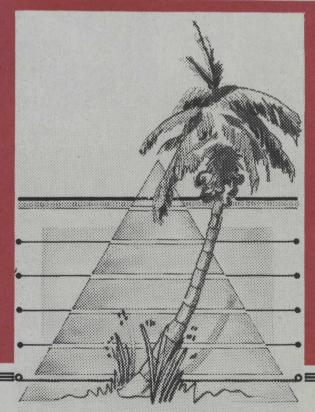


WEDNESDAY, JULY 1 8:00PM EXPO Theatre

Tickets at all VTC / CBO outlets or charge by phone 280-4444



That Magazine from CITR Radio 102 JULY !(*& Vol V No 6 Issue #54

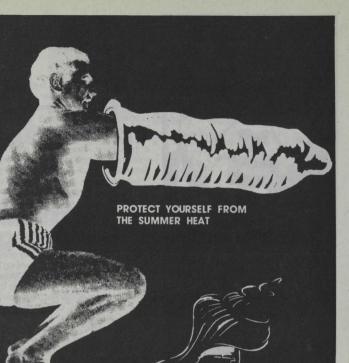
· FDITOR Michael Shea WRITERS Iain Bowman, Don Chow, Stephen Gold, Mikey Likesit, Janis McKenzie, Bill Mullan, Mark Mushet PHOTOS **David** Jacklin **ILLUSTRATORS** Rod Filbrandt, William Thompson COVER William Thompson ART DIRECTOR Karen Shea DESIGN Harry Hertscheg LAYOUT Dana Alvaro, Pat Carroll, Lucy Crowther, Robin Fross, Shedo Ollek, Matt Richards PROGRAM GUIDE Louis Jantzen TYPESETTING Dena Corby, Maja Grip, Don Schuetze BUSINESS MANAGER **Randy** Iwata ADVERTISING Lucy Crowther DISTRIBUTION **Bill Mullan** SUBSCRIPTIONS **Randy** Iwata PUBLISHER Harry Hertscheg

Discorder is That Magazine from CITR -Radio 102 and is published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia, although it winds up being printed deep from within Surrey, Canada.

Discorder Magazine prints what it wants to, but pledges to put the CITR On The Dial program schedule and SpinList record chart in every issue. Discorder also vows to circulate 17,500 copies by the first of each month. Subscriptions are encouraged. Twelve issues: \$12 in Canada, \$12(US) in the States, \$18 elsewhere. Make money orders or certified cheques payable to 'CITR Publications'.

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.



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 VINYL VERDICT The last word
- SPIN LIST Platters that matter
- ON THE DIAL The CITR Program Guide
- LOCAL MOTION Janis McKenzie gets around

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ARE YOU TALKING TO ME? WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT CITR-FM 102 NIGHTMARES **BE** WARNED. THE JULY ISSUE of *Discorder* is another promotional treatise of *CITR*supported music events. It is a precarious line between relaying information and spreading propaganda; the judge of that division is the subject – you. And we hope that you know that we know a good thing when seen. Remember what Goebbels used to say, "Trust me."

One good thing is **Kid Creole and The Coconuts.** This fervent, flamboyant 80s style cabaret of cartoon caricatures sails back to Vancouver on Canada Day to play the Expo Theatre. Remember last September when they played the Xerox Theatre during Expo 86 and the security goons tried to stop the audience from dancing? Didn't they know that's what Kid Creole is all about? We hope they know better this time or we'll just have to show them how to do it right all over again. Get primed for a good time on page 9.

Some people didn't have a good time at the **CITR Birthday Benefit** on June 9 at the 86 Street Music Hell. As for those with no expectations or attitude problems, they were treated to an overwhelming aural dissemination of rarified funk unlike anything this city

Introducing "DIRECTIONS" a semi-permanent hair colour rom england 305 West Cordona 58. Vancouver VBB 185 60-6354 has heard before. David Jacklin clicked his shutter and Don Chow survived the aftermath. Results on page 10.

BEHIND THE DIAL

UP FRONT

· CITR will be attending the National Campus/Community Radio Conference to be held in Toronto during mid-July. It is an invaluable opportunity for CITR members to exchange experiences, views, and information with other campus/community radio stations from across the country. If you are a local musician or group with a slice of vinyl or reel of tape already produced for airplay, it could also be an opportunity to receive national exposure with a minimum of expense. CITR members bound for the conference are willing to take with them any number of local releases, along with accompanying biographical information, and distribute them to the other radio stations attending the conference. All product and/ or information should be received by CITR no later than July 10. If you have any questions please call Harry Hertscheg during business hours at 228-3017.

CITR presents the Vancouver Disc Sports Society's Frisbee Tournament on July 18 and 19. The event will take place during the Vancouver Sea Festival at Sunset Beach. Stay tuned for more details.

The Editor

nannnnnn DISCORDER WANTS WORDS FROMYOU Discorder is soliciting original wordworks from local wordsmiths to be published in the August edition. What's A Word Worth to You? Has Word Power lost it in this age of computerthink and visual over-stimulation? Do words get in the way? Are there too many words and not enough time to say them? If you would like to write 150 words or less (there is always a limit) about Words in any style or format, please submit your work to Discorder, c/o CITR. 6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C., V6T 2A5, or deliver it to Room 233 in the SUB before July 10. Please include a telephone number.

From England A&M Recording Artists THRASHING DOVES Saturday, July 4/87 8:30 p.m.

CITR Presents WEA Recording Artists THE REPLACEMENTS Saturday July 4/87

11:00 p.m.

CFMI Presents CBS Recording Artists From Austin, Texas

OMAR & THE HOWLERS Tuesday July 7/87

Wednesday July 8/87 NOW! 2 NIGHTS!

TICKETS: CBO/VTC — Charge by phone 280-4444. Woodward's, Eaton's and The Bay as well as all major malls. Also Zulu, Black Swan, Odyssey, Highlife and Track Records.





PRODUCTIONS





AIRHEAD c/o CITR 6138 SUB Blvd. Vancouver, B.C.

V6T 245

MORE WORDS, PLEASE

Dear Ed:

Is Discorder having problems with its contributors or what? It seems to me that the mag has fewer articles and perhaps more ads. I normally enjoy Discorder but I get somewhat disappointed when, after I've sat down with a fix of coffee or whatever, that it takes less time to read Discorder than it takes for an average flow to pass.

Please Ed, let's have a few more articles. Your masthead lists all your contributors and that should fill *some* space, but do your contributors write so poorly that you can't print their articles?

Discorder really is a fab mag and I especially like the Radul piece in June. But please, more literature.

A Concerned Reader

Words, words, words....you want words to soothe your soul, to inspire your intellect, to swallow with your morning coffee....Discorder will be having words for you, concerned reader. Coming in August will be a litany of literature, featuring interviews with the aforementioned Judy Radul. Robert Anton Wilson (one of the Discordian literati), and a selection of original works from local wordsmiths. In the mean, though, it is summer - a time when advertisers conserve their cashflow, and the size of Discorder. like most other publications, is determined by the amount of advertising space sold. That is why we're free, but never cheap and certainly not easy.

