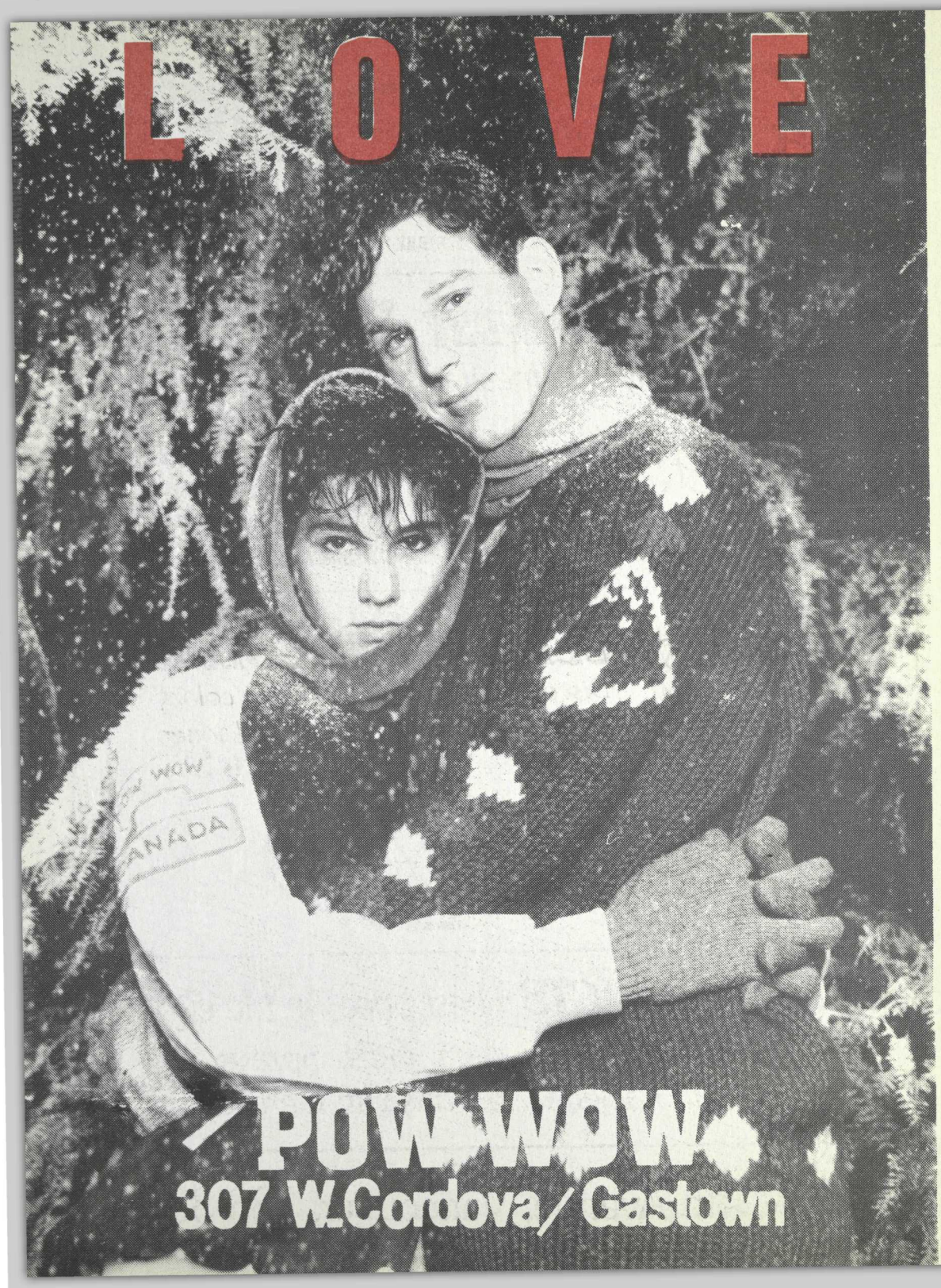
DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM102 CABLE100

DECEMBER 1985 • FREE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DiSCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM102 CABLE100 DECEMBER 1985 • VOL. 3 NO. 11

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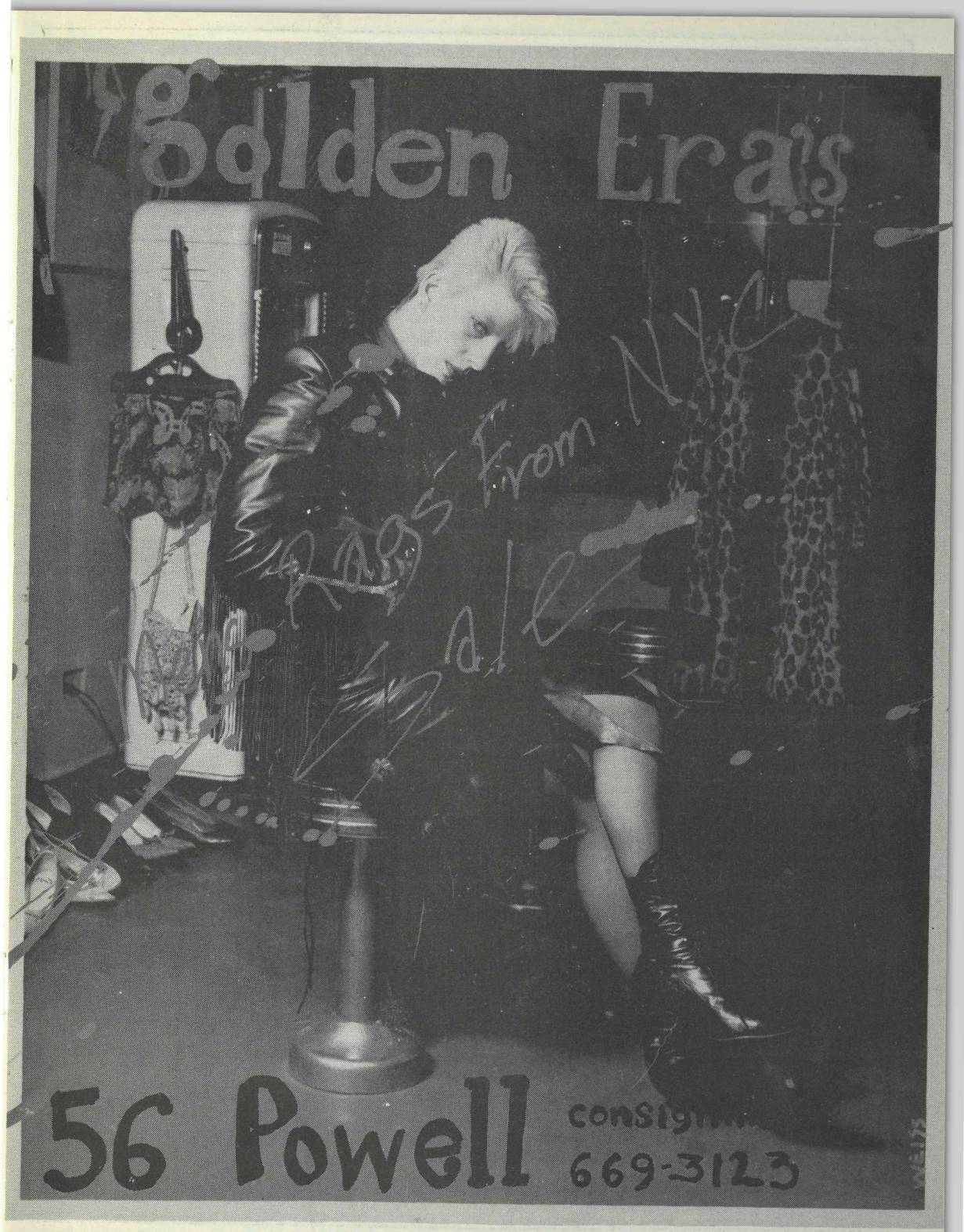
Unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, cartoons and graphics are welcome but they can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. DISCORDER does not assume responsibility for unsolicited material.

The offices of CITR and DISCORDER are located in room 233 of the UBC's Student Union Building. For general business inquiries or to book the **CITR Mobile Sound System** call 228-3017 and ask for station manager Nancy Smith. The Music Request line is 228-CITR.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Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

This Letter Is For Real. We Did Not Make It Up. Really.

Hello *Discorder*,

Flash!!! Los Angeles Band Sixty-Nine just played the largest music festival in California rock history. The Los Angeles street scene was a two-day event, with attendance set at 1.5 million people, more than double the 1983 "US" Festival.

Before an ocean of crazed fans, Sixty-Nine blazed through a hard-driven, fast-paced set featuring such rockers as "Bad Situation," "Stand Up and Fight" and "Thunderlove." The audience response was deafening!

Shortly following Sixty-Nine's set, the crowd, demanding more, got restless, and violence broke out as bottles flew and fights erupted. Suddenly, one dozen mounted cops on horseback and two dozen stormtroopers dressed in full riot regalia stormed the mob, dispersing the crowd, making arrests and closing the stage for the remainder of the two-day event. Sixty-Nine had literally brought down the house!

I have enclosed some exclusive photographs of Sixty-Nine at this event, along with our band photograph, 3-song demo and biography for immediate publication in your magazine.

Do not hesitate to send over interview questions, and the *Discorder* issue feature Sixty-Nine; leader of the next wave of Los Angeles heavy metal.

Rock on,
David Yesnick
Manager
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA

Extinction

Dear Airhead,

Something ugly is going on here in our fair city. First of all the Reptiles became extinct. Not long after, the Flunkees took their last train to Clarksville. Before I had time to recover, the incredible Bags of Dirt suddenly went poof!

My head really started spinning last week as I discovered NG3, My Three Sons, and the Dilletantes are all facing the Twilight Zone. Yeow! What's going on around here? Do you think there's a conspiracy afoot? Some bands get together and produce happy, maybe even important music and just as they get going they suddenly go up in one fiery rock and roll blast. Pardon my paranoia, but could there be Blue Meanies out making sure nobody has any fun before Expo?

Okay, there are still some groups performing in the tradition of "Good Time Charlie" rock and roll, but there's an increasing influx of glum-faced poseurs and poets as well. Listening to these flashy avant-garde "geniuses" reminds me of sitting at home with *Dallas* or *Dynasty:* occasionally enjoyable but very little of it actually makes me feel good.

So all I want for Christmas is some more crazy, happy music in Vancouver, a one-way ticket to Iceland for the Blue Meanies, and a protective insurance policy for Tartan Haggis. Watch your kilts, laddies.

Your most truly,
Bongo

We're Slipping?

Dear (Mr./Mrs./Miss/Ms.) Airhead,

It has come to my attention that some of the disc and artist reviews in *Discorder* are no longer adhering to the Trouser Press Standard of Avant-Garde Music Reviews. I feel it is my duty to reiterate the rules of this great standard.

1.) If the artists are obscure, the review shall be positive.

2.) If the artists are well-known and popular, the review shall be negative.

3.) If the artists are well-known and unpopular (eg: Frankie) the review shall be positive.

4.) Each review shall compare the artists to at least three (3) obscure bands that only an avant-garde DJ could possibly have heard of.

5.) If it is necessary to compare the artists to a well-known band, the comparison shall be to the "early" version of the band (e.g. early Stranglers, early Ramones).

6.) At least one new term for a subclass of music (e.g. "sludge-abilly") shall be invented per three (3) reviews.

7.) Every interesting male voice shall be called a Bowie rip-off.

I strongly urge the *Discorder* reviewers to shape up and conform to this standard at once, or your august organ may go the way of the late lamented Trouser Press itself (which, in its last months, actually started to contain some intelligent writing). I have reason to hope, since about 80% of the *Discorder* reviews are already of the accepted format.

Hail Eris! All hail Discordia!
Jamie Andrews

More Puppy Stuff

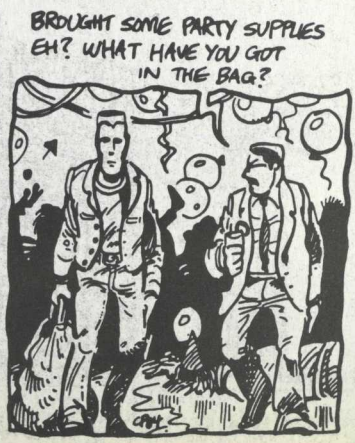
Dear Airhead,

And now, a few nice words about Mark Mushet's review of Skinny Puppy's *Bites* LP.

Mark (knowingly) stuck his head on the guillotine with his review what seems to have pissed off a lot of people is (uh oh), Mark was right. Skinny Puppy are contrived, pretentious, dreary, and incredibly derivative. They do manage to put on a visually pleasant show, but otherwise...oh dear. Let's face it, the review made several valid points; that's no reason to drop the knife on Mark.

After reading the letters in November's Airhead, it seems the Joi-Gel and Juicy Fruit brigade (a.k.a. Puppy People) are unhappy that any slagging could be done of their heroes (gasp!) in print. That's the World of 1985, kids. Anyone who promotes themselves to the apex of popularity should be ready for a quick tumble off the hype wagon. So take Mark's review as a decent piece of writing—even if you hate the content—and watch carefuly. After all, it's all just hip today, hype tomorrow.

Thoughtfully,
M.B. Swiger



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DECEMBER 3-5
THE BIRDS
FRENZY

DECEMBER 6-9
MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
SABOTEUR

DECEMBER 10-12
TROUBLE WITH HARRY
TOPAZ

DECEMBER 13-15
TORN CURTAIN
SHADOW OF A DOUBT

DECEMBER 16 & 17
PSYCHO
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Shindig

DATELINE: VANCOUVER (NOTE TELE-types ticking in the background). As the inevitable climax of the Shindig finals draws close, tension builds...**Little Ratskulls** quake in anticipation of stiff competition with the addition of the **Wingnuts** to the finals. Who will the third finalist be? Throngs of eager spectators and smug speculators pack every available space at the Savoy each Monday night, watching Vancouver's finest new original bands perform. There are only three more nights remaining in the competition. Who are these bands? Who will the winners be? Why is it so cold outside?

Monday, December 2

A440

Craig Arnatt (guitars, backing vocals), Mark Meyerhoff (bass, acoustic guitar, lead vocals) Frank Penko (drums)

WITH 26 YEARS of collective musical experience between, Craig (a founding member of Images in Vogue), Frank (formerly of Rayve) and Mark (a veteran of several music competitions as a solo performer) boast a "back to basics acoustical-electric sound." A440 has produced both a three-song demo and a Cable 10 video for their single "Ciranoush," and express a desire to work their way up through the "ranks of the underground."

The Zealots

Peter Mitchell (guitar, vocals), Lee Holmes (bass), John Rule (drums)

JUDGING FROM THEIR NAME, the Zealots take their music seriously...not your average Artful Dodgers. Having played together only for two months, the Zealots will make their premiere performance at Shindig. While John and Lee study music at UBC and Capilano College respectively, Peter is a former Cap College music student who hails from Nashville, Tennessee.

The Zealots claim to play "an entire ethnic amalgamation...from bluegrass to jazz." However, Peter stresses that "we are a psychedelic band...not a country band." The Zealots plan to use Shindig as a stepping stone to future gigs and eventual stardom, and, in the event of victory, to use the recording time to spread their gospel to the yearning masses via the vinyl pulpit. Good luck.

Deadlock

Darcey Villeneuve (guitar vocals), Mike Elsinga (guitar, vocals), Ria Eslinga (keyboard, vocals), Steinar Skogland (bass, vocals), Joe Creegan (drums)

"DEADLOCK HAS BEEN TOGETHER for over two years, formed from the remainders of Fallen Angels and the previous Deadlock. Our new drummer, Joe, stepped in over the summer when our last drummer came close to party corpsedom (A party corpse is someone who does the act of being a party viking. A party viking has no liver and will go anywhere to party. Far more devoted than a party animal.), and then committed cultural suicide by moving to Calgary with our favourite groupie. We all have a passion for driving too fast and drinking too much. Our motto: Know your limit and stay over it. Our music is conceptual and that's about as close as we care to come to being categorized. The band's purpose is to serve as a creative outlet and another reason to party. (We all have some type of mundane day activity that helps to pay for guitar strings and patchcords and the keep the fridge full of beer.)"

RIDGE THEATRE This Month
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It is 1913, and Edwardian England is about to vanish into history...

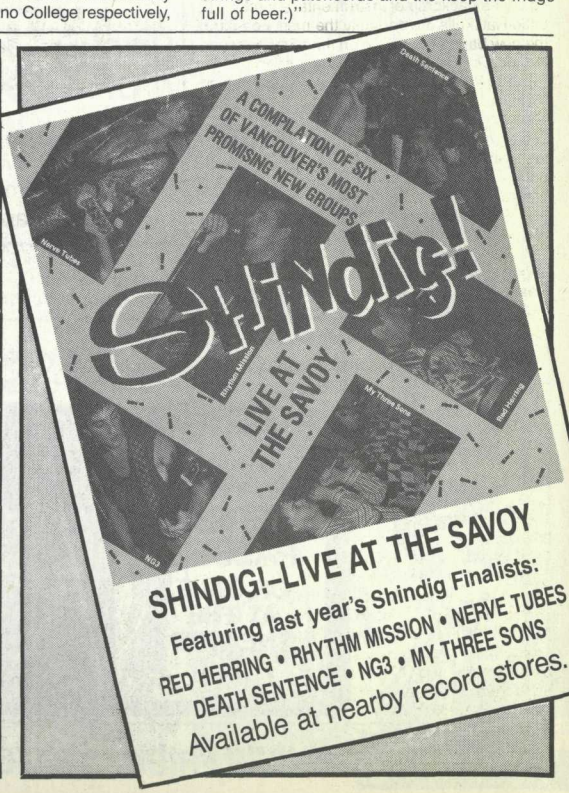
THE SHOOTING PARTY

"One of the most provocative and compelling films to come out of England in years." Rex Reed, New York Post

Starring
JAMES MASON
EDWARD FOX
JOHN GIELGUD

Showtimes 7:30 & 9:30

The Management and Staff would like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas.



