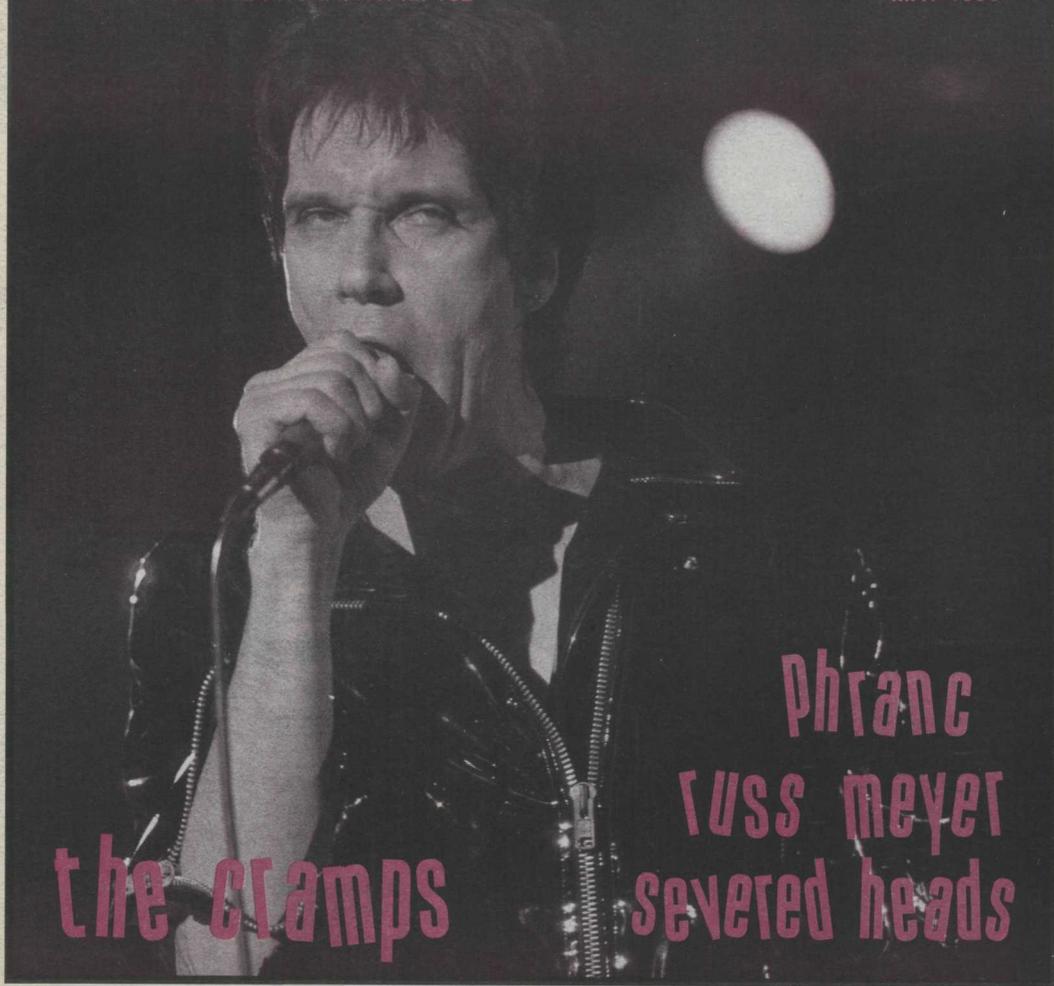


DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM 102

MAY 1990



the cramps

phranc
russ meyer
severed heads

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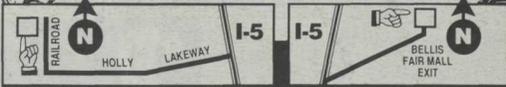
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JUST THE "FACTS"

Dear Airhead,
In your article "Avant Garde Artist", Rick Gibson wrongly criticized Lifeforce for not protesting against the Langley poundkeepers shooting of dogs in the head (March 1990).

If Gibson had checked the facts he would have discovered that Lifeforce convinced the Langley Township Council to stop shooting pound dogs in January 1990. If he was so concerned why didn't he protest it? The media had blown out of proportion Gibson's publicity stunt of crushing animals for "art". He had no profound statement about art. He had no insight into life's problem. His press release in December 1989 made it clear that his only goal was to kill "small animals" as a new "art medium".

I enclose the facts about this bizarre incident. I hope you will give the public both sides of the issue.

In respect for all life,
Peter Hamilton
Director of Lifeforce

Thanks for the "facts." The point, however, would seem to be that there was such an uproar over one rat, which was destined to die in the stomach of some reptilian pet, yet unwanted dogs are still being killed, now by injection instead of being shot (possibly more humane, but dead is dead), and other Sniffers continue to end their lives as pet food.

IT'S A DIRTY JOB...

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

Anyways, here it is: THE REAL LOCAL MOTION:
Here it is folks, the "let's bring Vancouver up to date article" from the lame-ass Disorder. This month, we'll take a look at the vinyl happenings in Vancouver in the last while.

Over a year ago, a big vinyl deal went down with three local Vancouver bands that most hep cats are already aware of. The most talked about deal definitely got to be THE SCRAMBLERS and their infamous Pentas agreement. Contrary to popular rumor the band has not been thrown off the label for being rude, drunk, and just downright obnoxious. No, the deal was definitely like that sorta stuff and therefore THE SCRAMBLERS album has not been shafted! The record is just a mere six months late and counting... Second in the deal was BRUNO GERUSSIS'S MEDACTIONS. No, they signed to WEA Records and have since put out a garage-pop type LP entitled "In Search Of The Fourth Chord" and is a great offering of fun tunes. But we wouldn't know that right? God knows DISORDER didn't review the album!

The last band was

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

On the brighter side of things in the Teamworks part of town, Bob's Your Uncle has been officially signed to a major record label from L.A. so we should be seeing and hearing a great follow-up LP to their first vinyl offering "From Zulu back in '87". Also in anticipation is a full-length album from Vancouver's Kings of rockability, the Nervous Fellas. The Nervous Fellas were signed a while back to Nervous Records in England, but at the time there wasn't much more of a wait.

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

New Vancouver releases have also come from "hardcore young, playful punks Curious George, on an independent label, and also from CTR's own "garage king" Markwas the Human Serviette, on his very own indie label. Curious George's LP, "Children Of A Common Mother" is an absolutely excellent offering of really fun punk music in the tradition of the Sex Pistols and the Stooges. I often find myself slamming with my cat when rocking to this LP. Nardwar's record is another rocker but in a different sense. This record, entitled "Oh God, My Mom's On Channel Ten!" is a garage-rock compilation album featuring fourteen garage bands from all over North America. From Vancouver, local garage legends, THE ENIGMAS appear, as well as two up and coming garage bands THE SMUGGLERS and Nardwar's own band THE EVAPORATEES. What makes this comp. really special along with the variety of great garage tunes is nutty inter-segmented between songs of Nardwar "versus" such notables as Jello Biafra and ex-U.S. president Gerald Ford. Also included in the package is a hilarious booklet featuring pictures and bios on all bands included.

On the smaller side of things, Dirt has been in the studio lately recording a soon-to-be-released EP. Also in midit of album making is the aforementioned garage-rock outfit THE SMUGGLERS. Other bands like the HARD BROCK MINERS and SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS are holding back from the indie thing, in search of a minor-major deal (with no pun intended).

I kinda wish these bands would put out an indie record so we can have something to listen to while we wait! Yes, one could



argue that these two bands, as well as many other bands, put out tapes. But let's face it, TAPES SUCK. You know it, I know it.

Take ROOTS ROUNDUP for instance. They just put out a brand new tape! What a waste! Tapes are nothing. They can hardly be counted anywhere past the demo file. But back on track... also searching for a deal is the small but mighty Chris Houston. Whether he plans to do another solo album or an LP with his brand new band EVIL TWANG (featuring Art Bergmann who's second solo album just came out, as most of you should be aware) is unknown but either would surely be entertaining, thought provoking and disgusting. And that as far as I'm aware, is the vinyl happenings in Vancouver in the present and near-past. Next month DISORDER will try to bring you more REAL LOCAL MOTION but will probably fail. Oh, and one more thing. Just in case you're deaf and blind, NOMEANSNO put out their year best album so far earlier this year entitled "WRONG", which has been selling like wildfire throughout North America and Europe.

See ya...
Susan Ferran
*** most of the released albums listed are available at local indie record stores such as ZULU, SCRATCH, or TRACK.
So are we "braindead-lazy" and "lame-ass," eh? And you write one letter that tells all about the local scene. BIG FUCKING DEAL. Once is never enough, so put up or shut up. If'n you got what it takes, do something on a regular basis rather than an oh-so-easy one off postshot.

But about your specific points... Why is the Scramblers record soooo late then? Could it be that Pentas lost its distribution deal with Elektra in the U.S., and the whole future of the record label and its acts is up in the air. The unpaid individuals who contribute to Disorder determine the contents of the maga-

zine. No one wanted to review the BGM record so it wasn't reviewed. That's how it works (or doesn't).
Bob's Your Uncle's EP was on Criminal Records, not Zulu. We've reviewed Curious George live, reviewed their LP, and did a feature on them. We've given our own Nardwar (He writes for us don't ya know. Check out his Cramps interview in this issue.) coverage in the past. With Nardwar being one of our own there is the little problem of conflict of interest, however. And how can any of us be objective

JUVENILE MASQUERADE

Yo, Airhead,
Those come by Viola's defense have missed the point. Most everyone will agree that reviewers shouldn't lie about their opinions and that reviewers with an attitude are more interesting to read.

However, Viola's reviews consistently gloss over such important elements as Music and Performance and dwell over the deeper questions of cloth, hair length, who knows who, and does anyone cool-enough-to-count-as-human-by-Viola's-standards like the band, etc. It's fine that Ms Funk's "pieces" set print, but as reviews, they are juvenile.

Fred Maycatt
P.S. I don't like Hell's Kitchen, either, but at least it doesn't masquerade as something it isn't.

PRIVILEGE AND MOTIVATION

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

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

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

Thank you,
Nikol Mikus
Nikol Mikus, Alberta.



continued...



Lee Eastman photo by Leonard Whiteaker

THE CRAMPS

ARE THE BEST FUCKING BAND IN THE WORLD

WITH YOUR HOST NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE

By phone from Marseilles France:

Who are the Cramps?
 Nick Knox, Poison Ivy, Candy Del Mar,
 and Lux Interior.
 What is the bands' average age?
 The line goes dead.

By phone from L.A.:

Hey Ivy, remember I was trying to talk to ya before?

Ya, I called you from Marseilles and I was just getting a bunch of noise. I couldn't hear your voice, only a very loud screaming squeak!

Now that you are back from your European tour where are you now?
 In Los Angeles.

Have the Cramps ever been to Vancouver before?

Oh yeah, lots of times.

When was your first time here?

Oh boy, let me think, it was probably '81 or '82. Ya, the first time in Vancouver we played the Commodore Ballroom. One of the things I remember is the guy brought me a... the guitar I'd been playing was a Lewis which was a Canadian make and I'd never seen another one. I found an ad for another one when I was in Vancouver and this guy carried the guitar down to the gig to show it to me, and I bought it.

So you have a piece of a Vancouver instrument then?
 I do. My Lewis; it's a great guitar. It's what I played "Surfin' Dead" on.

You've covered a few old ancient rockabilly tunes and stuff like that. Do any old fat rockabilly guys come up to you and get mad that perhaps you're "borrowing" their tunes?

No, I've never had anybody be mad. I don't think what we do should provoke them to be mad, 'cause we are honoring them. We've met some rockabilly guys from what we do. We've met Sleepy La Beef. We've met Ursel Hickey and there's a lot more I'd like to meet.

But they've never been upset that you took their song or played it in concert or anything like that. Like Hazil Adkins?
 No, they should be honored that we covered their songs and credit them. I can't imagine why somebody would be mad about something like that. They would have to be out of their minds. The only thing I heard about someone being mad was Rufus Thomas because "Can Your Pussy Do The Dog?" is inspired by his song "Can your Monkey do the Dog?" and I think he didn't like the obscene way that we rolled "the Dog."

How did ya find the song "The Crusher" by '60s burn-outs the Novas?
 We got it off a compilation album that we had found in England, while we were at Miss Cogland's (I.R.S. founder and Stewart's brother) house. We were staying there 'cause we were going to be playing at the Lyceum in London.

We bought the record in the afternoon, went home and played it on his record player, and decided to play it that night at the Lyceum. Everybody figured out it was pretty close to "Drug Train" so that we already kind of knew it, and that's the first time we did it, the same day we bought the record.

Are there many Cramps bootleg around? Seems like about a hundred.

Does the sight of one cause anger to run rampant through your body?

Well, to some degree because they exploit our fans. They're usually horrible quality, they cost \$30 and up, and they're packaged in a deliberately misleading way. A lot of our fans want to own every song we ever covered, so what the bootleggers will do is re-title them. They'll give a new title to a previous song of ours. They'll call "Psychotic Reaction," "A Walk Down Broadway" or they'll call "Bacon Fat," "Big and Fat" and these are all deliberate attempts to suck money off our fans.

Have you had any interesting opening acts lately?

Yeah, the show we just did at the Town

and Country in London was great. There was a band called Ug and the Caveman who dress up like cavemen, barefoot with leopard skin print things, and do all, like, cavemen songs. They do "Go Gorilla," "Be a Caveman," all these covers, caveman things.

This incredible Elvis impersonator, that was a Vegas guy who's living in England. I guess it's a tax problem or something. That was a good opening act.

How did the Cramps all meet? Were you, like, in a record store and were you, like, both looking at a rare Hazil Adkins single, and both trying to grab it at the same time?

No. Actually, when we met Candy Del Mar, we were trying to grab a parking spot at the same time. We were in a parking lot at a liquor store, and they didn't have enough parking spots for the store, and we were both kind of challenging each other for the parking spot. And then she recognized me and Lux and that's how we met.

Nick, we've known forever, it seems. We were introduced to him from a friend of ours from Cleveland who knew Nick and knew we needed a drummer.

Wasn't Nick in a band called the Electric Eels?