POSITIVE COMMUNICATION

Thank you for publishing Judy Radul's thought-provoking article in the June issue of *Discorder*.

I wish to raise some points not discussed in her article. I need to know the Prime Minister's policy on a given issue but cannot leave my job to fly to Ottawa and attend Parliament. I want to listen to a favourite pop band, The Smiths, but cannot afford to fly to England to see their next gig.

Enter the electronic media. Nightly, I watch the CBC news. The day's political and social events unfold in front of me. Later, I fall asleep listening to *How Soon Is Now* on *CITR*.

As our lives become more complex, technology makes it possible to be in two places at once, creating the image of the body only being represented. I think this is okay when you treat any event that occurs as history. Those unable to attend rely on technology to possibly communicate what actually happened. Now technology integrates with history and, ultimately, society.

Ten frames of any Nazi Death Camp and you know what you've seen. No question. The documentary film medium makes that possible. No other form of communication educates so quickly. Images directly from 1945 to your memory.

In 1983 I saw Laurie Anderson perform United States, and I keep the memory alive by listening to the bootleg recording I made then. Over time our memory about events can fade and we need mnemonic devices because the body dies. Some know this and promote hatred, threatening to alter history by saying those Death Camps didn't exist. I do not need the documentary footage to believe the truth. Friends of my family have numbers tattooed on their arms, just like in the movies! Can I be sure to convince the youth in forty years that I read those numbers, felt that flesh?

T.V. will be a propaganda poster and give authority to any point of view. What if our primates had said, "This new thing called fire is too powerful, it cannot be our tool"? Destructive potential and watery rock videos are always there. The responsibility and challenge lie with those at both ends of the process, either using the tool or consuming its product. It is possible to create responsible and entertaining art because it is possible to demand it.

Mark Chalecki

NOSTALGIA QUOTIENT?

Dear Airhead,

Happy birthday, happy birthday, happy birthday to me! I'm 35 and still have no hair on my chest. Doomed to perpetual adolescence, I gave in and grew a scraggly little goatee, but my friends in Bolero Lava still recognized me on the dance floor and the fabulous Venue (June 6).

You know, getting out of touch is something you don't have to practise. It just comes naturally when you're too broke, too busy & too too tired to go out anymore. The party urge subsides after a while & respectability seeps in. I for one no longer THNCK of the night, I just sleep tight! Days my brain to the hard disk is chained and as my PM (Personal Memory) approaches ZeroK my NQ (Nostalgia Quotient – measured in terms of Actual Events/ day, in the formula

NQ = PM/AE

drops to near-aboriginal levels. I've stopped hallucinating!

So it's with some trepidation that I offer some really bad advice to musicians who read *Discorder*. Hey! Be a song!

Sound absurd? It is! So do it!

May I add a few pointers on being & becoming a song? I suggest you THNCK about it first, because the pleasure is fleeting and the consequences are uncomfortable & hard to rid. Addictive personaltites beware! Once the process engages, like Alien it feeds on you. Saps your energy.

A song on legs. Look at Phaedra of **Bolero Lava**. I have. What fun! So contagious. And I flashed, I can be a song again. I danced & submitted to the psychosis. Laurel on bass became a pillar of ice in my eyes & zerokay mind. Lorraine



& Barb, visitors from Centauri Tau, steering a cosmic ark, Vanessa a dolphin playing in the sound waves. And Phaedra a flame, a pure spirit, a song.

But don't expect me to tell you *How to* Be a Song. It just **happens** with you. You'll find out. You might like it. (Look at Phaedra. I did. She does.)

> yours indubitably, Ammo Fuzztone

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Dear Discorder,

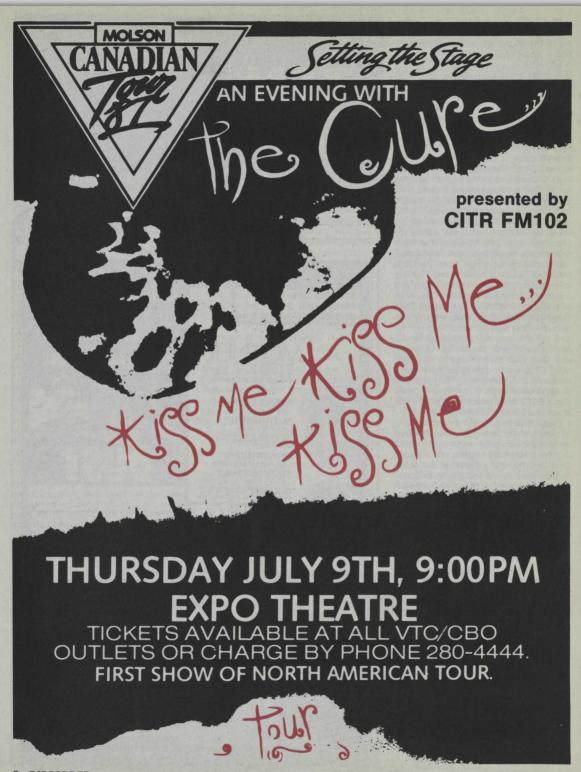
The CITR Birthday Bash concert featuring Mark Stewart and Maffia was an absolute rip-off! The first disappointment came when the show started around 10:30pm instead of 8:00pm as was printed on page 5 in the June Discorder. The starting time on the ticket was 9:00pm which still makes the show 11/2 hours late. However, the major problem was the shows content. The information contained on page 8 of the June Discorder boasts of an "amazing five-hour performance" featuring Mark Stewart and the Maffia, Tackhead, and Gary Clail. From what I saw, it appeared as though Mark Stewart and the Maffia were the only performers unless Gary Clail was the guy in the dark suit who sang only three songs. Or was Mark Stewart and the Maffia. Tackhead. and Gary Clail all on stage at the same time? (This seems unlikely as there was a maximum of 5 performers.) Most appalling of all was the length of the show. It lasted about 2 to 3 hours which is far short of the advertised 5 hour performance.

I want to point out that I am not knocking the talent of the performers; they exhibited some of the best guitar work I've ever heard in a live concert. My anger is with the way I (and probably the majority of the ticketbuyers) were duped into paying for something which we definitely did not receive. It was certainly not "the highlight of the vear."

Larry Soo

Keith Leblanc, Skip McDonald, and Doug Wimbish (percussion, guitar, and drums) were Tackhead. With Mark Stewart at the mike, they became the Maffia. Gary Clail was the man in the dark suit, who also mixed the taped recordings before and after the live performance, which was promoted as being part of the live show. It lasted 41/2 hours, and not 5 hours as advertised. Perhaps CITR and Discorder were overzealous in the promotion of this event, but it was an opportunity to work on a new project and everything had to be done to ensure its success, because no one here can afford to finance a failure (the only other Canadian date, in Toronto, was cancelled due to lack of support). We thank you, and all the other ticket-buyers, for supporting CITR in this first-time endeavour. On page 10 is a modest review of the event by its main instigator, Don Chow.