Monday, December 9
Third Semi-Finals

FEATURED ARE: **Live Bait,** plus the winners of the November 25 and December 2 Shindigs (not available at press time). In addition, Shindig will once again be blessed by Lou Cooper and Alice Reed and the Commotions. Lou's apearance has been made possible by the benevolance of the Canadian Cough Syrup Consumers Association in conjunction with the Canadian Cough Syrup Manufacturers Association (a match made in heaven). In lieu of cooperation between this powerful coalition and CITR, any references to our public disclosures of the recent diagnosis of Lou Cooper—the man himself—as being brain dead will not be published.

Certain to be an entertaining night.

Monday, December 16
THE FINALS!

FEATURING:

• **The Little Ratskulls**—a fast and furious combination with great vocal harmonies set against a backdrop of instrumental anarchy. The Little Ratskulls are certainly the most popular of the new bands to emerge on the hardcore-oriented side of the Vancouver music scene.

• **The Wingnuts**—from Walla Walla, Washington, this folk duo utilizes acoustic guitar, kazoo, cooking pots and a wonderful sense of humour before transforming—in mid-set—into a tight, fast-paced electric trio. Continually changing pace and musical styles, the Wingnuts offer entertaining, eclectic, unpredictable energy.

• TBA—the third finalist will be decided in the Semi-finals on December 9.

In addition to the three finalists, a return engagement by Burnaby's Teen Sensations in Neat Clothes and Big Hair will grace this evening's stage. Yes, it's the return of Skinny Yuppie, featuring Part II in the lecture series—"How to be a Death Rocker."

All three finalists will be competing for prizes from the Universal Institute of Recording Arts (24 hours of recording time), Bullfrog Studios (24 hours of recording time), and the Music Shoppe (a Sure microphone and stand).

There will be no advance ticket sales for the Shindig finals. Tickets will only be available at the door on the night of the show.

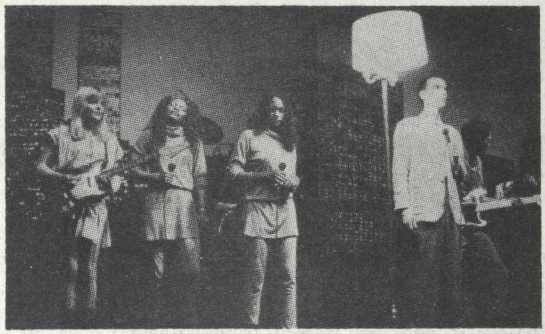
CITR and the Savoy would like to thank all of the bands who submitted demos to Shindig. Final selection was an extremely difficult task, as about 70 bands applied for the 27 available positions. Thanks also to those who have supported Shindig with their attendance and the Savoy with their unquenchable thirst. Finally, thanks to those musicians, industry people, media hacks, and CITR types who have served as judges. I have all your names—if you don't pay up, I'll publish them in next month's issue. Then you'll be sorry.

—Jay Scott

VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA

presents

TALKING HEADS
STOP MAKING SENSE



LATE NIGHT SCREENINGS
11:30 p.m. Fri. Nov. 29 • Dec. 13 • Dec. 27

We are introducing a **15.00 ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP** which offers considerable savings for the avid moviegoer. The 1986 Membership card is available NOW and expires Dec. 31, 1986. Thanks to all, and hope this helps out.

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Friday 8 am-Midnight
Saturday 11 am-Midnight
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BEHIND THE DIAL

Some Nasty Things To Think About Santa While You're Waiting For Christmas.

"Any child who believes in Santa Claus has had his ability to think permanently injured. Such a child will become the kind of man who will develop a sore back when there is a tough job to do and refuse to think realistically when war threatens."

Dr. Brock Chisolm
in *The New York Times*
November, 1945

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Santa is the most popular hoax of the age. Around the globe, so-called Christian parents are deceiving their children about Santa Claus. Santa Claus is the modern equivalent of the heathen god Nimrod, who is a defiant hater of God and Satan's earliest effort to produce Anti-Christ."

Reverend Martin F. Clough
in *The Hartford Courant*
December 26, 1949

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wilbur Glenn Voliva, head of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion City, Illinois, banned Santa from that city in 1921.

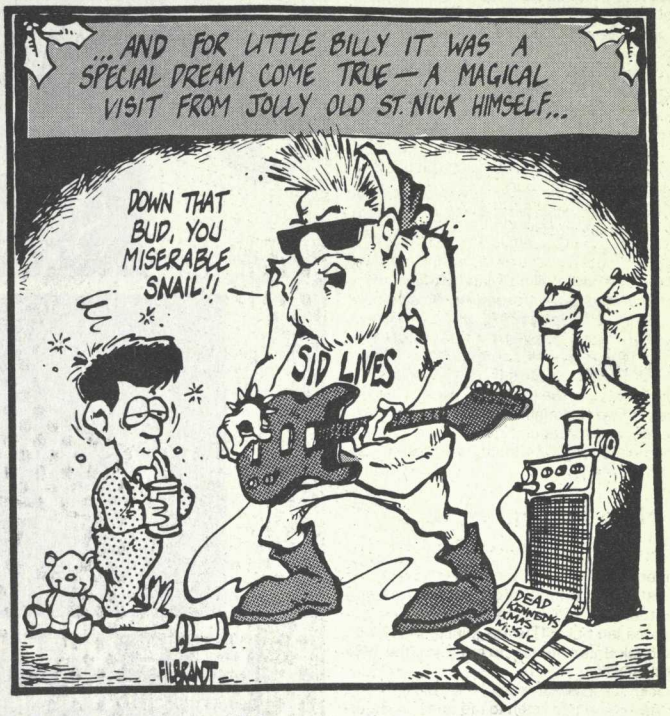
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Reverend Del A. Fehsenfeld, pastor of the Argentine Baptist Church, denounced Santa Clause as "a dirty lie."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Parents take their children, at an age when they are easiestly deceived, to a seducing joker set up by Satan the devil and by the unemployment office and tell them, 'Now if you be good boys and girls, Santa will bring presents on Christmas Eve and put them under the Christmas tree.' Later in life the child finds out that this was all a hoax and a lie, so the child reasons, 'Mommy and Daddy lied about Santa Clause etc. So they must have lied about being good all year round too?' "

from a pamphlet from
The Assembly of Yahowah The Eternal
4344 Fraser Street, Vancouver



And A Little Something To Help You Prepare For Those Post-Christmas Blahs.

Well, so that is that. Now we must dismantle the tree
Putting the decorations back into their cardbord boxes—
Some have got broken—and carrying them up to the attic.
The holly and the mistletoe must be taken down and burnt
And the children got ready for school. There are enough
Leftovers to do, warmed up, for the rest of the week—
Not that we have much appetite, having drunk such a lot,
Stayed up so late, attempted—quite unsuccessfully—to love all our relatives
and, in general
Grossly overestimated our powers.

W. H. Auden
For The Time Being

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WARNING! This is a carefully designed ad to lure you, the unsuspecting Xmas shopper, (you know who you are) into one of your favourite independent-music-supporting record stores, (you know who they are) and pick up on some local releases for all those people that already have everything else (do you know who you are?)... (I don't think they read Discorder) -Ed. So next time you're in say, Zulu, for example, and thinking independent, watch out for that low-cost, high-fidelity gift on Neon Records: RED HERRING, Taste Tests!

better used clothing & accessories
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LAZYLEGS
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1204 commercial drive 251-7390
mon. - sat. 11:00-5:30 sun. 1:00-4:00

Survey

EVER TALKED TO a pollster, Billy?

If you've successfully avoided having your prejudices probed by Decima Research, Gallup or any of the other nosy bastards who want to use your opinions to manipulate you, the end of the line is near. Because soon CITR and *Discorder* will be probing the deep dark recesses of your psyche with a Listener/Reader survey. The last survey we took, in the April/May 1983 issue of *Discorder*, garnered 283 responses and lots of swell comments that kept half the station on an adrenalin high for six months, and sent the other half looking for a tall building.

Since CITR is too poor to afford the services of any of the major polling organizations, we're doing it all ourselves. While we realize that the results will probably have all the scientific validity of two small boys pulling wings off flies, we're looking forward to your responses. So start now; think of all the things you like about CITR, and, of course, all the things you don't like about CITR, and get ready to put them down on the forms available in next month's issue.

We'd like to top the total responses of the last survey, so we're counting on *all of you* to blow off lots of steam in our direction.

It'll probably be very therapeutic for all concerned.

Blackbook

AS YOU ARE NO DOUBT AWARE, there are a number of discount coupon books making the rounds these days, all promising to save you thousands of dollars over the next year. Not wanting to be left out, CITR has joined forces with Blackbook Entertainment to bring you the 1986 BLACKBOOK.

Blackbook Entertainment is, for those of you who stay home and listen to the radio on Saturday night, probably better known as the Saturday Night Pajama Party. Hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell conceived of the Blackbook as an outgrowth of their activities with CITR and *Discorder* (Mines is the co-founder of the humble little rag you hold in your hands).

"We wanted to do something with integrity," says Mines, "something that was geared towards an urban audience and that would focus specifically on businesses that are trying to serve the kind of person who might listen to CITR."

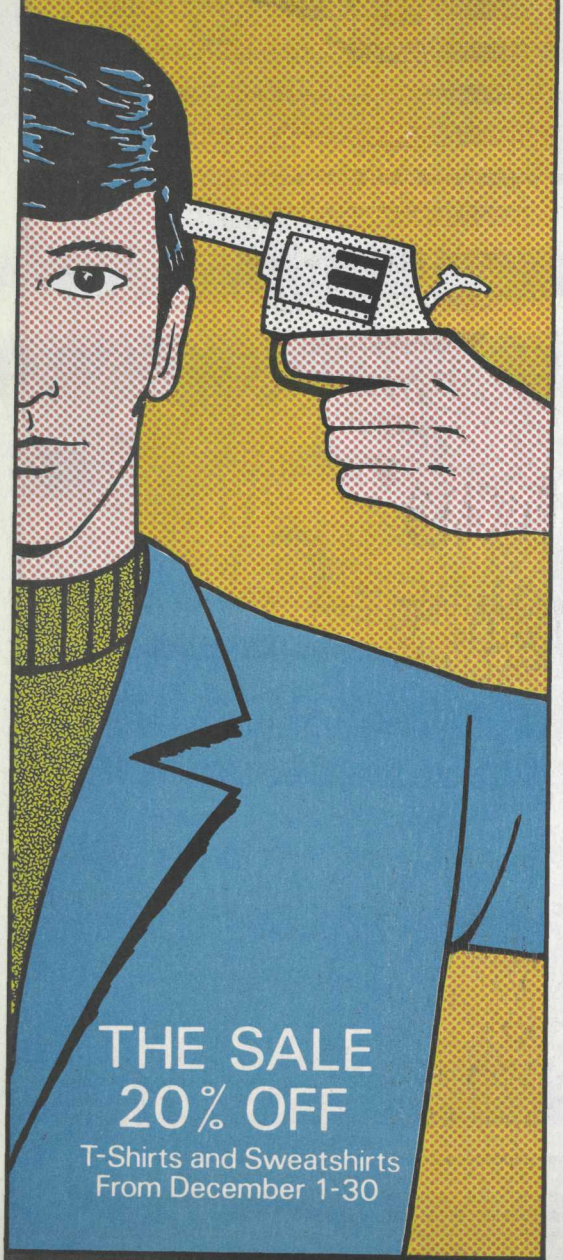
The Blackbook features 104 coupons for about 90 businesses and is available through Zulu, Odyssey, the AMS Box Office at UBC, Cabbages and Kinks and a number of other fine outlets. And if you're too poor, or too cheap to shell out the $22 a Blackbook will set you back, you can listen to CITR for the chance to win a Blackbook.

Concert Presentations

TIME TO CASH IN all those empty beer bottles under the sink: **The Replacements** are coming. CITR is more than a little bit pleased to present the Vancouver debut of what, if you want to believe John Doe of X or Peter Buck of REM, may well be the best rock n' roll band playing in the world today. The Replacements have developed a reputation as being an exciting, if somewhat unpredictable (meaning they are as likely to do an impromptu cover of "Heartbeat, It's a Lovebeat" or "Takin' Care of Business" as play one of their own songs) live act. With a great new

NON·FICTION

DON'T MISS



THE SALE
20% OFF
T-Shirts and Sweatshirts
From December 1-30

136 POWELL ST. 684·9834

FIELD JACKETS from 24.90

COMBAT PANTS from 16.90

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BUNDESWEHR T-TOPS from 7.50

WEB BELTS from 3.99

COMBAT SHIRTS from 6.90

BOOTS from 15.00

Camouflage
INTERNATIONAL MILITARY CLOTHING
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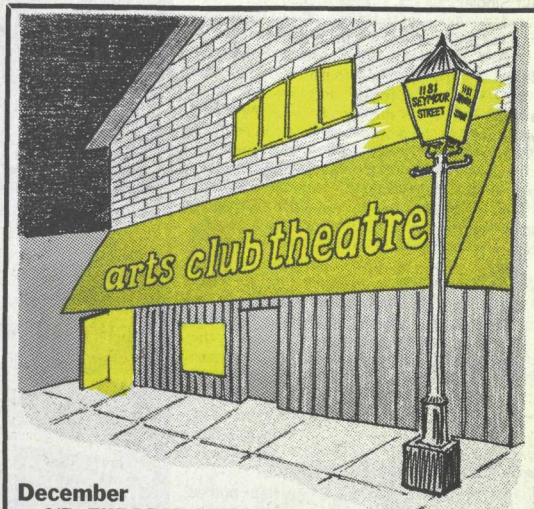


December
6/7 *THE DEAD CATS with guests*
13/14 *SPIRIT OF THE WEST*
20/21 *FRANK FRINK FIVE*
27/28 *NO FUN with guests*
31 *New Year's Eve Party: I, BRAINEATER w. guests*

LIVE MUSIC IN THE LOUNGE
FRIDAYS FROM 10:30 – SATURDAYS FROM 11:30 P.M.

ARTS CLUB THEATRE 1181 SEYMOUR 683-0151

album, *Tim,* on Sire Records, this promises to be a great show. Mark **December 4th** on your calendar, cash in those empties, and head down to the Commodore.

AND YOU CAN WIPE AWAY those post-Christmas blahs with the Second Annual Independent Music Festival **December 26, 27, and 28th** at the New York Theatre.

Show off the new socks and underwear Grandma sent as **Skinny Puppy** and the **Jet Corporation** practice various forms of self-immolation onstage on the 26th.

Cover yourself in silver branches torn from the $59.98 artificial tree you bought from Sears as you enjoy the sounds of **Grapes of Wrath** and **Brilliant Orange,** plus special guests on December 27th.

Relieve every holiday season hangover (and enjoy them this time around) with **Poisoned. Rhythm Mission,** and **Herald Nix** on the 28th. Keep the ball rolling between Christmas and New Year's by buying a three-day pass for $20, or take your pick of the three nights for $8 each.

Music Department News

WE'RE STILL WAITING for your calls and letters about labels we should be hitting up for vinyl. The deadline for submissions is December 15. Response has been slow, does this mean you're irresponsible?

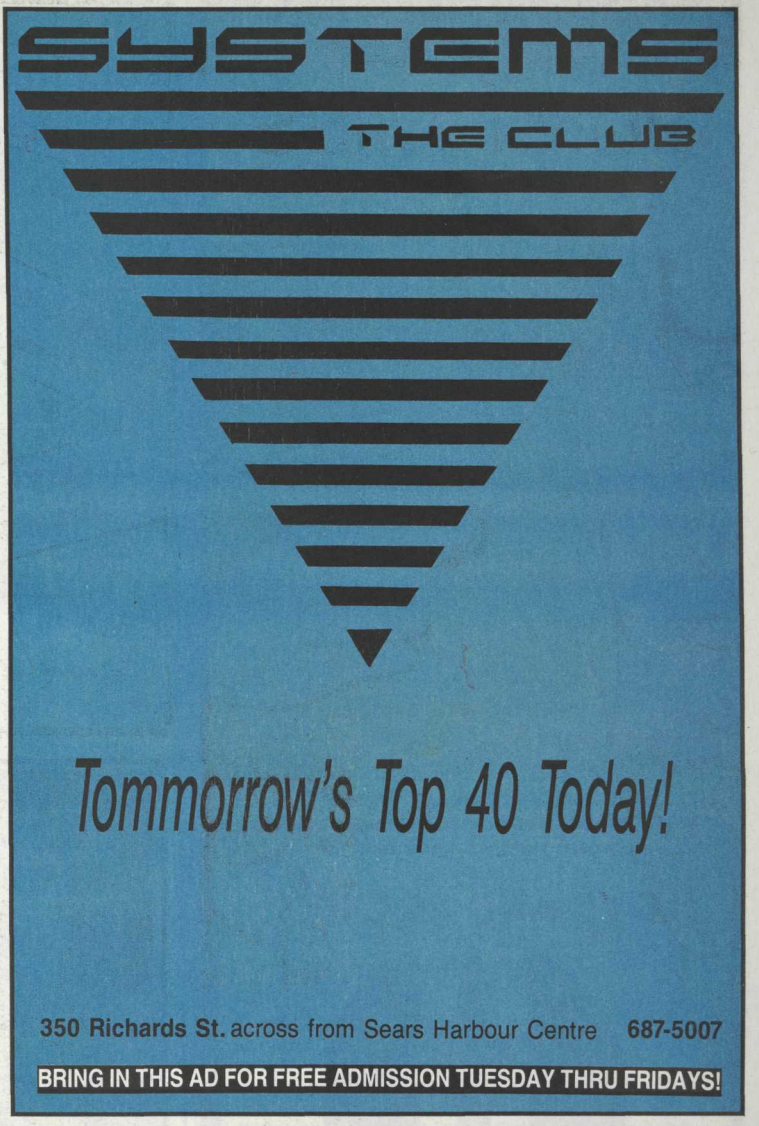
One member of the multi-faceted music department we forgot to mention last month (only because we never see him, he's always hunched over a cassette deck) is Reza Sara. Reza's in charge of evaluating demo tapes (or other cassette material) and selecting songs to be made available to our DJs. Demos constitute about half our Singles Spinlist, and it's not just because the bands are local; we've been receiving some great stuff. Drop your demo by the station (Room 233 of the Student Union Building at UBC) and Don, Jason or Peter will make sure it gets to Reza.

