

DECEMBER 1988

DISORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM
CITR
FM
102

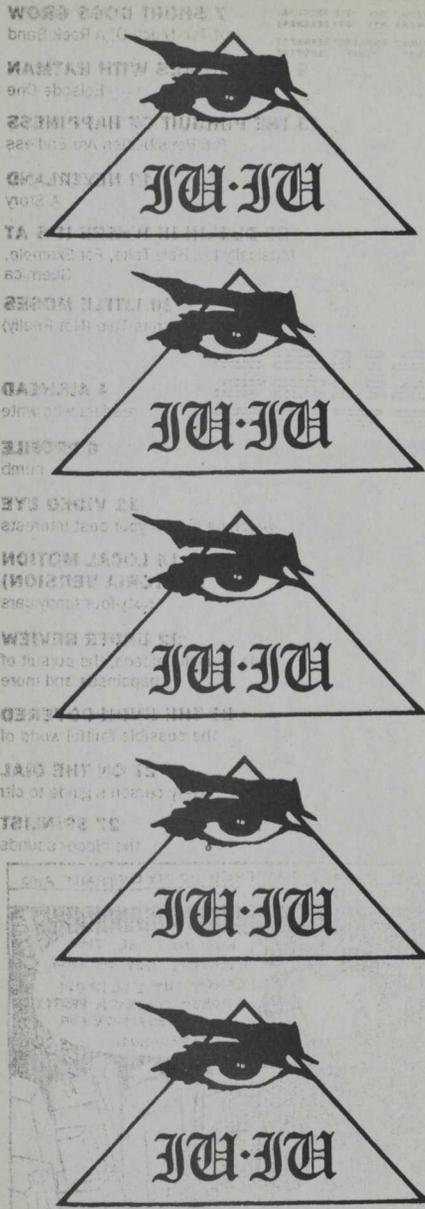


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DISORDER

That Magazine from CTR FM 102

DECEMBER 1988 * ISSUE # 71

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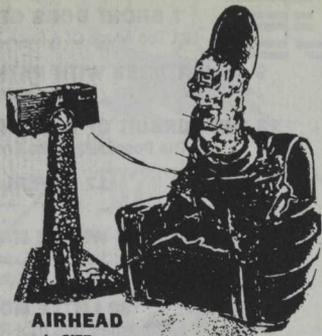
CHAPTER TWENTYFOUR

DIANA WAS GONE. I GATHERED UP MY ENTRAILS AND RETURNED TO THE CITY.



I MUST APOLOGIZE ABOUT LAST MONTH. MY TARDINESS MADE ME LATE. - OTTO

OTTO FOR DIANA XOXOXO 86/88



AIRHEAD

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BETTER AND DIFFERENT

Dear Airhead,

Hil Hil Hil! For starters, the September issue was boring and the October issue didn't make up for it. No, the October issue isn't "great", but it's different and BETTER than the September issue. Interesting surprise guest writer David M. I like the drawing of how David M. got his look. It's great! "The Right Direction" was a bit warped, but God was I glad to read a story, not a review or interview. Please continue to include at least one story in every issue!

Those are my comments for now—

AMK

PS: Dumb ending, but—?

A STRONG MIND

Attention: Airheads, gentle listeners, and world scape-goats...

Abandon all hope ye who enter. What is to be done? To act or not to act, courage is the question. Hang convention, courage is not bold, self-preservation is at the fore. Yet preservation is a term of maintenance and self-worth is found in accomplishment. How many licks does it take to get to the centre of a Tootsie-Pop? Stepping out into the unknown requires a strong mind. Look before you leap. Learn to communicate and listen to people before barricading yourself. The broadcasting of powerful frequencies triggers fear. Response is crucial. A simple yes or no, on or off will suffice, but don't. Hang on, drag it out, and subject yourself. It's a process of education, maturity, and acceptance. All men are created equal. People, as animals, look out for themselves and are naturally suspicious creatures. Will attack occur when defenses are down? The passive savour the sadistic and the uncertain toy with bondage. Ridicule is a powerful weapon, but ideas are arbitrary and emotions are transient. There is no right or wrong, only options, so to be ambiguous is simple. Don't involve and trap yourself? HaHaHa! I don't understand. Actions speak louder than words. Anti-social behaviour is objective, calming and safe and at least on the floor you won't fall out of bed. Listen. It's common to want the impossible conquest. It's less common to attempt the struggle. To sleep perchance to dream—it's a lie of the mind. Submission itself is a dominant condition. But to be forever a child is an escape. Ditto skeptics. Tune in. Grateful are the masses. Open your mouth, close your eyes, and you will get a big surprise. You don't believe me, I can tell.

**High Power, Truth, and Apple Pie
129142119.**

4 DISORDER

GO WITH IT

Dear Airhead,

Re: Hippie Days Are Here Again

In regard to your article, my first thought was "Oh God, not another opinion about the so-called lost generation!" However, if lacking in originality, the article did manage to cover some good points. Yes, everyday, faceless numbers of youth may gaze upon their reflections, wondering the unanswerable question, "Who am I?"

It seems that young people have been brain-washed throughout time. They have to be someone; without an identity, they will be nothing. Is this where the nerd part comes in? Actually, I'm quite frustrated with this never-ending stereotyping of people. Individuals of different groups are assumed to dress and act a certain way. Can one deviate from the norm? Cannot a hippie have bad skin or a nerd have a drug problem?

The whole point of being "real" is being yourself and therefore unique. If being yourself means dressing in the latest "fad", then by all means go with it. Being "real" has nothing to do with a person's general taste; it is a state of mind.

Yours sincerely,
Coral Fidler

In other words, if you're a shallow, mindless sheep then just go with it?

SOME ADVICE

Dear Airhead,

I do not going criticise you, I just like give you some advice. I do like very much Disorder and I also do listening CTR. Actually only one station what I do listen. You always talking about music—mostly, what is good and politics what is also very educational. I do prefer if you also do stronger intention to visual arts. I do understand it is not possible transmit paintings by radio waves, but is possible give review about local artists and they work. And give more information about art shows going in the town. You maby said: They have them magazines or what ever, but remember, they are also in different hands. I'm artist by myself and I will very much appreciate this understanding.

Yours,

Rudolf N.

Your wish is our command. Next month should see the start of a semi-regular column dealing with visual arts.

THIRD RATE DRIVEL

Dear Airheads,

Please stop printing those Guy Bennett-written Steve Albini rip-offs. Bennett is doing a poor job of plagiarising Albini's short story ideas and styles. If you would like to publish some clever avant-garde literature, why don't you reprint one of Albini's stories from a past issue of **Forced Exposure** magazine, or contact Mr Albini and ask him for a submission. That way it would spare us from any more of Guy Bennett's second-rate drivels.

Sincerely,

**Harry P. Kniss
(3rd Year Arts)
Ditchmond, BC**

Assumption #1: All cool people know who Steve Albini is.

Assumption #2: Guy Bennett has actually read Albini's stories.

Assumption #3: Harry P. Kniss doesn't have the courage to submit a story to Disorder.