Yeah, he was in the Electric Eels, and this guy Bradley, who's dead now, introduced us to him.

Didn't Nick's brother also once play in the Cramps?
 His cousin Ike did.

That was after Brian Gregory left? Oh, way after. That was after Kid for awhile, and then we had another guy playing, Click Mort, and then Ike played with us again for a tour. He was just helping us out kind of as a favour 'cause we didn't have anyone to tour with.

What other guitarists have the Cramps churned out since Kid Congo?

Ike Knox, Click Mort... We've had various people hired, like Fur, who played with us for two months. Actually, before Kid was

a girl called Julian Grindsnatch and she's in the "Urgh" movie with us.

Were you and Lux from Cleveland originally? No, Lux is from Akron and Nick is from Cleveland.

And what about yourself, Poison Ivy? Umh, I'm from... many places, mainly... I was in Sacramento when I met Lux hitchhiking.

Then did you just decide to form a band right off the bat? No, we didn't do that for a while. We were just pretty much interested in each other.

Did the New York Dolls, in any way, inspire Lux and yourself to get a band together? Are they a big influence on the Cramps?

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

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

Who did the Cramps play their first gig with?

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

You guys were featured in that video "Live at Knappa State Mental Hospital." Was that a real show? Ya, it was.

How did that get arranged? I dunno, I think at that time it was Howie Klein or somebody in San Francisco that set that up. We just showed up and played. It was a real gig.

An incredible show it was, featuring a lot of Brian Gregory on guitar. Where is he nowadays? Is he still around L.A. or Hollywood? No, not at all. We haven't kept in touch for about ten years. We're not friends.

Was he a bad boy to the Cramps? We're not friends.

A few years ago you recorded "Songs the Lord Taught Us" at Sam C. Phillips' Studio. Is he still alive? He certainly is. He's alive and very kicking, very youthful, young. I think he's a vampire, 'cause he looks younger now than he did in the '50s.

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

This time, you, Poison Ivy, produced the Cramps? I really have on all, to some degree, you

know. But it was just kind of meaningless to keep saying the Cramps, 'cause I was producing them.

Have any other artists requested your production? We've produced friends of ours from back East, the Mad Daddys, a drug up from New Jersey, and another New Jersey group called the Sickids.

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

What about Enigma Records, are they treating the Cramps a bunch of times? Hopefully they are paying for this phone call, right? We have an unusual deal, even a lot of major artists don't have the kind of deal we do. They've given us complete artistic freedom, and not only at our request, but they really want us to have it. I think they really feel we've proven something by now, so it's a nice position to be in. I mean they really are getting behind us, us doing what we do. They're not trying to change us. They seem to be taking us quite seriously, and appreciate it.

Hallucinogens? Have they ever played a part in the Cramps act? I suppose that's just one of our many influences. I mean, we've all done them, so you can't turn back on that. There's no going backwards there. So that's definitely an influence.

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

C'mon you know the answer. No, I don't.

It's one of your records. Well, no... Strychnine! Only in moments of supreme faith. Actually, we just came from Spain and we were really hoping, but we didn't have time, to find some absinthe there, 'cause it's something that's very hard to get except in Spain and parts of Europe. I've never tried it, so I was kind of intrigued by that.

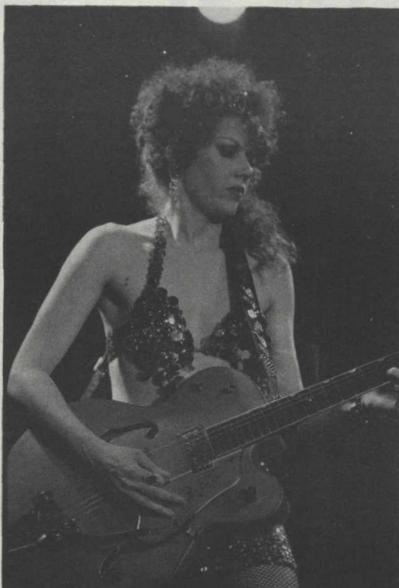
Who is Kurt Perkhiser? I don't know.

Who is Chris Wallace? I dunno. I don't want to answer those questions, they're rude.

Reading is fun and healthy. Do you have any fantasies that you, like, browse through?

I liked the one... I think it's done now, "Sleazoid Express" was a good one. I also like the little magazine that Hollywood Book and Poster puts out. What about "Kicks Magazine"? That one is a little too anthropological, kind of like from the Margaret Mead point of view of "Look what I dug up." They're not like the people they write about.

Don't you have some association in the shady past, dear Ivy, with Miriam from "Kicks Magazine"?



Poison Ivy photo by Leonard Whistler

She was a drummer, briefly, in the Cramps, a long time ago. At that particular time she disliked rockabilly. She didn't like the music that we make, or she was putting it down all the time. All she liked was the Dictators and various new bands. Now she writes about rockabilly and says she loves it, so beats me.

One evening in Hollywood do you go out and groove to the scene, and check out new bands at all? Not very much. We mainly kind of have our own little world here at home. We go out once in a while, but basically keep to ourselves.

What about Hollywood's favourite children, Redd Kross; are they sort of the bastard heavy metal sons of the Cramps? They're good. I dunno if they are any of those things, but they're a fun band and I dig watching them.

And Mick Jagger and Ray Davies, have you ever met those two L.A. laves? No, I haven't.

Do you ever express a desire to? No, not particularly. I certainly admire Ray Davies a lot, but I almost don't feel a need to meet people I really admire.

Maybe I'm shy.

Are there any movie or TV appearances coming up for the Cramps in the future. Yeah, actually today! We're doing a TV thing today for a show called "After Hours." And we do a lot of television in Europe.

Who do you think is the Cramps' biggest critic?

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

What is the most mis-matched gig the Cramps have ever played. Like you guys playing with Depeche Mode or New Order? Umh, probably a show we did in Dallas Texas once, at some small club. We were sandwiched in between two bands that both were, like, huge guys with beards. We were the middle bill, and the opening act and the headline act did Jimi Hendrix songs and Doobie Brothers songs. And we were in the middle of that in Texas, and we were not welcome there... that was kind of frightening.

I was wondering Ivy, do you think that John F. Kennedy possibly was murdered by Richard Nixon and CIA? Boy, I don't know anything about that. I'm afraid that's not one of my big departments.

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

What about Canadian politics? I know even less.

Do you know who the Prime Minister of Canada is? No, I don't.

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

Backstage at the heavily securitized Commodore Ballroom April 12th:

After a mind-boggling Cramps show in which the band played every single tune off "Stay Sick", complemented by old standards like "Primitive," "Mystery Plane," "Tear It Up," "Psychotic Reaction" and "You've Got Good Taste," I managed to lasso Lux into answering a few Crampsian questions. Yes, Lux Interior, the lead singer who earlier in the evening had sweated up a storm, punked out, fondled his leather "uniform" and even rolled around in mock sexual positions with a very willing, plasticized Vancouver human Barbie-doll.

Lux, when did ya first start to sing and yell, and become a crazy rock 'n' roller?

Well, when I was very young my brother used to play "You're Gonna Hear" on the piano and I remember that was the first song I sang. "St. Louis Blues," was another song I sang, just at home with my brother playing piano, and then I sang "Hey Jiji!" with a band called the Perpetual Dawnport... and that's all I remember before the Cramps.

Do you think you need a bit of training to do vocals? No, you need training if you're gonna be a crooner.

So you did have training? No, I didn't have any training.

How about Ivy, did she get much rock 'n' rolling guitar lessons before she started?

No, she's really smart. She just learned it by listening to records.

What was your first studio attempt? I was looking at a song on the record "Rockabye Psychosis and the Garage Discos." No, she's really smart. She just learned it by listening to records. No, that was the second time we were in the studio, and that was when we recorded "Gravest Hits." But the song you're referring to, "Red Headed Women," was a much better recording when we recorded it. Later on Jim Dickinson added synthesizer to it and all kinds of little funny noises. I don't like that version very much. The original version is just the four of us and him playing piano, and him singing, and that's good. But I don't like that synthesizer shit!

Why did you move to L.A. The Great Hollywood?

'Cause I love L.A. It's a real great city. Outside of Spain, I wouldn't think of any place else I'd like to live these days. Except I do like Vancouver. Vancouver's awful nice, except I don't know much more about it, except what ya see when you're here for a couple of days.

Yvonne De Carlo is from Vancouver. I know that.

And Erol Flynn died in the British Properties of a cocaine overdose with his fifteen year old lover. I have a great movie of him and his fifteen year old lover called "Cuban Rebel Girls." It's pretty boring but that girl is a real knockout.

Did Brian Gregory... I don't answer any questions about him.

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

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

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

Because I want the scoop. I want the Cramps scoop. Like, everyone around town is doing Cramps articles, can you give me the Cramps scoop. Like a one liner, give me please, Lux! Don't make us work for it. There's no Cramps scoop.

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An interview with Phranc
by Andrea Lupini and Peter Lasrychke

hearing Phranc live, either in concert or in conversation, is a different experience to listening to her records. She is a story-telling folk singer, and as such, she works best in intimate live situations. Whilst her billing as a "Lesbian Jewish feminist with a severe flatcap and combat boots" leads to expectations of an angry, confrontational performance, in reality she is open, honest and yes, frank, but into communication rather than confrontation. We talked to Phranc when she was last in Vancouver in January, before her show at the Town Pump.

Are your audiences getting bigger? Yeah. Well, after two years of opening for other people and trying to win them over into my audience most of the time, I have a pretty good mix, which is my favorite - just to have a very eclectic mishmash of all kinds of people.

You opened for The Smiths, that audience would be quite different from your usual audience.

Well, now people are coming to shows where I'm headlining and saying, "I saw you at The Smiths." I think it's really important to play for all different audiences - making myself available and accessible to go out on tour and support other acts. It's often really a challenge for me to win over someone's audience, but it only benefits me to try and build my audience and expand my audience to include everyone.

Do you still get nervous before you perform?

I always get nervous but I've come a long way. Years ago I used to get nervous when I woke up on the morning of a show. I'd look at my clock and go, "Ten hours 'til soundcheck!" It was just hell! But the minute I'm on stage I'm okay. It all goes away, I'm comfortable.

Who do you listen to?

I listen to Van Morrison, They Might Be Giants. I'm a big fan of k.d.'s. When I'm in my car I listen to top forty country radio. I like it because there's a lot of humor.

Do you listen to any children's artists?

I like Raffi a lot. I'd like to do a kid's record one day, or do a little tour of kids' bookstores or something.

When you write a song like "Blood-death," where do you start from?

Emotion. That song comes from feeling helpless and angry. Because when I think it or not, it doesn't really matter that I'm a woman, that I'm lesbian, that I'm treated as a minority. I live in a country that does nothing to help the black people in South Africa, and I'm white, so I'm the oppressor. I'm part of the problem, what can I do to be part of the solution?

Do you see yourself as someone with a political agenda, who just happens to start singing?

No, I'm a folk singer. I write songs that tell stories. That's the music I grew up listening to, the records that my folks had when I was a kid. The music was always very simple, and really a vehicle for the lyrics and my music is really very simple. I'm not a fancy guitarist, it's really a vehicle for the lyrics. I feel very comfortable with the folk format and the ballad. I think it's an excellent way to communicate and to tell stories.

What do you think of the current popularity of folk music? You took a swipe at the image in your song "Folk Singer." What do you think of Tracy Chapman? I think she does a good job. I think she's a positive example for young women. I think there's a lot of

music out there that's very good and very sincere and there are always those people that I've gonna jump on the bus/wagon. After doing what I've been doing for so long, wanting a folk thing to happen for so long, just when I had given up all hope, all of a sudden it's the fact. I take a poke at myself in that song too, because my first album was called "Folk Singer." That came out in '85, before the term had struck, and it was very difficult to be sitting there not being able to get a record out, so not taking me seriously, and all of a sudden Wow! it's the folk music revival! Everybody wants to be a folk singer.

How important is it to you to advertise yourself as a "Lesbian Folk Singer"?

I don't feel that I advertise myself. I feel that I let people know that I identify. My music isn't exclusively for lesbians, most of it has nothing to do with my sexuality. My sexuality is not a bigger part of me than

that song seriously? I mean, you'd have to be pretty un-conscious to swallow that one whole. There's a lot of humor in my voice. Even though I'm singing the original lyrics, you can tell I'm cracking up when I'm singing. I do it as a consciousness-raising number. They play "I Enjoy Being a Girl" on Muzak a lot, too. It's a very popular show tune of the '50s. Doris Day did it and Pat Suzuki.

How did the album cover come about?

I really wanted to do a spoof on all these teen deli covers. Those gorgeous covers of the late '50s and '60s, which were so beautiful and I just thought it would be a lot of fun since the first record was so stark, so black and white.

In your song "Take Off Your Swastika" you criticize people who wear swastika as fashion accessories. The Cult recently got into trouble in the UK because

racism and homophobia aren't things that disappear. The song is still very contemporary, and it's sad.

You're Jewish, and you're making commentary a lot on sexual politics. What's your standpoint on Middle East politics?

I don't think either party is right. I think Israel is wrong a lot of the time. I've been working on a song about this. I grew up in a nice, white, middle class Jewish family, where they sell Israel bonds at temple on the high holidays, Israel is the promised land, the land of milk and honey - Israel can do no wrong. Israel was perfected in my mind. It's the way I grew up and I swallowed it whole.

It wasn't until not very long ago I had a political discussion with a friend, and they said, "How can you be so blind?" I said "What do you mean? I'm a Jew, Israel is it." Then I had my eyes opened up to the situation - fighting and killing each other over a piece of land.

And when I was at the Vancouver Folk Festival I met a woman there, a yiddish folk singer, an Auschwitz survivor, and she lived in Israel for fifteen years and she moved back to East Germany because she couldn't live in a country where the Israelis did to the Palestinians what the Germans did to the Jews. That just hit me. That was really, really powerful.

What does being Jewish mean to you?

It's a sense of family, and tradition, that I love. I don't focus on how misogynistic the Jewish religion can be, or all the places where women are excluded in Judaism.

Often lesbian women talk of alienation from the family because of the choices they made. You talk of love and support. It can't have been easy for your family to accept the choices that you made.