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ABARET, VAUDEVILLE, BURlesque, the circus – all forms of entertainment in varying degrees of decay, and in some cases, absolutely dead. Where would you find even a semblance of them today? Legions, community halls, charity functions, strip joints? (Of course, there always has been and most likely always will be Las Vegas and the Ringling Brothers, but the thin veneer of glamour has faded to expose their seedy surfaces.)

Every era has its prime entertainment that reflects the sensibilities of the time, manipulated by the technology available, and this time will be remembered by the instant visual and aural gratification of video and discotheque. Electronically trained audiences would find it difficult to relate to the simple technology used in these entertainments of days past. Why? The magic has gone; we know the tricks of the trade. It has been done a million times before; it's boring. Yet there are elements in every age that never change because human nature hasn't; we still want to laugh, to cry, to be stimulated, bedazzled, and tickled.

Take the cabaret, please; it did all of that to us, and more. It mixed song and dance, comedy and tragedy, sliced it with wit and innuendo, and served it up as a roller-coaster ride along the gamut of existence. It was pure entertainment that had its finest hour during the early days of Nazi Germany, when cabaret was a sanctuary for artists and sophisticates dreading the inevitable horror of Hitler's rule.

Rife, Like A Cabaret

Who is doing cabaret these days in popular entertainment? Who is taking us along that roller-coaster ride with the same panache that marked the halcyon days of cabaret? Kid Creole and The Coconuts, that's who! This eccentric ensemble resembles nothing short of a three-dimensional Looney Toon on speed. They are cabaret, but they are not quaint.

Kid Creole brought his roadshow (The Coconuts, Coati Mundi, and plavers) to Vancouver last September when they performed at the Xerox Theatre at Expo 86. Their act was a brilliantly paced non-stop stomp that did not miss a beat. It was a highly theatrical presentation that had all the performers playing off one another in their given roles. The suave, yet sympathetic, Don Juan - Kid Creole; the sly jester - Coati Mundi; the Snow White tarts - The Coconuts. Albeit the roles were modelled on stereotypes, the show displayed an abundance of sleight-of-hand subtlety. The songs were about lust, greed, corruption, fallen angels and mistaken identities -seeminaly supportive of hedonistic attitudes and non-conformist values.

This music has a message, and it was clearly received even within the oppressive conformity of Expo 86. Get up offa that thang, sucker, because the dance revolution starts right here and now! You can't resist shaking a little tail to the Creole beat; you can't stop laughing because the Kid and his party animals are laughing along with you. Well, at least I and several compatriots couldn't resist shaking or stop laughing to a point where we were harassed and eventually ejected from the Xerox Theatre by the security goons policing the venue for supposedly displaying subversive behaviour.

Ha! For having a good time? Life is a cabaret, old chum, but this is not Nazi Germany. Or is it? History has a wy of repeating itself, and it would not be exaggerating to liken the mentality of the typical Expo security goon to that of the Gestapo. Or perhaps it is true that nothing really has changed; the people still want to dance and the authoritarians continue to subjugate the people to further their own selfish ends.

This personally had never become so evident before as it did during this particular experience. To be physically abused is humiliating enough, but when it happens under the guise of maintaining "law and order", it is a horror show. Compared to the atrocities sanctioned by governments daily, this is nothing. But it has to start somewhere, so why not start it with you?

Kid Creole and The Coconuts return to Vancouver July 1st to play the Expo Theatre. It is a CITR presentation. Don't miss this show because it is the funniest, brassiest, sexiest cabaret on the road. Kid Creole and The Coconuts are kindred spirits and they're going to want you to dance and laugh with them too.

Michael Shea

CAN WE HAVE OUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO?

WAS A FIRST. 700 PEOPLE WANdered into the carcass-belly of the world's fair on June 9, 1987. Some went in search of the future of modern music, others went merely to be entertained. No guidebook was provided, no souvenir passport stamps. Young men and women in matching white sweatshirts appeared, carrying glasses and bottles of liquor to feed what remained of the beast. At approximately 8:30 p.m., Gary Clail began mixing cassettes from the sound board. He played new Tackhead tracks and session out-takes, meanwhile toasting over top of them. An hour and a half later, five men were led through the audience and backstage. Ex-Pop Group vocalist Mark Stewart, Drummer Keith LeBlanc, bassist Doug Wimbish, guitarist Skip McDonald, and mixologist Adrian Sherwood were about to make their first Canadian concert appearance, At 10:30, LeBlanc, Wimbish, and McDonald launched into King of the Beat, with Sherwood at the controls., Tackhead had arrived. A few songs later, Stewart came onstage for Hypnotised and the show became Mark Stewart and Maffia without missing a beat. During the next two hours, Stewart would leave and be replaced and

joined by Clail, while the band stopped for no one, pumping Tackhead and Maffia material into a heavy groove. Meanwhile, Sherwood pushed the PA to its limits, dropping the mix in and out, from right to left, and at full volume. LeBlanc triggered samples from his drumpads and Wimbish used his teeth and both hands to hammer out guitar-speed bass solos. Stewart screeched and mangled the Sugarhill Gang's *Rapper's Delight*, while the wall-lights proved that every day is Christmas at 86 Street. Another half-hour of Clail's tape mixes and the show was over at 1:00 a,m.

50 years of UBC radio, represented by three Americans and three Englishmen playing one night in a club built for Expo 86. What a concept. Reaction was mixed: the hardcore Tackheads had a great time, the wax-ears plain didn't like it, and the on lookers were disappointed the band didn't play longer. In any case, we at CITR sincerely felt it was worth while going, hence our rather unsubtle urgings on air and in last month's *Discorder*. The show was definitely unlike anything that ever played here – if only for the fact that half the audience didn't realize the headlining act was onstage. Confusion . . .