Speaking of sending us things, Don and I have a great Christmas gift idea for you. Why don't you buy CITR an album. Yes, that's right, come down and check out our LPs, or call ahead, and if we don't have something, buy it for us. You too can be a philanthropist.

As always, you can reach the Music Department by dialing 228-3017 during most office hours.

Merry Christmas everybody.

—Jason Grant



Security For Christmas

JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS is the long awaited release of *Security: The Illusion of Organization and Authority.* Back in June of this year Fast Forward presented the third and most successful listener participation theme show of its kind. An open invitation to artists/musicians/poets/deviants to contribute a piece on the theme of security. The resulting contributions were of such high quality that it was suggested by somebody (I can't remember who) that we *actually* release the show on a 90-minute cassette. Prior to this the idea was a long shot, I'd no idea the interest would be so high.

Included on the cassette are a variety of exclusive tracks that will be available in no other form. Those include pieces by Asmus Tietchens (well known for his work with SKY records in Germany), Greg Nixon, Skree-a-bin, Clemens Rettich (of Fine Tendons fame), Miginot Line, Chartwell Inc., Mushet/Ellard (The Divine Right of Kings), G.T. Harry, and Steve Gibson. Also on the tape will be tracks that are seeing independent release in other forms. They include a piece by Chris and Cosey ("Haunted Heroes" from their upcoming album on Rough Trade called *Techno Primitive),* Blair Petrie's magnum opus that is now out on his tape called *Requested Music,* Kevin Godsoe's "World Affairs" (released on *Picture Postcards* cassette).

The cassette is being released on Undergrowth/Suture cassettes and will be packaged in a silkscreened plastic bag with a set of graphics relating to each piece. As well there will be bio information, discographies and contact addresses. So support Vancouver's thriving aural deviance and buy a copy for your loved ones for Christmas!

A Fond Farewell

AS *DISCORDER* HEADS into its fourth year of publication, we bid a fond farewell to Harry Hertscheg, *Discorder* advertising representative, circulation manager, design coordinator, and all-round essential human being. Harry has been instrumental in the success of the magazine (read: if he hadn't worked so hard we probably couldn't afford to put the damn thing out every month) over the last year and a half, and he will be sorely missed.

On the other hand, he'll probably make more money at his new job and we can all hit him up for drinks when we see him. Every cloud, it is said, has a silver lining.

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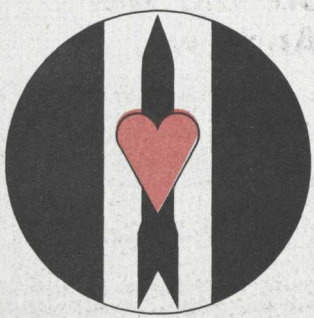

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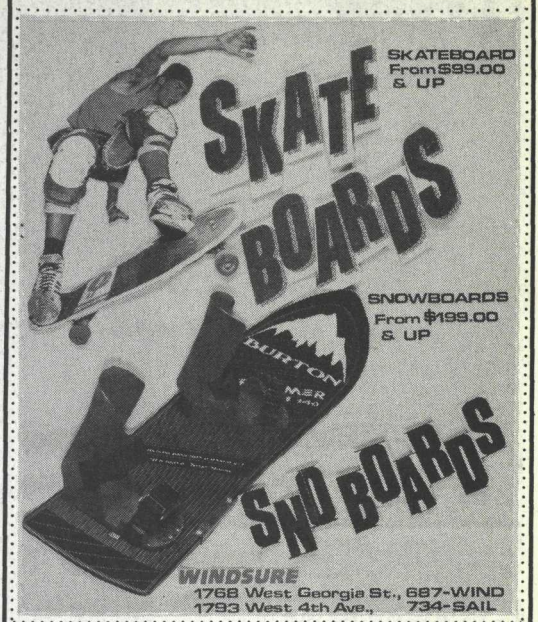

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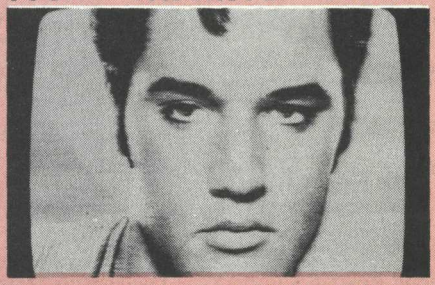

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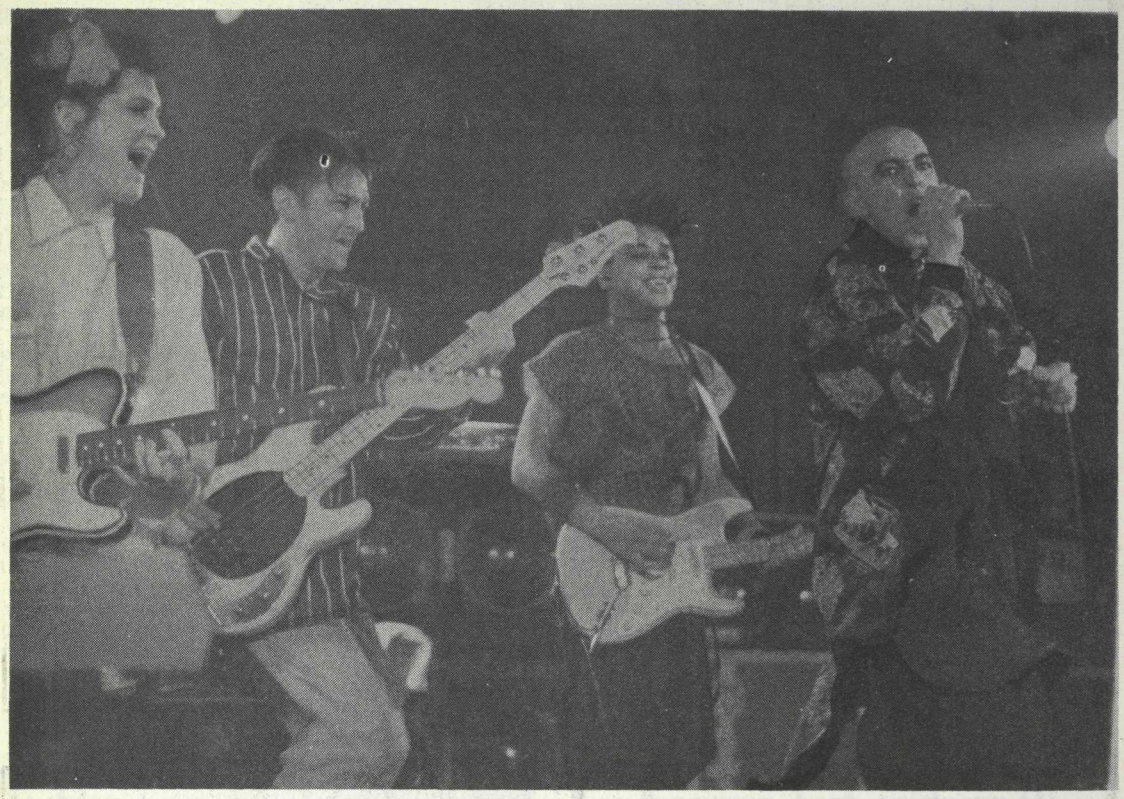


Shriekback

Jason Grant and Don Chow Explore the Wet Fish Effect with Frontman Barry Andrews.

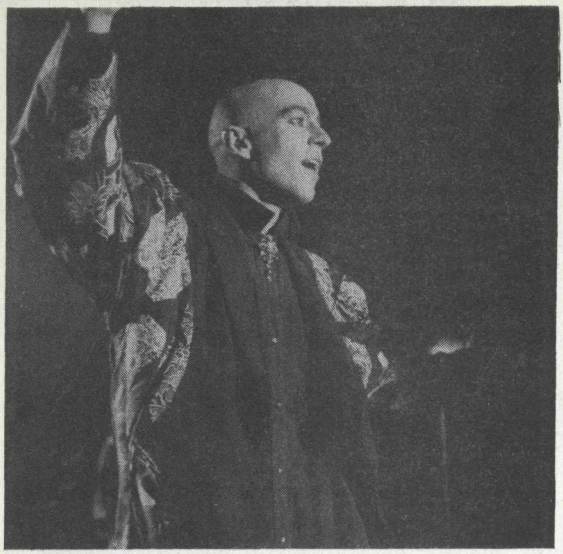
A MUCH DANCED-TO BAND. A LITTLE UNderstood band. A greatly anticipated concert. A good chance for a good interview. All this and more, provided by individuals who, six months ago, were merely names on an album sleeve to most CITR listeners. One of those names came to life on Monday, November 18 in CITR's studios. Barry Andrews, keyboard player, lead vocalist, and spokesman for Shriekback poured himself into a chair and enlightened Jason Grant and Don Chow, and those listeners who happened to tune in. We'd expected no more than one very tired musician, given the rigors of their snow-plagued trip from Minnesota. What we got was an eager, good-humoured bloke from Swindon who'd spent the last four days lounging on Simple Minds' luxurious tour bus. He made us look positively cranky. Read, learn, and enjoy, not necessarily in that order.

Discorder: *Let's start at the beginning, shall we? Tell me about* Sexthinkone, *your first recording for Y Records.*

Barry Andrews: *Sexthinkone* was the first thing that ever came together as a song, properly, that was released. It came from a bunch of sessions that we did towards the end of '81 in the snow in the West End of London. Everybody got out of it most nights staggering into the street really late. It was all a bit shambolic and not particularly cost-efficient, but we got a few nice things from it.

D: *How aware were you of the other members-to-be of Shriekback, when they were in their previous musical efforts?*

BA: I was aware of Dave Allen because I admired the Gang of Four so much. When I was in a group with Robert Fripp and Sara Lee (The League of Gentlemen), she used to play the *Entertainment* LP all the time in the van. So when we finally went to Leeds—Sara's a Leeds' person—I said "I must meet these intense political young men." So we all met up and went around drinking a great deal and ranting and telling jokes, and, well, we had a really good time. And that was it, for about another six months. Then, when I got a postcard from Dave Allen saying, "I am leaving. I have left. And I'm looking to do something else," I thought, well, maybe we would sling something together for



awhile. I thought it might be interesting. At that time I was into having a lot of different projects all bubbling away at the same time. So we got together and it was an absolute shambles. We had about six people, all of whom had different ideas, different playing styles, and really all we did was party, more or less, for about three or four months. At the end of it, the people who's studio it was—our publishers—turned around and said, "Oh, by the way, what about this record that you were supposed to do?" And we said, "Oh. Oh yeah, that!" So we had to whack it all together in the last two weeks. And that was what became *Tench.*

D: *Do you consider* Tench *a full album in the development of Shriekback?*

BA: I would, yes. As far as development goes, anyway, not actually in value for money (wimpering). It was all we could do, I swear.

D: *Now from there, we got* Care.

BA: On *Care* we were a lot more coherent. The band had become distilled to me, Dave Allen and Carl Marsh, and we kind of knew where we all stood. We sacked the girl who was supposed to be singing, so everybody had a clearer idea of their responsibilities, and the possibilities of it (Shriekback). So *Care* was a lot more of a celebratory, "Oh Wow! What can we do next?! Oh we could do that next!! Or maybe over there?!" having a good time sort of album.

D: *You certainly extend on the group concept; there's always more than yourself, Carl, Dave and Martyn contributing to every song.*

BA: It's a logistical necessity for live playing, that we need more than just three. Certainly in the days of Carl, Dave and myself, there wasn't a drummer. So we had to have somebody else; given that we had to have a drummer then we might as well add a few other, and so on... After a bit, we got to thinking that "wouldn't it be good if me and Carl could just do singing on our particular songs. So therefore, we're going to need another keyboard player, another guitar player, and then, well, the backing vocals are really good, so maybe we should get some backing singers in." So that's how the band was shortly before we came to the States. Then Carl left, which was a major blow, and then the guitarist, Lu, went off with him, so we had about a week to get everything sorted out. Basically Dave and Hugo (Burnham, ex-Gang of Four drummer), our new manager, were just running around like mad trying to get everything sorted out, as we were struck in New York with a guitarless band, and only one singer where we had

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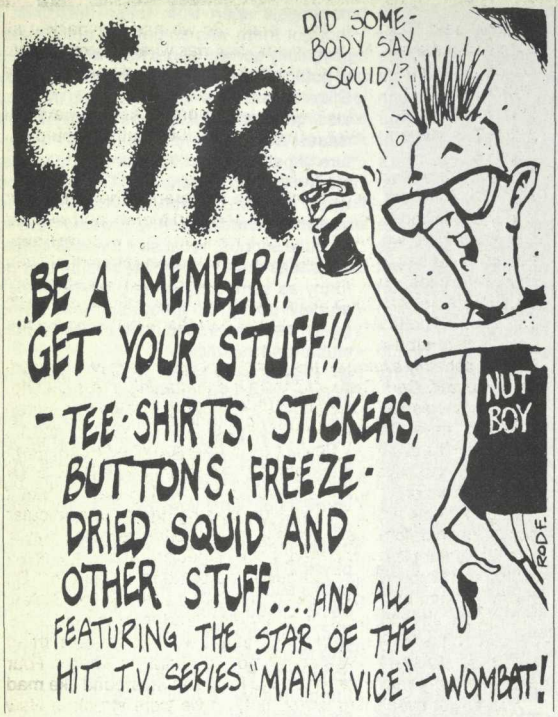

two before. We just went around frantically ringing everyone we knew in New York, and we came across two absolutely brilliant people, Eve Moon, who plays more of a rhythmic guitar, and a guy called Ivan Julian, who's a complete nutcase. We just unleash him at various points in different song.

D: *Tell me about Y Records, specifically, how their demise affected your second full album,* Jam Science.

BA: Basically, Y Records were nice when they kept things wierd and cheap. Things got a bit messy when they started having delusions of being a real big record company and trying to do the big push, actually trying to compete with the majors on their own turf; they didn't have the money to do it, and they didn't take care of business well enough to *know* that they didn't *have* the money. About halfway through recording the *Jam Science* LP everything crashed into the side of the mountain, and that was it. Ultimately, we went to Arista, which was basically how the directors of Y avoided going to debtor's prison. They sold Shriekback to Arista records and creamed off what they thought they were owed. We continued with the album on Arista, re-recording most of it, remixing all of it, and so the Arista import is as Shriekback wanted it. There is another disgraceful little record that was something Y managed to smuggle out in their dying gasp which is, in fact, the halfway stage of the album and is deeply inferior.

D: *What about the progression between* Jam Science *and* Oil & Gold?

BA: *Oil & Gold* is really more of the 'son of *Care,*' rather than *Jam Science. Jam Science* was a bit of a strange album for us, apart form all the business things that went down. It was also a conscious departure, it was us saying, "Well, we have this kind of disco area of our work that's quite clinical, quite stay-up-all-night-on-big-drugs, and what would happen if we examined that more closely, and if Carl Marsh did all the singing, and I just produced it?" So that's what we did, and it wasn't completely satisfactory. You got a sort of jaundiced thing, an unbalanced thing, because Shriekback are quite a lot about being organic and messy and noisy and falling down the stairs sometimes, getting up again and making a big row. *Jam Science* was us trying to be good boys down at the disco. It has less of a place in my heart than *Care.* With *Oil & Gold* all we really said was "Bollocks to all that, let's just go in and do what excites us, let's follow whatever paths seem interesting." So that's what we did. We also said we'd work with anybody and everybody, just drag people down, whereas with *Jam Science* we said "No, no, no session players. We're a proper group now. We'll do it all together, on our own," which was a high and lonely destiny, and complete bullshit really. It was nice to get back to the status of *Care* where you had people coming in, a constant party going on in the back room, beer all over the mixing desk, etc....

D: *Do you write the parts for the session players?*

BA: I never write anything for anybody. What I tend to do is act like somebody who's directing one of those modern plays that people make up as they go along. You have a role for a person, a kind of person, a sort of personality; then you look around for somebody who might be able to do that because that's what they're like anyway.

There's a celebration always, not only in the way the music comes out of the speakers, but in the whole process that went into it.