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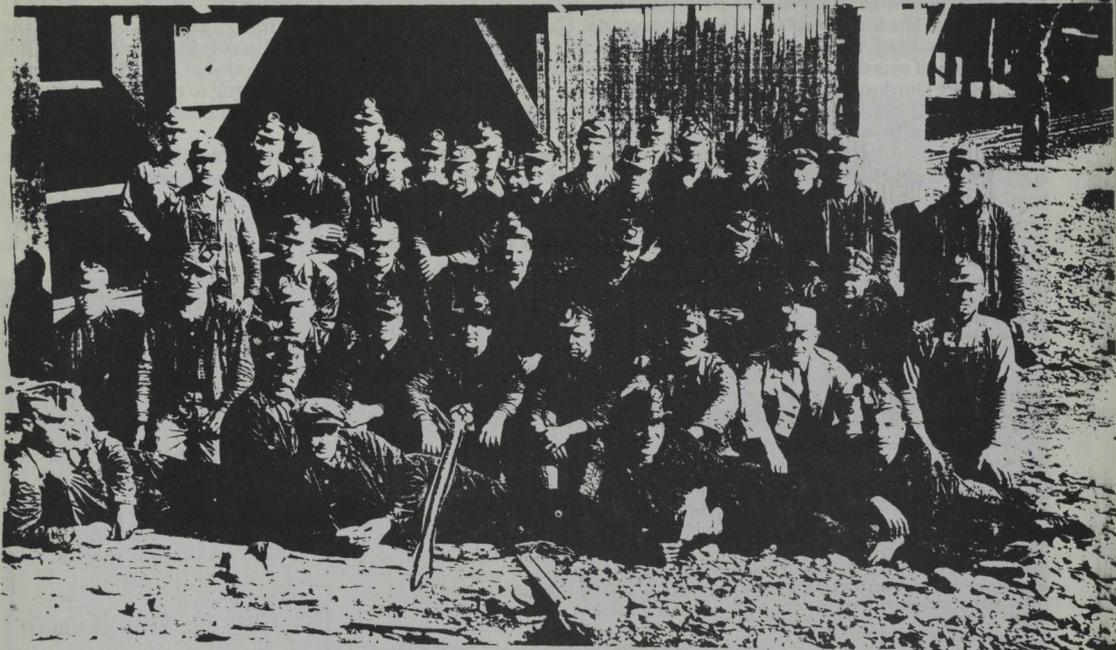
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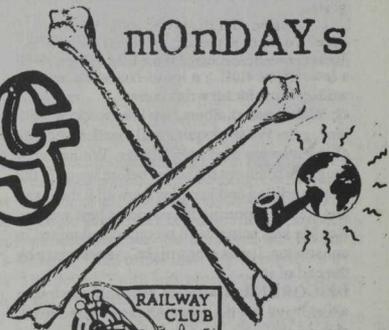


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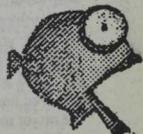
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"It's sort of a reflection on society in that we are so bombarded with stimulation every day that we are desensitized on the whole. So you get into this problem of if your audience is desensitized, what do you do to grab their attention? Well, there's two ways of doing it. The obvious way is to do something that goes above that threshold of numbness. So are we a symptom or a problem?"

That was the direction **Don Gordon**, guitarist of local distort-industrialists **Numb**, took the question of the band's philosophy vis-a-vis their employment of X-rated films at their Graceland show last December. That question itself was derived from a discussion I had with Numb prior to last year's appearance with **Sons of Freedom**, where Gordon was quoted as saying: "With our music and our visuals, we are trying to create a feeling...an emotion. We'll take our aural and visual images from wherever they're available...whether that source is a construction site, a TV set, or whatever..."

With performances kept to an absolute minimum, the trio of Gordon, **Sean St Hubbs (Stubbs)**, and **Dave Hall (Rosychuk)** have had to rely on the strength of their self-titled vinyl debut on **Edge Records** to get their name out. The LP tops any other locally-based independent release of recent years. It's reaching the top end of import charts in various US music trade mags and this summer hit the Number One position on the **CITR/Discorder Spinlist**, due in large part to the **Nitzer Ebb/Young God-ish Two Faces**, **Eat Me**, and **God Is Dead**. All three, incidentally, co-produced by **Moev's Anthony Valcic**.



PROFILE

GORDON: Anthony's sort of like the fourth member in a way. In the studio we work quite closely with him.

HALL: When we were doing this album, he was just starting to get into Moev. They were working out at Limited Vision and he just got on with them really well. From then on he's been doing a lot of their stuff... a lot of Netzwerk stuff as well... **Manufacture** right now.

G: With the next album, we'll be working with him again. We work quite well together because of the way we tend to do things. We just very roughly sketch out the songs before we go in the studio; editing and just playing with it there and just sort of capturing the mood as best we can. **Eat Me** was actually all recorded and mixed in one session. It was a long night... very strange by the end of it.

DISCORDER: Those are probably the tracks which have got the most mileage for the band, club-wise.

G: Yeah, **God Is Dead** is sort of the "single" if you will. It's not really a religious song per se. It's more about false leaders, false beliefs.

D: Are you surprised with the response to the LP at all, particularly on the local front?

H: Yeah, we're surprised especially with how well we did in Vancouver. We weren't expecting anything like what happened.

G: Well, you know how it is in your own city, people usually tend to ignore you and we're surprised at how favourably the album was received here. It's been selling quite well. Even the major record stores in town have picked it up which is once again quite something for an

independent album.

We're not really that involved with the marketing side of it, the retail end of it. That's Edge Records' job and so that's been the beauty of it—we haven't had to go out and try to sell our record. It separates you because it makes you the artist and you're not having to be the business-person at the same time. It allows you to do crazy things and be an artist.

D: Like your pals **Front Line Assembly**, Numb have that split personality of part-time dance band, and part-time "serious" composers. For instance, the more adventurous **Morality of Altitude**, **Hanging Key**, and **Blue Light**. Are

Even if you do put together a video can you see **MuchMusic** playing **God Is Dead**? Lyrically, right off the top it's not gonna get on there.

you going to be pursuing any one sound in future projects?

H: A bit of both, I think. We like to do the dance clubs of course. That sells records and gets your name out very quickly, but we don't want to lose doing any experimentation. We'll keep that part of it for sure, maybe half and half on the next album.

G: With the advent of compact disc as a popular format now, it allows you more room. It expands it to seventy minutes you can play with instead of forty-five, so I think we can maintain both sides of it and I think you'll find that the mood of the slow stuff will still carry over into the

more uptempo things. Let's face it, nothing on here's particularly happy, shall we say. That mood will still be pervasive throughout all the material whether it be of a less beat-oriented nature or aggressive.

D: A video package is something you spoke of a year back. How close are you to realising that project?

G: We aren't really close. There's a two-edged problem there. One of which is money. Let's face it, as an independent artist, you're dealing with limited budgets. We're audio artists and not particularly visual artists at the moment, so that's where we're going to be sinking most of our money. And the other problem you get into is even if you do put together a video can you see **MuchMusic** playing **God Is Dead**? Lyrically, right off the top it's not gonna get on there. The whole point of video is to help increase your audience and if you can't get the video played, then what's the point if you're dealing with a limited budget? We've been discussing the idea at some point over the next little while of putting together a package which is visual in nature, but not the standard rock-band video thing. We're hoping to collaborate with a video artist that we know and put together a package which would be like a visual package with Numb music to it. In addition to an album, there may be this Numb video/audio package that would be sold as such but that's something we're working towards.

Lloyd Uliana
Soup Stock from the Bones of the Elephant Man
Friday's, 12:30-3:30 AM

I'm not sure why, but the day before their recent 86 Street appearance, I volunteered to interview **Short Dogs Grow**. Once committed, however, I realized I didn't know a damn thing about the group beyond them being from San Francisco and having a pretty fine hunk of vinyl entitled **Matt Dillon** as their second album. Slightly apprehensive at the possibility of having two-thirds of nothing to ask the band, I scoured dozens of fanzines and periodicals in search of any background information. I found nothing except three negative reviews of **Matt Dillon**. "Should be one swell interview", I thought.



"We're a rock band that's not too much a rock band."

Upon meeting the band, my fears were quickly allayed. Singer-guitarists **Tom Pitts** and **Greg Foot** are genuine down to earth nice guys, open and eager to meet people wherever they go and possessing a healthy sense of humour. The interview took place in the backstage washroom, which brought out the worst in us. We unfortunately offended **Carmela**, and lost her for the duration of the interview.

Describing the sound of **Short Dogs Grow** may be an exercise in futility but I'll try anyway. You could pick and choose dozens of 'they're sort of like so and so meets so and so,' but to me they bring to mind **Sticky Fingers-era Stones**, or a less thrashy, more down-home **Soul Asylum**. Their brand of straight forward rock and roll may not be the most original, but the heart-felt, uncontrived delivery and Tom's impassioned vocals somehow give **Short Dogs** a sound of their own. Says Greg, "We're a rock band that's not too much a rock band. It's hard to explain, I mean we're not metal and we're not punk, we're just sort of a rock band. People who get by in the city and just do their own thing."

Matt Dillon, the band's most recent lp, seems to have captured SDG better than their self-titled debut. Tom explained, "If you like Matt Dillon, if you really, really love Matt Dillon, you probably won't like the first one that much. But we tell people that if they really like the first one, then they'll like Matt Dillon even more, but that's not always the case because it's (their first album) a lot faster, the songs are a lot shorter, it's a lot more basic, there's not so much stuff layered over it, and it's not so decorated." Greg adds, "I'd only been in the band three months. It was the sort of stuff that Tom wrote and we just wanted to get it on the first album. I'm sure if we re-did it now it would be a lot different."