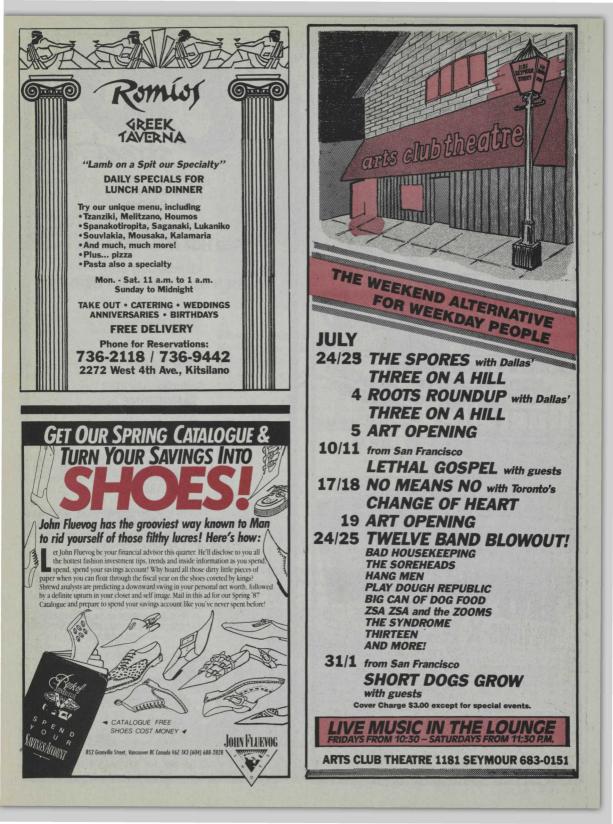
From the perspective of the radio station. the birthday benefit was our involvement at the most basic level of producing a concert. If students and volunteers can be broadcasters, why not concert promoters? It's risky business and a lot of work, but it boils down to the same thing: aggressive promotion of new artists and new music. We put on a show that no one else dared to. Those with only a conventional idea of what to expect were still waiting for the band to start while everyone else had already gotten down. The value of the performance was not instantly recognizable to everyone who heard it, but then CITR is like that too. There are enough people waling around with big smiles on their faces to have made it all worth while. Maybe in another 50 years . . .

Thank you: Lee Robinson and crew, Bruce Paisley, Laurie Mercer, Don Isaak, Cattle Prod, Propaganda, Mix Shea, Tuesday Weld, The Big Show, Bruce Turpin, In Collision, Linda, and everyone else who put something into this show.

Don Chow



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Thursday July 2 SKABOOM

Fri. Sat. July 3-4 RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Sunday July 5
POWDER BLUES with JIM BYRNES

Thursday July 9 TANGERINE

Friday July 10 WIPE OUT

Saturday July 11 TANGERINE

Wednesday July 22 VTC/CBO

NINA HAGEN

Thurs. - Sat. July 23-25 TRAMA





Wire The Ideal Copy Enigma

Wire changed my life in '77. – Michael Stipe of REM

Thankfully, I was intelligent enough in 1977 not to allow a rock band to alter my plane of existence. As for Michael Stipe ... well, at least he could have tried to learn from his experience. However, Wire were a truly outstanding group, and one of the few"punk" bands that recognized the need to progress before redundancy and selfparody set in. After the last album 154, and their subsequent split in 1980, there emerged two distinct camps. Colin Newman, the voice, and Robert Gotobed, the beat, continued the Wire sound. Graham Lewis, the other voice, and Bruce Gilbert, guitarist, pursued the more adventurous path of sonic exploration as Dome, etc. Both camps have been highly prolific and have achieved varying degrees of success. It is, if you will, an excellent case study of a band's "post punk" evolution.

So what should be the point of a regrouping? After all, it's certainly not a "reunion" in the typical sense. Is it to take a shot at the big time in light of persistent interest in (and re-issues of) their old material? To re-introduce their various stylistic shifts since the initial parting in order to allow Wire to become a new entity? Or is it simply a matter of "seeing what happens"? Probably, it is a combination of all three and more. In any case, what we get is *The Ideal Copy*, the 1987 edition of Wire.

The new Wire LP is an excellent selection of very well crafted and insistent pops ongs that pick up the suggested pieces that were left behind by 15Å. The Ideal Copy is the album Wire would have made as a follow-up to 154 back in 1980. They have picked up exactly where they left off. That it sounds fresh and contemporary is evidence enough of the group having been an influential force in its latter days.

And while there are no elements of Gilbert and Lewis's sonic excursions, Colin's dalliance with the Belgian underground pop crowd HAS had a certain effect. But, for the most part, we have a new beginning of sorts and if they choose to continue as Wire, then I'm sure that the experience they've gained as solo and collaborative artists will begin to figure prominently in their further evolution.

Mark Mushet

WIRE THEIDEALCOPY



The Lounge Lizards No Pain For Cakes Island Records

The Lounge Lizards are one of the purveyors of what might be called "fission jazz", in which the mellifluous sounds of jazz are broken apart and the fragments then reassembled. The resulting arrangement is then performed at a very highenergy pace. In terms of intensity of approach, Last Exit (Bill Laswell et al) inhabit ground zero, while John Zorn dwells in the blast damage area. The Lounge Lizards are somewhat removed from these two, but are still affected by considerable fallout.

Typically, the Lizards play music reminiscent of every fifties and sixties lounge jazz act from Las Vegas to Atlantic City, except that John Lurie and company subject it to the fissioning process. No Pain For Cakes is true to form, with frenetic pacing and quirky, sometimes dissonant, arranging. This latter aspect of the Lizards' music can be



deceptive, since often the dissonance veils some exquisite melodies, yet other times it is genuine, bringing the music close to the "industrial" sound of Last Exit.

As a whole, the album resembles an extraordinarily sharp practice, where the band fires on all eight cylinders and each member is determined to show off his good stuff—an impression heightened by Where Were You (the last piece), a wry number that interrogates a perpetually tardy and/ or absent member of the band. Sardonic and good-natured, it is, perhaps, the high point of the record, demonstrating what slightly radioactive lounge jazz can be like at its best.

Radioactive or not, this is an exuberant and skilfully crafted record which dishes up a meal similar to last year's *Big Heart – Live In Tokyo*. Marginally eccentric music such as this may not be to everyone's taste, but then neither are caviar and single malt whisky. But if it is (or they are), then indulge with care, or you may find yourself looking for a saxophone with two mouthpieces.

Iain Bowman



The Cult Electric Polygram

The word dinosaur means terrible, lizard. But this name is really not a good one. For one thing, dinosaurs were not very much like lizards, and most were not really terrible at all. It's true that some of them were vicious hunters that attacked and killed other animals whenever they were hungry, but most dinosaurs were peaceful plant-eaters that rarely harmed anything except a bush or tree.

(from A Child's Introduction to Dinosaurs)

I like dinosaurs. I always have. The big and mean, the big and placid. They were all stupid. Triceratops was my favourite, with Stegosaurus and Tyrannosaurus close behind. It was natural then that come my twelfth or thirteenth birthday (circa 1972), a certain kind of big noise readily available on radio and vinyl would strike me as particularly significant. Big and mean sometimes, big and placid at others, always kind of stupid. Nowadays, folks refer to it as Heavy Metal, but at the time, it was just ROCK. Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Alice Cooper, Grand Funk Railroad et al. AC/DC and Aerosmith would come along a bit later and do the same sort of damage (necessary damage, mind you). To paraphrase Vancouver's own Bryan Guy YEEHAH! and throw fireworks at church,

Adams, kids gotta rock. If they're not al- nor do you consider it an acceptable part lowed to, all kinds of pure energy gets bottled up inside, and it careens into itself, ferments, goes rancid, and the kids grow up to be nasty alienated sorts with permanent bad attitudes and a predilection toward crooked crosses, white supremacy and the like