D: *How does that affect your musical personality?*

BA: I think that it's like having a conversation with somebody you've never met before who's interesting. You will talk to someone and aspects of yourself will come out through that interaction. We had this guy Lu on *Oil & Gold,* and Lu is a completely wild guy. He plays the most vicious, brutal guitar, he's interested in Islam and the Middle East, he lives in a squat in South Lon-

don and he plays in a band called the 3 Mustapha 3, who wear little fezzes and feed the audience melons halfway through the set. When he comes into the studio he brings all that with him. When I work with him and listen to what he's put on our records I get excited. I get the Lu-ness for that and that sparks things off in me. That's why I think our records work in a way that perhaps isn't quite obvious. There's a celebration always, not only in the way the music comes out of the speakers, but in the whole process that went into it. We're not really interested in doing stuff that's not fun when we're doing it, because if you get run over by a lorry before you get to mix it, it will have been a waste of time. We tend to work on the if-you-get-run-over-by-a-lorry ethic.

D: *Shriekback has a reputation in North America as a cerebral band. I don't know of too many other bands who would use "parthenogenesis" in a pop song. At the same time, a party atmosphere prevails. Where do the two mesh, where's the balance, the mid point?*

BA: I think you've summed it up in the word parthenogenesis, really. Big heavy duty word that has to do with reproduction without a partner. Firstly, what interested me about that was that there were only little tiny organisms, only visible through microscopes that do that, plus God, you know, the Virgin Mary and Christ were the only other recorded examples of parthenogenesis apart from those microbes. I thought there was something quite metaphysically correct about that, and the idea of putting that into this bonehead, yob, Gary Glitter-type chorus in this pop song that was also concerning itself with heavyweight issues, matters like moral choice and nature of being human, Nietschze and ethics, Marlon Brando, Goethe, and Carpaccio; the whole ludicrous eclecticism that struck me as being incredibly funny. It would have to be quite serious, because if it was just facetiousness then for me that wouldn't be as funny as somebody getting really intense and still going into great depth and being really well-researched, but still absolutely stupid and pointless.

D: *What sort of effect are you looking to achieve with that sort of imagery?*

BA: I would like it to hit you across the head like a wet fish, and perhaps, after being hit across the head with a wet fish you might consider the nature of the object, but immediately what you have is a very physical interaction with that creature. I think our music should work like that: something that physical that is the unarguable, that is that unmistakable. That's why I don't really like being called cerebral, because if we are that, then we've failed in what we're attempting to do, and fair enough, if that's how it comes out, then that's fair criticism. But the things that we do best, things like "Nemesis," do actually have the wet fish effect.

D: *What about technology. Have you been*

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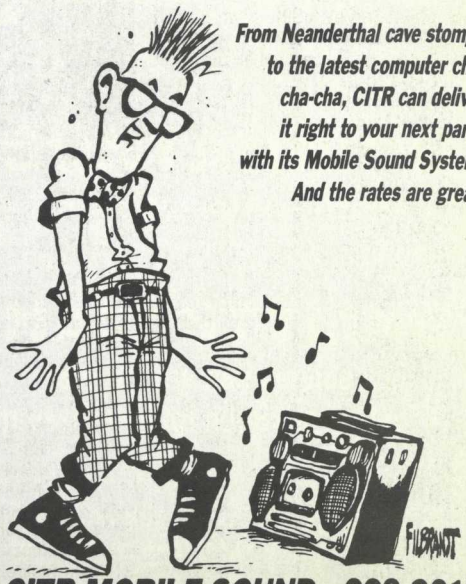

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spending a lot of time with Fairlights and such?

BA: I have, yeah, I've been spending ages with them. I mean, I still couldn't plug one in if I had to, but I have an instinctive feel for these things. I just set them up and poke around until I get a noise I like. Shriekback generally have a pretty short way with technology. We do a lot of shortcuts, and don't bother to read the owner's manual, and just piss around until we get a noise that makes us happy.

D: *Technology, then, hasn't really changed the way that you work.*

BA: Well, no, I think that when really fundamental things happen in technology, then you change what you do fundamentally, but for me, things like Fairlight have just made it quicker to get where you were going. On *Care,* if we wantd a certain kind of effect, we'd get a bowl of water and hit the side of the bowl, and we'd have to do it, say, twenty-five times to get the sound right, but eventually we'd get there, and then we'd slow the tape down and turn it around the other way, and all that. Now we just do it with the Fairlight. We get a sound that sounds a bit similar, and then we get into the guts of the sound, change it around a bit, put a little bit of effect on it, and we've got it in ten or fifteen minutes. So it's made it more efficient for us, but it really hasn't fundamentally altered our approach.

D: *When you're writing songs in the studio, do you think much about how they're going to turn out live?*

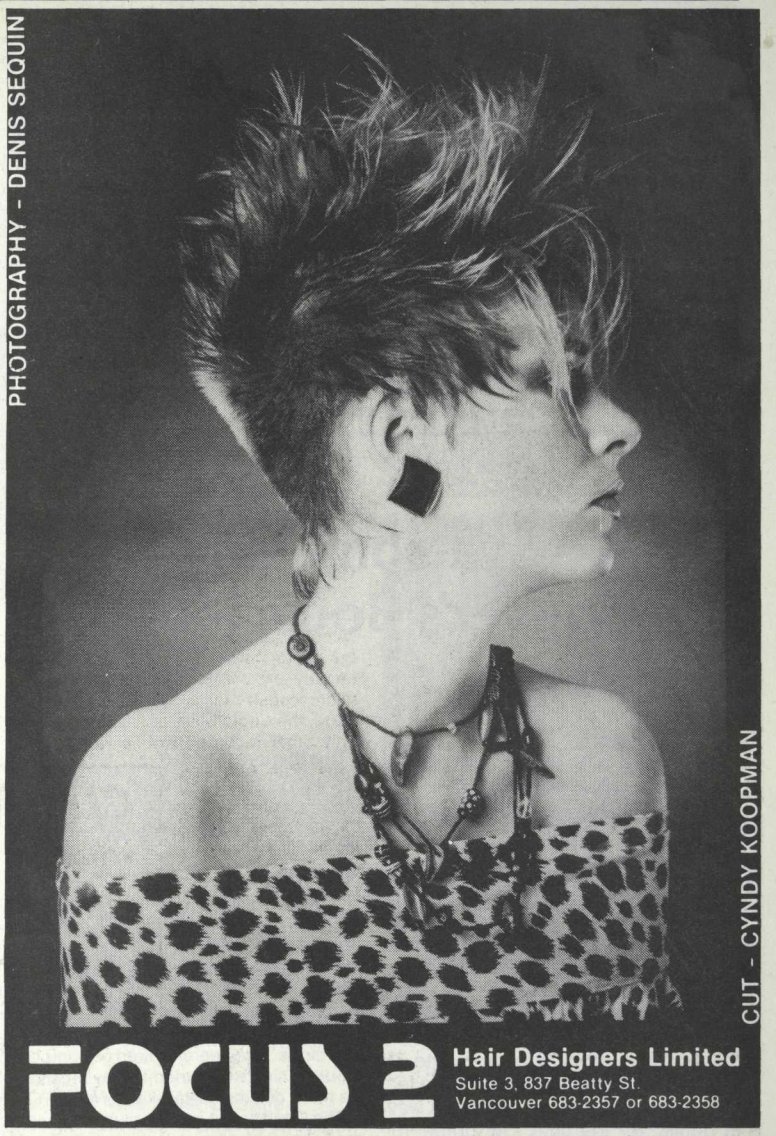
BA: No, not at all. Which is why some things, like "Hand on my Heart," which works very well in the studio, we've never been able to perform live. Which is a bit of a pain, really, but given the limits we've set for ourselves, there's nothing we can do about it. So what we've said is, we'll do it as well as we possibly can in the studio, and then when we come to do it live, we operate within the parameters of the people we've got and the kind of rhythms that Martin plays best, and we go that way. Now with the new stuff, since that's all written from drums anyway, there's no problem.

D: *What do you mean exactly by "written from drums?"*

BA: Well, the way we always write is that we start with the rhythm, in any event. And that's either a drum computer rhythm, as on the first three albums, or on *Oil & Gold,* with Martin. Like, "Okay, Martin, that's a brilliant rhythm, let's have four minutes of that." So that goes down onto tape first, and then all the rest of it kind of sticks to the outside of that rhythm, like coral to a shipwreck. Then, in the end, this whole thing grows to the point where you feel you can put a vocal on it. So then, me or Carl, in the past—now, only me—goes away and says, "Alright, yeah, I'll try and sing on that."

D: *Do you like black music a lot?*

BA: I do really, yeah. That's been an inspiration for me for a long time now. In particular, reggae, and in particular, Lee Perry. He's been a big influence on me in the production side. Just the purity of how he does things. It's a real childish kind of "OHHAOW, wouldn't it be brilliant if you get this thing and make it go NMMNG and get it squelching and put it in your mouth and..." He's just very physical in the way he produces and the perspective is just really extreme perspective. I can remember one of the formative influences in my life, playing the Electric Ballroom in Manchester with XTC. It was a horrible, dreary Manchester day, drizzling rain outside. The Electric Ballroom's this filthy old cinema, it's all black inside. Nobody'd bothered to do it up in those days because it was only punk bands that played there anyway. I remember walking in there and XTC's soundman was checking the PA and he put on "Rosefish and Cornbread," which is the b-side to some Lee Perry single. And what he does is this amazing, real, real slow groove, and there's a bell, a little tiny chime that's made twice as loud as anything else on the entire record, and it just goes ding, da-ding ding-da-ding ding...ding-da ding ding-da-ding, ding... And I was walking into this place, it was just like I was in some huge, black aquarium, swimming around, just completely in this environment that Lee Perry had created for me with the help of the Manchester council. Things like that, you know, have been little landmarks really.



Where's The Bar In This Joint?

Dave Watson's Guide to Vancouver's Boozeless Bars

IN MY PRESENT ROLE AS VANcouver's sixth highest paid rock critic (a responsible position earning me tens of dollars monthly), I go out to lots of clubs, I see people dancing there. They're a pain in the ass. You try manoeuvering 20 pounds of camera gear through a crowd of gyrating half-drunk people. Many of them dance with less grace than I do—a dangerous situation, to be sure.

I gave up all thoughts of dancing long ago, in grade 7, as I recall. Coordination has never been my forte. (I wish Knox was my forte.) I may have felt the rhythm, but I didn't express it well in public. By the time I hit grade 10, disco came in. I didn't like disco. I've never even seen *Saturday Night Fever.* (There are no white suits in my closet.) A couple of teen discos opened in Saskatoon, where I coincidently lived. You would be right in assuming that I never dropped in for a quick spin on the dance floor.

I've gradually become more and more curious about these dance clubs. Finally I decided to do a piece on five of them (three are teen discos, two are afterhours clubs technically open to all ages). That way I could check them out WPC (Without Paying Cover).

Courthouse Studio

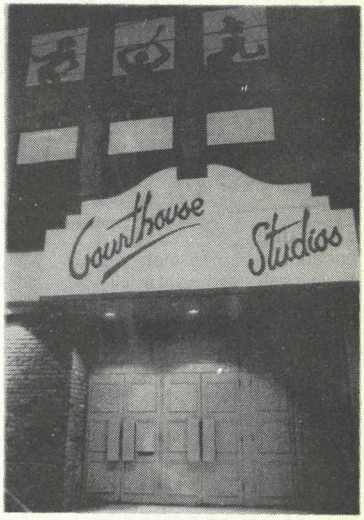
Location: 759 Carnarvon, New West
Male/Female ratio: 2 girls for every boy, but the sample was small and not necessarily representative.

FUNNY HOW MUCH a hot pink building stands out in a run-down area like New Westminster. The Courthouse was very popular when it first opened. Busloads of punkers and big hair people would come in from Surrey and Delta, probably to avoid being stomped by rockers at the Whalley Exchange. They were all tired of Bumpers, a Surrey club which tried to play music for too many different tastes, kind of like CFOX.

The Courthouse is a big club. You could easily jam 600 poseurs in there, but crowds have dropped dramatically since Bumpers reopened as the Zone. Another factor in declining attendance is that the punk fad has about run its course among secondary school students. Good. I don't extend any credibility to punk rockers whose biggest problem is catching the right bus to be home by 12:30.

For reasons that I don't fully understand a large video screen above the dance floor shows old movies, without supplying the sound. A lot of people watch it while they're dancing. Draw your own conclusions.

The music ranges from occasional Sex Pistols' numbers for all the 'hardcore' punks in the crowd, to wimpy new romantic for the kids in the white sweaters. Images In Vogue, Skinny Puppy and Omnisquid have all staged concerts there. Everyone there despises Prince, Springsteen and Marshall McLuhan. A clear majority prefer green vegetables to vegetables of other colours. What more could I say?



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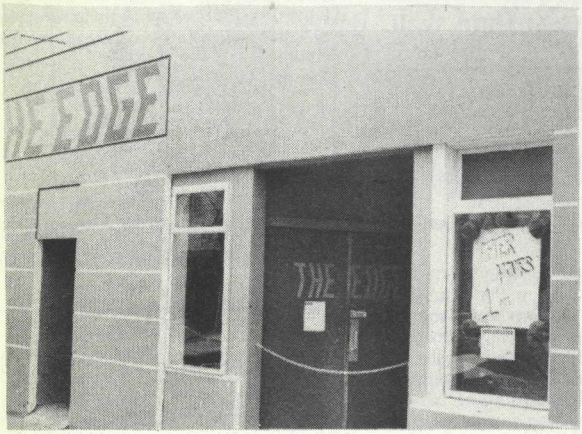
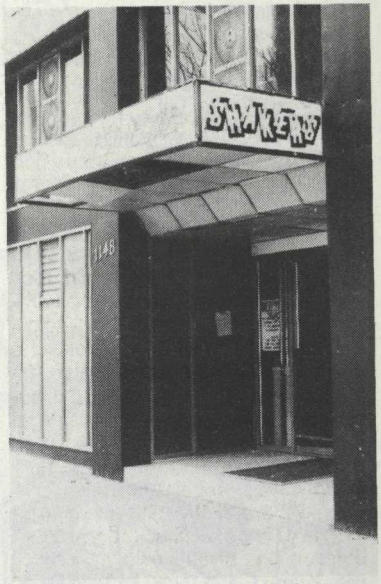


They no doubt assumed I had a closetful of black clothes that I had obstinately refused to wear.



The Edge

Location: 1225 Homer

Male/Female ratio: Hard to tell without looking closely, but somewhere around 50/50.

THE EDGE is an afterhours club (11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Fridays and Saturdays. Recently they have been videotaping punk concerts early Friday evenings). The clientele is mainly new wave fashion-people-who-dress -in-black. Myself, I like to dress up by slipping into a crisp, clean Hawaiian shirt. Several people commented on my courage in not dressing like everyone else. They no doubt assumed I had a closetful of black clothes that I had obstinately refused to wear.

Right.

The crowd is basically the Luv-A-Fair/ Gandydancer fashion/gay mix, expecially on Fridays, when the Gandy has men only night, and after 2, when both clubs close. For reasons that still remain vague I asked several transvestites if they like the Three Stooges, presumably to assess their masculinity.

Besides the usual soft drinks the snack bar sells Winstons (yea) and poppers (boo). Poppers are little legal bottles of a liquid a lot like paint thinner. Poppers are the moral equivalent of sniffing glue. The people who frequent The Edge think they are decadent.

The washrooms at the Edge are open to either sex. This eliminates the embarassment of walking into the wrong one. Each washroom (took the grand tour) had a large mirror, but you had to take a number and wait to get a space in front of it. Some guy was selling hair gel at ridiculously inflated prices. (I made that last part up).

The music is mostly electronic disco with a hard edge. No pun intended. I found myself really enjoying the tunes, despite the regular sledgehammer beat. Ballsy music well mixed. I've gone back just for the tunes. Easily the most interesting club to wear a Hawaiian shirt to.

Shakers

Location: 1148 West Georgia

Male/Female ratio: .5 boys for every girl.

SHAKERS is filled with a 12 to 18 crowd that all dream of their 19th birthday, so they can go to Richards on Richards. There are a lot of them, the place is packed on Fridays and Saturdays.

Most of the boys are preppies or new romantics in white sweaters. Many of the girls wear dresses, heels and coiffered hair. One kid told me that the reason he liked Shakers was that "they don't make you feel young." This is no doubt because everyone there is about to turn 38.

Really.

The dance floor is usually fully occupied. On dry winter days sparks of several hundred volts have been generated by the

Going into Shakers is like entering a parallel universe which never had Joey Ramone

sweaters worn by many of the patrons.

Just kidding.

The night I was there was Friday, Oldies' night. I heard Tommy James and the Shondels, Elvis Presley, early Beatles, Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock and Roll," early Joe Jackson (with 14-year-olds anything before 1982 is a golden oldie).

Shakers looks like a great place—provided you fit into the upwardly mobile, clean-cut crowd. I didn't, of course. Going into Shakers is like entering a parallel universe which never had a Joey Ramone.

Number 5 says: Thou shalt be 18 to enter Heaven

Heaven

Location: 1251 Howe Street

Male/Female ratio: 1.75 girls for every boy.

HEAVEN is also an afterhours club, open 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. Friday and Saturday, 10 to 2 a.m. on Sundays. Two huge wooden tablets have Heaven's ten commandments. Number 5 says: Thou shalt be 18 to enter Heaven. Actually most people there before midnight aren't even close to 18, but by 4 a.m. the average age hits about mid twenties.

The dance floor features a smoke machine, four racks of lights, eight neon lightning bolts and a UFO, a very rotatable circular ring of lights.

There is a free water fountain beside the snack bar. Most people use it because the drinks are very expensive, $2.50 for a booze-free 'mocktail,' $1.75 for a 16-ounce soft drink and $1.25 for a coffee.