Now why would they call their album **Matt Dillon**? Greg's reasoning is "It's easy to pronounce, and everybody knows who the hell he is." A more accurate explanation may be that **Matt Dillon's** first movie **Over the Edge** had a cheap-seventies appeal that inspired the band. You know, flared pants, the soundtrack had **Kiss** and **Cheap Trick** on it...that sort of thing.

The fact Tom is from Calgary partially explains why SDG come to Vancouver and Canada so frequently. "People out here tend to support music more than in San Francisco. There might be people out there tonight who've seen us ten times. It's really pretty up here and the people tend to be a bit more friendly and open-minded than we are ourselves sometimes at home." Tom offers that "San Francisco is a lot mellowier," with less prostitutes, less violence and less overall late night action.

And life on the road for a semi-successful independent band? "It's up in the morning, go to Denny's, drive for eight hours, get to a motel, order pizza, get a twelve pack and relax, go to the show, play, have a few beers, come back, hopefully catch some H.B.O. and get the hell to bed. Do the same thing for six weeks and call it a convenient love of life."

After this current six week tour, the band will return to San Francisco to record an ep, (slated for a Spring '89 release), on the **Rough Trade** label. The tongue in cheek tentative title? "**Rock and Roll**," replies Tom, "it's simple, straight forward and you know what you get when you buy it."

Adventures with RATMAN



Sitting in the CiTR lounge watching the 19 hour Narduwar the Human Serviette marathon go by, I had the distinct "pleasure" of meeting and interviewing Mark DuMain, self-proclaimed "underground artist and commando percussionist" for a local noise band, Girls! Girls! Girls!. DuMain, perhaps better known by his professional name, RatMan asked that he be given a chance to bring his "own personal and unique type of message" to the readers of Vancouver. Also in the room were three youngish looking girls, one of whom was kneeling on the floor batting a ball bearing back forth between her hands and chanting the word "shemp". Since they refused to disclose their names, I will call the girls "1", "2" and "3".

Bill: Ok...let's get under way here...I'll just check if this thing's on...

RatMan: Is that a Walkman, or what? It looks like a Sony Walkman.

B: It is. It's a recording Walkman.

R: [groans]

B: What...you don't like them?

R: No. They've really distanced people from each other...from listening to each other...from listening to ME goddamn it. As an artist, as a fucking artiste, I find it offensive and a little...um...well it's offensive, anyway.

1: Really. shemp...shemp...shemp...

B: Ok. Well, let's talk a bit about-

R: Hang on. Excuse me [he asks 2], do you smoke?

2: No, sorry.

R: You should. Does anyone have a smoke I could bum?

3: Here. [Throws a cigarette to RatMan and smiles.]

R: Fuck. Smoking. It's going to be my New Year's resolution to quit smoking. Cigarettes, anyway. Hey! speaking of New Year's, my group is going to be playing at-
3: "You're in a band? What do you play?"

R: Ya. It's called Girls! Girls! Girls!. I play garbage can lids and stuff. I'm a percussionist. Listen-we need some dancing girls for this one song where-

B: Excuse me...I've got to get on with this. It's half price day at Value Village tomorrow and I'm going to need my sleep, so can we just get the interview done first?

R: Ok. Well anyway, we're playing on New Year's [grabs microphone] SO COME OUT!

B: Ok, so what kind of a show can we expect to see if we turn out?

R: Well, we're going to have a New Year's party where everyone starts off the year having fun, because I was reading in the paper the other day that they say - whoever they are - that what you do when the New Year arrives is what you will be doing all year. It's really bullshit, though, because if that was true, I would've spent the last nine or whatever months standing on the Granville Bridge wishing I could piss.

B: Hmm.

R: My teeth were really floating.

B: Why didn't you? P-I-S-S, I mean.

R: What's this P-I-S-S shit? Just say it! Piss! Anyway, I didn't because I was in the back seat of a bus.

At this point 2 and 3 stop reading the Graffiti magazine on the table, 1 stops chanting, and they all move in closer to participate in the interview (and get a better angle on this artful dude).

2: Were you going to a party?

R: No. Coming from a party. I had to get home. My head was really fucked by the time I left...I knew it was time to leave when I saw this huge fat guy, Sam, come running down the stairs blowing Cheez Whiz out his left nostril.

2: What?!

R: Ya. [laughs] This guy had been eating Cheez

Whiz off a spoon when he gagged on some beer and started sputtering and spewing this fucking Whiz out his nose.

1: What were you guys doing? [She is wide-eyed, looking as though someone had smacked her in the back of the head with a 2x4.]

R: All night? Shit. You got an hour? [Chuckles and pulls a Johnny Rotten face.]

B: Hang on...listen, about this gig on New Year's, where is it happening?

R: Just a second, man...[turns back to the charming ladies] It got going at like about 5 in the afternoon when these four guys and me, Matthew, Steven, Sam, and...um...this skinny fuckin' guy...um...well anyway, we were deciding what to do on New Year's. There was a Herald Nix gig at some Bohemian Church Hall in East Van, and they wanted to go see that, but if I wanted to see fucking Elvis, I could just stuff my Dad full of Twinkies and rye and put on a record.

B: What?

R: Never mind. Anyway, so we decided against going to Herald Nix because they were having a party down at the Marine Club for like \$5 or something, and cheap drinks, and all. So then, Phil Derrikl...that was the guy's name. Anyway, then Phil pulls out a bag of mushrooms that he'd picked up from some head at Wreck Beach and saved all year, and asks if we want to do them. What can you say at a time like that? Of course we did them, and we just sat around for like 2 hours, [sings] "Waiting for the drugs to take hold." This Phil guy was really weird about stuff like this, though, and he wanted to lock all the doors and windows and make sure there was some "mind blower" of a video to watch on his VCR so he goes out to rent that Sci-Fi movie with John Boy in it? You know that one where the spaceship has a rebel flag on it and it has tits? [nobody knows the one] Anyway, so we're locked away in this basement in Richmond, and we're watching this star movie, and suddenly my head feels like it's full of air! [I choke back an impulse to say the obvious.] We just had to get out. So I said, "Let's get out", but it kept coming out like "Hey brothers, lets bogart this scene" and stuff, so no one moved. But eventually they got the message and we went upstairs, and we looked for some food, and this Sam grabs a bottle of this like luminescent Cheez Whiz off

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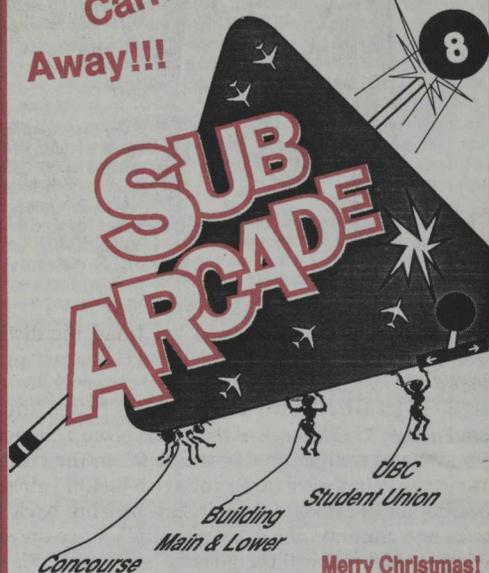
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the counter and stuffs it in his coat pocket, and we all left.

Well, we walked to the bus stop and just stood there for like an eternity, until finally a bus came, but Phil kept telling us not to get in because the bus looked like an evil Don Rickles and he's going "Can't you gents hear the laughter? Can't you hear it?" [laughs, coughs on his Du Maurier special] Fuck that's a good sound. Shit. Do you have any coffee in this place?

B: Ya...um, listen - I'll just go downstairs and get some while you tell the story, and then we can get down to the other stuff—I'll just leave the tape machine on, ok?

After collecting money from RatMan, 2, and 3 and convincing 1 that they don't sell Cheez Whiz in the SUB, I left to get some coffee. During my Journey RatMan tells the girls at great length about the bus ride downtown and how they ended up going to MacDonald's on Main Street before going downtown. By the time I've got his double "expresso" and the coffees, the mushroom party is reaching the old Expo Site.