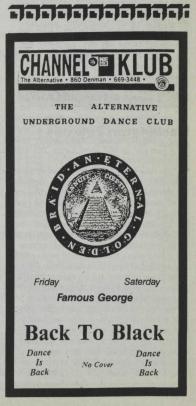
In live situations, this big stupid noise had an undeniable power. Thousands of fists shot reflexively into the air. Heads jerked up and down and sometimes banged into one another. In a weird way, it was like church, particularly if the light show was up to scratch and the drugs and alcohol in one's system had achieved a certain synergy. Except you don't howl YAHOO! and

JONNAB CASSETTE OR LP *** WHITESNAKE** -WHITESNAKE *** ACE FREHLEY** -FREHLEY'S COMET *** MOTLEY CRUE** -GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS *** FASTER PUSSYCAT** -FASTER PUSSYCAT ***Y&T** -CONTAGIOUS SUPER SAVEF **JUNDREDS TO** TAPES CHOOSE FROM LUCA GREAT DOWNTOWN LANSDOWNE PARK ROYAL OAKRIDGE BRENTWOOD 683-2422 263-1945 273-5821 299-6311 925-3238 WAREHOUSE STORE 837 GRANVILLE 681-9148

of the experience to spend two hours standing in someone else's puke. The suburbs where we lived were ordered, clean and nice, nothing at all like a jungle. But that's where we came from, and hey, it's necessary to go back every now and then. Positively nostalgic.

What's all this got to do with The Cult's new album? you're probably wondering. Everything. You see, Electric is being enthusiastically hailed as the return of that big, stupid, loveable noise currently classified as dinosaur-rock-of-the-seventies. Led Zeppelin. AC/DC et al. replete with fists-in-theair concert action, real live unsculpted shoulder length hair, guitar that goes KERRRR-RANG and bluesy, dirty babe-I'm-hurtin'so-bad vocals. But that was then, friend, this is now. When Led Zeppelin screamed and howled and smote their audience with the awesome power of Thor-god-of-thunder, it was, quite simply, because it seemed the natural thing to do. Too much drugs and ego contributed, but the simple truth was just that. They were being true. They were ploughing into the void and bringing back this big, stupid, terribly beautiful noise. Call it MUSIC.

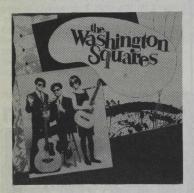
Fifteen years later, call The Cult MEDIA. Oh yeah, I'm sure they probably like the crap they crank out, but so what. It's lame, it's soul-less, it's unadventurous and IT'S ALL BEEN DONE SO MUCH BETTER



BEFORE!!! "It's a joke," somebody whispers, "The Cult are laughing all the way to the bank." I wonder, would I laugh if the punch-line had the drummer choking to death on his own vomit?

The Cult are to Led Zeppelin what Glass Tiger are to U2, what The Alarm are to The Clash, what Skinny Puppy are to Einsturzende Neubaten, Don Hill to Bob Dylan, Bryan Adams to Bruce Springsteen, Ronald Reagan to John Wayne, Gary Hart to John F. Kennedy, Jim Jones to Jesus Christ. The word is, UNNECESSARY. Unnecessary given the ready availability in record stores everywhere of every Led Zeppelin album, and most Alice Cooper, AC/DC, Black Sabbath, Aerosmith albums. Unnecessary given the late great Slow's only EP (of course, Electric will outsell them in their own hometown), unnecessary given the likes of The Butthole Surfers, Scratch Acid et al. Perfectly, specifically, undeniably unnecessary, which I quess is just another way of saving inevitable. Oh well, And I did like She Sells Sanctuary.

Bill Mullan



Washington Squares Golden Castle

The squares are an '80s brand of new wave folk. "Not enough people know that everything from rockabilly guitar to Pete Townshend guitar takes on a whole new meaning in the hands of Bruce Paskow" doth go some of the glowing liner notes on this, the band's debut disk. Townshend guitar; gosh I must have slept through that part of the record!

Sorry Bruce, Tom Goodkind, and Lauren Agnelli (The Squares) but as far as I can tell you aren't even a lukewarm Peter, Paul and Mary. There definitely are similarities though. Two guys and a gal playing acoustic guitar. Check. All three taking turns singing lead vocals. Check. A healthy dose of songs on the record written by outsiders. Check. Generally clean uncluttered sound from the producer; in this case, Mitch Easter, Check, Songs on favourite left wing political topics: unions,



South Africa, capitalism's ills, El Salva- being the highlights - but it just ain't that dor, etc... Check. Some love songs. Check.

Yes, there are some similarities. That's part of the problem with this record. Both musically and lyrically it sounds quite similar to a lot of other folk records that have aone before it.

Another problem with this record is Agnelli. The only track on the record solely written by her is easily one of the worst. And her voice: in harmony with the two guys is fine, but standing alone, well ...?

The final major flaw with the disk is that there is not one truly memorable track. Not a tune that lodges in your brain, nagging you to play it again and again because you can't get enough of it. But don't get me wrong, this isn't a bad record - You Are Not Alone through to Daylight

good either. Verdict: save your money.

Stephen Gold

Dehumanizers **End of Time** Subcore Records

The Dehumanizers last year followed in the footsteps of such rock luminaries as Jello Biafra and Twisted Sister by being threatened with a major lawsuit for their Kill Lou Guzzo EP. The title song of the EP made several references (albeit jokingly) to "get" KIRO-TV commentator Lou Guzzo, who did a piece condemning "punk rockers" and teenage nightclubs. A law firm representing Guzzo and KIRO-TV in Seattle then forced the label and distributor to pull all the records off the shelves of Seattle major chain stores. As is often the case, the Dehumanizers received tons of free publicity, and they have been able to sell hundreds of records through the underground network.

Now, finally, the long-awaited album is out. It isn't what I expected. When I first put it on and heard a crude-sounding acoustic number, I thought someone had slipped a Woody Guthrie record into the jacket by mistake. But then the unmistakeable smurfcore sound of the Dehumanizers surfaced: obnoxious vocals, strong dynamics, grunge guitar.

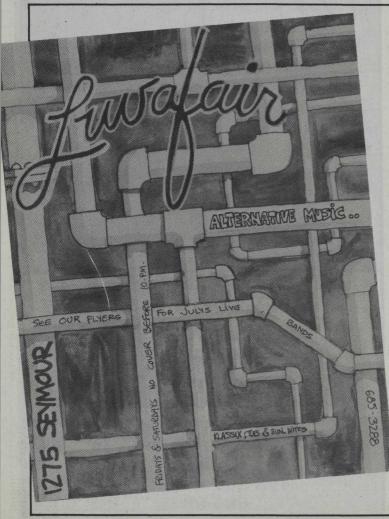
This record is dementia at its finest. While there is no one song as blatantly outstanding as Kill Lou Guzzo (in my opinion, one of the best "punk anthems" ever), there are some cool tunes on this platter. Dehumanarap is their attempt at a rap number, and it's so bad it's great. Shu Du Vua is blitzkrieg thrash, Again Alone is grinding and infectious, Halfpipe features chimpanzee shrieks.