The music is progressive/disco/top 40. Too mainstream for me, artificial and without guts. After 4 a.m. the beat and volume drop and people begin leaving like they just remembered that they left the tub running.

Too mellow for me.

Ever notice how 15-year-olds don't think public necking is gauche?

The Zone

Location: 13465 King George Highway, Surrey.

Male/Female ratio: 1.90 girls for every boy.

THE ZONE used to be Bumpers. My guess is before that it was a bowling alley. Not that the roof is low or anything,

BINKY'S
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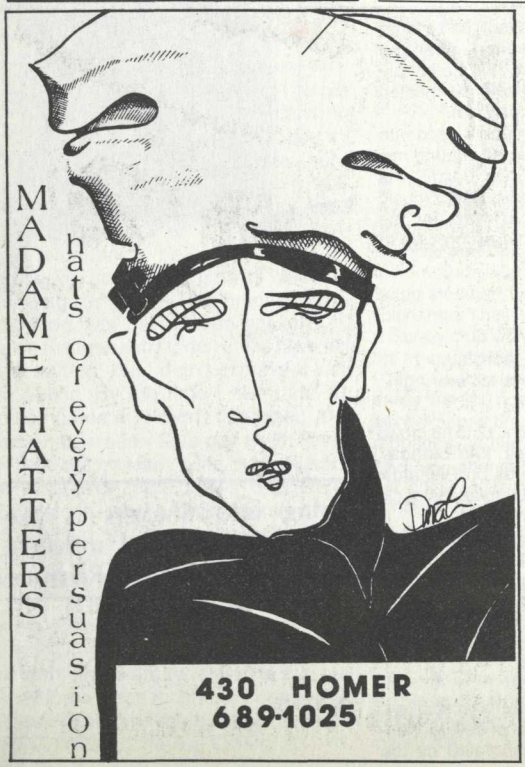

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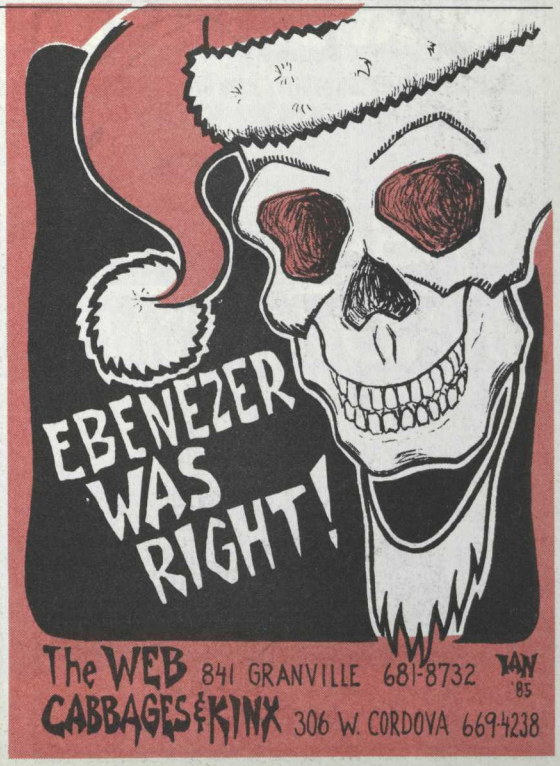
but it is pretty close to the floor.

The renovations that justified the name change consists of a respectable set of dance floor lights (including a mini UFO, a very rotatable circular light ring) and a concentration on a single type of music to draw a particular crowd. The result is more pseudo-Eurodisco than I expected, very few punks.

I didn't recognize all of the music, but Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" was about the oldest ditty. The dancing was pretty lackluster, although Madonna's "Prove Your Love" received about the biggest response. Marvin Gay's "Sexual Healing" was a surprise.

Gatorade is available at the snack bar. There are four foosball games always in use. There is a video room with couches for two to curl up in. Ever notice how 15-year-olds don't think public necking is gauche?

OTHER THAN OCCASIONAL TOP 40 lapses, The Zone came in about second for music—sometimes. Shakers was good too, but that's because I'm old fashioned. I still think the electric guitar is pretty nifty. Heaven and the Courthouse don't do too much for me, too many poseurs and wimpy music respectively. The Edge comes out on top, but you'll get more of a real walk on the wild side just by strolling down the street to get there.



DISCORDER says there are

TWELVE GOO

TO GIVE A BLACKBO

(Actually, there

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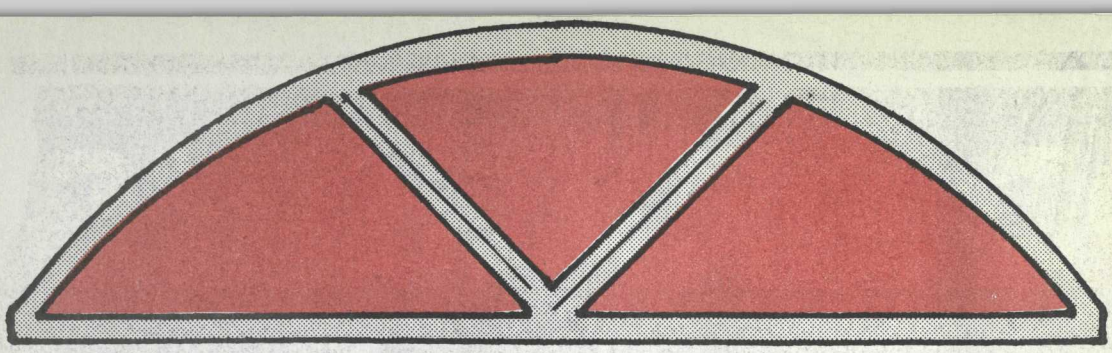


Kitsilano's Night Time Cabaret

We open at 7...We party 'til 2

Featuring Great music & dancing!

MONDAY & TUESDAY

FREE FOOD • GREAT PRIZES

Swedish Translation: Jason Grant

1 HUSKER DU—DO YOU REmember? 2) Husker Du—the fastest pop band in the world. 1 + 2 + hugely successful LPs, critical acclaim, sold-out shows, etc. *Flip Your Wig?* No way. Husker Du have remained true to their name, never forgetting that they're just three guys from Minnesota, despite what *Rolling Stone, Spin* or any other influential music rag says. Grant Hart, Bob Mould and Greg Norton are the most respected hardcore band in the world today, yet through it all they've managed to keep their wigs attached.

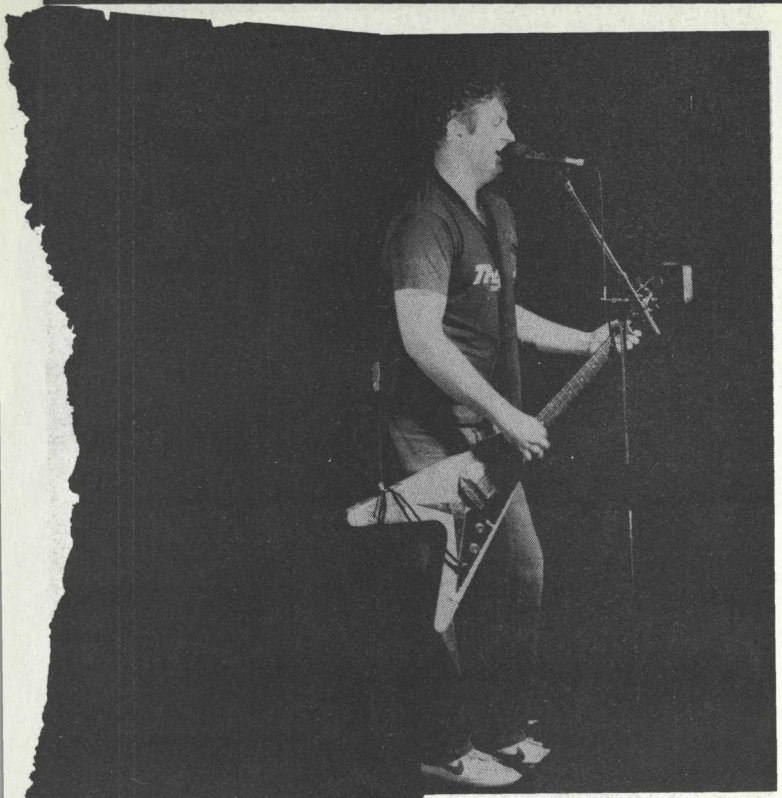
"Kids that come to shows are really impressionable, they come to have a good time."

Sunday section gave us a mention
Grandma's freaking out over all the attention
And now my friends abound
They're coming back around

At the New York Theatre on October 25, a lot of expectations were shattered. There were three *people* on stage (as opposed to Rock Gods). None of them had traditional Punk Haircuts (drummer Grant Hart sported a mane that any Woodstocker would have been proud of); they didn't play their HITS! (no "Real World," no "Diane," no "Tune On the News," no "New Day Rising," no "59 Times the Pain," no "Eight Miles High"...). They didn't *talk* to the audience, let alone *preach* to them. They *improvised*. (I heard one guy mutter, "I don't know this one," as they launched in to a 14-minute sonic assault which began as "The Wit and the Wisdom" and ended as "Ticket to Ride"). Not expecting anything, I loved it.

I had been hoping that the band wouldn't let the audience control the show, or dictate the set list, and Husker Du didn't disappoint. The impact of their non-traditional approach to the concert far outweighed the lack of communication between the band and the audience. I'd rather the band not say anthing than utter the unforgivable "Awwright Vancouver, d'ya wanna pardy toonight?" And for those who came to hear some political proselytizing, Bob Mould, Husker Du's affable guitarist is emphatic: "I guess there's a lot of bands out there that like to get up on stage and say, 'Well, I'm a politician. I'm using music as a backdrop, I'm going to get up here and I'm going to spew out all this political rhetoric and I expect you all to believe it.' Kids that come to shows are really impressionable, they come to have a good time. I'm not going to sit up here and tell somebody 'I'm a neo-socialist, I read a lot of post-war Japanese fiction and non-fiction, so this is my political stance and you should all follow it because I'm in Husker Du and you like our music.' We just want people to like our music, we don't want people to *be* like us."

A hastily arranged interview followed the performance at the York, and the obliging Mould and Hart continued to destroy illustions of infallibility built up by four superb LPs between appearances in Vancouver.



The last time they played here was to about 50 people at Ye Olde Buddah; on this occasion, the York was full. Grant's getting used to this phenomenon.

"Between the release of *Metal Circus* and *Zen Arcade* we played in L.A. at a taco stand in front of fifty people, next time we were back, we played the UCLA Grand Ballroom, sold out. Things move fast, especially when stations like yourselves play the music."

Gee thanks, Grant. That'll be fifty bucks for sendin*Flip Your Wig* to #1. Even Husker Du haven't escaped the inevitable pressures associated with the business of creating music. Bob explained how they got together with SST Records in California after releasing two LPs and a pair of singles on their own Reflex Records label. "We did a show in Chicago in mid '81. Black Flag saw us, liked us, and said they would give us a hand if we needed it. When it came time to put out *Metal Circus,* we were having problems with Reflex, so SST stepped in and offered to give us a hand, and that's how that started. We never signed anything with them, but now they're asking us to sign things, that's for sure."

Now that Husker Du is set to release their LP on Sire Records in the spring, the pressures are sure to increase. The title track from their latest LP concerns this pressure. Grant elaborates, "It's about the uselessness of losing your mind in the business. You have the choice of letting the business run you or you run the business. A few times a week you find the exact opposite of what you desire going on, like the telephone answering you."

I could be sad
I could be lonely
I could still have
Some friends if only
Didn't play
The games I had to play
I was important
When I was cool
Now it gets lonely
Playing the fool
It's a game, some game
Anyone can play

ONE GAME THAT Husker Du are constantly asked to play involves the "hardcore" community (I put hardcore in quotes because Husker Du don't feel they *are* a hardcore band). It involves the fashion associated with hardcore today; what does the image have to do with the music, or with anything? The conspicuous absence of studs or mohawks on Messrs Mould, Hart and Norton represents another jab at the expectations of the bestudded audience.

"I'm not going to sit up here and tell somebody 'I'm a neo-socialist, I read a lot of post-war Japanese fiction and non-fiction...' "

The feeling the band generates is obviosly one of self-respect, as musicians, as individuals, as Husker Du. They refuse to allow the perceptions of those outside the band change their attitudes, even if those individuals constitute a majority of their listeners. This is why they wear 'normal' clothes, why they refuse to make political statements on stage, why they write songs about things that may not appear cool to many of their listeners.

This is also why they canned Spot, their producer of their last five LPs, in order to produce *Flip Your Wig* themselves. Mould points out some of the reasons for this move: "When you have somebody who is a producer, he's supposed to be translating your ideas onto the tape, and when you realize that the guy you're calling the producer is not doing that, it's time to get rid of him. With Spot he wanted this rough, harsh, real distant kind of vocals. But we were saying 'No, we can sing better than that, let's try putting them up front.'

"There's really no reason to have a middleman playing arbitrator or playing babysitter. We've been in the studio enough that we don't need one and besides, nobody knows Husker Du like Husker Du does."

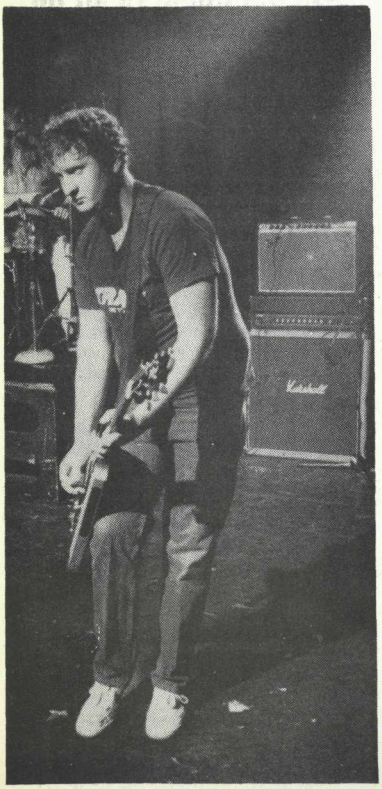
Husker Du put the vocals just where they

wanted them, which on the new LP is every where. They zoom past you from every corner of every song (except the three instrumentals, of course), building to a choral orgy on "Find Me." Numerous guitar overlays and a pristine drum sound make their LPs difficult to duplicate live, shooting down another expectation, as unrealistic as it may have been.

Husker Du's approach to the live arena appears more shocking than it would be were we not raised on bands who will go to any lengths to reproduce exactly the sound their producer gave them in the studio. Hart lays it out very plainly: "We've got a rough idea of what we're going to do when we get up there live; we're playing exactly what we want to play, and we're going to do exactly what we want to do from there. We own the bats, we own the ball, we own the bases, we own the gloves..."

And we pay to watch them play.

Hart's statement would be a maddening example of artistic egotism were it not delivered by such a down-to-earth, no-nonsense individual. In any performance, the artist has the final say, but few have the balls to either put it so bluntly or to exercise their options. There is much made of a raport with the audience and "audience participation" but how many bands do we see using the obvious device of leaving



their biggest hit for the encore? Husker Du didn't, and that upset some people, but at least they're honest about their reasons for not doing it.

A cowboy or a nurse or a fireman
There's so many things that you can be.
You can set bigger goals but set your soul
Yeah set your soul free.
Times, places and situations
Lead us to an early grave
When we get there, we see
Just what did we save.

THEIR MUSIC, to me, is energy; the words are straightforward (Bob: "I think it's a lot harder to tell the truth than it is to bullshit people"), the emotions genuine (Grant: "Everybody's responsible, more or less, for their own happiness"), *(Didn't the guy from EST say something like that? —Ed.)* and the songs ring with melodies that reek of simpler times, yet have a drive that speaks of the frustrations of a disillusioned musical generation.

The critics appreciate this, the public appreciates this, and as long as Husker Du don't lie to themselves, we'll have more LPs like *Flip Your Wig* from this band. Hart sums it up: "My built-in bullshit detector tells me that whatever's expected of me is the least desirable thing for me to present. But I'm still going to be me."

—Jason Grant

Many thanks to Kandace Kerr for her help with the interview, Julliette O'Keefe, Dave and ? from Co-op Radio.

PROGRAM

WEEKDAY REGULARS

7:30 am **Sign-On**
8:00 am **WAKE-UP REPORT**
News, sports and weather.
10:00 am **BREAKFAST REPORT**
News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW** and **INSIGHT.**
1:00 pm **LUNCH REPORT**
News, sports and weather.
4:30 pm **AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**
6:00 pm **DINNER MAGAZINE**
News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEWS, INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE.**
4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

ARTZMONDAY MAGAZINE
7:15-10:00 am
A three-part radio program dedicated to a creative mix of sounds, music and words:
7:15-8:00 *Cancon* Music Made in Canada
8:15-9:00 *Happenings/* short announcements, short features.
9:00-10:00 *RadioCinema/* Words, Music and Sounds, directed by Essy.

THE JAZZ SHOW
9:00 pm-1:00 am
Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

02 Dec. The Jazz Feature: *Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus.* Considered to be Mingus' most adventurous recordings.

09 Dec. A portrait of **Hank Mobley,** the almost forgotten modern giant of the tenor saxophone.

16 Dec. *Album Album...***Jack DeJonette's** best recording by the "Special Edition" with David Murray, Rufus Reid, John Purcell, Howard Johnson and the fabulous DeJohnette on drums and keyboards.

23 Dec. **Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Kenny Clarke...**one of the most famous (and infamous) all-star sessions to take place in Jazz history.

30 Dec. The great King of the Vibraharp...**Lionel Hampton** was given a carte blanche contract to record for RCA Victor in the late 30s and early 40s.