R: Thanks, man.

B: Ok, so are you pretty much done? Listen, I

was wondering about your graffiti art and what not. Is there any around town that I might have seen?

R: Ya, on Clark and Gravelly - hang on just a second, man. So we're standing in Expo Theatre, and Sam is telling me about when Slow played and how Hamm dropped his pants, and we're trying to convince him that it was at a different place. Did you see that show?

1-3: Ya. It was great. Slow? I love Slow!

R: Fucking rights. Anyway, you know that Dream Machine? The roller coaster? Well, we were trying to climb up on it, and then we saw these lights. Well, we were still really high, and we didn't take much notice, until these two goofs in a truck pulled up, and one pulls a gun and yells "FREEZE", you know? "GET DOWN! NOW!" So we were shit scared, and we came down. It turns out it wasn't a gun, only a walkie-talkie, but the guy was huge. He told us to get in the pick up, so we did, and we were all stuffing our ID down our socks and underwear 'cause, we didn't want to get hassled by cops. So they took us to the gate by the stadium and just said "get the fuck away from here." We tried to be cool and take our time, but then the cops drove by and we left.

1: Oh my God!

R: Ya. So we walked up to the Marine Club, and we got in, and by this time we were pretty straight, and we just sat down by the organ and waited for some service. You know how when you're coming down off a drug and you see something weird and then you think you're stoned again?

2: Ya! Like this one time we were on acid? Remember, Sylvia? and-

3 [aka Sylvia]: You bitch! Now they know it's me! I'm supposed to be in Powell River!

R: Relax! We can edit this out. [puts his hand on her knee]

B: We?

R: Anyway, this little guy called Solly comes up to our table, and he looks like a demented little pervert, or something, and he looks Steve right in the eye and says "You little bastards, my friend was shot right through the head in World War II. What'll you have?" [laughs] Fuck, the Marine Club is great. Did you ever go there?

3/S: Ya, a few times. I like Frank.

R: Is that the big black guy on the Jeffers. great! He knows the theme from the Jeffersons. Anyway, we ordered a bunch of beer and just sat there because we were glad to get out of the rain and all. Oh ya - it started raining at Expo. So we're sitting there, and this - what is his name again?

B: Frank. Listen, umm...this interview can't be longer than four pages, so maybe we could just get some actual questions and answers happening...

R: Ok, I just want to finish this story. So Frank comes up to the little stage and starts walking away on a sax. It was great. Then we went to play pool.

It becomes increasingly obvious as the minutes pass that this interview is going nowhere, so I relax and listen to Narduwar, who's playing porn film soundtracks intermingled with a live performance of MacBeth. Suddenly, DuMahn, aka RatMan, leaps for the radio and turns it off, leaving the room in silence.

R: Fuck, that guy's annoying me. Anyway, about this time, this really disturbed looking really fucking acne-covered old man starts fishing his hand around in the pickled egg jar. Just like, swishing.

3/S: Eeeeyew!

R: I know, fuck. Not even getting any eggs, just...I don't know, and this bar lady comes over and says "get the hell out" or something, and he raises a big fuss, and starts yellin' and screamin', and finally that guy stops playing his sax, and it was like in cowboy movies, you know? That silence? [they nod, naturally] And like everyone looked over at him and watched. So what's it again...?

B: Frank. Um...listen-

R: Frank says, "Looks like there's a weasel after the eggs!" and everyone laughs and looks around, and then he says, "I don't know who's more pickled - him or the eggs!" And then everyone starts laughing really loud and this guy runs into the can. So we went to sit down, but I had to P-



VIDEO

Well, with all the moving I've been doing lately, I just haven't had the opportunity to be as lazy as I normally like to be. In fact, I've been downright energetic and feeling fine, at least in part because I now know what poisonous mushrooms look like and have eliminated them from my diet this season. Of course, I had to totally redecorate once my pupils contracted, but that was kind of fun, too. I'm a guy—my decor needs are simple. Put the couch there, the TV across from it and, if I really feel fancy someday, I'll put the toilet paper onto the little roller thing.

But, I did manage to squeeze in a few films and, best of all, two had Sean Connery in them. The first was *Highlander*, starring Christopher Lambert as a medieval Scottish king who discovers he can't die unless he is beheaded, and Connery as his ancient teacher who schools him to fight as part of a select group of warriors who are to battle until only one is left. There are some neat scenes, and some people lose their heads, but the ending is a bit vague and mystical. A so-so choice.

The other Connery flick was the terrific *Name of the Rose*, set in the earlier middle ages at a monastery plagued by unusual deaths. The film is based on Umberto Eco's excellent novel, and although a lot of historical detail and context had to be lost in the translation to film, it is surprising how well the atmosphere of the time is portrayed, particularly the plot subtext of the

Church's near stranglehold on knowledge.

A type of intellectual detective story, with Connery as the wise Sherlock Holmes-styled investigator. There's lots of neat monk stuff, secret passages, caverns, and an Escher-like labyrinth of a library that has never heard of the Dewey Decimal System. Odd and suspicious characters abound, including a castrated assistant librarian who looks like Jabba the Hutt's younger brother and an evil representative of the Spanish Inquisition, and I certainly didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition. Then again, nobody does.

And, I saw *The Whistle Blower*, which has Michael Caine and Sir John Gielgud starring in it. A quietly understated British spy thriller, it quickly disappeared right after its theatrical release, overwhelmed at the box office by another Caine film and Pierce Brosnan's *The Fourth Protocol*. This is a shame, because it is a step up from most films of this nature, with a fair bit of class and no distractingly gory deaths. The emphasis is on paranoid intrigue rather than gunplay and there is a lot of commentary on the amoral secret world of the intelligence industry. The traitor-riddled British Secret Service is entirely dependent on the C.I.A. for guidance, and we all know what a bunch of bastards they are. In fact, when I applied to them in 1979 after seeing their newspaper recruitment ads, I didn't even receive the courtesy of a reply, but I assume my resume is still on file. **Dave Watson**

I-S-S [glances at me sarcastically], and so I go to the can, and here's this same old guy, lying on the floor of the can with D-O-R-O-H-T carved in his leg from a penknife and there was blood all over the fucking place and he says, "I need help, son, get Dorothy."

Girls: Oh my God!

R: Ya. And I said, "Who's that?" and he says, "The barmaid...Dorothy." So I go out and I say, "Are you Dorothy?" And she says "No" and I tell her about this old guy, and then all of a sudden the place is in turmoil, and ambulance guys come, and all, so I suggested we leave, but the guys wouldn't go, and I asked the bar guy to call a cab, and he sort of laughs and goes, "No cabs will come here, son, besides - it's almost 12," so I went out to get fresh air, and just as I've decided, "To hell with it. I'll piss on the stairs", out comes Sam and all with the Cheez Whiz and we'd been kicked out.

3/S: Why?

B: Listen - I'm just going to leave you four here and you can call me if you want to go ahead with an actual interview, ok?

I leave the room to go play a Nazareth record on the Narduarw show. I leave the tape recorder on just in case.

R: I can't remember. But...oh ya! Sam had ordered this drink called "Slow Comfortable Screw Against the Wall" from that Solly fuckhead and we got booted. So we caught a bus and went home. At least I finally got a chance to piss. I waited until I was right outside Lansdowne mall and pissed on the sign there. Kind of symbolic, you know?

Girls: Ya. Right on. I hate that place...it's so...like...plastic, you know? Ya.

R: Well, I got home and my dad and his girlfriend were listening to Classics IV records and smoking dope, and they made me bang pots and pans with them every hour to celebrate New Year's in like fucking Turkey or something. Like every New Year's. So the moral of the story is...um...don't smoke dope. [the sound of the microphone being grabbed is heard] Ok, Vancouver! Come and see us at the [night club, time, address] on New Year's! Hey, do you guys want to go somewhere?

Girls: Ya! We could go back to my parents' place. They're away 'til tomorrow.

R: Ok, right on...where is that interview guy? Hey! Fuckhead! [girls laugh, he grabs mic again] Thanks for the interview. Bye. Let's go get fucked.