When the band was going for a "live" sound on this disk, they weren't kidding around. Not only is the actual sound production pretty mediocre, but there are healthy doses of audience cheers injected throughout the record. It's funnier than Uncle Ronnie taking a lie detector test, but they sure won't win any sound engineering awards for this one.

Mikey Likesit



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16 DISCORDER

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RANDOM DESIGNS

7:30-10:00 am

Yup. It's true. Lobster hell has arrived. (Just look in the mirror). Bop shop tunes and DJ-Speak by Melissa. Wow.

FINE LINES

10:00-11:00 am

A new feature on CITR, 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!

DOG'S BREAKFAST

1:00-3:00 pm

Each time you open the box something different comes out. Could be Jazz, hardcore, country, metal, rare oldies or even schlock. Your guess is as good as mine! Frank Sivertz hosts

WAYNE COX'S BRAIN

3:00-5:00 pm

An intensive purblind vetting of post-chilliastic putative unctuous ossified cross-cultural idioms... ya, right.

- 06 July A tribute to the revival of Led Zeppelin.
- 27 July Fatalism-there's something to be said for hopes and dreams but fatalism has one major benefit-you're never disappointed.

MORE DINOSAURS

8:00-9:00 pm

That nice young man whose picture appeared here last month, is Moulty, the soul and inspiration of the whole 'Nuggets' thing. The man who didn't 'turn away,' the one-handed drummer who started a band; and what a band: The Barbarians! They are just one of the many determined groups from the Sixties that can be heard on More Dinosaurs.

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. 06 July Miles Davis in Stockholm (1960).

Never before on recording, a great Davis performance with Sonny Stitt (alto & tenor) who replaced John Coltrane in Davis' Quintet, and one of the finest rhythm sections (Kelly, Chambers, Cobb) in the music. A listening must!

- 13 July "The Blues and The Abstract Truth." One of the best-loved records in Jazz history, by saxophonist Oliver Nelson (who arranged and composed all the tunes...), Nelson with Freddie Hubbard, Eric Dolphy, Bill Evans, etc.
- 20 July "Keystone #3." One of Art Blakey's finest recordings. The Jazz Messengers in full flight with both Wynton and Branford (alto saxophone) Marsalis. 'Live' before an enthusiastic Keystone Corner audience.
- 27 July The Max Roach Quartet live in Tokyo. A stunning performance by the great pioneer modern drummer and his Quartet. Billy Harper (tenor saxophone), Cecil Bridgewater (trumpet), Reggie Workman (bass) and Max burn up the stage with a set that has no boundaries

TUESDAYS

NEW PUBLIC AFFAIRS SHOW: ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 10:00-11:00 am

Electronic Smoke signals will provide reviews, updates, commentaries, news and information, public educational programing produced to bridge the gap between native, non-native, and natural people and to create awareness and forbearance in our attitude toward nature and the creation that we share perspective with.

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.

GET SERIOUS

3:00-5:00 pm

Stravinsky to Schoolly-D, Gregorian Go-Go Chant, and t-t-t-talk. DJ interference by Don Chow.

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.

SOUL GALORE 8:00-9:30 pm

Steve and Anne spin soul platters conveying an extraordinarily intense sensitivity and emotional fervour. Wipe away those lonely teardrops and twist the night away, you redblooded boys and girls.

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-1:00 am You have to be careful Especially at night You never know what You might be stepping into

PLAYLOUD 1:00-4:00 am

Misery. No one deserves to be entertained. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

WEDNESDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY 7:30-10:30 am

Feeling tired and run down in the morning? Let Sidney Killpigge into your home and he will be more than happy to kick your lazy ass out of bed. WARNING: Any Wednesday could be a Ramones' Day, so please make sure that all rodents have been provided with sufficient hearing protection devices.

NERVOUS NORBERT

1:00-3:00 pm

The fur is flying, fast and furious. So you wanna be a radio star, hey? Become a member of CITR by callint Phil at 228-3017 during business hours Monday to Friday. It's up to you to heed the call-up, so give it a try.

LOUIS LOUIS

3:00-5:00 pm Solid Gold Indie Rock ... The Out-To-Lunch Hour. Plus the occasional relevant band interview. (?)

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 hosts: Umerah P. Onukwulu and Todd Langmuir. 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

EXCITED FIRST DJ-ESS

7:30-10:00 am

Got the bye-bye beddy blahs? Wake up to the sweet sounds of morning-breath with CITR-oons and CocoPuffs...an important part of your morning start.

THE VINYL FRONTIER 5:30-8:00 pm

They're back! The Spinlist will never be the same again. She cannae tek much morrr. Capt'n.

TEENAGE TORPOR 9:00-11:00 pm

I'm so mad at my mother. I want the car and she says "Take out the garbage." I say "No, it's not my turn." She says "Yes it is." etc. etc. etc.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS 11:00-Midnight

Death-defying leaps over vats of hot vinyl with your hosts Pat and Jay, and your engineer Paul. CITR's answer to the burning question: "What to do until David Letterman comes on?" Bands in the raw flesh (under their clothes) being interviewed for real. Plus the usual assortment of give-aways, gaffes and goofs. (Or is that 'gooves'?)

EXHIBITIONISM

Midnight-3:30 am Diamonds and vinyl-Matt Richards.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE 7:30-10:30 am

Regular features include multi-dimensional profiles of wilderness issues, feminist ideologies, children's culture, and what's happening around Vancouver. Kirby Hill oversees the whole operation.

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.

CRAPSHOOT

5:30-6:00 pm

Members of UBC's Progressive Conservative, Liberal and N.D.P. clubs discuss federal political issues. Alternately moderated by Stephen Gold and Joan Young.

NEOFILE 6:00-9:00 pm

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

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW Midnight-4:00 am

Paula Rempel, radio sex-goddess, fulfills all (or most) of your requests on the air. (Nothing kinky please—just music). Many surprise guests, some of them famous, all of them interesting.

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00-noon

July is the month of the Vancouver Folk Music Festival, so as part of the 10th anniversary celebrations of that esteemed event, host Steve Edge is devoting the majority of the four-hour slot to the performers at this year's fest, as well as some other related

events happening in town this month. BRITS CO HOMEI (8-10 am) will continue its attempt to transport U.K. emigrees back to the old country for two hours every Saturday morning, and there is a healthy contingent of British performers at the Folk Fest to draw from, including Billy Bragg, The Oyster Band and the formidable team of Armstrong, Rosselson and Baily.

THE EDGE ON FOLK (10-11:30 am) will feature the more traditional folk of Capercailie, Spirit of the West, Michelle Shocked etc. (i.e.: not much traditional folk, but lots of Rogue' folk).