TUESDAYS

DOG'S BREAKFAST
7:30-11:00 am
A goulash of aural surprises and "Over the Fence" radio drivel some time around 9:00. Special orders will be taken. Your waiter: Paul Funk.

PLAYLOUD
Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Music to phone in sick by...keep the light on in your bathroom. Headphones should be used only as a last resort. Discipline and aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

03 Dec. **The Culling...**a monthly harvest of new & unsavoury material.
10 Dec. Featuring the versatile & whizzy German rock group, **Spliff.**
17 Dec. A Playloud request show. Call us... we hate everything.
24 Dec. A special 5-hour-plus attempt to scare away Santa Claus. "Grinch musik."
31 Dec. Music Wars. Eating Vomit & Playloud fight away New Year's Eve.

WARNING: THIS AD MAY CONTAIN SUBLIMINALS.

WEDNESDAYS

VANCOUVER INSTITUTE LECTURES
7:30-8:30 am
Lectures from the Vancouver Institute's Saturday night lecture series.

Margaret Atwood (author, Ontario): *Blood and Thunder.*
Prof. Irwin Shainman, Dept. of Music, Williams College, Mass.: *Mozart: Myth and Reality.*
William Golding (author, England): *Thoughts and Readings.*
Dr. John F. Helliwell Dept. of Economics, UBC: *Canada's Economic Performance.*

JUST LIKE WOMEN
6:20-7:30 pm
Woman, heal thyself with Ann and Lil's remedy for the Old Boys' Network: an hour of news, interviews, and music. A shot in the arm for all women, and for any man who likes them.

THE KNIGHT AFTER
Midnight to 4:00 am
Music to clobber Yuppies by—featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S. This show will really mess up your BMW!

THURSDAYS

UBC WEEKLY
9:00-9:30 am
A new show dealing with issues of concern to students at UBC.

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!
4:00-6:00 pm
A new time slot for this two-hour show which specializes in music described, for the lack of a better word, as "punk rock." But it can mean anything from the alcohol-rock of the Replacements to the brutal thrash of D.R.I. and anything in between. With your hosts Mike Dennis and Andrea Garnier.

TOP OF THE BOPS
8:00-9:00 pm

Contrary to popular belief, Bob Dylan and **Handsome Dick Manitoba** are not the only great things to come out of Minnesota. The Fendermen, in the late fifties, and the Transhmen, in the early sixties, were just the tip of the iceberg. There wre a plethora of bands toiling away, recording for unrecognized independent labels or even putting it out themselves. We'll be taking a listen to a cross-section of the best of these on the 5th and 12th. Buddy Holly should be familiar to most. On the 19th, we shall be taking a musical stroll through the **bespectacled one's** early rocking sides. And on the 26th, Top of the Bops will be presenting its first annual **Boxing Day Bonanza!;** in other words the usual selection of the finest cuts, with a little added Christmas cheer.

Top of the Bops Christmas shopping list:
George Jones *Country Classics* (Time-Life box set)
Hank Williams *Country Classics* (Time-Life box set)
Bullmoose Jackson *Big Fat Mammas are Back in Style* (Route 66, Sweden)
Various Artists: *Buffalo Bop Volumes 37 and/or 38* (Dee Jay Schallplatten, West Germany)
Various Artists: *Alladin Sock Hop* (Pathe Marconi, France)
Patsy Cline *Today, Tomorrow and Forever* (MCA)
Let the Tear Drops Fall (Accord)

MEL BREWER PRESENTS
11:00 pm-Midnight
We speak with our eyes closed. You should listen with your mouth open. It's a gabfest presented by Mel, man. Know what's going on locally without leaving home, especially you agoraphobics. Watch out for black ice. Win things. Get happy. Find out why J is the most congenial letter in the English language. Tune in, 'cause Mel loves you. Tune in, 'cause you love Mel. Call us, 'cause we love you too. too too 8-too for 87.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE
7:30-10:30 am
STIRRINGS: Awaken to the sense-stirring music and interviews of CITR's Primal DJ, the White Wolf. Psychodramatic interviews, poetry reading, insights into the world of ethnic music and culture, environmental territories are all part of the Wolf's habitat. This month: the music of South Africa, the final Stein report, guest hosts, and more. With your host and local changling Kirby Scott Hill.

YOUTH FOCUS
8:30-9:00 am
An examination of youth issues and concerns, hosted by Lynn Price and Jocelyn Samson.

G U I D E

POWER CHORD
5:00-6:00 pm
Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

FRIDAY NIGHT FETISH
6:20-9:00 pm
Word salad and cooking tips from habitual guest Beverly and delinquent trends and revelations from that Annoying Guy...Radio for people striving for less than adequacy in their lives. High profiles:
06 Dec. **Phone Job**
13 Dec. **The Smith Conspiracy**
20 Dec. **Nepotism**
27 Dec. **David J**

THE BIG SHOW
9:00 pm-midnight
Why pay money to get into a nightclub on a Friday night? If Big InternationAl can't get you dancing, no-one can.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Interviews with local musicians and artists, the newest sounds at CITR, your personal requests and even golden oldies. What more could you want? Hosted by Andreas Kitzmann and Sheri Walton.

WEEKEND REGULARS

7:30 am **Sign-On** *(Saturdays)*
8:00 am **Sign-On** *(Sundays)*
Noon **BRUNCH REPORT**
News, sports and weather.
8:00 pm **SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE**
News, sports and weather, plus **GENERIC REVIEW,** analysis of current affairs and special features.
4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE FOLK SHOW
10:30 am-Noon
Host Steve Edge presents a wide range of folk music, extending from the latest U.K. Rogue-Folk through to all kinds of traditional music from Canada, U.S.A., the British Isles and just about anywhere else. Plus the latest U.K. soccer results at 11 a.m.
07 Dec. **Kate & Anna McGarrigle**
14 Dec. Special guest **John Mann** of **Spirit of the West** brings some of his favourite music along
21 Dec. The Beard's Christmas Show. Zany Rouge–Folk for this festive occasion.
28 Dec. **Hogmanay Special. Scotland's Battlefield Band** recorded 'live' at the Savoy

NEOFILE
Noon-4:00 pm
Join CITR's music directors as they take you through the station's new and exciting Spin List.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GILLIGAN'S ISLAND?
4:00-6:00 pm
The quest for ultimate truth continues...listen for these philosophical blockbusters:
07 Dec. **Steptoe and Son**
14 Dec. The Sound of the BRM V-16
21 Dec. Christmas with Pinky and Perky
28 Dec. Excerpts from "The Art of Coarse Drinking"

PROPAGANDA!
6:30-9:00 pm
An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal. Production: Stacey Fruin.

Hi Profiles
07 Dec. **Stockholm Monsters**
14 Dec. **Dub Poets**
21 Dec. **Legendary Pink Dots**
28 Dec. **Propaganda! '85**—favourite storys from 1985

Interviews
07 Dec. **Toots and the Maytals**
14 Dec. **Love and Rockets**
21 Dec. **Steven R. Gilmore,** local graphic artist
28 Dec. **Propaganda! 85**—Choice clips from interviews heard on Propaganda! in 1985.

Features
Today in History, Citizen Kane, political satire with AEIOU.

PYJAMA PARTY
9:00 pm-1:00 am
Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present everything from ambient music for snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and pillow fights.

TUNES 'R' US
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Music, Music, Music, Handyman Bob, Music, Music, My Favorite Album, Music, Music, Experimental To Classical, Teddy Kelowna presents, and yes more music. R.I.P to Music From The Tarpits.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME
8:00 am-Noon
An aleatoric assemblage of dodecaphonic delights and microtonal masterpieces to titillate tonally twisted tuners-in. Paul Smith continues his musical lexicon of the twentieth century, and is joined by Tylor Cutforth, with his favorite cures for Sunday morning complacency.

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

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

THE AFRICAN SHOW
4:30-6:00 pm
A program featuring African music and culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest news from Africa, plus special features at 5:00 pm.

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE
6:30-8:00 pm
Relevance? What relevance? Music, interviews, comedy and readings of prose and poetry with hosts Chris Dafoe and Paris Simons.

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE
8:00-9:00 pm

FAST FORWARD
9:00 pm-1:00 am
Probably Vancouver alternative radio's most alternative show. Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.
01 Dec. Well, obviously by the time this reaches you there won't be any point to having a special show prepared so listen in and find out what happens when all is cast to the wind.
08 Dec. The Moers the Better...An eclectic and esoteric selection of music from one of Germany's most eclectic and esoteric record labels.
15 Dec. Laylah is not just the name of the best loved song by Eric and the Dominoes. In fact, it is a highly prolific and demanding record label whose roster includes Nurse With Wound, The Hafler Trio, Coil, Current 93, and many other like-minded individuals. Larry Thiessen will serve as co-pilot.
22 Dec. HOLY SHIT
29 Dec. "If the cows are united..." A retrospective, current update, and prognosis of Britain's United Dairies label. Risen from the ashes of the barn...

THE EARLY MUSIC SHOW
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Join host Ken Jackson for music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, presented at an appropriately early hour.
01 Dec. Dissonance in the Baroque period, with repeat performances of **Rebel's** *The Elements* and **Biber's** *Battle in D Major*
08 Dec. TBA
15 Dec. **Schutz** *Christmas Oratorio;* Seasonal music by **Gabrieli, Torelli, Corelli**
22 Dec. An Early Music Christmas–Medieval and Renaissance carols
29 Dec. A Selection of Baroque concertos for various instruments

VINYL

The Replacements

Tim

Sire Records

SOMEONE'S BEEN SENT OUT TO WIPE the snot off their pants, to comb their hair, to give them a Clorets to hide the smell of stale beer. But even if the edges have been rounded off a little, you can still tell they're The Replacements. And for that we can be grateful.

When Sire signed The Replacements away from Minneapolis-based Twin Tone Records there was some concern that the major label treatment could spoil a band whose greatest charm lay in their inadequacies. Sure, they drank too much. Sure, they frustrated concert-goers with sets of Led Zep covers. And yeah, songs like "Gary's Got A Boner" (from *Let It Be)* were inexcusably dumb. But The Replacements made records that sounded like they meant something. They weren't polished, they weren't perfect, but The Replacements sounded like they approached each song with the same gutsy bravado, each album with the same charming why-the-hell-not eclecticism.

If a song like "Boner" made you flinch with its sheer sophomority, the contrast only served to highlight the raw emotion of "Answering Machine" or the brave, bouncy pop of "I Will Dare." If the band sometimes played like life was one great big drunken party, they were also honest enough to tell you about the hangover without whining too loud.

Tim finds The Replacements in fine fettle; still a little hungover, a little hoarse from too much cigarette smoke, but passionate, witty, and moving in spite (or perhaps because) of it all. Producer Tommy Erdelyi (formerly of the Ramones) has turned down the volume and tightened up the sound without turning the band into something slick, sterile and "marketable." You can now hear some of Paul Westerberg's lyrics: moving, brave words that were previously buried under the exuberance of the rest of the band's determination to be the best, loudest garage band in Christiandom.

Westerberg's growth as a songwriter continues on *Tim* as he tries his hand at everything from a teary barroom ballad ("Here Comes a Regular") to Stoogies' proto-metal ("Dose of Thunder") and a slew of styles in between that I could describe if I wanted to hyphen you to death. The Replacements pull off this eclecticism without the preening, self-conscious posing so evident when, say the Stones do a C&W or a reggae song. They sound more like four guys trying out all the things they heard while punching buttons on the AM radio in the van. Westerberg's lyrics are in turn touching, witty, sarcastic, and nasty and the band plays like being in this band is the most fun they could possibly imagine.

It would be ridiculous to expect "progress" from a band who list early 1970's AM radio as a major influence. Nonetheless, *Tim* is a step forward for The Replacements, a step towards the mainstream, perhaps, but also towards a consolidation of the things they were doing on *Hootenanny* and *Let It Be.* And if it is a step towards the mainstream, it is an encouraging one, if only because these guys show you can play white-boy rock without the bombast and crotch-tugging that seems to have dragged the genre down to its ignomious position. The Replacements seem to believe, however foolish, that rock and roli is still good for something more than selling soft drinks, beer (although I'm sure they'd probably make a wonderful beer commercial), or T-shirts.

In spite of their self-perpetuated image as a bunch of reckless, irresponsible drunks, The Replacements make records that ring with heart, humour, and courage. They may be hollering from the bottom of an empty beer glass, but *Tim* demonstrates that what they're hollering is worth listening to.

—CD

CITR and Cat Productions present The Replacements December 4 at the Commodore.

The Cure

The Head on the Door

WEA

I CAN IMAGINE TWO REACTIONS TO THE new Cure album: "Uugghh, they've sold out!" or "Like, this is so cool, it just, like, rocks, y'know." But don't despair, Smith and company haven't been pandering to the fickle dance crowds again. On *The Head on the Door,* the always interesting and occasionally brilliant neo-psychedelic band adopts a bouncy, upbeat, and accessible sound which nonetheless continues in the experimental path first charted by their last studio album, *The Top.* Gone, however, is the wild eclecticism, lead singer Robert Smith's annoying whine, and talented drummer Andy Anderson; to be replaced respectively by a more streamlined selection of tunes, silky smooth vocals by Smith, and competent Cureish drumming by newcomer Boris Williams.

The album has an upbeat, dancy quality to it that will no doubt alienate some Cure purists. But even the most danceable tracks, "The Baby Screams" and "Close to Me," are not nearly as commercial as those on the annoyingly discoish *Japanese Whispers* album of two years ago.

On past albums, Smith's lyrics have been acid-drenched images of depression and loneliness, but there was always a fine line between creative imagery and meaningless mumbo-jumbo. Quite often, he has been muddled in the latter, but on *Head* his words are much clearer and more coherent. Occasionally, as on the introspective "Sinking," they actually seem meaningful:

So I trick myself
Like everybody else
I crouch in fear and wait
I'll never feel again.

That's pretty heavy stuff, even if Smith usually lacks any direction or fluidity. But even when the meaning is obscure, these songs have a disturbing eeriness which can be oddly compelling.

As far as experimentation goes, it is the lyrics that are the most daring. Experiments in strange noises and interesting harmonic structures, so prevalent on *The Top,* are subordinated on *Head.* There are no arty sound effects and no weird instruments, just driving guitars and economic doses of synths. It's refreshing to hear Smith's charged up guitar again at the fore.

Nowhere is this feeling more prominent than on "A Night Like This," an amazing tune which recalls earlier albums like *Faith* or *Pornography.* It is as percussive and weighty as any classic Cure depressant, and it is marred only by a generic sax solo that seems very much out of place. There is some further experimentation in form and structure on "Six Different Ways," an odd little tune that burps along in an awkward 6/4 meter.

The entire album is summarized on its best track, "In Between Days." It's straightforward, melodic, and full of gloomy thoughts. The infectious catchiness of it easily overpowers the morbid lyrics, and the whole experience is pleasantly inocuous. The experimentation is restrained; instead there is a streamlined sound, which is a shame because all the way through *Head* contains so much promise, so many challenging ideas that could have been fleshed into something brilliant.

Ultimately, *The Top* was a far better record because it took chances on so many levels. When it succeeded, it was more satisfying than anything on *Head.* I think *Head* seems transitionary, bridging to the next Cure opus. People in the future may look back at it with fondness as the middle installment of The Cure's mid-80's experimental trilogy. But, for now, even though *The Head on the Door* is a good album, it will probably leave true inCure-ables thirsting for something a bit more aurally challenging.

—Neal Roese

VERDICT

THE MALOPOETS

The Malopoets
Capitol

FROM JOHANNESBURG AND SURROUNDing regions comes South Africa's Malopoets, a band of musical revolutionaries whose songs express joy and tribulation in face of social upheaval and turmoil. The Malopoets are five men from various segregated backgrounds, some Zulus and Setwanian, some from other cultures and languages. That they have come together to create this album of African pop music reflects the essence of the struggle in South Africa.

Patrick, lead vocalist and writer for the Malopoets, is one of many black youths who have been deported from the country for speaking out against apartheid. Despite this injustice, there is a warm fire burning in the hearts of the band. The Malopoets' music reflects the best aspects of the revolution.

Their music is uplifting and positive. Although the members express an obvious weariness with the South African turmoil, they do not promote hatred or contempt for white capitalist societies. Their eyes are bright with truth and love as they strive to create music that unites blacks and whites in a community celebration.

Unlike many of their black brothers, whose heartfelt fire is now burning rampantly in South Africa, the Malopoets fire is disciplined and controlled, kept in check by a respect for each other as human beings, respect that they had been denied under apartheid. The vision is one of unity, understanding and, perhaps, acceptance of life as a struggle and a challenge in the face of daunting odds. It's a struggle most Westerners take for granted. We need a band like the Malopoets to open us up and make us realize what we really have. It's not an album to be feared.

The music? Well it's what you might call African Pop. It knows where its roots are, yet one can hear Western influences fused onto the stylings and the harmonies. No raw roots at work here. This is polished stuff.

Yet the polish hasn't out-glistened the heart and soul of the music. Warm and strong, having been to hell and back, the Malopoets reflect the best in the potential of music and power. It's an album that would sound good next to Burning Spear and (gulp) Bryan Adams.

It's a great way to bridge the gap.

—Kirby Hill

I, Braineater

Artist, Poet, Thief
1980 More

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH JIM CUMMINS posed the question of whether he would make any forages into the field of literature having already dabbled in painting, sculpture and music. Jim replied that what he'd like to do is write a cheap dimestore novel with his art on the cover. It all suddenly made sense to me: I, Braineater's art and music operate on that level.