It's been a long time. I've been out for fifteen years as a lesbian. I came out when I was seventeen, moved out of the house because I couldn't be a lesbian in their home. I spent a lot of time and a lot of energy communicating with my family, and through a lot of work on both our parts I'm very close to my family today. But it did not come easily and it didn't happen overnight.

I've redeveloped my relationship with my grandfather in the past two years. My grandmother would always take me aside and I could always identify with her when no one else would have anything to do with me. She was always there.

Since my grandmother died it's been very difficult (for my grandfather), and I found myself just being there all the time, being very involved with the funeral, being close with my family and being with my grandfather. My grandfather had been sick for a long time, and last I saw my grandfather took me aside and put his arms around me, gave me a kiss and he said "Sorry." My grandfather is not a man who apologizes and will never admit that he's wrong. He said that he loved me. I still get choked up thinking about it. We've become very close and he's proud of me now.

You're optimism is impressive. Is it because you have a reference point to time when things were worse? I'm not happy (about the state of the world), and I'm angry, and I feel frustrated, and I feel small, and the world can't change fast enough for me. But I've learned, I think, to challenge it. I'm just as angry but it doesn't always work when I'm communicating to that anger. It's easier and more effective to channel my anger in maybe different ways, add more humor, deal with issues in a way that doesn't hit people over the head, in a way that lets them open up, think about an issue without showing the issue in their face. It's hard not to [show the issue in their face] sometimes.

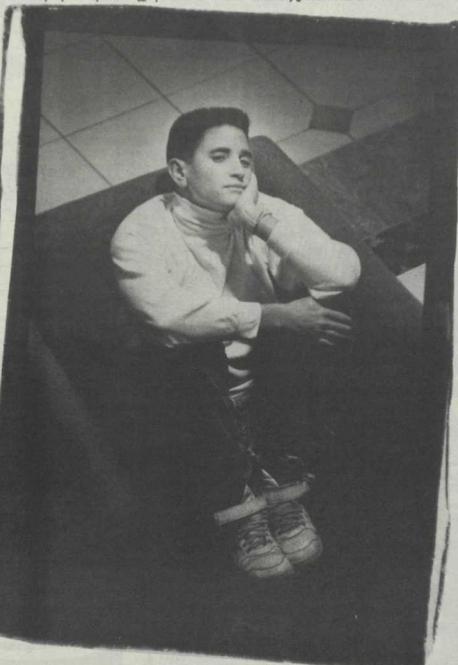


Photo by John Staal

my hair or my shoes. You can see my hair or my shoes.

When I was growing up, there were very few lesbians that were out, and I thought I was the only one. So I've made a commitment to just be out. I feel good about who I am. I have received a lot of support from the women's community and I've made it my job to go out in that big world and just be who I am, come out as a lesbian.

I think young people should have a chance to grow up and be whoever they are, whether they're heterosexual or gay or lesbian, and know that they can have happy and productive lives. It's frustrating to me that most of the time the media chooses to focus on my sexuality more than my music. And that's the price I'm paying.

You sing "I Enjoy Being a Girl" almost completely straight. The humor comes in because we know who's singing it. How would you feel if that song started getting airplay without the commentary - does it worry you? No, because I think in this day and age who can take

Billy Duffy wore a swastika T-shirt on national TV and Ian Ashbury has stated that he enjoys "Nazi chic." Does this depress you, given the huge popularity of The Cult amongst young audiences?

Saying that it's acceptable in a fashion sense is being completely ignorant of the historical symbolism of the swastika. They're not stupid people, they're very smart people, and it's very irresponsible. That's what's difficult to swallow - if you're a performer in public, with a lot of younger audiences, you know people look up to you and there's a lot of Cult fans who are gonna get [swastika] T-shirts so that they can be cool.

When I was in punk bands in LA, which is when I wrote the song from direct personal experience, I had people all around me wearing swastikas 'cause it made the old people in the street mad, 'cause it pissed their parents off; they got a reaction - I think it gave them a sense of power. These weren't stupid people either. The song was written in rage. Being a Jew, being a lesbian, the swastika to me is a symbol of absolute oppression and death. When I perform this song I talk about how fascism and anti-semitism and

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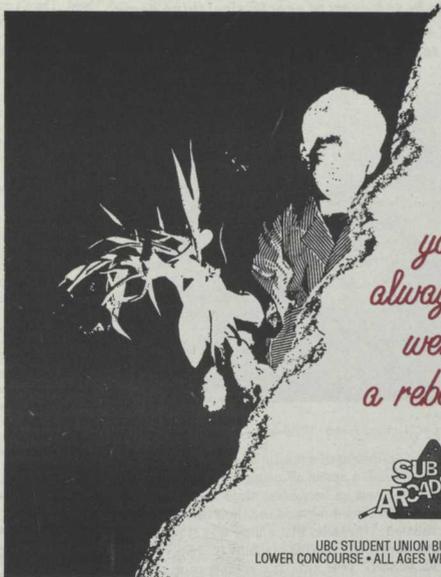
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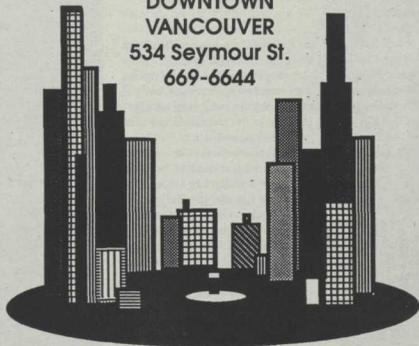


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"It seems to be some sort of neoclassical thing again and music at the moment is now at the point where it's trying to justify itself."



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

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

The whole process of music is a sort of machine and I don't see that these machines are different except their usage is very poxy. People who use synthesizers don't often try and get to know each machine very well. They just acquire more of them, which is crazy! Completely crazy! That's why you get so much nothing music around."

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

12 DISORDER

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

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

Discorder: It's clear with your newer material, particularly "Rotund For Success," that you've completely abandoned the synops, noise collages, and other experimentation that make up your first three albums ("Since the Accident," "Dead Eyes Opened," "Blubberknife" and appear occasionally on "Come Visit the Big Bigot" and "Bad Mood Guy." Do you have any intentions of ever pursuing that style again?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E: What's going on at the moment is

SEVERED HEADS

THE HEADS

some folk music revival. That's what the majors are playing at anyway. The majors have found folk music as some sort of saving mechanism which means they don't have to support dance music. Dance music was the thing that was going to keep them going, but it's tricky and cantankerous, whereas folk music you can get everyone into it from six years old to sixty years old.

I think dance music is going to become more and more of a ghetto. I don't have much confidence in it. Obviously some people could come along and correct me quite wisely in that respect. There's so much stuff which is just like turning on a drum machine and away you go. There's quite a legitimate concern: "Why am I buying this stuff... fuck it all off!"

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

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

E: Yes, but crossing over into Billboard doesn't really signify all that much. It means more within the industry than it does to the average listener. As far as the average listener is concerned, we don't exist. For our fans, I suppose they just see that we've softened and with the softness has come more attention. We have softened in a way, but that's only part of it. That's the ice cream on top of the rock.

Music...you start off with constraints and the constraints become less and less and then it becomes options and then it gets to a point where it's almost mandatory to be as grotesque and overbearing as possible. You've seen it in painting, where you've gone from very studied portraiture over to all sorts of bullshit, basically. People just started throwing paint at a canvas and saying, "There you go." Then they've tried to justify that by saying the act of throwing the paint has a legitimacy. Then people started calling the bluff and it is just garbage. It seems to be some sort of neoclassical thing again and music at the moment is now at the point where it's trying to justify itself.

D: It's "At the Movies" time. I'm going to bark out a band name and

have you reply with some opinions on them, alright?
First off, Depeche Mode.

E: They write great singles and their albums are terrible. The albums are really stodgy but the singles are quite nice. They write nice pop songs. By all accounts they go on about world peace and love, but basically, they're just rock and roll attitude. "Save the trees, chicks after the show."

I think Daniel Miller, the producer, is the real star of that particu-

Nitzer Ebb. Nitzer Ebb don't seem to have much of a sense of humour to them.

D: Midnight Oil.

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

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

lar exploit. It's particularly more pleasant than most music, so thumbs up to Depeche Mode.

D: Einsturzende Neubauten.

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

D: Nitzer Ebb.

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

DAF were sort of kitschy and that was nice. They had that big sort of brutal guy - "Roar! Roar!" - and they get the little girlie singing and stuff. That was more funny than

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

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

But there's this band that did a Vietnam veteran's song and they got their half page in the entertainment section. It was all about a Royal Commission that was going on for the Vietnam veterans. And they're saying, "It's all lies. The vets are right. The government's lying. Blah blah." The commission hadn't finished. None of the findings had come out and yet here was some bunch of dildoes coming on saying, "We know. We're a band, we know." And they're getting media space. That sort of thing's just got to be stomped on like cockroaches.



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Same Old Thing Again?

March 22nd, 1990, a day that will go down as one of the worst days in the history of Canadian radio. For it was on that day that the final episode of Hootenanny Saturday Night aired on C1TR.

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

Of course there were gimmicks — the Backwards Song, the Listeners' Choice, the Deja Voodoo station I.D., Love Battery's "Between the Eyes," and that Mel Brewer "whaling songs" thing. But they were part of the tradition; it wouldn't have been Hootenanny without 'em.

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

Over the years, we got to know each member of the Hootenanny family quite well. We learned of Bill's one time romance with Scott's three-headed sister, and of Valerie's on again off again affair with Loverboy vocalist Mike



¿ WHAT ARE YOU DOING SATURDAY NIGHT ?

C1TR
101.9 FM

HOOTENANNY SATURDAY NIGHT
SATURDAYS 6:30-9:00 PM.

Renofsky. While the music played we could ponder a past, present or future liaison between Bill and Val. But don't forget Scott and his catchphrase, "Nah, I got nuthin' to say."

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

the time they all got White Spot burgers and forgot to eat them. Hey, we even got dating tips and a guide to bondage.

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

It was about this time that the Let's Ask Valerie Army (LAVA) appeared on the scene which signalled the beginning of the end. Bill and Scott's jealousy of a 5-10 minute segment during their 4 1/2 hour show (with a fan club 15 000 strong) became too great a strain. They started messing with drugs again, but this time, without the "don't try this at home, kids" warnings. They began bickering in front of stunned studio audiences. The familiar HSN slogans of "Working together to keep BC strong" and "Beating swords into plowshares"

were officially changed to "So What?," "Who Cares?," and "Get your own damn radio show, pal."

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

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

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

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

As Bogie almost once said, "Here's listening to you, kids." Now we can all lighten up our trenchcoats, pull down our fedoras, light those cigarettes and walk into the misty night with these words on our lips:

"We'll have a Hootenanny, Hootenanny Saturday night, And if you think we'll be rowdy, you're right!"

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

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



Hollywood, California 1990: After 3 days of driving up and down the Pacific coast highway, here I sit dizzily watching a tacky, live-stage version of the Conan story.

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

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

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

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

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

When the torture ends, I attempt to wash off the female hormones which I feel have drenched me. I then make my way towards the

telephone. I have other kinds of chests (and hormones) on my mind.

"Where are you going?" my now seemingly unimpressively endowed lady friend asks me. "Aren't you going into the gift shop with me?"

"No." I go to the phone and dial the number.

"Hello, R.M. here."

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

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

"Yes, that will be fine."

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

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

"We are talking about one of the few people that has pretty much total control over the films he makes. He was a photographer for Playboy, then he made "The Immoral Mr. Teas," "Faster, Pussycat, Kill! Kill!," "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens"... I can't begin to describe what he has

done!"

"Oh..."

We pull up to the front of his house.

"This is it," I mutter to myself as I pull my equipment from my car. I go up to the front door and ring the bell. After a suspenseful minute or so, he answers the door.

"Come on in. You'll have to excuse me, as I am in the middle of this basketball game."

"That's alright," I say as I study the interior of his humble abode. We sit down in his living room. My companion looks around at the multitude of press clippings, nudes of Russ' leading ladies, and foreign posters of his films. I had never in my life seen so much

film memorabilia (mammorabilia?) in one area, everything carefully framed to protect it from aging.

"Are we all set?" Russ asks. "Just about, I just have to get my levels set."

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

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

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

Well, I am still at a loss as to what happened, but fortunately Russ later consented to do the interview by phone.



Mammorabilia

Russ Meyer's Obsession With Big Tits

Interview by Grandee Englehart

You have a dislike for Canada Customs. I was wondering why? Why, your whole structure is archaic. In censorship, in stickers that have to be on videos, particularly Russ Meyer's. It's almost run like a police state. Police can knife in, and knock over a guy's store and impound his video cassettes, the whole shebang.

Well, it's not really quite like that. I'll put it this way: I cannot release my films in Canada.

Have you tried?

Yes, we've tried to release them, and feel that there'll be no problem. It's the poorest market, short of Korea, that I have experienced.

What was the problem with the Koreans.

They're thieves.

Well in the future, would you ever consider releasing your films in Canada if the problems were cleared up?

Sure, I'd release them in Canada. We've dealt with this, my distributor and I, for too damn long, with what was her name, Mary Brown, the woman who had two-foot long feet...

You're talking about the, uh... built like a nose handle. No, no, I don't take any heart from this. I encounter your people always at trade shows. They have the same story, "Oh if we could just get your films up there." I only had one guy who had the balls, and I can't remember his name. He bought forty cassettes, but he had to have them shipped to his brother-in-law in Kentucky, then brought them across the frontier in the boot of his car. So I have a total negative attitude towards your Customs, and your customs.

Well, from my own research just before I came to meet you, I sort of agree with what you're saying, in terms of the censorship, because I found a couple of the rules in their guidelines to be very ridiculous, concerning anal sex, or the suggestion of anal sex. And I used "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens," as an example. And the Canada Customs guy said, "No, I'm sorry, they talk about it."

And it's best to forget it. I'm not going to lose any sleep over it. The hell with it. Occasionally a brave soul will send his money and we'll send him a cassette, and it goes. We don't send it UPS or anything, we send it regular mail, certify that it's a video cassette, and they get them. And I had one guy in B.C. that didn't get his.