Bill Baker



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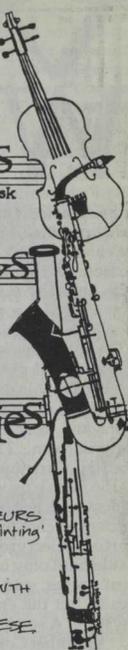
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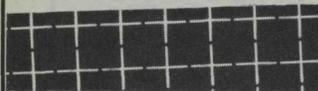


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THE PURSUIT OF



HAPPINESS

The Pursuit of Happiness have come a long way. All the way from Toronto, as a matter of fact. But don't hold that against them—not everything from Toronto is evil, and anyway they're really from Edmonton, Saskatoon, and Winnipeg.

About TPOH coming a long way...(Cue music, fade to black, turn on fog machine)...Two years ago no one really knew who they were. Except for maybe their mums. They recorded a basement tape of a song that vocalist Moe Berg had written, the now-legendary (well, by Canadian independent standards) I'm An Adult Now. No big deal. The truly big deal was that for \$200 TPOH put together a hot video that got major rotation on Much Music, and most importantly, caught the eye of the record companies.

"We had no intention of releasing that song," apologises Moe. "But it became so popular and people were asking for it so much, that we had no choice." Independently, TPOH sold over 1500 copies of the single, and WEA Canada shipped over 15 000. "Yeah, I'd say we were happy. Surprised, yes, but also happy."

Then things got quiet for a while. The band released another single, *Killed By Love*, which did well, but didn't grab people's attention the way I'm An Adult Now had done.

"It's great to be on the same label as Blondie, the possibilities are endless."

During this time, many different record companies passed through the doors of the TPOH management squad, but nothing was ever agreed upon. Then Chrysalis came along. You know, Blondie, Huey Lewis, et al. ("It's great to be on the same label as Blondie, the possibilities are endless.") Now TPOH have their first album out, *Love Junk*.

With the album comes a tour, including their third visit to Vancouver this year. Also interviews. Long, endless interviews. And this is what comes out of all that. Not really worth the hassle if you ask me, but then again, a poorly written article is better than nothing.

However, one point does come across in our fifteen minutes in the presence of Moe Berg. TPOH are not going to get swallowed by success. They've already experienced a degree of success, and are about to get a dose more. They are ready for it. They've done all the things indie bands are supposed to do without selling their souls. The Pursuit family kept their integrity and have a record (produced by Todd Rundgren, no less) that captures their sound. Not Chrysalis's, not Todd Rundgren's, just The Pursuit of Happiness's. And that is something that they can be proud of. Kind of a sappy ending, but then I'm just a sucker when it comes to Canadian independents making the big time. I've got to go now, I have to cry.

Oh yeah, you can turn off the fog machine now.

Lane Dunlop

THE WAY IN

2ND
SKIN

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BY MARTIN
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64 Funny Years



Now if I went walking around Vancouver wearing an Iggy or (heaven forbid) U2 or even Skinny Puppy t-shirt, who would notice, right? But for some reason, when I'm wearing my 64 Funny Cars' 'Princes of Summer' shirt, with the stunningly true-to-life drawing of Tim, Colin and the Erics, people stop and stare at it, and not because they know the Funny Cars are the coolest of the cool. Unfortunately. The sad truth is that, outside of some hip types in Victoria, no one seems to have heard of this band.

So who are 64 Funny Cars anyway? Just four groovy young guys from the City of CFUV (where, coincidentally, two of the band members have high-powered jobs). Eric Cottrell (formerly of *Bruised and Stupid*) on telecaster, Colin MacRae on an Aria bass, and Tim Chan and Eric Lowe (formerly of the Ryvals), who play, respectively, Gretsch (guitar) and weird transparent green and yellow drums. They're always getting compared to Seattle's *Young Fresh Fellows*, which must drive them nuts, but there are a lot of similarities, especially with the first one or two YFF albums.

The Funny Cars play simple songs, the kind you can sing along with after just one or two listens, with silly and/or sad lyrics. They all (well...not Colin so much) contribute vocals; and they sound (and this is why I like them so much) like they are honestly having a good time. Even when they played the Town Pump in September and one of the Wardells came up to tell the band that their van was at that very moment being approached by an ill intentioned tow truck in the back alley, the Funny Cars just made a joke, tossed their keys to the bearer of the bad news and forgot about it. When I asked Eric C. how they always manage to have such a good

time onstage, he shrugged and said, "We amuse ourselves by making lots-o-mistakes."

Now this is probably why 64 Funny Cars is unlikely to pack out the Coliseum in the next little while, and at the same time exactly why the band already has such a dedicated (if small) group of devotees. It seems that this is one of the ways the world divides itself when it comes to music - some people think technical perfection is everything, while others... But I don't want to say more unless you get the wrong idea. I mean, I didn't hear any mistakes!

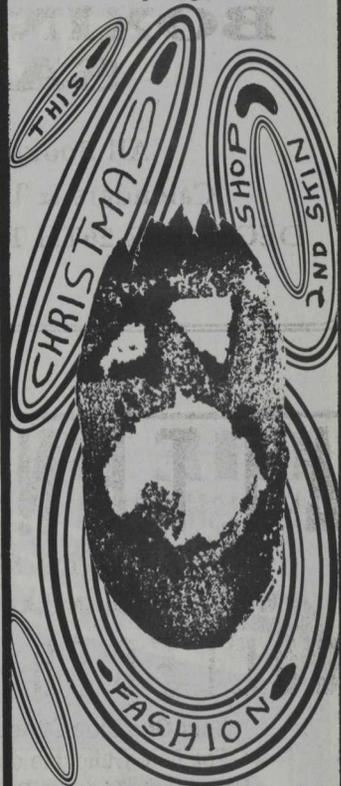
Eric C., who did most of the talking that night, had lots of other quotable things to say. Of their recent recording in Poplana Studios with pop guru Conrad Uno, Eric commented that Uno is "half bat, half producer", which makes no sense to me unless it proves that mere mortals can't put out YFF and Fastbacks records. (By the way, the ten songs that resulted are still looking for some ambitious indie record type to press them - is there anybody out there?) The one place I don't agree with Eric is his assertion that Neil Young is God ("One of my most favourite Canadians next to Bruno Gerussi."), not because of the theological implications (which are too scary) but just because.

Anyway, maybe just having the rough Uno mixes next to my typewriter is making me too silly, or maybe I'm just too much of a fan at this point to say anything remotely journalistic about 64 Funny Cars. I will only add that someone in the band is renowned for his chocolate chip cookies and, unfortunately, the Funny Cars won't be playing again until January or so (when Eric C. gets back from Japan). In the meantime, watch out for the *Rockin' Chinamen*, made up of Eric Lowe, Tim Chan and Kevin Lee of the infamous Bedspins.

Janis

2ND SKIN

HAT'S HAT'S HAT'S
BY GARY LEE WILSON



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Neverland

Michael padded down the hall in damp wool socks.

He had been playing in the snow at recess. A snow man had been made anew after yesterday's destruction and a dam of ice erected in the gutter. Yesterday, he had put his plastic sandwich bags around his feet to keep them from getting wet. Space slippers. He would make the same at lunch today. Make his space slippers.

Michael hesitated at Room Three. With an awkward grip he twisted the cold doorknob. A big lady with yellow hair sat behind a desk. The desk was bigger than his own but not as big as teacher's.

"Hello there. You must be Michael."

The big lady with yellow hair stood and came towards him. Her lips were bright red. When she spoke her mouth did not move. Michael backed away.

"There's no reason to be shy. I want to be your friend."

She put a hand on his shoulder. She had long painted fingernails, red like her mouth. She led him to a small desk and sat in a chair opposite. She brushed a hand across his cheek.

"Ooh, your face is hot. Were you playing in the snow at recess?"

Her voice was long and soft. Michael snuck his hands into his pockets.

"Did you build a snowman?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"I remember when I was a little girl I wanted to play in the snow forever; I would almost freeze into a big icicle. I would come home with my cheeks red, just like you."

The lady ruffled Michael's hair. He watched her fingers brush smooth the creases on her dress.

"I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine, Michael."

The lady smiled and drew an arm behind her. A green crocodile appeared. The crocodile had a red swollen nose and long green arms. It had hair like spaghetti, the same colour as the lady's.

"Michael, I'd like you to meet Mr Smee."

She addressed the crocodile. "Mr Smee, this is Michael. He's been playing in the snow this morning, just like you."