The whole I, Braineater package is a romanticizing of the "starving artist" myth for the hip. Check out the album cover which portrays a Christ-like I, Braineater (or is that Frankenstein?). The back liner notes include the phrase, "I Braineater: let the dream begin. The Renaissance of phenomenon." However, like any cheap dimestore novel, I doubt if anyone will remember this renaissance. Finally, the title of the album: *Artist, Poet, Thief* about sums up the image I, Braineater wants to bring across.

I, Braineater probably won't be remembered a hundred years from now, but there are doubts in my mind whether the Velvet Underground (check out the 1969 live album) will be remembered either (no doubts about the Beatles). I don't think I, Braineater cares, however, as long as his image gains him recognition as an artist, now.

What about the music? Well, taking into account that this is cheap, dimestore music, I'm pleasantly surprised. The production on this record is better than on any previous I, Braineater release and a few of the songs that appeared on that Braineater release with dollar bills on it (which also featured Vancouver's own Johnny Thunders: Art Bergmann) are redone.

Jim Cummins said he was trying to get a T-Rex meets Elvis Presley sound on these songs. He only succeeds on the song "7 Teen," however. The rest of the record sounds kind of like a Cramps—Alien Sex Fiend hybrid. This is interesting, since the I, Braineater personnel on *Artist, Poet, Thief* consists of just Jim on guitar and vocals and Andy Graffiti on drums. Like the Cramps and Alien Sex Fiend, I, Braineater uses no bass guitar. Unfortunately, I hate bands that don't use bass.

I, Braineater gets patriotic (like Bruce Springsteen) on "Canada" and the rest of the songs convey his hip pseudo-nihilistic world view. The hit demo at CITR a few months back, "Wrong World," is included, but the song to buy the record for is "1980 More." Look around for Jim's cartoon lyrics of "Edge" (probably at Zulu). I'm going to go listen to my Lou Reed records.

—R. D. Harekema

Chris Carter

Mondo Beat
Conspiracy International

CHRIS CARTER AND COSEY FANNI TUTTI are in an enviable yet precarious position. On the one hand they are able to live and work in a schoolhouse that they've converted into a studio/home, oblivious to the trappings of the record industry. They have an excellent working relationship with Rough Trade and they are able to release sideline collaborations and personal projects via their own Conspiracy International label (of which *Mondo Beat* is the third instalment.) As seminal members of Throbbing Gristle they no longer feel compelled to be difficult on any level and are able to pursue the difficult balance that is highly creative, low-tech pop music. On the other hand, because they remain firmly committed to the independent sector and wish to avoid the "biz" at all costs, they may just

cont.

get swallowed up by the glut of third-rate copies that now seem destined for recognition and, perhaps, major record deals and stardom. *Mondo Beat* is a great success in terms of striking the balance, setting the pace, and offering a variety with only six songs.

With a title like *Mondo Beat,* one would expect a string of playful dancefloor smashes that would suit well the omnipresent urban decadence nightclub set. Well, there is that element present throughout, but there's so much more than the alluring beat. Chris Carter is the master of low-tech innovation in this field. Sampled and treated voices and tapes are cleverly incorporated into the deceptively simple rhythmic structure of the songs. Surprisingly, I find the title track the least interesting of the six. It utilizes a vocoder in the manner of a high camp disco tune circa '77. If that was the intention, and I suspect it was, then it works. I just never appreciated high camp disco. Of the six tunes, only one is completely devoid of danceable rhythm. That one tune, called "Nobadhairdo," is without doubt the best use of low-budget digital sampling/delay devices I've ever heard. The voice is an equal part of the rhythm bed, happily supplanting the synthetic drum sound that permeates most modern electronic dance records. Speaking of synthetic drum sounds, Chris uses them tastefully and with added invention. Much of the equipment used has been modified in some way or another so that, despite some stock characteristics, the sound remains unique to Chris and Cosey.

The cover of *Mondo Beat* gives no clue as to the extent of Cosey's involvement in this project. Chris' first solo release was a 90-minute cassette called *The Space Between.* It was much sparser and there were no signs of Cosey's trademark guitar or cornet sound. *Mondo Beat,* on the other hand, features Cosey quite prominently, both on the cover of the disc, and for an extended guitar workout on the LP's longest track, "Beyond Temptation." That song, to me, serves as counterpoint to the album's two exceedingly pleasant tunes, "Moonlight" and "No Evil."

There is a variety here and *Mondo Beat* has something for everybody. Playful synthetic melodies, urban decadence disco, clever digital treatments, an exquisite guitar solo reminiscient of T.G. days. And all this in only six songs. *Mondo Beat* is immense fun. Keep an eye out for future Conspiracy International projects. You never know...

—Mark Mushet

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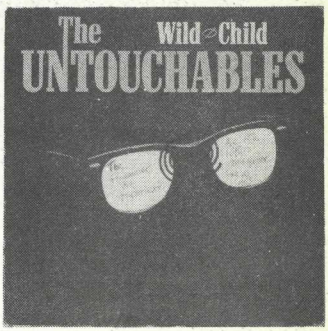
The Untouchables



Wild Child

1979, THE SPECIALS, MADNESS, PORKPIE hats, rude boys and skin-heads. Ska music was having its second coming and Brighton's beaches were once more a battlefield. Two years later it was but a memory as the New Romantics surged to the front.

Fads, however, don't die. They just move on to Sunny California where the sun preserves every aberration known to man, from the Beach Boys to beehive hairdos.

1985, Jerry Dammer's second coming. He is six years older and has become the producer of a second-generation Two-Tone band from L.A., The Untouchables.

The Specials' first album was and still is a true classic and yes, the world can do with more along the same line. Even if the idea of Americans, recycling British ska is just about as sacreligeous, it is almost impossible not to like *Wild Child.*

The whole album is extremely danceable, especially after a few pints of ale, and fun. Fun on the dance floor is what more music should be about, I personally have had enough of doom, gloom and assorted social evils too many bands love to moan about.

When you listen carefully to the Untouchables you can hear much more than Specials' clones. There is also the influence of Bob Marley, James Brown, Jimmy Page and the Dave Clark Five. Not a bad combination.

1979 was a good year, we had never even heard of Expo then. And I would rather have some excellent revivalism I can dance to than some contemorary dirge.

—Rockin' Patrick

The Pogues

Rum, Sodomy & The Lash

Stiff (U.K.)

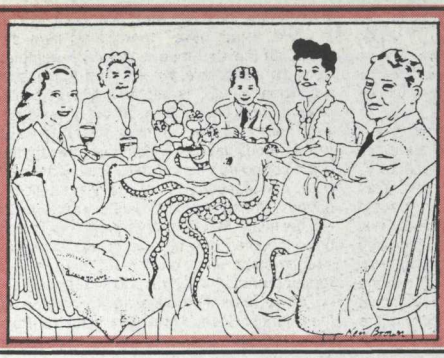
THE POGUES' DEBUT LP, *RED ROSES FOR Me,* was an amusing collection of traditional Irish songs and some of lead singer Shane McGowan's vitriolic reflections of life in the Big City, played with much gusto and a little expertise, but the new LP is an altogether more polished accomplishment. What could have prompted such a rapid development, making the boys (and one girl) one of the hottest acts in the UK and attracting collaboration with such notables as Elvis Costello and Alex ("Repo Man") Cox? My only conclusion: it must be on account of The Beard.

The Beard is a semi-legendary figure in England. A fanatical supporter of Aston Villa, The Pogues and Richard Thompson, he is also a major source of material for CITR's own Folk Show. Since March he has seen The Pogues on around 30 occasions, in venues as diverse as "The Powerhouse" in Birmingham and the Vienna Folk Festival. His affection for them may be due, in part, to his infatuation for their manager's daughter, but he is an expert on the seedy side of life, so articulately described by Shane in many of his songs. With such an auspicious advocate, how could Costello and Cox ignore this band?

The album consists of 12 tracks, half of which are originals. The opener, "Sick Bed of Cuchulainn" (pronounced Kew-Cullern) could almost have been written for The Beard himself and describes the antics of a rabble-rouser, reflected upon his deathbed. "The Old Main Drag" is a moving account of the pitfalls awaiting a young itinerant in a big city like London (very much the Pogues' home town, despite their predominantly Irish heritage). "The Wild Cats of Kilkenny" is an entertaining instrumental and "A Man You Don't Meet Every Day" is an interesting version of the Tannahill Weavers' "Jock Stewart", sung by the bass player, Cait ("Rocky") O'Riordan.

One of the outstanding cuts is "A Pair of Brown Eyes", a fine song which has spawned a weird video produced by Alex Cox. The eyes appear in various amazing situations, depicting the decay of Thatcher's Britain, inside a brown paper bag. (Cox apparently asked Elvis to drop his pants in a bizarre living-room scene, but was refused.)

"Sally MacLennane" is another fine single, and a stomping show-stopper too. "Dirty Old Town", the old Dubliners song, is brilliantly adapted into the Pogues' style and features



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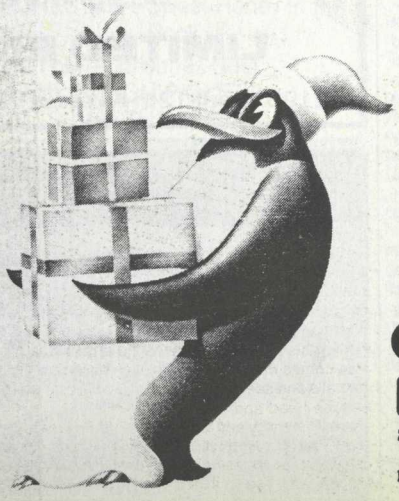

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There are many other interesting moments on Side Two, but the highlight is "And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda", the Eric Bogle W.W. II anti-war anthem featured in the movie "Gallipoli". Shane's straining vocals adding so much feeling that only the staunchest Socred could be unmoved by it.

The Pogues have certainly come of age. The second LP is always a problem for any band, but the Pogues (from the Gaelic "Pogue Mahone" ("Kiss My Arse") have set a wonderful precedent here. Any lack of instrumental expertise is more than compensated for by the addition of fiddle and pipe players of the highest calibre, and Costello's production is exemplary. I only wish a Canadian label would exhibit the guts to release this LP domestically. Nobody could inspire the current folk revival more eloquently.

—Steve Edge

The Fall

This Nation's Saving Grace Schtick

Beggars Banquet (UK)

AS I REACH FOR THE DOOR OF THE CONfessional booth, I take a deep breath and close my eyes. I sit in black silence awaiting to purge my sins and from the cathedral walls I hear an opening hymn and I wait for the angels to sing, but it never comes. I am feeling repentant and I wish to cleanse my soul, but I am scorned from the shadows from this hip priest. He screams at the demons inside of my head, OUT, OUT YOU BAD DEEDS! He jumps up out of darkness and shakes my limbs and yells at me to give up all material possessions. I quickly throw down my watch, my wallet and my ring, he chants, as if in Latin, an undecipherable thing.

I feel shaken and now he begins to tell me what I need. His word is as if God himself had spoken. He gently takes my money and makes me kneel. I am waiting for a blessing and I softly kiss his feet, with that he punts me into the corner and again he jumps at me. I am spoilt, he preaches and points at me, I huddle shaking under his swaying shadow, too frightened to feel the wrath he shall release. Instead, like a bolt of lightening, he drops to the floor and convulses with demonic powers inside of him. His words are broken and I know not what he speaks, but I feel drugged by his reputation and I fall to sleep.

Soon I am awakened by a loud bang and he stands beating his Bible at his forehead urging me to do the same. This is penance, I think to myself, the pain is dull, but intense, with each blow I remove one sin. Stopping his punishment he lowers his book and shows me a proud grin. Opening his arms he sends my head spinning, he welcomes me to my new house. We walk the long halls and see dark things and sunlit rooms, turns his head and begins to speak.

He tells me why and what he be and then with a sigh I start to understand. Quietly he sneaks out and leaves me to think. Suddenly he returns with tea and begins to spin a yarn about his previous lifetime, it is too intense not to believe that it is nothing but the truth. He cites ancient tongue and suddenly again he looks entranced, turns and bows his head and heads for the door.

Muttering softly that he shall return, he hums a farewell and turns into stone. I believe this holy man will return to restore faith in those who scorn. He is a trap to those who venture, a passing glance will not entrance, but if you enter you will never be let out.

The Fall have yet another album, but probably not a hell of a lot of fans, except me.

—Paul Scholten

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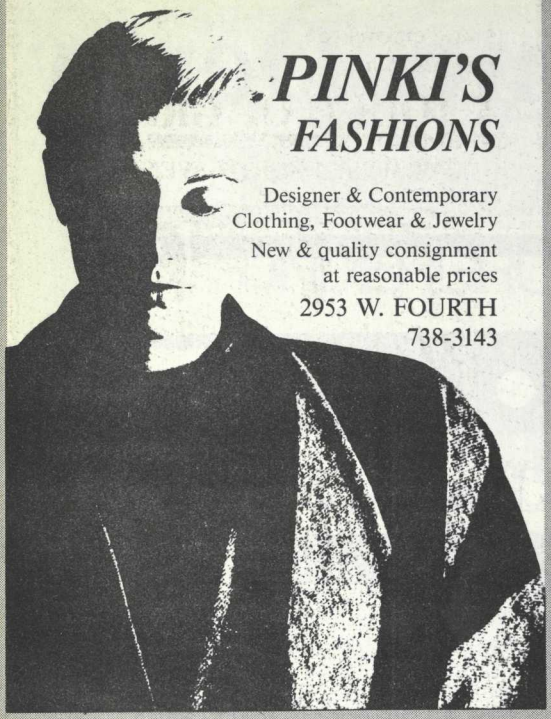

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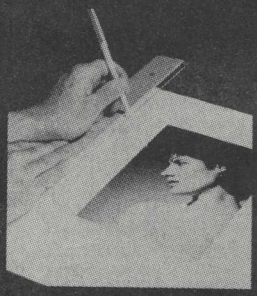

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Demo Derby

WHILE READING BACK OVER THESE demo tape and cassette reviews, I find that I have a good opinion of most, if not all of them. I suppose there are good months and bad months, and I just happened to pick a good month to review for Demo Derby. Well, sit back and fasten your seat belts, here goes...

A Cast of Thousands

"Catch"

OKAY, I'll be the first one to admit that I've always liked A Cast of Thousands (previously Fear of Falling, originally A Cast of Thousands). This demo is well-produced material—it has some good bass and guitar riffs in it. Unfortunately, the band's second track, "Fear of Falling," had to be repossessed for technical reasons. Anyhow, after six demo tapes, A Cast of Thousands should think of putting out some vinyl soon; they have the ability and material at this point to produce a really good EP. What's that? A Cast of Thousands have changed their name again?...

The Business

"Separate Avenues"

THE BUSINESS is a four-piece band from New York, and this demo is good for a first effort, although the production is weak. The singer, Anna Capasso, has a great voice, and is the moving force behind the band as she writes all the words and music. "Separate Avenues" has the sound of a perfect pop song—all it needs is a stronger rhythm section and about two mintues knocked off of the ending, as it tends to drag on after a while.

The Subterraneans

"Tonight" "Hell is a Microwave" "Garbagecan Boots"

THE BAND RECORDED this demo tape in five hours one night, and they didn't do a bad job. Musically, the band sounds like old Slow, especially "Hell is a Microwave," which is getting a fair amount of airplay out here at CITR. This song grew on me, but "Tonight" didn't fare so well. Considering the lyrical content of the song consists mostly of the word 'tonight,' it becomes redundant after a while. My favourite off this demo is "Garbagecan Boots." It's only 50 seconds long, and is a good parody of early D.O.A., although I don't thing that D.O.A. could play as fast as these guys, even when they were younger.

No Fun

"1984"

ONCE AGAIN, it appears that No Fun have outdone themselves. This cassette, which is available at your local record store, is as good as, if not better than, the band's former releases. David M and Paul Leahy combine their wit and musicianship, and though the final product may not solve all the world's problems, it sure comes close. Whether you like No Fun or not, this cassette is definitely worth a listen, as it includes songs like "Snog," "Paisley Brain Bolts of the Mind," and there's even a "Tribute to No Fun." "1984," overall, is a very enjoyable experience.

Fastbacks

"If You Want to Slow Down, Step on the Gas"

AS THE TITLE SUGGESTS, this cassette is great to drive to. It moves along and you move along right with it. Although I've never really listened to the Fastbacks for any length of time before, I found this cassette a lot of fun—"high energy" is the key phrase here. The Fastbacks, along with some excellent original material, do a few covers, including "Apologies," originally by the Pointed Sticks, and Jefferson Airplane's "Somebody to Love." Both the covers and originals are fantastic.