At 11:30 THE EDGE ON SOCCER looks at

the Vancouver 86ers in the new CSL, and is followed by the Compleat Monty Python, adapted from the original TV shows by the exploding penguin on your TV set.

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.

CLOCK THE BEAT

3:00-6:00 pm

'Tis the summer of discontent, but ctb doesn't care. Mix it up with variety and taste ...shaken, not stirred. DJ antics by Iain Bowman. LATE FLASH!!!

- 04 July Yankee Day. Something may or may not happen.
- 11 July It was twenty-three years ago today. A birthday.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

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

THE MEAN TIME 6:30-9:00 pm

Paul Funk says: "I won't be famous until after I'm dead, but already they're stealing my show titles. Never mind. Dog's You-Know-What was getting hard to swallow. This is my show and I'll play what I want to, play what I want to...



BOTTOM UP

by Don Chow

LL THE MASTERS LICKED ME IS A strangely good LP by Greater Than One on London's Side Effects label. They hate America and America hates them, but you should like it. Globestyle Records is another London-based label, but on their compilation, Worldwide Your Guide, they cover a lot of territory, including Salsa, Zouk, Rumba, and Colombian Vallenato music. There's also a track by Ofra Haza, who has an LP called Yemenite Songs, on which she sings traditional Hebrew, Arabic, and Armaic tunes in a modern studio setting. Globestyle also has an African dance compilation on compact disc.

Meanwhile, in Amsterdam, Torso Records has put out You Should Try by Kiem, a saxy electronic three-piece specializing in electro-lounge music. If that's not funny, try Kaw-Liga or Hit The Road Jack, two Residents 12" singles on the same label.

Some other 12 inchers include **Mikey D.** & **The L.A. Posse's** *My Telephone* on Public Records. 18-year old Mikey gives us a phone sex life rap over an A1 groove. **Super Mazembe Orchestra** grooves too, in an African way, with *Shauri Yako/Pepepe* on the Earthworks label. **The Pigbros.** are joined by **The Membranes** for an EP called *Now Is The Time To Remove Your Mask* and a hilarious cover of *Word Up*. This is on Cake Records.

More serious are **Skin** and **Hoiger Hiller**, who are set in Western ways with 1000 Years/My Own Hands and Waltz/Whippets. The Skin 12" differs from their LP, *blood*, *women*, *roses*, in that the B-side contains strings-and-vocals-only arrangements as compared to the thicker synth versions. Ex-Palais Schaumburger Hiller is more adventuresome still, and definitely worth a listen. Both releases are on Mute.

If you'd like to join a band in London, here's your chance. **Arka** invites people of all ages from anywhere in the world to play on their records. They can be contacted at the address on the back of *In Paridisum*, a 12" dub adaptation of Faure's *Requiem* distributed through Red Rhino.

Lastly, **Paul Dutton** of the legendary **Four Horsemen** has a cassette out of salivary sound poetry called Fugitive Forms. This is an excellent dinnertime tape, particularly when serving soup. See what it sounds like.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME 8:00-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:30-3:00 pm Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae Beat International Hour.



TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

		STATISTICS IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT							
ARTIST	, TITLE	LABEL							
•Various Artists	Smack My Crack	Giorno Poetry Systems							
•Nomeansno	Sex Mad	Psyche-Industry							
•Bamff	Come Outside	MoDaMu							
•Wire	Snakedrill EP	Mute							
•Killdozer	Burl	Touch and Go							
•The Coolies	Dig	DB							
•Sly & Robbie	Rhythm Killers	Island							
•That Petrol Emotion	Babble	Polydor							
•The Replacements	Pleased To Meet Me	WEA							
•Hunters & Collectors	Living Daylight	IRS							
•Young Fresh Fellows	The Men Who Loved Music	Popllama							
•Lounge Lizards	No Pain for Cakes	Island							
•We've Got a Fuzzbox	Bostin' Steve Austin	WEA							
•Hoodoo Gurus	Blow Your Cool	Polygram							
•Ladysmith Black Mambazo	Shaka Zulu	WEA							
•Lydia Lunch	Hysterie	CD Presents							
•Polkacide	Polkacide	Subterranean							
•Controlled Bleeding	Core	Subterranean							
•Wall of Voodoo	Happy Planet	IRS							
•The Pastels	The Pastels EP	Polygram							
TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES									
ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL							
•The Jesus & Mary Chain	April Skies	WEA							
•Sons of Freedom Ali	ce Henderson/Blind Children	*DEMO*							
•Fats Comet	Rockchester	World							
•Terminal City	One Step Forward	*DEMO*							
•Tackhead	The Game	4th & Broadway							
•Poisoned	To Tell The Truth	*DEMO*							
•The Flowerpot Men	Alligator Bait	Compost							
•Psychic TV	Magick Defends Itself	Temple							

BLUES CITY SHAKEDOWN

Forbidden Beat

•Hunting Party

3:00-4:00 pm

From the early Delta blues to Chicago style blues to contemporary blues influenced rock, it's all here.

STUFF

4:30-6:00 pm

Poetry and music stuff. Hopefully most of it choice. Hosts: Kevin Smith and Julia Steele. **U5 July** Dial a Poem recorded at the

- Western Front.
- 12 July Paul Dutton recorded at the Western Front.
- **19 July** Steve McCaffery. **26 July** BP Nicholl.
- SUNDAY FOCUS

Noon-12:30 pm

6:30-7:00 pm Sunday Focus is a half-hour "mixed bag" News/Magazine show aired twice ... each Sunday at noon and 6:30 p.m. Join hosts Libbi Davis and Brad Newcombe as they explore current affairs issues through indepth interviews followed by jovial commentary and special teatures.

Christine *DEMO*

JUST LIKE WOMEN

Skiing on Mushrooms *DEMO*

7:00-9:00 pm

Tune in for invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

SPORTS PROGRAM NOTES

The Edge on Soccer – Sat. 11:30 am. British soccer results and exclusive reports on Vancouver's 86ers and the new Canadian Soccer League. Hosted by Steve Edge.

The Lion's Den – Wed. 5:15 pm Hosted by Neil Davis. Includes interviews and a trivia contest with prizes.