The crocodile swallowed Michael's hand. He tugged at Michael's sweater and shook his arm up and down. When Michael tried to pull his hand free, the crocodile wouldn't let go.

"Now Mr Smee, you let go of Michael's hand. Mr Smee is always so hungry."

The lady wrestled with the crocodile for a moment and then, with great effort,



pried its jaws open. Michael pulled his hand free before the jaws snapped shut again. She bopped the crocodile on its nose and Michael jumped.

"You watch your manners, Mr Smee."

The crocodile batted its eyes shyly. The lady pulled a face and the crocodile spoke. "I wonder if you can help me, Michael."

The crocodile had a groggy voice, sputtering when it said the letter "S".

"I haven't seen my friends Wendy and John in such a very long time. I miss them very much, don't you?"

Michael nodded his head.

"We used to play games in the snow and have so much fun, Michael. We'd make believe that the snow would never stop falling. Did they tell you where they might go? I miss them so much."

Michael bowed his head and looked at his socks. He could make a puppet with his socks.

"I dunno."

"You never saw them speaking to any strangers around the school? People you didn't know?"

"No. I never saw that. I think they're gone."

The crocodile leered at Michael, its smile an ugly red slash across a green face.

"Gone where?"

Space slippers.

Michael laughed. "Into the snow."

"Well?"

"Back to square one."

"Nothing?"

"A big zero. They told me everything but we're no farther along."

"You didn't have any problems with them?"

"No, none at all. They warmed right up to Mr Smee."

"They're a good bunch of kids. They've taken it all very well."

"Yes. That struck me as kind of strange."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, when you consider the facts, none of them seem too concerned. They all think that John and Wendy are fine, they're just off playing in the snow somewhere. Don't you think that's strange?"

"Maybe so. I don't think everything has sunk in yet."

"I honestly don't think any of those kids are worried about it. I know that sounds terrible, but they're treating it like some kind of game."

"Game?"

"Yeah. Like hide and seek."

Michael sat alone in the cloakroom, plastic bags around his feet. His socks were warm and damp. Dark patches of wet material clung to his skin.

Billy appeared from behind a raincoat.

"Did ya fib?"

"Nope. They don't know nuthin'."

"Okay. You gotta go tonight, Michael."

Billy leaned forward and whispered. "Wait until your Mum and Dad are in bed. Then you gotta go right away, real fast. Okay?"

"Okay."

The two boys smiled at one another. Michael fastened his coat like a cape and slid across the floor.

"My invention. Space slippers."

"Neat."

Despite the January weather, the air in the hall was warm and heavy. The town, its merchants and farmers, looked towards the front podium with hard eyes. The sheriff switched on the overhead projector and a map of the town appeared on the screen behind him. The overhead's fan began to hum and sing.

"...the forest adjacent to the lake has been searched thoroughly and we've had a patrol with dogs out every day, looking for anything at all. As of yet—"

"You been questioning any of them drifters we get through town? All of them hitch-hikers?"

"—none of our leads has turned up anything concrete. However, a child psychologist has been—"

"Seems to me we ought to be questioning all those boys that just pass through town."

"—sent to us by the school board and we're hoping that some evidence and clues will arise—"

"Somebody ought to make a note of who's not here tonight."

"—from the discussions she has been conducting with all of the school children. I ask you, all of you, to try and recall—"

"Can't even do his own job."

"—any events, large or small, that have struck you as strange or peculiar in the last few weeks. Anything. Anything at all."

The hall was silent. The fan's pitch rose a notch higher.

"Just what have you got, sheriff."

The sheriff switched off the overhead. Behind him, the town vanished. The fan slowed to a whine. The sheriff looked past the eyes upon him and into the night.

"Nothing. We've got nothing at all."

The house was still. Michael could hear his parents' breathing through the wall behind him. Minutes earlier, his mother had checked he was asleep. The furnace purred two stories below, reassuring him with its steady drone. He sat up in bed and rubbed a spot clear on the frosted window. The night sky was full of stars twinkling brilliant against the blanket of white. A snowman stood guard at the front of the house, listening to the wind and snow.

Michael grinned and slid his body to the foot of the bed. In the darkness, he found his winter coat. The space slippers guided him across the hardwood floor. He passed his parents' room and made his way to the stairs. The socks fell with a hush in the middle of each step.

The slippers tucked themselves into his boots. He unbolted the front door and it opened with ease. The night spread before him. The wind shifted the snow, catching the starlight like slivers of glass. Warm shapes burst from the distant forest. Silent beads of white carried on and on, lasting forever.

Michael laughed. The space slippers floated into the night.

Keith Damsell



thompson



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Dublin

Is Where It's At

THE SCENE: It's 6:30pm London time - that's England of course. We're sitting in the Red Lion, a quaint smoke-filled pub in the heart of Covent Garden, sipping on a rather oily tasting bitter. Over the last two months we've stalked through the U.K. and here we are, two

Vancouver mates together after the trek, eating a ploughman's meal. And we're disgusted with the London scene - musically, socio-politically, environmentally. After a day in London we find our bodiës reacting adversely to the urban degeneration. Our phlegm is as black as the Thames.



GUERNICA

The music scene in London, although quite cosmopolitan and diverse, is unfortunately swamped by the media-hyped mainstream disco scene. Acid house is everywhere - in the shops, on the radio and even in the traditional oak-pannelled London pubs - you just cannot escape it.

Don't get us wrong, the independent scene is alive hidden in the ethnic suburbs. The London scene mocks the traditional musical principles. The commercialism of the 80's has overwhelmed the typical rock'n'roll ideals like rebellion, sex, drugs and other sins. Here money signs and programs the sequencer.

But wait, all is not lost....

Dublin is the place to be. Hip, happening and cheap. Contemporary demographics throughout Ireland and specifically in Dublin mimic the scene of the '60's in the USA and U.K., i.e. major baby boom. However, the national debt is over \$38 billion, income taxes are high and the unemployment rate is a whopping 19%. Compounded that with the threat to Ireland's cultural sovereignty from the U.K. media and pop culture - this nation has a lot to complain about. The Dublin youth are reacting to these pressures by searching within their religiously inclined folk culture roots to escape the invading generic pop culture. Folk based rock'n'roll is this nation's reaction to their internal strife and the external invasion.

Religion has a profound influence on the music of Ireland. Also, Dublin lacks a cosmopolitan atmosphere so the energy of the youth is focused upon portraying their plight through rocked up folk music. U2 illustrates this quest. Interestingly, the Dublin/Belfast music circuit has attracted much attention world-wide for their ability to pump out a lot of good groups recently. The Pogues, Hothouse Flowers, Sinead O'Connor and That Petrol Emotion quickly come to mind. How is it that this small and monetarily stripped musical scene is so alive? Much of their vitality stems from the Irish youth's near fanatic support of these groups.

And this is only the beginning. New groups of Dublin are quickly gaining in popularity. The *Swinging Swine* and *Guernica* are two new groups hitting the airwaves these days. In fact, CBC's *Brave New Waves* recently did a spotlight on *Guernica*. They are a five piece Dublin-based band formed three years ago amidst the strife of Ireland. They've got something to say and lead singer Joe Rooney is the perfect person to say it. His deep soul-ful voice compliments the brooding hard pop melodies that are *Guernica*'s signature sound. Their unique 'pop with an edge' cuts through contemporary musical culture. Graham Lineham, editor of *Dublin's 'Hot Press'*, has called *Guernica* "devastating" and "appallingly brilliant". If you want to make comparisons, their sound is reminiscent of *Echo and the Bunnymen*, the *Pale Fountains*, or the *Triffids* with a young *Howard Devoto* fronting. The enigmatic and sincere Rooney has a nervous rapport with his audience, and his singing style alternates between a soothing massage and an outright physical assault. Caught live, *Guernica* and Rooney are mesmerizing - a fusion of depth and energy that is rare. London's *NME* have said that "In their darkest moments *Guernica* almost rival the power of the famous *Picasso* named after them". Indeed their future looks bright.

Anyway, back to London. Time to get some more pints and drown our frustration. And you can't even get a good mug of Guinness here. Dublin is where it's at. Seriously.

Michael Grigg & Fernando Medrano

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REVIEW

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Love Junk
(Chrysalis)

Finally. It seems like decades ago since I'm an Adult Now came out. When you're waiting for something, the time it takes to get in your hands is unbelievable. But it's here.