Really? Sent it twice. Each time the eagle-eyed guy who looks more austere than some Sandhurst second lieutenant intercepted it.

Going on to some of your films, a friend of mine was wondering why "Faster Pussycat" was out, and "Motor Psycho" wasn't. Because I didn't feel like bringing it

out. It takes time for me to master these films, video masters, and to have the time. And now I've done it, but it still isn't out. It's ready for German television. Someday it will be on video. When I'm ready, when I get rid of my book, BRM, the "Breast of Russ Meyer," and do a sufficiency of fishing, then it will come out. I just don't feel like doing it now. I have the master done, but I haven't the time to devote to distributing it. Have cassette boxes made and all that. I have more important things to do.

You've just sold some films to German television?

We don't sell them. We let them have license to show them in West

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

No, I don't. We had to punch out the nether regions of all the girls, pubic hair, with what we would call in the United States a motorman's punch. Like they used to have on buses and streetcars. In order to transfer your ticket, you'd have to have it punched, you have a little hole made in it. So, ridiculously, I punched out all the areas that showed pubic hair.

Really. It was like, watch the bouncing ball. When I saw "Supervixens" in the

theatre, fortunately, as far as I remember, "cause it was part of a midnight show series, I don't remember the motorman's punch. I seem to remember the public hair remaining intact.

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

so high - that would go to the Sloan-Kettering Institute - that he couldn't possibly afford me. I don't like Mr. Waters. I don't like his films, and I don't like what he does when he interviews you.

Okay. Now, who else do we hit?

When does your video come out? Of what?

Of "The Breast of Russ Meyer." When I'm ready.

How long do you expect it to run? I don't know, maybe a year, maybe two years, maybe five years, who knows. I've got many other things to do.

Do you know what the running time of it would be?



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

I guess because of things like this motorman's punch essentially destroying what you envisioned for the screen, I guess this is one of the reasons why we're not going to be seeing "The Breast of Russ Meyer."

Oh, you couldn't handle that, no way could you handle that, there's so much pubic hair. There's even a hardcore sequence with me and Kitten Natividad. Oh no, you haven't got a chance, a ghost of a chance. It's just concentrated tits and sex, unrelenting, non-stop.

John Waters referred to it as "Berlin Undertilts," and said it would probably run around twelve hours.

Fatuous man. I don't particularly care for him. He's got a lot of opinions. He offered me a job in his new movie. I was pleased to price my fee

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

And when do you expect the book to come out?

I don't know. I won't say any more. When it's ready.

When it's ready. Yep.

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

Five thousand. Five thousand. A normal person wouldn't be able to order this

through their bookstore. No, there's only a few bookstores that are buying it, because I don't give any discounts. They have to pay. The consumer would have to pay more than a hundred and thirty-eight fifty. But by and large the bookstores just want to own it.

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

Quality. Quality. This goes through all of your videotapes?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There used to be a little running gag through some of your films involving Martin Bormann.

Yes, regrettably, the gentleman, Henry Roland, passed on over the Great Divide. I used him because of incorporating him originally in "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," and then I decided for him to become a running gag, as it were, in other films. I helped with his hospitalization; kept him up to snuff as far as the Screen Actor's Guild was concerned.

The famous movie critic and a friend of yours, Roger Ebert, who is still the only film critic in North

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**TRIBAL
WARES**

America to win the Pulitzer Prize, has never made any secret of the fact that he co-wrote the screenplay to your 1970 movie, "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." We co-wrote, he and I, the treatment. Man by the name of Manny Diez did some additional writing on it because Roger had to leave after thirty days, and that's all the time he had available to us. But he essentially wrote the script, yes.

Well, he thinks that it holds up well as an exposé of Hollywood decadence. Looking back...

He not only thinks, he knows. Well, looking back, did the film turn out the way you envisioned it?

Certainly. But I didn't do a film on Hollywood decadence; it's Meyer's decadence.

There's a lot of this... statement about Hollywood. It just happened that we set it here, because it was a proper place, better than in Kanarsi, y'know.

Right. Would you say that Hollywood is still the same as it was back in 1970?

Only more so. I think probably that so-called film "tycoons" are trying with even more vigour to take advantage of young frails (ed. note - '40s expression for girls) who want to

come out here. Nothing has changed. It still has a very immoral kind of backyard. [Hollywood people are] very prone to take potshots at my films, but on a personal level so many people relate. [It's] what we would say, not all that nice.

Do you go to other people's films? Uh, yes. I don't go to films unless they're what I call gut-pulling movies. Y'know, a lot of violence and head-bludgeonings and so forth. I saw a picture called "Impulse" the other night that Sondra Locke did. The girl that was with Eastwood. She did a marvelous job. It's a wonderful film, but it doesn't have any names, so it'll probably do its job and... What's good is that a girl did a great job. I really admired it.

Name a couple of other films that you liked.

Oh, any Clint Eastwood film; I go to see him. But that's essentially it. So I guess it would be pointless to ask you if you have any directors you enjoy.

Clint Eastwood and Don Siegel, who I guess doesn't do much work anymore. Those are the people, essentially.

Okay. Out of all the women you've been involved with, I guess the most famous lady has to be your ex-wife, Edie Williams.

No, she is not the most famous, not at all. In fact, Edie does not even fit into

the seven top women I have been intimate with in my life.

Who are the seven top? I wouldn't say all that to you. You can read it in the book. You have to draw conclusions, because I don't say "You are number six," or "You are number four."

Edie Williams was a girl I met at Fox. She was a starlet there; she was under contract there. It seemed

"Apparently, by and large, the only films that people can enjoy over and over again are mine."

like a good way to complete my repertoire would be to marry a starlet. And it seemed as though we were only married for forty-five minutes. We were actually married for four years. And she was an attractive lady, and very aggressive in the sack. When we were speaking.

But she is the most important or the most renowned, the most significant, or the one with the best body, or anything of that nature. A fine lady, and let's leave it at that, all right?

She was just up in town a few years ago doing her act, an auto-erotic "love dance," which involved audience participation.

Ah, whatever. Russ, people that dislike your movies point to the fact that you use ordinary women, not actresses, and they can be from any profession, with the only qualification being that they have an attractive face and very large breasts. The word that I...

They're not ordinary women, they're really very special ladies. And it's always been extremely difficult to find women that would qualify. Certainly the main thing is their boobs. They've got to be big. They've got to be cantilevered. They've got to be gravity-defying. They've got to have a wasp waist, lyre-like hips; svelte, y'know. Long, attractive legs; nice face. Not ordinary ladies by any stretch of the imagination.

Well, I've heard a lot of people who've disliked your films use the word "infantile." Does that ever anger you when you hear this? No, I don't care about what somebody says. Like they say, I'm controversial.

When you do the film, you control every aspect: the writing, obviously the direction, the editing. Is there anything else that you keep your hands on?

Oh, I handle all facets of the film. I'm responsible for everything. It's my conception to begin with. I execute it, film it, edit it, create the advertising, then get out and sell it on the road. That's all past; that's years before, y'know.

Did you ever think that your films would be so long-lasting?

No, I never did, and I have to ask

myself, "Why are they?" I don't know. I really don't know why, but I'm pleased.

You said to me that the films would outlast the "Rambo's" and the "Star Treks."

I don't think there's any doubt about that. The true test is if someone can lay down some money and purchase a cassette for themselves to look at over and over again. Apparently, by

and large, the only films that people can enjoy over and over again are mine. I mean, with all this stuff about "Citizen Kane" and the "Rambo" films, whatever... You just can't look at these films over and over again. You can with a Russ Meyer film. Apparently there lies the rub, the secret. Who knows what the secret is? Maybe because they're cartoons. They're simple. You don't have to strain to hear someone saying something because everybody usually speaks in bellows. I really don't know. As I said, I'm pleased. I guess the same thing goes for a movie like "Faster Pussycat," which seems to be enjoying a lot of notoriety lately.

Well, there's talk now they may put it on the stage in England. People are approaching me on that matter. So it'll be a musical, will it? I have no idea what it will be. I don't think it'll be musical.

We're all very much looking forward to your book when you have it completed.

That won't cross the frontier, only by smuggling it in. Public hair.

It will have pictures of public hair, will it?

Yeah, there's even some full-frame close-ups of it. Looks like a brillo brush. There's a lot of nudity; there's 2300 pictures. Not any are going to be censored for the sake of the Dominion. You'll have to slip it through, y'know, also, interestingly with regards to the press and people who want review copies, there are no freebies. No freebies.

What people will have to do to what are interested to review it and so forth, they will pay what is called the wholesale price, which will be above ninety dollars at the present time. It could go even higher. And they will make out a cheque to the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute, which is one of my favourite charities, and that's where the money will go; for people who wish to review. They have to be certified people of the press, whether it be radio or television, or newspaper. No critic will get it for free, no way. The only person that I have promised a free copy was the vice-president of Playboy, who has agreed to do a very ambitious article on it.

There'll be about twenty people, one of which is Hugh Hefner, who has been very cooperative and helpful, and a few ladies that I care a great deal about, and some personal friends. There'll be about 22 copies given away. The rest'll be sold. So Roger Ebert will probably be... Oh, he'll get number one. He'll get number one.

They'll all get numbered. Roger will get number one.

Will you autograph these?

Each one. Each time someone buys a book, its value will escalate two-fold. It will be a real collector's piece.

Well, I'm certainly looking forward to it. "Motor Psycho," as we talked about earlier, is not available on video. Is there any other titles that are currently not available?

Sure, there are a number of them, but even "The Handyman" will be available someday. It's been put on tape, but I have no time to do the advertising. I have a book to do, and that's more important. Someday they will come out, someday. The Federal Republic will be showing them over the television network in Germany. I guess because of the book you haven't had time to go to some of the usual hangouts, as your friend Roger goes over to Cannes every year.

No, that's not a hangout for me; I don't go to those kinds of things. I go fishing somewhere, or in search of a large breast. I don't have any hangups.

Do you search locally for large breasts, or do you...

I don't search anymore. I've got all the breasts I need, enough to complete a "Mondo Topless Too," spelled T-O-O.

Well, Russ, it's been very, very nice talking to you. Glad you got it this time; that your equipment's working. Hopefully it is. Bye.

To hear more of the wit and wisdom of Russ Meyer, listen to Moving Images, the movie and entertainment show on CTR, Friday, May 26, and Friday June 1 at 10:30 in the morning.

You can catch three of Russ Meyer's classics locally at the Vancouver East Cinema from May 18 through the 27th. Meyerfanatics can enjoy themselves with "Beneath the Valley of the Dolls," "Supervixens," and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens." Fans who miss this presentation will be able to catch these same films playing at the Roxy in Victoria from June 29 through July 13.

Finding Meyer's films on video requires a diligent search of the appropriate video shops.

Special thanks to Jim H. for assistance in research, and to Philip W. for transcriptions and editing.

MAY 1990 19

BE ALWAYS HAPPY WITH EXCELLENT TASTE AND FLAVOR

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Hey wow. Finally unearthed that kooky blue Slurpee flavour again, at the Sev-Elev at Alma & 10th. 'Cept instead of just "Mystery Flavour?," they're calling it "Blue Raspberry," which kinda destroys the mystique a bit. But then, nor does it taste the same as it did last year, so maybe it ain't even the real thing.

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

A serendipitous discovery of mine in the chewing-gum realm was made at Best Quality Produce (3100-blk. W. Broadway), where you can pick up a 5-stick pack o' Lotte gum for \$2.25, or 4 packs for \$9.99. "Be always happy with excellent taste and flavour," proclaim the blue wrappers of each piece. God knows I go through it at a rate that could sustain the Korean economy singlehandedly. It's that really mushy, chewy, malleable



kind of gum that stays that way even after lengthy chewing. Slick.

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

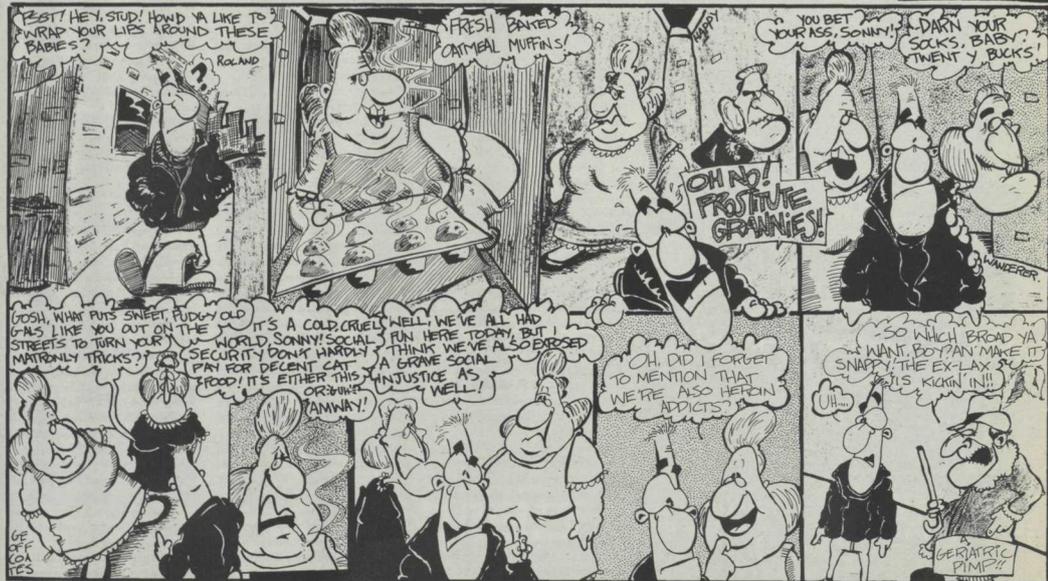
Remember disco-white

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

obscurity, dragging the whole corporation right along with 'em.

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

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



"BOB'S" FAVORITE COMICS
The SubGenius® Comic Book #1
Published by Rip Off Press, Inc.

