OCTOBER: 25 ROGUE FOLK CLUB

6 POWELL ST. 687-0418

Wed., October 14

**CITR Presents
Nettwerk/Capital Recording Artists**

FROM BELGIUM

FRONT

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TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL
VTC/CBO OUTLETS, ODYSSEY AND
ZULU AND CHARGE BY PHONE
280-4444.

CLUB INFO: 683-8474
DOORS OPEN 8PM