Moe Berg and his cohorts from Toronto have issued their first full length LP, a real test of TPOH. Instead of releasing two songs at a time, they have to write 13 barn burners. Well, nine in reality—four of the songs are from the two previous singles. The topic of the 13 is fairly consistent—man/child looking for girls and hopefully sex. But don't let that turn you off, for it's not your usual sexist lust. TPOH have a sense of humour which enables them to laugh at themselves, and translates into absurd fun. Witness the female vocalists singing "looking for girls" in the background.

Love Junk fulfills the promise that was evident in the earlier stages of the career of *The Pursuit of Happiness* and shows that they have enough good material to rock with the best around. Finally.

Lane

VARIOUS

A Time to Stand Together
(Silm Evans)

The first album/cassette compilation released by the Silm Evans label, *A Time to Stand Together* continues on the path forged by the cassette releases *Hold the Fort*, *Watch Over Liberty* and *Talking Union*. All four share a concern for the defense of Canada's organised labour movement. Produced by the Canadian Union of Postal Workers, this new album was unveiled across the country during Mayweeks 1988 and represents the potential broad-based level of popular resistance to all of the Rights, either New or Far or Religious.

The proceeds are being donated to postal workers fired or suspended in the 1987 strike, and to the Working Committee for Social Solidarity.

That the songs on the album are not over-produced, kilo-dollar extravaganzas is a given. They range from a local a capella group Aya singing *Heather's Song to Arlene Mantle with Our World to Pierre Fournier's Un Accident*, all of which emphasise the direct and straightforward. The music delves into the corny with Phil Vernon's *No Contracting Out*. Folk Festival 1988 performers Nancy White and Eileen McGann are also included. The former's *Good Girl* is quite disappointing compared to her other witty swipes at the Canadian mainstream. *Man's Job* takes a look at Ms McGann's experiences as a woman labourer in the male-dominated workforce.

The best tracks are the opening *Why do we have to fight?* by Lillian Allan, which also appears on her *Conditions Critical* LP, and the closing *A Time to Stand Together* by the Ginger Group. Although I admire the laudable intentions of this album and understand the tight time frame it was forced to follow, something still bothers me. *A Time to Stand Together* highlights both English and French speaking artists, but only two Quebecois(e) are included. One of two conclusions can be reached: either there are only two Quebecois(e) supportive of CUPW (highly unlikely), or there are only two Quebecois(e) artists (even more unlikely). I won't even go into Lillian Allen and Clifton Joseph being the only two people of colour...

This doesn't mean that *A Time to Stand Together* is not a good album. It is just difficult to separate content from context. Oh well.

Alexander Stonefield

STYLE COUNCIL

Confessions of a Pop Group
(Polygram)

The Cappuccino kid appears to have given up coffee for health reasons, and the net result is an album even duller than previous *Style Council* releases. The best way to approach this album is to study the cover, the liner note design and the overall layout. Then put it back in the sleeve and file it. Paul Weller should run for the Labour party, cease his attempts at recycling classic soul grooves and install a powerful (and so very chic) lyrical content to them. Mr Weller's attempts to produce Yuppie protest music is a sick joke, but I'm certain that music as non-existent as this will be accessible to a large enough audience to enable the *Style Council* to play well into their sixties. It stinks. Don't waste money. Buy the new James Brown, or whatever.

Stuart Dardryn

R.E.M.

Green
(Warner Brothers)

Yes folks, here we have it. Perhaps one of the most influential bands in recent memory has moved to the big time. Major label status. Huge recording contract. One could be snide and say that *Green* is much more than simply an album title and is an allusion to the money that R.E.M. is hoping to make. One could also rant about how R.E.M. has sold out and forsaken its "alternative" fans. Well, this rates as a load of shit in my books. Yes these Athenian gods will make loads of cash from *Green*, simply because it stands as arguably the best release of the late eighties. Impressions of the album: "Where is the filler?", "Yes, Michael Stipe can actually sing," and "I can't believe how eclectic this band is!"

Maybe this album will be big and make the top of the pops at the Fox or at LG, but with good reason. This is a great album and should be taken as such and not rejected for being "too popular".

Michael LeDuc

THE FEELES

Only Life
(A&M Records)

Sure it's only life. And The Feelies are only another three chord guitar band with aspirations of making it big, just like thousands of other guitar bands. But wait! How do The Feelies rate an entire one page article in *TIME* magazine? Being somewhat cynical, I would be inclined to attribute it to their ties with currently hip filmmaker Jonathan Demme, but upon listening to this album and subsequently seeing them live, I came to appreciate this band.

The Feelies play finely crafted guitar many bands can only dream of. High points on *Only Life* are many; low points are almost nil. Every track 22 DISORDER

shines in its own way. Higher Ground has fantastic chord changes and a great melody. For *Awahle* is a tune that revolves around a single, almost hypnotizing guitar riff and wonderful Whoohoo! background vocals. Away, the single, is a locomotive of a composition that slowly builds up to top speed and rewards with a panoramic view of what The Feelies are all about.

Yes, simplicity can be beautiful, for this album is both simple in concept and beautiful in execution. Indeed, The Feelies are truly a band to be reckoned with.

Michael LeDuc

THE PROCLAIMERS

Sunshine on Leith
(Chrysalis)

A litting brogue figures prominently on this fine piece of work by these Scottish twins who, if one can judge by the cover picture of an album, enjoy standing on Edinburgh rooftops. The Proclaimers have leanings towards some kind of melodic Scottish Country and Western music with tracks such as *I'm Gonna Be, Cap in Hand and I'm On My Way* which display distinct, guitar oriented, folk and country influences. On the other hand, in songs such as *Then I Met You and Sean*, the band reveals a good pop sense combining acoustic guitars, touches of organ (perhaps VOX?) and an adept but unobtrusive rhythm section (the best kind) to showcase talented songwriting. If one requires an extensive list of dropped names to compare this band to, such groups as The Bluebells, The Faith Brothers, and perhaps even (dare I say it) The Waterboys, come to mind. A fine melodic album.

J.W.

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

Tender Prey
(Mute)

Seems like those bad seeds sprouted some real listenable tunes. On *Tender Prey*, Nick Cave has mellowed out and delivered a top notch lounge dirge that sounds like Tom Waits on gothic downers. The obsession with blues remains, but the tongue-in-cheek delivery of Nick's done-me-wrong, death/suicide and sunset ride-off lyrics is irresistible. The mid-60s style sing-a-long *Deanna* has Alternative Top 40 Hit written all over it. One barely notices the lyric "I cum a death's head in your frock."—the song just bounces along right over it.

The *Mercy Seat* opens the album with a quasi-gospel chant complete with pulsing organ riff. *Watching Slice* is a positively beautiful song about watching a nun get dressed. It features tin-pan alley harmonica and (gasp) sensitive chord progression. The playing of The Bad Seeds - Blixa Bargeld, Kid Congo Powers, Roland Wolf and Mick Harvey - is strong on all cuts.

This is a really great rainy day cheer up disc. Sort of like the movie *Wings of Desire* which has a great cameo appearance by the band.

Stuart Dardryn

MICHELLE SHOCKED
Short Sharp Shocked
(Polygram)

Make room k.d.lang, Dwight Yoakum and Steve Earle. (Piss off Randy Travis.) A new kid has arrived. Michelle Shocked bounced from absolute obscurity to folk notoriety with *The Texas Campfire Tapes* and some excellent live performances. Now, with the aid of Pete Anderson (Yoakum's producer), she is on her way to becoming the most exciting "new country" artist around. Shocked may lack the powerful pipes of lang and the rock star flash of Yoakum or Earle, but the strength of her songwriting and guitar playing are compensation enough. Plus she's eclectic as all get out.

Side one opens with *When I Grow Up*, which sounds like *Siouxie and the Banshees* and features the wonderful refrain "Me and my old man and a hundred and twenty babies." Hello Hopeville is a basic country stomp. *Memories of East Texas*, a semi-autobiographical piece, has a lilting melody that reminds one of *Emmylou Harris*. The first side finishes with *Graffiti Limbo*, a song dedicated to Michelle Stewart, a black graffiti artist who was strangled to death by New York City Policemen.