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

The origins of The Church of the SubGenius are shrouded in deep mystery. What is known is sketchy and comes from dubious sources. Legend has it that Malcalypse the Younger (Kerry Thornley, a close personal friend of Lee Harvey Oswald) found a copy of the Discordian Bible (The Principia Discordia) in a bus terminal washroom in Far East, Texas on a dark and stormy night. Realizing the document to be his passport to full-breasted women and imported liquors, Malcalypse/Thornley began to spread the word of BOB to

those potentially secular beings who really needed to believe in something.... anything. Thus began the publishing history of one of the greatest written conspiracies of the modern era. Heralding the advent of the four cornerstones of this great Church — Sex, Violence, Religion, and Philosophy, the initial zealots took these words to imply complete freedom of thought and process and thus, the holy crusade to destroy the conspiracy was underway.

The SubGenius Comic Book is the divine revelation of the Reverend Ivan Stang (one of the few humans to have actually met BOB), who in the last ten years has published three books: "The Book of The SubGenius," "High Weirdness By Mail," and "3-Fisted Tales of 'Bob,'" and St. Palmer Vreedeex, who is the design mind behind this sporadic nonsense and a well-regarded practitioner of "Primitive Victimization" and Bullbada. Together, these two rejects from the Society of Jesus have compiled concrete evidence that Oswald acted alone, that Einstein was an alien, and that Crest really does prevent cavities.

The Church itself has a long history of publishing engaging ideas and bizarre



postulations such as "Jehovah is an alien and still threatens this planet." An example of their more sublime attitudes is this excerpt from the classic "Brag Of The SubGenius," which was transcribed from a cassette recording made at a seance in 1973: "Yes baby, I'm twenty-three feet tall and have thirteen rows of teeth! I am too intense to die, I'm insured for acts o' God and Satan! I'm a fission reactor, I fart plutonium, power plants

are fueled by the sweat from my brow! I circumcise dinosaurs with my teeth and make them leave a tip! I pick the GOD DAMN terror of the fucking gods out of my nose before I hook out a lunger and extinguish the Sun! YEEEEEEHAW!"

This comic, their first, fails to measure up to their previous publications. Done in a traditional anthology style, "BOB'S FAVORITE COMICS" is a hard-boiled

attempt to shock and amuse while reinforcing the SubGenius ideals of sensory overload and total disrespect for authority. Artists such as Jay Kinney (Co-Editor of "Gnosis") and Paul Mavrides (Co-Creator of "Anarchy Comicx") have contributed their work to this thirty-two page romp. Cutesy cartoon doggies undergo vivisection, friendly policemen turn out to be alien co-conspirators, saints turn into sodomites before your very eyes, all this and more for \$3.50 (Can). What more could you ask from a comic book?

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

Could it be that the time of BOB is long past and all that is left of the original pataphysical premise that en-

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

The idea of The Church of the SubGenius going mainstream is rather unsettling. Far gone cults are less sexual secrets; when cloaked in mystery the excitement is almost unbearable but when revealed to the light of day they seem rather bland and ordinary. That said, one hopes that this second issue of "BOB'S FAVORITE COMICS" is more hip and less hype. Having been a fan for over a decade I am certainly willing to let the Church have the benefit of the doubt though I will pause before I fork over my shekels if and when #2 appears at my local comic outlet.

SOCIALIST TURTLE

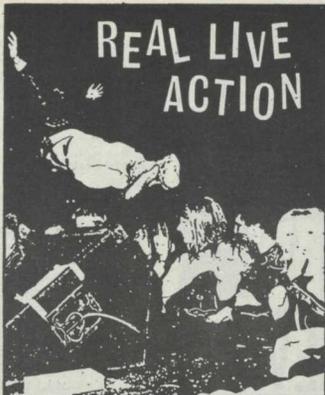


Bug Head
Jojoka
Town Pump
Tuesday, April 3rd

It would be easy to dismiss Jojoka as pretentious art-wank, what with Mark Critchley's banks of synths, Sonda Lockwood's "serious" lyrics and posturing and the slow motion big screen video backdrop, but that wouldn't really be fair. Jojoka's chosen multimedia performance style is difficult, both technically and as far as audiences go - going on stage at the sparsely populated Town Pump with a fish strapped to your chest takes a lot of guts.

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

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



great, and a refreshing change from Town Pump guitar bands.

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

They play dance music, specifically House. The basic beats and samples are on tape, and the musicians play over this, crashing in and working the piece to a frenzy, or sometimes stopping altogether and letting the tape carry it. The dancers intensify the energy, as do the pulsating slides, and when Bug Head are in top gear they kick out incredibly powerful chunks of rhythm. The drummer, freed from time-keeping constraints by the

tape, pitches in snapping cross-patterns a la Keith LeBlanc, and the bassist alternates with the tape in playing slap or hard dub.

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

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

Peter Lutwyche

Babes In Toyland
Marshmallow Overcoat
Numb
Club Soda
Tuesday, April 10th

If Angus Young was a girl, instead of the manly Australian guy that he is, (s)he would probably still have picked up a guitar, donned a parochial school uniform, and formed a band. And that band just might have been Babes in Toyland. This all-girl Minneapolis trio a Totally N-Tolerable Tuesday in April somehow tolerable. (Just ask the head-bobbing Superconductor members who remained in awe at the front of the stage throughout the Babes' set.) What the band lacked in song variety and virtuosity they more than made up for by their extra loud crunchy guitars that complemented the wildly, flailing, screaming antics of the Youngesque lead singer.

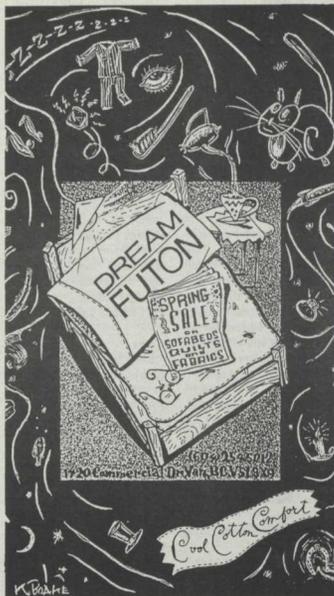
After an "ambitiously long set," the steadily growing crowd was ready for headlining Numb, but Marshmallow Overcoat, a garage-y five piece from Tucson, Arizona, took the stage. The few eager dancers who were encouraged to gyrate might have briefly mistaken Club Soda for a UBC frat dance.

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

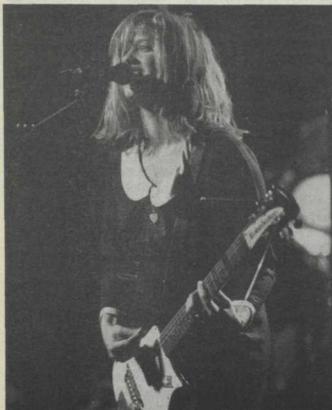
Although industrial music has become something of a Vancouver mainstay, with several offerings to choose from, Numb has managed to remain unique and avoid the trite and boring Gothic gore that has become so much a part of the genre. This is definitely a plus for fans of loud noise/thrash music who have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

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

Lisa Christiansen



VERY BIG
VERY BLACK
VERY COTTON
VERY COOL
AND IN VERY LIMITED
QUANTITIES
ONLY 15 DOLLARS
(BY MAIL PLEASE ADD \$2
POSTAGE AND INCLUDE
YOUR COMPLETE
ADDRESS)



Babes in Toyland photo by Leonard Whittaker

**Einsturzende Neubauten
Haus der Luege
(Some Bizarre)**

Wow. EN have truly evolved. Never mind the glorified press-release liner notes ("EN's music now sounds uncannily prophetic, their previously reviled lessons in dissonance, disruption and disfunction fully vindicated by scientific studies of natural chaotic patterns..." blah blah blah). It's my bet that were these songs to be performed/mutated at a free-for-all venue like the Expo bowl, just as many people would leave. On the other hand, this is their first album that doesn't demand listening to on headphones, which should come as a relief to all those fans who have to worry about their hair staying up.

Overall, the band's sound is a lot cleaner, more connected and concrete (figuratively now, not literally as in the past). "Haus der Luege," translating as "House of Lies," reads like an epitaph for the '80s and a pre-ognition of the '90s in one. A soundtrack for our days, to be sure.

"Ein Stuhl in der Hoele" is the closest EN have come to a capella, the lyrics accompanied only by "footstomps and amateur tap dancing." "Timeless and haunting Central European folk blues" the liner notes also say. Yeah, I guess. But I'm loath to slap pat synopses on EN's stuff, especially the amazing components of this album.

"Hirnlego" ("Brainlego") captures so terrifically what it must be like to be schizophrenic, that if it weren't for the inherent humour to lighten it up, it'd descend into a parody of itself.

And so on. No filler here, unless one looks at it from the perspective of EN being elevator music for the criminally insane, in which case it's all filler, and damn good filler at that. Those highfalutin' liner notes do, if you read far enough through them, yield a pithy quote by which "Haus der Luege" may be summed up: "Nor does God get off lightly." Amen.

Viola Funk

**Cows
Daddy Has A Tail!
(Amphetamine Reptile)**

"IF YOU ARE OFFENDED BY SCENES OF SEXUAL ACTIVITY, DO NOT ENTER THESE PREMISES." This album could do with a warning sticker to that effect on its cover. Course, the depiction of Wilma Flintstone as a three-breasted frog serves the purpose just as well. Yup, you got yerself another kooky 'n' warped band from some part of the Mid-West, and one that kicks butt at that. Though the tunage occasionally bogs down into (or should I say, "speeds up into") kinda generic hardcore mode, as on "Camouflage Monkey" and half of "Bum in the Alley," for the most part the Cows serve up a hefty platter of



juice-oozing, mind-bending muck. A Mid-West interpretation of grunge, if you will.

Lines like "I saw a girl...She was so pretty/She made me understand...That she was the girl to finally make me a man..." don't score high on the originality meter, true. But a few lines later you come across a gem like "I am a waffle and you are the syrup/I am covered with square dents, you are sticky and sweet." Eat your heart out, Aunt Jemima.

Rife with sexual warification, "Tail" should be avoided by anyone the least bit unclear as to her/his gender identity, because it'll screw your mind around

badly. These are a bunch of troubled boys (?) alright. But hey, all the more fun. The band's musical acumen — feedback, pulsating bass seeping out of every crack, obnoxious horn-attack guitars — provides the ideal foil for the twisted lyrics. And dig those total '70s FM radio echo chamber vocals on "Chasin' Darla." "You say I'm not a way-ay-ay-ake..."

Notwithstanding all these pluses, the record would be worth buying for the title "Part My Konk" alone. WAAAAAAY!

Viola Funk

**Prong
Beg to Differ
(CBS)**

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

Prong's sound is difficult to describe. I'd call it a sort of "Metallica shuffle", played with great restraint with respect to speed and flaming guitar solos. Also, Prong has a refreshingly honest and simple approach to the issues

dealt with on "Beg to Differ" (cool punk rock stuff like civilization, conformity and the fall of society). So, check out Prong, one of the best "what evercore" bands around.

MIKEY JIGGLE

**Death
Spiritual Healing
(Combat)**

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

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

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

MIKEY JIGGLE

**The Cynics
Rock 'n' Roll
(Get Hip)**

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

Lead singer Michael Kastelic sings/yells so hard it sounds like his voice will pack it in after each song. The adept rhythm section combines with Kastelic's primal vocals and guitarist Greg Kostelich's stinging riffs to create fourteen songs of tightly wound '80s garage rock. Credit must go to Greg Vizza, whose deft production gives the album a crisp, unnumbered sound.

"Rock 'n' Roll" is the Cynics' best LP and one of this year's finest independent

releases.
Greg Garlick

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

**Burton Cummings
Plus Signs
(Capitol)**

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

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

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

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

On "Bridge in Time" he evokes the names of the past, Johnny and the Hurricanes and Henry Mancini, repeating them over and over like his own personal mantra. Bells and a sitar-like drone fill out the soundscape to produce a rather-worldly effect. Hypnotic. However, the real pay-



off comes when you've sat through to the end of side two to discover the Vegas-y (hints of a possible career move, hmmm?) "Boring Dreams" and the timely "Free." Both celebrate the liberation of the mind from its snarls of logic and old habits. Burton sends a compassionate and congratulatory slap on the back to the people of Eastern Europe, but he is really addressing the home front, his audience, with the lines "You will find lessons in the teaching and learning, and you will walk prouder 'cause you will be free."

More often than not, Burton's new '90s sound is nothing special. But it'll get on the radio where deeper thoughts are few and far between.

Len Morgan

John Zorn
Spy Vs. Spy
Naked City
(WEA)

These two records were released within six months of each other, and both demonstrate New York saxman John Zorn's ever increasing romance with the extreme.

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

The "treatment" each of these sixteen songs receives consists of the band playing the characteristically brief theme once or twice, the dual saxes then breaking off into spastic squeals and honks, mad-dervish style drumming from the two drummers and a rudimentary sort of key feeling applied by the bassist, who is alone in his venture to hold some semblance of order. They all return to the theme. And end. This is done at an incredible breakneck pace. They swiftly kicked into another song, performed in the same manner.

The sheer relentlessness of this approach mimics Ornette's trait of using repetition to the point of making your ears beg for a respite. And it's all plated with all the same emotional ambivalence that Ornette applies to his art. The music is exhausting, and certainly to be taken in a full dose for recommended effect. As the ubiquitous "they" say: in short, a masterpiece.

Now take "Naked City." Smack dab in the middle of this album is a little three

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

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

Both albums are only available on cassette and compact disc.

Len Morgan

Stumpy Joe
Day Dreams 7"
(Estrus Records)

Stumpy Joe is a new, young, power-pop garage band from Seattle whose debut single on Estrus Records is excellent. "Day Dreams," the A-side, is an amazingly catchy garage song with all the right elements to be a real underground/college radio hit. Complete with raunchy, clear and powerful vocals, intelligent lyrics, Replacement-style lead guitar, and a groovy, rocking rhythm section, Stumpy Joe is a band that ain't gonna miss. "Day Dreams" gives me a picture of

a band who's young and innocent, with incredible potential.

The flip side, "Basketcase," tops off a great single. Lyrics like "You're the Grand Marshall of the parade of my mistakes" makes this a superb tune.

Another plus is the very cool, limited edition red vinyl. Hopefully, we'll see a full LP from these guys on either Estrus or Poplarna Records really soon.

Available from local indie record stores, or direct from Stumpy Joe c/o Estrus Records, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham WA, 98227, USA.