		"	FM 102					
,]	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	
1	BREAKFA	ST REPORT: NEWS,	SPORTS, WEATHER	GENERIC REVIEW, I	NSIGHT			
) -) -	RANDOM DESIGNS	Brent Argo	ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY	EXCITED FIRST DJ-ESS	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	MUSIC OF OUR TIME	
	FINE LINES	ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS	TNT COMEDY SHOW	FINE LINES	TRIBES AND			
	THIS COULD BE YOU	PEST CONTROL	WE BE BOTANISTS	Pierre Huish	SHADOWS Joanna Graystone		SUNDAY FOCL	
0 +	LUNCH REPORT: CITR NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER						TUE	
0 -	DOG'S BREAKFAST	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	NERVOUS NORBERT	Stacey Fruin	THE ED.D.J. SHOW	POWER CHORD	THE ROCKERS SHOW	
0 -	WAYNE COX'S BRAIN	GET SERIOUS!	LOUIS	PARTY WITH ME, PIERRE & JACQUES!	Peter Courtemanche	CLOCK THE BEAT	BLUES CITY SHAKE DOWN	
0+	DINNER REPO	RT: NEWS, SPORTS,	WEATHER GENERIC	REVIEW, INSIGHT, E	DAILY FEATURE		STUFF	
			vnedazna abe		CRAPSHOOT	A Deservice Local and		
1	PERMANENT	RECTAL RECTITUDE	THE UNDER- WORLD	THE VINYL FRONTIER	NEOFILE	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG	
0 -	CULTURE SHOCK					THE MEAN TIME	SUNDAY FOCL	
0 -	MORE DINOSAURS	SOUL	THE AFRICAN	TOP OF THE BOPS			LIKE WOMEN	
0 -	THE JAZZ SHOW		SHOW Stan Jargon	TEENAGE TORPOR	THE BIG SHOW	Paul Clarke	FAST FORWARD	
		BUNKUM OBSCURA		MEL BREWER PRESENTS				
0 -	JUST THERE	PLAYLOUD	ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?	EXHIBITIONISM	THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW	TUNES R' US	LIFE AFTER BED	
0 1							FLOYD'S CORNER	
0 -			Sarto.		100	the star	CPA .	
0 1								
1	8:00 BREAKFA	OAY REPORTS ST REPORT G NEWSBRIEF REPORT	6:00 S				SUNDAY REPORTS VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR BRUNCH REPORT/SUNDAY FOCUS SUNDAY MAGAZINE SUNDAY FOCUS/BLUE SOCKS	

HYTHM MISSION WILL BE AT THE Luv-A-Fair July 29 (Welfare Wednesday) to show off a new lineup -including former Animal Slaves drummer Roscoe Hales - and debut a set of new songs. The Zealots, on the other hand, just played their last gig, on the 23rd, at the Savoy. Peter Mitchell's new band, Peter Zoy Unit, will debut Canada Day at Graceland featuring a surprise real live drummer and backup singers as well as a computer to create what Peter calls a "raw but sophisticated sound". For those who are going to miss the Zealots, their Live at the Railway Club cassette (just received at CITR this month) ought to be in the stores again soon, after selling out the first 500 some time ago.

Also in the stores is a cassette, Together at Last, by Eric and Elmer, formerly of the Dayglo Abortions, Red Tide, and so on. The last time I saw the Dayglos, they were tearing up the Alpha Delt house with Slow, a gig so loud that someone pulled the fire alarm and no-one noticed until a break between songs. This tape, besides being generally quieter, is a strange mix of stuff ranging from the plain silly (suffering from the usual low-budget production) to pretty good metal-funkhardcore-Black Sabbath-y type stuff (also suffering the effects of low-budget production). Write the boys (and send a measly two bucks if you want a tape) c/o Mine's Bigger Records, 2405 Eastdowne Road, Victoria, B.C. V8R 5P7.

The second annual La Quena Fiesta will take place Sunday, July 26, in Grandview Park, 1200-block Commercial Drive. The Fiesta will start at 12 noon, and continue until 7:30, seven hours of music, culture, and politics. Music from four continents, reggae, jazz, folk, women's music, poetry, dancers, and a lot more.

Headlining the Fiesta will be British folk singer Roy Bailey, the Mexican group Mez Mes, and the local crowd-pleasers Roots Round Up. Two bands from Chile, Santiago and Aymuray, take us to South America with their rhythms and melodies. The rest of the line-up is just as impressive: Aya, Mecca Normal, Colleen Savage, Vancouver Industrial Writer's Union, Indian Hoop Dancers, Wyckam & Monty, Industrial Waste Banned, The Tools, and special guests. Speakers from Central America, Africa, and from right here in Vancouver will address solidarity, equality, peace, and justice.

Local Motion V

Two new songs on CITR, off a demo from a fellow named Bob Roberts, are quite a departure from the station's usual non-format. They belong, for lack of a better category, to a kind of big-band genre. In Your Teeny Weeny Bikini and Hard Loving Man, both sung by Lindsey Fox, are up-sounding tunes, in spite of, in the case of the latter, pretty sad blues lyrics. Legend has it that Roberts wrote the songs, caught some studio musicians in their spare time, and talked them into performing his numbers at a bargain rate, so he'd have a chance to share his work with the rest of the world. Our station manager's crazy about these songs, by the way, and they are lots of fun.

From the Northampton Musicians' Collective comes the Renegade Raspberry Retaliation 10-song cassette, My Name'll Be There and the song Payment is Due. Now this little ditty is somehow about Mark Chapman, and is made up of weird noises and times, ending with a voice that sounds like it knows what it's talking about saving over and over, "Mark, you gotta finish the job." Sounds to me like a journey into the guy's dangerous brain, but, as the band says, "We won't explain it. With this one it's up to you," and I'm perfectly willing to pass the buck. Whatever it means, a cool tape, probably available from the Collective at Junction 7, 3-7 Hazelwood Road, Northampton, England NN1 1LG.

Four, made up of three fellows from Wallaceberg, Ontario, and one from Czechoslovakia, all located now in Toroto.*This Could Be the Place* features some ominous chords and vocals less lame than on the rest of the tape – unfortunately the band tends to let itself follow in the footsteps of artists like U2, the Cure, and Bauhaus where it could probably find its own way quite well, with a little more time to develop a sense of direction.

I don't know how to describe the Oklahoma Sexuals, a band from Seattle. A bit like the Cryptkicker 5, I guess, if you've heard them, but stranger. Made up of one sax player and two guys on "drums and percussion" (percussion, I suspect, being a very broad term here), all of whom sing. Their sound is wild, cool, eclectic and all over the place. Sometimes the vocals are a little weaker than the other layers of sound, but the overall effect is impressive. Little Things is a cover written by Scott Walker, but fits in well with the bands's original -these guys really have their own sound. Send a SASE and \$3 US to them if you want a tape, at Greenwood Station, PO Box 30531, Seattle, Washington 98103.

Also from the Emerald City, but very different, is **Chemistry Set**. They're one of "those guitar bands" some people like to bitch about, and yes, they're inspired by *that* decade, the '60s. Is it that '60s feel (à la Small Faces), the cool backwards intro stuff, the simple melody, effects, lyrics, or that guitar riff that appeals to me so much? I don't know, but *Fields* is my pick for the month.

So, a message to your bands out there –please send as much info as you can with your demos (cassette, okay? and we can't return them) and make sure you include a phone number or contact address if you're* from out of town. And I'd be happy to print any address where readers can send away for tapes that aren't available locally. Thanks. Janis McKenzie

WELL.

From another far-off land is Bright As





Suite 3 - 837 Beatty St. Vancouver, B.C. V6B-2M6 683-2357-8