Side two contains the single *Anchorage*, a real radio bid complete with a casual feminist message, and ends with an unannounced cut of *Shocked* and *M.D.C. doing Falldown*, a roaring hardcore/metal/blues stomp. Side two also includes the destined-to-be-classic *If Love Was a Train*, the quintessential country swing number.

Overall, *Short Sharp Shocked* delivers the goods on this exciting performer. The political angle of *Shocked's* life is left to the cover photo of her being arrested by the SFPD following a squatters' protest, and the underlying just plain folks struggle message of all her songs. This is one of the finest country albums released this year. However, I think it will be awhile before *Shocked* is charging \$32 for a performance at the Orpheum. Buy this record and go see this woman pick and preach. You'll love it!

Stuart Derrdyn

T.V.C.B.
Ex Cathedra
(Treehouse)

Well, it's about time someone reviewed this relic of 1987. Initial listening reveals a very strange yet effective sound from a three piece band that hails, as far as I can tell, from Minneapolis. The album begins with the unpromising cut, *C'mon Boy*, which sounds like some sort of free-jazz metal, rather reminiscent of large, mishapen, five hundred pound garden ornaments raining down from above. Despite these humble beginnings, the record shows promise with songs such as *Forsake Me Not*, *Not O.K.* and the exquisite instrumental *Slices of Happy* wherein T.V.C.B. exhibit rough vocals, hard-edged guitar, and great melodies. Unfortunately, with other numbers such as *Festige*, the record lapses back into a hail of even larger, more hideous, garden ornaments.

J.W.

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
Waiting for Bonaparte
(Magnet Records Ltd.)

It's Celtic jig rhythms! Similar to the Pogues but possessing pearly whites, TMTCH are sober and tuneful. For upbeat and optimistic songs like *The Colours* get out your bagpipes, kilts and highlands. For the, unfortunately, many forgettable songs, don't bother.

Jen Read

LAIBACH
Let It Be
(Mute)

If the Beatles had been a fascist, classically influenced group from the communist bloc, would Laibach have been the result? Probably not. Though their *Let It Be* cover album is occasionally funny, hip, and (dare I say) groovy, specifically on *Get Back* and *One After 909*, the vast majority of the songs drag. The "classical" influence muzaks most of the tracks into a monotonous rut.

With any cover album one has to ask, "Would I rather listen to the original?" Unfortunately, old, tired and overplayed as the original is, the answer is "Yes".

Let's hope their forthcoming E.P. of *Rolling Stones* tunes fares better.

Tania Alekson

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS
Mainstream
(Polydor)

No, the title does not mean what it says. Lloyd and his cronies haven't lost their traditional commotion sound—they've improved it. However, it is hard to be objective about a group with such great ideas for titles as *Jennifer She Said*. Lloyd is less pained and poignant than usual: "My baby left me. Heck, ain't that a shame."—My Bag

The songs are better taken as a unit, an album, rather than separated into singles. This album is a solid, exciting continuation of their career.

Jen Read

The Earthly Delights

Since they work so well together, here in brief are the first four releases from the new improved *Nocturnal Emissions* (Nigel Ayer and Carollinge K) on their *Earthly Delights* label.

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS
The World Is My Womb
(Earthly Delights)

Reviewing this album from the perspective of other releases causes it to be viewed as a transitional work. Half of it harkens back to the furious days of *Songs of Love & Revolution*, while the other half heralds a departure from these disruptions. While admiring Nigel Ayer's work, it must be confessed that sometimes it is difficult not to dislike his voice. There are very distracting long passages on this record where he recites a lot of stuff that sounds like the liner notes of a Bill Nelson album.

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS
Spirtflesh
(Earthly Delights)

So much better than the other one. Many of the sounds are environmental—a concept explored by Graeme Revell (*The Insect Musicians*)—but animals are the sampling here instead of bugs. Not surprisingly, the results are more human. Some are almost breathtaking. Although the production is somehow inexpensive sounding, this doesn't preclude enjoyment by a wide spectrum of the people with whom you are required to share whatever it is you've got (old-agers with karma layers, lifestyle clones and street goths will all be affected). Very original and enjoyable.

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS
Spanner Thru My Beatbox
(Earthly Delights)

Machines don't create music and art—people do. When machines threaten people, they should be destroyed. That's what happens here. This record speaks to the sadist in many people and should be played in places where you can watch people be disgusting.

CAROLINE K
Now Wait for Last Year
(Earthly Delights)

Some of this also sounds transitional, but side one (*The Happening World*) sounds like no one else and is worth the price of the record. The background sounds are mostly sterile noises (electronics) with beautifully clear animal noises, choruses, etc added sparingly. The effect is physically penetrating. Of the four it leaves the greatest impact.

BUY THEM ALL. MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Larry Thlessen

**The Possibly Fruitful
World of
The Undiscovered**

"Do this column!" I was ordered by someone who will remain nameless. So, I'm doing it—'it' being briefly mentioning music that you might not hear about elsewhere. That very day I stumbled across the *Ornette Coleman* and *Prime Time LP Virgin Beauty* (CBS) and was impressed by its jazzy feel. It wasn't as impressive as *Billy Child's* latest *Take for Example*, *This* (Windham Hill), which I heard thanks to the Monday night Jazz Show. Venturing further down this avenue, I flung the *Modern Jazz Quartet's For Ellington*, released by East West, on the turntable. A collection of jazz tunes expertly done resonated in my ears. I then moved on to *The Feelies* release *Only Life* (A & M) which seems to be an REM, styled Lou Reed—pretty good. Next up was the *Social Club's Flogging Peasants* (Petroleum By-Products). I was attacked by a guitar rock party type Californian band who play in an extraordinarily wide range of interesting styles. From a wide range to a limited one - *The Wedding Present's* latest on Reception Records, *Why are you being so reasonable now?* Same voice, same fast guitar rhythm, same sound—same good tunes as always. Lastly, the Azumuve label re-release of *Bambi's* 1986 cover of the old David 'Where am I now?' *Essex* smash hit, *Rock On*; very Mission-ish and really quite good. Can I stop now?

Jen

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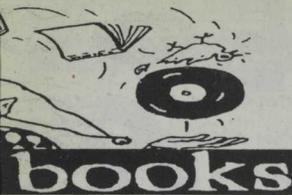
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mature: occasional nudity

ARIA 9:30

Restricted: frequent nudity, occasional suggestive scenes & violence

WED—THURS, DEC 14—15

Paul Morrissey Duet

MIXED BLOOD 7:30

Restricted: frequent gory violence & very coarse language

BEETHOVEN'S NEPHEW 9:30

14 yrs - lim. adm.: occ. nudity & sugg. scenes



WED—THURS, DEC 21—22

O'Connor, Yulin, Waits in

CANDY MOUNTAIN 7:30

Mature: some very coarse language

Quaid & Barkin in
THE BIG EASY 9:20

14 yrs: some violence, sugg. scenes & very coarse language



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Dec 18: Chuck Berry (Merry Christmas Pretty Baby)

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:30-9:00pm

Dec 4: UN Human Rights Day feature: An International perspective on indigenous peoples and human rights. Speakers from the Gitksan Weisuweten, World Council of Indigenous Peoples, Union of BC Indian Chiefs and Mayan Indian Nation.

Dec 18: Winter Solstice Celebration: Reflection on Light and Darkness, Hope and Despair.

PLAYLOUD/THIS IS NOT A TEST 9-midnite

"There are many people for whom hate and rage pay a higher dividend of immediate satisfaction than love". THE DEVILS OF LOUDON - Aldous Huxley Oral surgery performed by Larry Thiessen. Listen to invitational program Dec 25. Details elsewhere.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY midnite til the eggnog runs out

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Dec 4: Hanukkah Blowout

Dec 11: Music to Roast Elves By

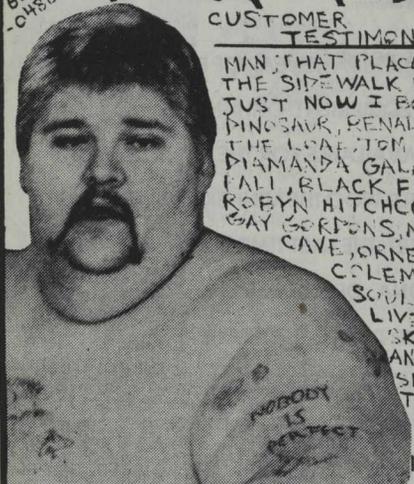
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