Especially riveting is the power of lead singer Manon Briere, whose vocal chords go into spasms as she shouts out the lyrics. The course, dense layer of sound of the music adds to the sense of unleashed pent up emotions, frustration in particular, evoked by Briere's vocals.

This album is a fine debut from a band who can definitely give Fugazi a run for their money.

Greg Garlick

Fugazi
Repeater
(Dischord)

The three best hardcore



Fugazi

Stumpy Joe are at the Rayway Club, Monday, May 28.

Tyler James

Bloodsister
Bloodsister
(109 Records)

Out of New York's Lower East side comes Bloodsister, a band consisting of five female thrashers, blasting out the grungiest rock 'n' roll this side of Killdozer.

Produced by Don Fury (responsible for producing bands such as Agnostic Front and Guerrilla Biscuits), this LP delivers a strong throbbing wall-to-wall sound to berate anyone's frontal lobes. This is not to say that Bloodsister's debut LP is migraine material but, with the volume cranked, it could cause a mild stroke.

bands in the world are: Victoria's Nomeansno, England's Snuff, and Washington, D.C.'s Fugazi. The best of these three is... whoever has the most recent release. So for the time being, it is Fugazi.

After seven, six, and three track EPs, their fourth release is a full length album. Eleven songs of intelligent, emotional intensity created not by speed, volume, nor complexity, but by honest, thoughtful songwriting and solid musicianship. But don't these qualities have to be present in all good hardcore songs you may ask. Yes, but Fugazi put something else into their music that I can't quite put my finger on.

Perhaps it's that Fugazi's songs fit any mood, frame of

mind, or time of day. It's happy or sad, early morning, late night, and early afternoon. Music. Fugazi's "Repeater" is just the thing to listen to no matter what you are trying to do, except maybe trying to fall asleep.

Or perhaps the difference is Ian MacKaye, ex of Minor Threat, Black Flag, and Embrace, and the originator of the "straight edge" movement.

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

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

Bartholomew

Grant Hart

Intolerance
(SST)

Remember Grant Hart... the drummer from Husker Du? Yeah that's right, the one who wrote better songs, had a better voice, and didn't get a major label deal.

His debut album, "Intolerance," is on SST but don't expect "Land Speed Record II." Like ex-Husker Du guitarist Bob Mould's album, "Intolerance" does not share many traits with his old band's sound. Rather than a heavy droning guitar, half the songs are soaked with a Melotron organ in a hip shakin', not headbanging, groove. The opener, "All Of My Sense," is reminiscent of the keyboard work in Santanas' "Black Magic Woman," but in a good way. The second cut, the rockin' "Now That You Know Me," forays into a "Highway 61" are Dylan, with a great lead harmonica.

The first single, "Twenty-five Forty-one," the address where Hart lived with an old girlfriend, relates the sadness of moving out of a much loved apartment and the unwelcome end to a relationship. ("It was the first place we had to ourselves, I didn't know it would be the last.") This kind of personal politics and love gone wrong lyrical content, which also appears in songs like "Fanfare In D Major," "The Main," and the true smooth "You're the Victim" (of yourself and no-one else"), remains from the Husker Du days.

By moving away from drumming, in favour of keyboards, Grant Hart not only

has a lot of piano and organ in the background, but he also provides an organ based instrumental entitled "Roller-Rink," as well as the hymn-like "She Can See The Angels Coming."

The sloppy production, which gives the album a more intimate feel, seems to be intentional. With a bit of editing this could have been one excellent EP. As it is, it's still a pretty good LP. Because of the quality of "Intolerance," I'll buy Hart's next album even before hearing it; and while I've heard Bob Mould's record, I haven't bought it.

Bartholomew

The Fall

Extricate
(Cog-Sinister)

Every once in a while a band comes along that no matter how good they are musically, they can't be enjoyed because of the obnoxious and arrogant lead personality. Some examples would be Morrissey of the Smiths, Paul Weller when he was in the Jam (there was nothing enjoyable about the Style Council) and Steve Albini of Big Black / Rapeman. Most people would think that this would apply to Mark E. Smith of The Fall, but just the opposite is true in this case. The obnoxious arrogance of M.E.S. actually heightens the pleasure when listening to the band's albums, including their fourteenth, "Extricate."

This album, their first "post-Brix" album - Brix being Smith's now ex-wife and guitarist on the Fall's last seven albums - proves that she was not an essential element in creating the disjointed rhythms and venomous lyrics which have come to represent the Fall's music. We hear Smith chanting "You You You You You You know I hate you baby, you mad-just little monkey," doubtfully a reference to Brix, in the song "Black Monk Theme Part I." We also hear him actually SINGING "these are the finest days of my life" in "Bill is Dead," and we can't doubt him on this point.

On "Extricate" we get a virtual short history of the Fall: the pseudo dance tracks, the stream of consciousness grunge, the full throttle pop tunes, and even the well chosen cover ("Popcorn Double Feature"). All the things that the Fall constantly flirt with are represented but with much better production this time.

Bartholomew

DISCORORDERERDATEBOOK

TUESDAY 1 **Marta Sebesyen and Muzakas** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm, \$15). Ken Mitchell's two one act comedies **Dick & Jane Grow Up** and **Heroes** continue at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... **Mattador's** musical rock and roll continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:15 & 9:35pm)... John Gray's musical **Rock and Roll continues** at the Vancouver Playhouse (until the 26th)... **Roaddik!** featuring a soundtrack by Teknacord Raincoats, Cowboy Juniors, the Ramones and others continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... UBC Film Division's **Persistence of Vision '90** at the Paradise Theatre (7:00 & 9:00pm)... **King of Hearts (7:00pm)** and **Diva (9:00pm)** at Starlight Cinema... **Paintings by Hougang Seyhou** on exhibit at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (until the 28th)... **Asian Art Exhibit** opens at the Asian Centre Auditorium... **Performing works** by Liang Shi-Feng, Liting Shue, Johnson Suing Chou, Ker Sze, Jo Mei, and Tuyen Chen (until the 27th)... **Artists** at Community Arts Council: **Shawn Westlake's** Recent Works and **Anita Wong's** Vessels in Ceramic in the Lower Gallery and **Joseph Wong's** the Vanishing Countyline... **Aurora Australia:** Photographic Works continues at Presentation House Gallery (until the 27th)... **Antonio Madada's** multi-media work **Stadium IV** on exhibit at the Charles H. Scott Gallery (until the 6th)... **Mayworks 1990** opens...

WEDNESDAY 2 **Chris Houston and the Smugglers of the Railway...** **Hol Wednesdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR. **Steel Kias** by Canadian playwright Robin Rafford opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Dick & Jane Grow Up** and **Heroes** continue at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... **Mattador** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:15 & 9:35pm)... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **Stephen Fears' My Beautiful Landreite** (7:00pm) and **Sammy and Rosie Get Laid** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema... **Mayworks 1990** continues...

THURSDAY 3 **CIR presents** **The Chill** from New Zealand and **11th Dream Day of the Town Pump...** **Cool Thursdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **Steel Kias** by Canadian playwright Robin Rafford opens at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Dick & Jane Grow Up** and **Heroes** continue at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... **Mattador** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema (7:15 & 9:35pm)... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **My Beautiful Landreite** (7:00pm) and **Sammy and Rosie Get Laid** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema... **Mayworks 1990** continues...

FRIDAY 4 **CIR presents** **Spirit of the West** with **Lila Bloom** at the Commodore... **Teenage Head** and **Last Wild Sons** at the Town Pump... **Second City Touring Company** opens at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Dick & Jane 26 DISCORDER**

Grow Up and Heroes continue at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... **Dennis Arcand's** **Jesus of Montreal** (7:30pm) and **The Decline of the American Empire** (9:45pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent Van Gogh** (7:00pm) and **Amadeus** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema... **1990 Quilchic ROHO National Wheelchair Basketball Championships** at War Memorial and Osborne Gymnasiums...

SATURDAY 5 **CIR presents** **Spirit of the West** at the Commodore... **The Hollowheads, The Picasso Seal and Cartoon Swear** at the Scout Hall... **Teenage Head** and **Last Wild Sons** at the Town Pump... **David Raven** and **And at 86 Street... Lila Bloom** at the WISE Hall... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Second City Touring Company** continues at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... **Dick & Jane Grow Up** and **Heroes** continue at Station Street Arts Centre (8:30pm)... **Jesus of Montreal** (7:30pm) and **The Decline of the American Empire** (9:45pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **Sound of Music** (2:30pm), **Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent Van Gogh** (7:00pm), **Amadeus** (9:00pm), and **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** (midnight) at Starlight Cinema... **1990 Quilchic ROHO National Wheelchair Basketball Championships** at War Memorial and Osborne Gymnasiums...

SUNDAY 6 **Nordwacht** the Human Service Presents **Unlabeled Giganator** at the Small Gallery with **Untamed Youth** from Missouri, the **Rollied Roosters**, the **Evaporators**, and the **Smugglers...** **The Rave-ups** and **Chickasaw Mudpuppies** at the Town Pump... **Second City Touring Company** closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (8pm)... **Jesus of Montreal** (7:30pm) and **The Decline of the American Empire** (9:45pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **The King and Belshazzar** (2:00pm), **Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent Van Gogh** (7:00pm), and **Amadeus** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema... **Stadium IV** exhibition closes at the Charles H. Scott Gallery... **Vancouver International Card Show** at Heritage Hall (10:00am-5:00pm)... **1990 Quilchic ROHO National Wheelchair Championships** at War Memorial and Osborne Gymnasiums... **Mayworks 1990** closes...

MONDAY 7 **The Mission** and **The Workbench** at the Commodore... **Untamed Youth** and **Chris Houston** at the Railway... **Francis Truffault's** **The Little Thief** (7:15pm) and **Miles From Valmont** (9:15pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **Cousin Cousine** (7:00pm) and **La Lectrice** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

TUESDAY 8 **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **The Little Thief** (7:15pm) and **Valmont** (9:15pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Roaddik** continues at the Ridge Theatre (7:30 & 9:30pm)... **Cousin Cousine** (7:00pm) and **La Lectrice** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

WEDNESDAY 9 **Stein Festival Party** with Sarah McLachlan, Bill Henderson, Skywalk and Metropolis closes at the Commodore... **UBC Summer Strings Concert** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Hol Wednesdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Spike Lee** double bill with **Do the Right Thing** (7:15pm) and **School Daze** (9:30pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Simon Fraser University Student Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **Romero** (7:00pm) and **Selvaador** (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema...

THURSDAY 10 **Cool Thursdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Do the Right Thing** (7:15pm) and **School Daze** (9:30pm) at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Simon Fraser University Student Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **Romero** (7:00pm) and **Selvaador** (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema...

FRIDAY 11 **CIR presents** **Scramblers, Sissy Boys, Brinkeders** reunion and **Elvis Lovelich** at the Commodore... **Forgotten Rebels** at the Town Pump... **Pacific Coast Music Festival** in the Old Auditorium, SUB Ballroom, and Dorothy Somerset Studio (4:00-8:00pm)... **Pacific Coast Music Festival** in the Old Auditorium, SUB Ballroom, and Dorothy Somerset Studio (4:00-8:00pm)... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Canadian Premiere of Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema...

SATURDAY 12 **One Riddim, Benny and the Sundars, Tropical Breeze, Dido**, and **Soul Survivor** at the Commodore... **Forgotten Rebels** at the Town Pump... **Pacific Coast Music Festival** in the Old Auditorium, SUB Ballroom, and Dorothy Somerset Studio (4:00-8:00pm)... **Pacific Coast Music Festival** in the Old Auditorium, SUB Ballroom, and Dorothy Somerset Studio (4:00-8:00pm)... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Canadian Premiere of Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema...

SUNDAY 13 **CIR presents** **Sons of Freedom** at the Paramount... **Bobby Watson** and **Wanda Young** at the Vancouver Stage... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Charlotte's Web** (7:00pm) and **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:30pm) at Starlight Cinema...

MONDAY 14 **Sam Wels** from Seattle at the Scandalous Folk Club... **Figgly Duff** from Newfoundland at the WISE Hall (8:30pm)... **New Work** by Alex Vaccaro by Vancouver Little Theatre at the Glass Slipper (8pm)... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

TUESDAY 15 **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

WEDNESDAY 16 **UBC Summer Strings Concert** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Hol Wednesdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

THURSDAY 17 **Sons of Freedom** at the Town Pump... **Cool Thursdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

FRIDAY 18 **CIR presents** **Tools** and the **Maytals** and **Mango Dub** at the Commodore... **Bob's Your Uncle** at the Vancouver Stage... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** opens at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **My Life as a Dog** (7:00pm) and **Manhattan** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

SATURDAY 19 **DeaAmitt!** at the Town Pump... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Some Like It Hot** (2:00pm)... **My Life as a Dog** (7:00pm)... **Babbette's Feast** (9:15pm), and **The Rocky Horror Picture Show** (midnight) at Starlight Cinema...

SUNDAY 20 **Book Roundup** at the Town Pump... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

MONDAY 21 **CIR presents** **Perchic** at the Commodore... **Reggie Sumpster**, 90 at Thunderbird Stadium (2:00-6:30pm) with **Burning Spear**, **Freddy Mc Greggor**, **Maricla Griffiths**, **Shinehead**, **Key Shelly Thunder** and the **809 Band**, and **MC Tommy Cowan**... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **The Big Chill** (7:00pm) and **Manhattan** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

TUESDAY 21 **CIR presents** **Perchic** at the Commodore... **Reggie Sumpster**, 90 at Thunderbird Stadium (2:00-6:30pm) with **Burning Spear**, **Freddy Mc Greggor**, **Maricla Griffiths**, **Shinehead**, **Key Shelly Thunder** and the **809 Band**, and **MC Tommy Cowan**... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **The Big Chill** (7:00pm) and **Manhattan** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

WEDNESDAY 22 **CIR presents** **Perchic** at the Commodore... **Reggie Sumpster**, 90 at Thunderbird Stadium (2:00-6:30pm) with **Burning Spear**, **Freddy Mc Greggor**, **Maricla Griffiths**, **Shinehead**, **Key Shelly Thunder** and the **809 Band**, and **MC Tommy Cowan**... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **The Big Chill** (7:00pm) and **Manhattan** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

THURSDAY 23 **CIR presents** **Perchic** at the Commodore... **Reggie Sumpster**, 90 at Thunderbird Stadium (2:00-6:30pm) with **Burning Spear**, **Freddy Mc Greggor**, **Maricla Griffiths**, **Shinehead**, **Key Shelly Thunder** and the **809 Band**, and **MC Tommy Cowan**... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **The Big Chill** (7:00pm) and **Manhattan** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

FRIDAY 24 **The Silo's** at the Town Pump... **Opening** by CIR... **UBC's annual graduation ceremony** at the War Memorial Gymnasium... **Heavy Pelling** (7:00pm) and **She's Gotta Have It** (8:45pm) at Starlight Cinema...

THURSDAY 31 **Cool Thursdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **UBC's annual graduation ceremony** at the War Memorial Gymnasium... **Heavy Pelling** (7:00pm) and **She's Gotta Have It** (8:45pm) at Starlight Cinema...

Michelle Shocked at the Commodore... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

WEDNESDAY 23 **Christy Moore** at the Commodore... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Hol Wednesdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **Chopsticks and Matzo Balls** (7:30 & 9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

THURSDAY 24 **The Silo's** at the Town Pump... **Opening** by CIR... **UBC's annual graduation ceremony** at the War Memorial Gymnasium... **Heavy Pelling** (7:00pm) and **She's Gotta Have It** (8:45pm) at Starlight Cinema...

FRIDAY 25 **Dread Zeppelin** at the Town Pump... **Sonic Boom 1990** at the Glass Slipper... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Murmer of the Heart** at the Ridge Theatre (7:15 & 9:30pm)... **When Harry met Sally** (7:00pm) and **Manhattan** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

SATURDAY 26 **Dharma Burns** at the Town Pump... **Sonic Boom 1990** at the Glass Slipper... **Steel Kias** continues at the Vancouver Little Theatre (8:30pm, \$10)... **Rock and Roll** closes at the Vancouver Playhouse... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** continues at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **Sex, Lies and Videotape** (7:00pm) and **Last Tango in Paris** (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema...

SUNDAY 27 **Ian Tyson** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **The Second Annual 8 Festival** closes at the Vancouver East Cinema... **Katona Australia: Photographic Works** closes at Presentation House Gallery (until the 27th)... **Asian Art Exhibit** closes at the Asian Centre... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **An American Tail** (2:00pm), **Sex, Lies and Videotape** (7:00pm), and **Last Tango in Paris** (9:15pm) at Starlight Cinema...

MONDAY 28 **Rachel Page** at the Scandalous Folk Club... **Ian Tyson** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Exhibition** of paintings by **Hougang Seyhou**

closes at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **Katona Australia: Photographic Works** closes at Presentation House Gallery (until the 27th)... **Asian Art Exhibit** closes at the Asian Centre... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **An American Tail** (2:00pm), **Sex, Lies and Videotape** (7:00pm) and **Sugar Baby** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

TUESDAY 29 **Ian Tyson** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **Katona Australia: Photographic Works** closes at Presentation House Gallery (until the 27th)... **Asian Art Exhibit** closes at the Asian Centre... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **An American Tail** (2:00pm), **Sex, Lies and Videotape** (7:00pm) and **Sugar Baby** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

WEDNESDAY 30 **UBC Summer Strings Concert** at the Recital Hall (12:30pm)... **Ian Tyson** at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... **Hol Wednesdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **Katona Australia: Photographic Works** closes at Presentation House Gallery (until the 27th)... **Asian Art Exhibit** closes at the Asian Centre... **Festival of Environmental Films** at the Ridge Theatre... **An American Tail** (2:00pm), **Sex, Lies and Videotape** (7:00pm) and **Sugar Baby** (9:00pm) at Starlight Cinema...

THURSDAY 31 **Cool Thursdays** at the Pib Pub, music by CIR... **UBC's annual graduation ceremony** at the War Memorial Gymnasium... **Heavy Pelling** (7:00pm) and **She's Gotta Have It** (8:45pm) at Starlight Cinema...

VENUES VENUES

CHARLES H. SCOTT GALLERY Emily Carr 1399 Johnson Street, Granville Island 687-2345
CLUB SORA 1055 Howe Street 681-8202

COMMODORE BALLROOM 870 Granville Street 681-7838
COMMUNITY ARTS COUNCIL 837 Davie Street 683-4558
66 STREET MUSIC HALL former Expo Site 683-8667
FIREBALL ARTS CENTRE 280 East Cordova Street 689-2926
GLASS SLIPPER 185 East 11th Avenue

GRUNT GALLERY 209 East 6th Avenue 875-9516
HERITAGE HALL 3102 Main Street
PACIFIC CINEMATHEQUE 1131 Howe Street 688-3456
PITT INTERNATIONAL GALLERIES 36 Powell Street 734-6001
PRESENTATION HOUSE 333 Chestrefield Avenue, North Vancouver 986-1385

RAILWAY CLUB 579 Dunsmuir Street 681-1625
RECITAL HALL School of Music, University of British Columbia, 228-311
RODGE THEATRE 3131 Arbutus Street 738-6311

SCANDALOUS FOLK CLUB 127 Lonsdale Avenue, North Vancouver 928-2663
SCOUT HALL Francis Road and #1 Road, Richmond
SMALL GALLERY 160 West Cordova Street
STATION STREET ARTS CENTRE 930 Station Street 688-8312
STUDIO 58 Main Building, Langara Campus
TOM LEE MUSIC HALL 929 Granville Street
TOWN PUMP 66 Water Street 685-6695

VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE 1895 Venables Street 254-9578
WISE HALL 1882 Adan Street (right behind the Culich) 736-3022

JUNKFLESH BORDUM 1990

BRUCE RASHUSSEN

LAST MONTH: JUNKFLESH HAD SEX WITH TV AND 105 CHANNELS... WOW. THIS MONTH: ENTROPY, FUN & FREEDOM. NO BEACH, OH YEAH: CHYRIN WILL SOON DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED TO HER TV.

BITE THE HAND THAT FEELS ME-MM-MM GOOD!

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

SHUT-UP!

POOP TARTS! BUY BUY BUY

SHUT-UP.

SOME TIMES MEN HAVE DREAMS & BE DOING SWAMPY & P ALIVE

SHUT-UP!

DARLING! WAKE-UP! IT'S THE POLICE! THEY'RE HERE!

PLEASE RELEASE ME, LET ME--

SNAP

AND ON TODAY'S SHOW, MEN'S PERSONAL FEARS, SELF-INFLICTED VIOLENCE, AND FREEDOM OF CHOICE.

AT YOUR 7-11

MAN, NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH YOUR TV.

NO!

DOZ HEY-

LOVE HURTS.

1 HOUR LATER:

YAH! THE NEW HAND IS COOL!

GOT A RADIO SET IN MY HEAD. I THINK THE BRAIN WERE WIS GETTIN' SMARTER.

GOT THE TUNING RIGHT, FINALLY.

HEY.

HEY, THEO!

WHY YOU SHOULD CHECK YOUR PLACE.

WHY?

HEARD BREAKAGE! WHEN I WENT PAST.

AN SHIT! NOT AGAIN! THANK, THEO.

NO PROB.

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

CONTINUED NEXT MELL. WHERE JUNKFLESH EATS PLASTIC

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC BAN-NOON
The newest new music: Ligeti, Donato, Schmitt, Lutoslawski, Venetales, etc. Information on concerts, recordings, composers. Hosted by Luciano Berio and Giacinto Scelsi (Crosby).

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12-12-15PM
News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Department.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12-16-3:00PM
Boggs, Brock Steady and Sid with George Lamell.

BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3-4:00PM
Lachlan Murray provides the best of blues, rhythm and blues, funk and soul.

THE SUNDAY NEWS MAG... 4-5:30PM
CTR's in-depth current affairs/news magazine show. Coverage and analysis of CBC News, plus news and sports daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here at UBC, with comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And 6:00pm, no traffic reports.

HEAR SAY 3-30-6:00PM
The best in literature... ON RADIO! Hear what our contributing authors have to say. Poetry, radio plays, creative non-fiction, short stories, the best of the bunch. Please contribute! Get in touch with Kim, Richard, Arnie, Barbara or Chris at 228-3117.

DE-COMPOSITIONS 3:30-4:00PM
Eclectic music and acoustic alphabets. Spokenword. Alternates Sundays with...

ELECTRONIC SIGNALS 4-8:00PM
Information, news, interviews, political analysis from the global culture of resistance. Hosted by Roberto de la Cruz. Alternates Sundays with De-Composition.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-MIDNIGHT
John host. From some of our most extraordinary political researchers, you'll hear what Dave Thorey has to say. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Live on broadcast call on KJFC (Los Altos, CA).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12-4:00AM
So what if I don't sound like you anymore? Who gives a shit? Guido and Tim #10.

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
From the famous seen to the not-so-famous BBC World Service, wake up with the CTR Morning Show. Includes news, sports, weather and "scene" view (radio, video) reports, entertainment reviews and Alberto Hog jokes. Wake up with Stefan and a yard full of smiles and happiness. Weekdays!

DAVE RADIO 11:00AM-1:00PM
The father of Crack of Noon is back!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:11-1:55PM
Lunch goes down better with the Afternoon Report. Tune in for no traffic news, sports, and weather.

SOUND OF REALITY 3-5:00PM
Experimental Radio, with Vision! Featuring environmental sounds, found sounds, information/propropanda and the world's primitive and experimental music from the auditory fringe. Live! Contributions welcome. Practitioner Anthony Roberts.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5-6:30PM
See Sunday for details.

SPORTS DIGEST 6:30-6:40PM
Join the CTR Sports Department for all the latest in Thunderbird, football, basketball action and sports everywhere else for that matter. Interviews, too!

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM
Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. None of that late night groovy/leisurely weekend jazz. Features C.J. 11. Hosted by the ever-wise Gavin Walker.

7th Other Nelson accomplished many things in his short life (1932-1975). He mastered all the saxophones, wrote, composed (jazz and classical movies), we'll hear his soprano saxophone tonight. Nelson was one of the very best.

14th Julian Priestler (who lives in Seattle) has always been one of the most accomplished trombonists in jazz. He has worked with almost every leader of the note. Max Roach, Herbie Hancock, Donato, etc. Here he is on his first album under his own name. "Keep Swingin'."

21st "Sunny Rollin' Blue" Platt is in his last studio recording of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach quintet before Brown's untimely death in 1956.

DISORDER

Brown at his best with Roach and Rollin' (drums and tenor saxophone) One of the most important jazz groups ever. 28th Pharoah Sanders 1st featured recording long called "Tourist" was like a blast from the future when issued in 1964. Sanders on flute, alto and tenor saxophones along with "out" guide master Sonny Sharrock. Music that challenges and confronts like a Spike Lee movie.

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

RADIO FILM THEATRE 5:30-6:00PM
Brought to you from the editors of CTR's Radio Dances, this show promises to present the other side of the celluloid screen.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-11:55PM
See Monday for details.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:16-3:00PM
Country music to scrape the cowhairs off your boots to. With my hot-poke, Jeff Gray.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-5:00PM
Demo Director Dale Sawyer provides some insights into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music. And he's not telling you which he likes!

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

B.C. FOLK 7-9:00PM
The thoughts and music of B.C. folk artists, hosted by both Walden and Wayne Davis.

AVANT-PIG 7:00-9:00PM
Avant garde thrashery with Pete Lulwiche. First Tuesday each month. World Music. Exploration. New NAME!

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details. Host: Luc Driedake.

WHITE NOISE 8:15-10:00PM
The best-love one of 70's progressive and 80's electronic has changed time itself, improved fusions of traditional rhythms from around the globe. Burroughs, Pynchon, "unreleased live self" and more. Hosted by Chris Bray-shaw.

MID-DAY PHALLACY 11-1:00PM
No more Morning Thrash... New Name. New Time... Davey gets to sleep in...



In the Kwa language of Yoruba, there are two words for radio: "Gbohan-ghobun" (snatcher of voices), and "A-a'oro ma gb'esi" (that which speaks without passing for reply). CTR 101.9 FM is both. Listen and find out for yourself. But first read ON THE DIAL.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-11:55PM
See Monday for details.

PAUL'S MUG 1-6:00PM
I live a lot of moods in my coffee.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

LIVE FROM THE KNITTING FACTORY 6:00-7:00PM
Located in North Soho, the Knitting Factory is the workshop for the New York Downtown music web where musicians experiment with rock, folk and jazz conventions. These performances were recorded in late 1991.

3rd Negafilm
10th Rootless/Compositional/Birds of Prey
17th Crispin & Cytelle/Bilbova & Fcp
24th Third Person
31st Dan Byron plays Mickey Katz/Kathleen

Upcoming shows: Gods & Monsters, X-Legged Sally and Dr. Neve.

BIG DUMB SEX 7-9:00PM
NEW TIME! Richard Gene knows the Dots/Lana. Ricardo did it here once for a Richard Gene movie. Pat and Lana have looked at the cover of a Bionde album. Considered? We think not!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-11:55PM
See Monday for details.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3-5:00PM
—HRC— —JRC— —CRC—

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFÉ 6:30-6:00 PM
Be updated, be with it, be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Arnie.

TOP OF THE BOSS 6:30-7:00PM
Terry Lopez, Ronnie Self, and the Phran-

PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK 9:00-12:00AM
Permeated (per-mi-ant) lasting, intended to last, indefinitely. Culture (ksh-oh) (1) the civilization of a given race or nation of given time or over all time; (2) the rubbing of microorganisms in specially prepared media for scientific study. Shock (shok) (1) violent collision, concussion (2) disturbance and disturbing mental and physical impression.

OPEN SEASON MIDNIGHT-4:00AM
Yes, Elkhorn has made it back on—A from Bangkok and declared Open Season on us all. He figures we're all just all just alluding.

THURSDAYS

NOW YOU HAZZ 8:16-10:00AM
JAZZ FEATURE FROM 11:00AM-12:00PM
Join me, Tommy Riley, on a new day. Now on Thursdays with an extended one hour feature! A morning of stories, anecdotes, JAZZ and humour on air.

3-5:00pm
May 10-16:52 (Dances and Ballads LP)
May 17: Dave Brubeck Quartet
May 24-26: Dolphy (Out to Lunch LP)

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA 10:00-11:00 AM
Fueled only by a kimp of string cheese and a single Church Boy. It's slowa bawling around about the Pacific Northwest Coast. Look out, Beal!

JIGGLE NOON-1:00PM
Mike's moon hook away the car; Gov's got a blue pass, and it's the same old crap that nobody likes. JIGGLE JIGGLE JIGGLE in the cow's come home!

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1-11:55PM
See Monday for details.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3-5:00PM
—HRC— —JRC— —CRC—

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

ARTS CAFÉ 6:30-6:00 PM
Be updated, be with it, be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Arnie.

TOP OF THE BOSS 6:30-7:00PM
Terry Lopez, Ronnie Self, and the Phran-

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE -PART ONE 2 30-3:30PM AND PART TWO 3-6:00PM
Tommy, take loose connections of organized and unorganized auditory, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music. 100% Canadian/International.

NARDWARUAH HUMAN SERVICETTE 100% CANADIAN 3:30-4:00PM
Exploiting the beauty hoody hoodly Chingchangs!

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

AND NOW THIS 6-6:30PM
And this. And this. And this.

INTERFERENCE 6:30-7:00PM
It's back! Including "The Record".

HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL 7-9:00PM
Radio adaptations of movies. Support this program's strictly profitable.

STOMP ON THAT BOPPART 9PM-12:30 AM
The dance floor beat brought you by DJ Mick Hard. Pin them needles!

JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES 12:30-4:00AM
Exploring the relationship between post-night-out anxiety, the complexity of human movement performance, and exercise-related mood enhancement. Talking partners to 262 MAMDM, Parkrow, etc... Hosted by Lloyd Liang, Borgehes, Kihari and Suddicala-Lendines...

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE ON FOLK

THE NEWS

POWER CHORD

IN EFFECT

THE YAP GAP

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG

MISH MASH 11

POWCHORD 12:15-3:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground and speed to match metal, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Get Rattlehead and Metal! Don do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3-5:00PM
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by DJ's Gabe, Chris, Bob and Ben/Batista.

THE SATURDAY MAG 5-6:30PM
Join host Richard Vila... See Monday for details.

THE YAP GAP 6:30-6:00PM
Hear figures in the Arts world that don't work, other peoples words and anything else that occurs to them. Hosted by Arnie Roberts.

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG 6-8:00PM
You'd think you were hot too if you had long blond hair.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WHITE NOISE	NOW YOU HAZZ	SCRAMBLED EGGS	THE SATURDAY EDGE ON FOLK	STOP ON THAT BOPPART 9PM-12:30 AM
THE NEWS	DAVE RADIO	ANOTHER SIDE OF BLAUND	MID-DAY PHALLACY	THE VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW	THE NEWS	JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES 12:30-4:00AM
ROCKERS SHOW	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	PAUL'S MUG	FLEX YOUR HEAD	IT'S NOT EASY BRING GREEN	POWER CHORD	EXPLORE THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN POST-NIGHT-OUT ANXIETY, THE COMPLEXITY OF HUMAN MOVEMENT PERFORMANCE, AND EXERCISE-RELATED MOOD ENHANCEMENT. TALKING PARTNERS TO 262 MAMDM, PARKROW, ETC... HOSTED BY LLOYD LIANG, BORGHESES, KIHARI AND SUDDICALA-LENDINES...
BLUES AND SOUL SHOW	SOUND OF REALITY	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	THE CTR DINNER REPORT	THE ABSOLUTE... NARDWARUAH IN EFFECT	THE NEWS	THE SATURDAY EDGE ON FOLK
HEAR SAY	SPORTS DIGEST	CURRENT AFFAIRS	CURRENT AFFAIRS	ARTS CAFÉ	RANDOM SAM...	THE YAP GAP
ELECTRONIC SIGNALS/DE-COMPOSITIONS	YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY YOU TAKES YOUR CHANCES	B.C. FOLK	LIVE FROM THE KNITTING FACTORY	TOP OF DA BOPPS	AND NOW THIS FOR THE RECORD	EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG
PLAYLOUT (THIS IS NOT A TEST)	ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA	AVANT-PIG	BIG DUMB SEX	SCOTT B. SYMPATHY SHOW	HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL	MISH MASH 11
IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	ENVIRONMENTAL SCALOGY	BEAT HEADS VERSUS WOLF AT THE DOOR	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	STOMP ON THAT BOPPART	IN EFFECT 3-5:00PM
	AURAL TENTACLES	OPEN SEASON	MEGA BLAST!	JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES		THE YAP GAP 6:30-6:00PM

A LITTLE MAN, FALLING

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

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

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

"Patterson here yet?" he hisses to Nigel as he scurries by.

Nigel looks up, mutters "Yah," with undisguised contempt, and returns to his market analysis.

"Oh Jesus."

"He wants to talk to you."

"Oh Jesus."

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

"Oh Jesus."

Blood drips from a gory socket.

"Oh Jesus."

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

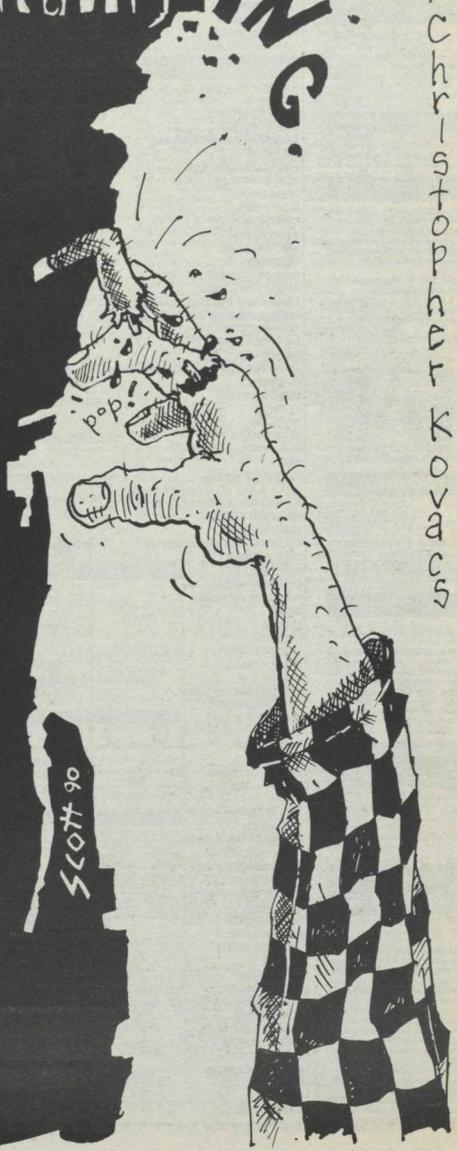
Blood is all over his right hand, staining his tights and his intact left hand. He loathes himself. He came to prove something to himself, to set himself a test of his own making, and he's failed. Were he less afraid, less in pain, he might continue, but he knows he won't. He just wants to get down now,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

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

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

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

He is lucky who can choose the manner of his own death.



BY CHRISTOPHER KOVACS

Timbre Productions Presents:

CiTR presents WEA
101.9 FM recording artists

"SUBMARINERS TOUR"

THE CHILLS

with guests,
from Chicago,
WEA
recording
artists

Eleventh Dream Day

Doors: 8pm Showtime: 10:30pm

**THURSDAY
MAY 3**

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

THE
**TOWN
PUMP**

66 Water Street, Gastown
683-6695/681-2222

Epic/CBS recording artists, from Los Angeles

the rave-ups

with guests, Polygram recording artists

Chickasaw Mudd Puppies

Doors: 7:00 pm Showtime: 9:00 pm

**SUNDAY
MAY 6**

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

THE
**TOWN
PUMP**

66 Water Street, Gastown
683-6695/681-2222

Rock 1040 presents, A&M recording artists, from Scotland

del Amitri

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

**SATURDAY
MAY 19**

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

THE
**TOWN
PUMP**

66 Water Street, Gastown
683-6695/681-2222

CiTR presents, Wax Trax recording artists

Psychic TV

Doors: 8pm Showtime: 10:30pm

**MONDAY
MAY 21**

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

THE
**TOWN
PUMP**

66 Water Street, Gastown
683-6695/681-2222

CO-OP 102.7 & CiTR
101.9 FM present, POLYGRAM recording artist

MICHELLE SHOCKED

Doors: 8pm Showtime: 9:30pm with guest

**JOHN
WESLEY
HARDING**

**TUESDAY
MAY 22**

THE FABULOUS
COMMODORE
870 GRANVILLE MALL • 681-7838

TICKETS: Zulu, Black Swan, Track, Highlife, Razzberry Records, Reminiscing Records & all ~~TICKETMASTER~~ outlets. Charge by phone: 280-4444.

BMG recording artists, from New York

THE SILOS

Doors: 8:00 pm Showtimes: 10:30 pm

**THURSDAY
MAY 24**

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

THE
**TOWN
PUMP**

66 Water Street, Gastown
683-6695/681-2222

101-CFM
presents,
BMG
recording
artists

COWBOY JUNKIES

With special guest

**Townes
Van Zandt**

**SUNDAY
JUNE 10**

QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

Doors: 7:00 pm Showtimes: 8:00 pm

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

STOP, LOOK & LISTEN

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

NEW ON VIDEO

16.94



VAN MORRISON

The Concert

- 90 minutes LIVE. Filmed at the Beacon Theater in New York, 30/11/89
- Contains material spanning Morrison's 25-year career
- Backed by Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames and featuring guest appearances by Miss Allison and John Lee Hooker
- This is the video companion to "THE BEST OF VAN MORRISON"
- Album contains 16 songs - 18 on cassette - 20 on CD
- Includes tracks from THEM ("Gloria" etc.) and spans his entire career

12.94



FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

Live At The Paramount

- One hour LIVE. Filmed in Seattle, October 1989
- Contains all the hits including "Johnny Come Home", "Good Thing", "I'll Be What I'm Not Satisfied", "Ever Fallen in Love", "Don't Look Back", "Suspicious Minds", "I'm Not The Man I Used To Be", "She Drives Me Crazy" & MORE



MICHELLE SHOCKED

The Captain Swing Reverb

- Coming to the Commodore May 22 in concert
- 60 minutes LIVE, featuring tracks from all 3 albums to date plus previously unreleased live favourites
- Includes "Anchorage", "When I Grow Up", "If Love Was A Train", "Don't You Mess Around With My Little Sister" and MORE
- See & hear Michelle Shocked backed by the 7-piece Captain Swing Reverb band



SINEAD O'CONNOR

The Value Of Ignorance

- Filmed LIVE at the Dominion Theatre, London, June 3/88
- One hour of inspiring performances
- Includes "Mandinka", "Jerusalem", "Troy", "I Am Stretched On Your Grave", "Just Like I Said It Would Be" & MORE

OUT NOW

LP/MC'S 6.94 CD'S 13.94



SUE MEDLEY

Sue Medley

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



BOOTSAUCE

The Brave Album

- Catch the street buzz on this debut release
- by Montreal's Bootsauce
- Includes the single "Scratching The Whole", "Every 1's A Winner", "Play With Me", "Let's Eat Out" & more
- "Combines elements of Iggy Pop, Red Hot Chili Peppers and The OJ rolled into one"
- Tom Morrison (The Province)



PETER MURPHY

Deep

- Features the hit single "Cuts You Up", "Marlene Dietrich's Favourite Poem", "Crystal Wrist", "Seven Verbs" & more
- The critically acclaimed breakthrough release by former singer/lyricist of Bauhaus
- Coming soon in concert
- Also available on video: "Bauhaus-Shadow Of Light"



QUEEN LATIFAH

All Hail The Queen

- The long-awaited debut release from the new Queen of rap/hip-hop/R&B and soul
- Includes the dance-floor smashes "Come Into My House", "Ladies First" & more
- Features guest contributions from De La Soul, Prince Paul, Steezon's Daddy-O, KRS-One and others
- 3 bonus tracks on cassette & CD
- Check out the voice featured on Bowin's "Fame '90"



THE HOUSE OF LOVE

The House Of Love

- The highly anticipated new LP featuring "I Don't Know Why I Love You" & the U.K. hits "Shine On", "Never" and "The Beatles & The Stones"
- "A marvel... A success" (Melody Maker)
- "A perfect 10 out of 10" (The Hard Report)
- "Essential listening. Not to be missed" (Billboard)
- Coming soon on tour



THE MISSION

Carved In Sand

- Coming to the Commodore May 7 in concert
- Contains the hit "Deliverance", "Sea of Love", the U.K. Top 20 smash "Butterfly On A Wheel" & More
- A Top 10 seller in the U.K.
- Also available: "Crescend" the LIVE video



THE WONDERSTUFF

Hop

- Coming to the Commodore in concert May 7 with The Mission
- The critically acclaimed followups to their Top 20 U.K. debut "The Eight Legged Groove Machine"
- Includes the British Top 20 hit "Don't Let Me Down Gently", "Radio As Kix", "Cartoon Boyfriends" & MORE
- "A thinker, a grower, and a kick in the bollocks" (New Musical Express), "one of the most brightly shining talents in the heavens" (Q) (New Music Report)



SALT-N-PEPA

Black's Magic

- The brand new release by the duo that brought you the rap smash "Push It"
- Includes the dance floor smash "Expression" & more

COMING SOON

HOUSHOUS FLOWERS
JIMMY SOMERVILLE
BEATS INTERNATIONAL
YNGWIE MALMSTEEN
THE HYPNOTICS
LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES

ABC
REBEL MC
TONY TONI TONE
OLETA ADAMS
GO-BETWEENS

YOUR TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE

a&b sound

DUNDEE VICTORIA
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DUNDEE MACDOUGALL
118 DUNDEE ST
DD1 1JL

GLASGOW
270 S WARRIOR DR
G3 7JL

LEITH BRIDGEWAY
1001 W BRIDGEWAY ST
LEITH 1

MIDWINTER BURNHAM
100 W BRIDGEWAY
G3 7JL

GLASGOW
100 W BRIDGEWAY
G3 7JL