—Stacey Fruin

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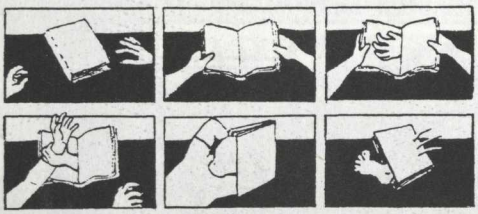

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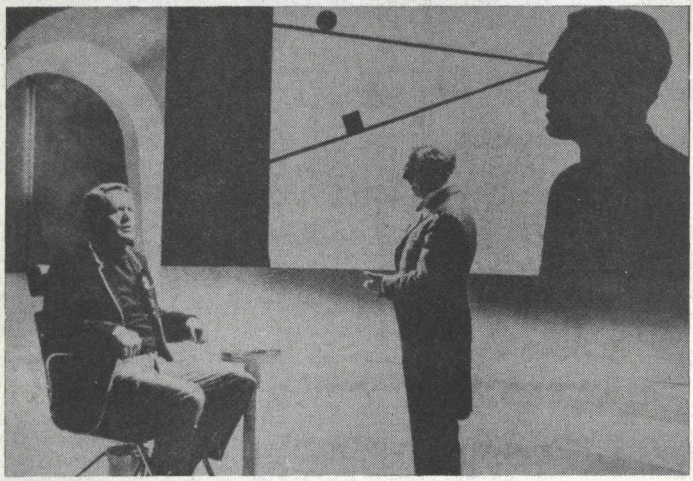

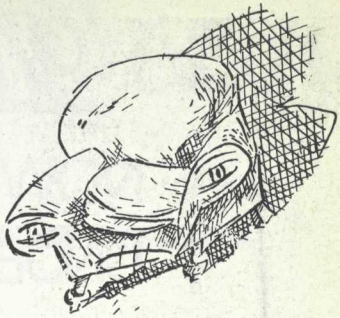

"Where am I?"
"In The Village."
"What do you want?"
"Information"
"Whose side are you on?"
"That would be telling. We want information... Information."
"You won't get it."
"By hook or by crook we will."

- *The Prisoner* -
Reflections on a Stupid Day

SOME THINGS ARE SO STUPID that they simply must be done: sitting on top of a flagpole for several weeks for instance—riding a roller coaster for a month—walking backward around the world—jumping a rocket powered motorcycle across the Snake River canyon—climbing a mountain because it's there. The list goes on. People can be imaginative beasts, particularly when they've got a lot of spare time on their hands.

Enter *The Prisoner Marathon.* All you need is one colour television set (it *must* be colour), one VCR, one dead fish (optional), fifteen or so hours of uninterrupted spare time, the desire to do something stupid yet memorable, and, of course, all seventeen episodes of the weirdo-cosmic-surrealistic (i.e.: it defies description) 1960's British television series *The Prisoner.* Unlike mountainclimbing, it's not physically dangerous (not even physically uncomfortable if you've got the right chair). You can do it alone or in groups (though groups are recommended in the best interest of sanity).

What's it all about?

THE PRISONER IS the brainchild of actor Patrick McGoohan (he plays the title character, he directed and co-wrote some of the episodes). It concerns the plight of an un-named super-spy who, for apparent reasons of conscience and integrity, resigns from the British Secret Service. He returns to his fashionable London flat and is immediately gassed into unconsciousness by a strange looking man in black tails and a top hat. When he wakes up again, he's still in the same flat—or is he? Something feels out of kilter. He looks out the window and discovers it's a different world outside. And so begins the Prisoner's adventure. It is dreamscape? Drug-induced hallucination? Good ole schizophrenia? All of the above? Or just another planet?

The marathon begins

EPISODE ONE: *THE ARRIVAL* sets up the general scenario, and introduces us to this wonderful place called The Village, a funky-mod (very sixties!) tourist-type resort where everybody dresses in primary colours, and nobody has a name (just a number). Everything has the brilliant, oddly un-natural look of a postcard. Folks are friendly but vacant. Most of what they say is utterly empty of conviction. They say, "Be seeing you," a lot.

All, we quickly discover, are themselves prisoners or employees (convert or otherwise) of The Village, which is, of course, not an adventure holiday destination at all, but a wonderfully conceived illusion. It's a special prison for special prisoners: ex-super-spys like our hero (whose Village moniker is Number 6) and other more normal folks who simply know (knew) too much.

Though there are no defined walls or barbed-wire barriers, escape is extremely difficult if not impossible. If Number 2 (the top bad guy who runs The Village—and is played by a different actor each episode) can't hold an inmate in by messing with his mind or by sending some of his thugs after him, he's always got Rover (I don't know where the name comes from—I never actually heard it in the run or the shows—but it does appear to have stuck). Rover is a big white blob which rises out of some kind of fluid and stops escapees by smothering them. Sometimes Rover kills, usually, it just knocks its victims out, and they wake up back in their flats—still dreaming(?) the same paranoid dream(?) that they've been dreaming(?) ever since they arrived at The Village.

Nevertheless, our hero, Number 6, does continually attempt to escape even as Number 2 and his cronies (we're never clear as to who exactly the bad guys are—Russians? Americans? Brits? aliens? ourselves?) continually try to break him—to find out why he resigned from the Secret Service, and everything else. What he knows must be supremely important because the orders from Number 1 ("Who is Number 1?") are always very clear on one point: they can do whatever they want with Number 6—drug him, beat him, confuse him, drive him insane—they just can't kill him.

Creeping paranoia

IT'S ROUNDABOUT EPISODE #FIVE, *Schizoid Man,* that things get serious. Imagine that someone (or something) wants to convince you that you're not who you know you are, that instead you're a hired imposter (one of the bad guys) who happens to bear an uncanny resemblance to who it is that you think you are. Your mission is to convince him that he isn't who he claims he is—that he is not you, that you are you (except, of course, you're not, because you're the imposter). And yes, he actually does look and act more like you than you do. You don't have that mole on your wrist that was there a week ago, yet he does. You're not right-handed anymore, which you were a week ago—but he is.

Schizoid Man is dangerous television. Suddenly *The Prisoner* isn't just this weird-trippy show anymore. Suddenly you're noticing things like the use of the color orange in the set design. What does it mean? Some residents of the village wear striped garments. Some wear pure colours. How is this significant? Why do they call it The Village

The Prisoner—Patrick McGoohan

anyway? Are they referring to Marshall McLuhan's theory of The Global Village (it was his theory, wasn't it?), and if they are, what exactly are they saying about it? Is this village a metaphor for the real world? Are we all prisoners ourselves, stuck in a surreal prison from which there is no escape, and in which, the powers that be ("Who is Number 1?") can and will go to any extreme to break us, to destroy our spirit, to find out what we know? What do we know?

"That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard," someone remarks. "It's just a weird TV show made by a bunch of acid-heads in the sixties. The special effects are cheezy, Patrick McGoohan's an egomaniac, and some of the concepts are pretty trite. But it's still a lot of fun."

Things get fuzzy

FIVE HOURS LATER, episode ten, *Checkmate* is blurring past. This is the one where chess has become the latest craze in The Village (chess on a human scale with real people as pieces). The marathon is well into its second half. Happenings in The Village are getting reassuringly familiar in a consistently unpredictable way. Number 6 hasn't escaped yet, but neither has he been broken. Fact is, he appears to be getting stronger. Sure he's still in constant danger of having his mind blown forever to pieces, but at the same time, he's won a few small victories. Like a virus, he grows more indestructable with every new attempt to destroy him. You get the feeling he's got this village figured out. Now, it's all just a matter of time.

Things get fuzzier. Episode eleven *Living in Harmony* doesn't even take place in The Village, but in a bizarre little town (Harmony) in the American West where Patrick McGoohan is the marshal who won't carry a gun (marshal? Not Marshall McLuhan again? How does Harmony fit into it? Why are all the western accents slightly British? Why are all the horses looking at me like that? Fortunately, the brain is too soft by now to explore this tangent any further).

By episode fifteen, *The Girl Who Was Death,* an odd fluidity has settled into the goings-on. Space-time has begun to bend. "Was this the episode that began at the fitness circuit?"

"No, no, that was *Change of Heart.* This is where he's following that woman in white who's always trying to kill him, and each time he barely escapes," —and each time, it gets more ludicrous, until it hits Jerry Lewis-level slapstick—but you're so fluid, you just continue to watch.

Until finally it ends

AND EVEN THOUGH you have a strong hunch that it did all come together (granted, in a surreal way), you really couldn't explain to anyone what it was all supposed to mean. What *is* The Village? Who *was* Number 1? What was Rover? Did Number 6 escape? Does it really matter?

What started at exactly 1:00 p.m. one late October rainy Saturday is over at roundabout 5:00 a.m. the following rainy Sunday. You're seeing cathode ray images and you're not even looking at the TV set. It has been a very stupid day.

What does it all mean?

IT MEANS THAT TV as a medium, isn't a total dud. Fact is, it's still quite young (an abused but still hopeful child?). Hook a VCR up to it and suddenly you've got some real control over what comes out at you (PAUSE, REWIND, FAST FORWARD, EJECT). If you want to, you can, in one sitting (or in as many as seventeen) watch all seventeen episodes of arguably the best TV series ever. No commercials. Just a five minute break to stretch every hour. This is good.

In conclusion

REGARDLESS OF WHAT he might have done before *The Prisoner,* or has done since, Patrick McGoohan is a cool guy. Way cooler than David Lee Roth.

Be seeing you.

—Bill Mullan

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the Prisoner

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SpinList TOP 33's

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
KOKO TAYLOR	Queen of the Blues	ALLIGATOR/WEA
ARTISTS AGAINST APARTHEID	Sun City	CAPITOL
TOM WAITS	Rain Dogs	ISLAND/MCA
LOVE & ROCKETS	Seventh Dream of Teen...	POLYGRAM
NOMEANSNO	You Kill Me	UNDERGROWTH
SALEM 66	A Ripping Spin	HOMESTEAD (US)
BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE	This is B.A.D.	CBS
FELT	Ignite the Seven Cannons	CHERRYRED (UK)
SHRIEKBACK	Oil and Gold	ISLAND/MCA
VARIOUS	Shindig!	ZULUBIRD
U-MEN	Stop Spinning	HOMESTEAD (US)
ALIEN SEX FIEND	Maximum Security	ANAGRAM (UK)
BRILLIANT ORANGE	Happy Man EP	ZULU
KLAUS FLUORIDE	Cha Cha Cha	ALTERNTENTA (US)
VARIOUS	One Pound Ninety-nine	BGRSBQT (UK)
VARIOUS	If You Can't Please...	SOMEBZR/CAPIT
GOLDEN PALOMINOS	Visions of Excess	CELLULOID (US)
KATE BUSH	Hounds of Love	CAPITOL
GREEN ON RED	No Free Lunch	MERCURY (UK)
BROOK/ENO/LANOIS	Hybrid	EG (UK)

SpinList TOP 45's

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
THEWOODENTOPS	It Will Come	ROUGHTRADE (UK)
THE HURT	Never	**DEMO**
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN	Bring On The Dancing Horses	KOROVA (UK)
THE CRAMPS	Can Your Pussy Do The Dog?	BIGBEAT (UK)
FASTBACKS	Seven Days/Somebody...	**DEMO** (US)
THE SUBTERRANEANS	Hell is a Microwave	**DEMO**
THE BELGIANIQUES	Kansas/Follow the Crowd	**DEMO**
LOST DURANGOS	I've Seen the Rain/Visions	**DEMO**
ROBERT WYATT & SWAPO..	The Wind of Change/Namibia	ROUGHTRADE (UK)
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES	Cities in Dust	POLYGRAM
SNAKEFINGER	I Gave Myself to You	UNDERGROWTH
FRANK FRINK 5	Sympathy for the Devil	**DEMO**
THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN	Just Like Honey/Head	WEA (UK)
THE BILL OF RIGHTS	Surfrenzy/Urban Cowgoof	**DEMO**
THE DILETTANTES	Dunkel Augen/Theme	**DEMO**
DEATH COMET CREW	Scratching Galaxies/Dream	BGRSBQT (UK)
THE BLOW MONKEYS	Forbidden Fruit	RCA (UK)
CAST OF THOUSANDS	Fear of Falling/Catch	**DEMO**
PORCELAIN FOREHEAD	Mary Tie Your Mutant Down	**DEMO**
NICO	Waiting for the Man	AURA (UK)

FAST FORWARD NEW RELEASES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
VARIOUS	Security	UNDERGROWTH
ANNE GILLIS	Aha	STEMRA
EMBRYO	With Yoruba Dun Dun Orch	SCHNEEBALL
JASPER TROUT	Pieces of Nothing	SUTURE
DIANA ROGERSON et al	The Inevitable Crystal Belle Scrodd Record	UNITED DAIRIES
BLAIR PETRIE	Requested Music	INTERFERENCE
DAVID MOSS	Dense Band	MOERS
VARIOUS	Various Artists excerpts	FASTFUCK
CURRENT 93	Nature Unveiled	LAYLAH
CHRIS & COSEY	Techno Primitive (LIVE)	OFFTHEBOARD

OVERHEARD

.....AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS

©1984 SUSAN CATHERINE

"Sylvia said anyone who was raped in the state of Washington was first raped in Portland, Oregon."

"You got to take more coffee, you got to take more. You got to shock your body into doing what it don't normally do."

"What's that on your fingers? Bananacream pie still?"

"I started a unique retail business from scratch three years ago. My wife helps. I do it all myself."

from p. 46

ween Damrak and Rokin Streets.

Before heading to a show many Amsterdamers start the evening with a few tokes at a bar which serves house specialties (usually Morroccan), and for adventurous types, a varied selection from around the world including Afghanistan and Jamaica. These bars are not technically legal, but the government allows them to flourish in well-defined areas, sometimes called the hash ghettoes. Hash is distributed throughout these bars which range from intimate little Scandinavian-furnished coffee bars like **Cafe Chocolada** serving space-cake (and offering concert videos upstairs with big fluffy couches to flake out on), to the more commercial hash-bars like the **Bulldog** (which boasts of being the biggest and the best).

The most comfortable place to see a gig is the Milky Way. It's an Amsterdam version of the Commodore open every night and offering just about the full gammut of fun. For a 10-guilder cover one gets in and can explore galleries, a jazz bar, a coffee house serving Bavarian Chocolate cake (with a good gram in it) and the music stages where a variety of good groups play every night... very civilized. One night a great space-cake-influenced play was staged, followed by a show by the Fatal Flowers—tremendous. As part of your own warm-up, you might include a few rounds of kop-stotjes at a local bar. A shooter of Genever and a glass of Heiny constitutes a kop-stotje and since they're cheap ($2 Can.) and beneficial they're recommended before any escapade.

The Amsterdam scene offers quite a lot of original music—at the forefront are Fatal Flowers, Claw Boys Claw and Gruppo Sportivo. Fatal Flowers are the most prolific, having risen to the top within six months of their first live performance. After being signed to the Syndicate of Melodies and WEA, they recorded their first mini-album at London's Brittania Row studios with Martin Cramer producing. The album's been well-received for its guitar and flowers sound—very psychedelic, very neat. Claw Boys Claw are also neat—but draw their influence from neat groups like Gun Club and Cramps. Released on Hip Cat Records, Peter te Bos' vocals and John Cameron's guitar stand out on their latest disk, *Now!*

Amsterdam's the centre of Dutch music but influences and the bands themselves are international in scope. Amsterdam provides a meeting point for artists and musicians to come together, so to speak. If you don't step on any dogshit, a visit to the Dam can be fun...and stimulating. For a good time Amsterdam is a good trip—in more ways than one.

—*Peter Burns*

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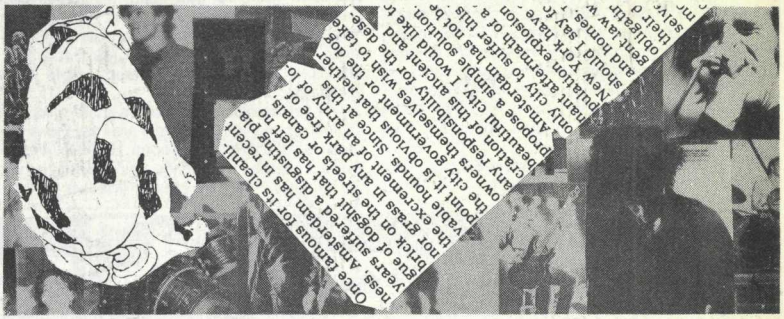
The Roving Ear

This month from Amsterdam...



WHEN I WAS TWELVE and in a small Dutch school in a small Dutch village, some of my first impressions of Amsterdam were formed in Master Kruezer's geschiedenis (history) class. He told us that the Canadian troops had liberated the battered city and that act had liberated the whole country. Master Kruezer then added that Holland was very indebted to the Canadians for their liberation. Sometime later (being the only Canuck in the school) I would be out in the schoolyard reminding one or two girls from class of their debt to Canadians and demanding some sort of payment. Ten years later and the strategy hasn't changed much.

As a student of the seventh form, however, trips into Amsterdam were limited to those with the school and village soccer teams. The school team's captain, Hans Groenteman, would usually call a vote in our changing room at halftime. If the team was being soundly beaten we'd decide whether to take off to the few bars on Amsterdam's southside which served beer to twelve- and thirteen-year-olds. The team puffed away on a few shared cigarettes and voted, and with a few ja's we were off, sneaking past the supervising teacher and running down the street to catch tram #9, that which took us almost kitty-corner to De Spaanse Ruiter bar and bistro (sic).

Today there is no supervising teacher—just one's conscience, but that shouldn't stop anyone from enjoying what Amsterdam has to offer...at least most of it. Amsterdam has had a lengthy reputation as Europe's most liberal city...a lot of stuff is common here which in other locales (including the rest of Holland) would be considered highly illegal (drugs, prostitution, gambling, bowling parties). The Dutch have taken the rather unique approach of allowing certain activities in areas of the larger cities like Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and controlling activities within those areas...thus, for example, Morroccan hashish is sold in these areas for less than ten guilders a gram (five dollars Canadian), and Amsterdam has become a major adult playground of Europe's youth. Holland is quite multi-cultural to begin with (significant Indonesian and Surinamer populations) but Amsterdam in particular boasts large German, Italian, Turkish and Anglo populations. The city is one of the most diverse and cosmopolitan in the world and every Amsterdamer speaks one other language and a great many speak three languages fluently. The drawing cards for European youth are sex and drugs—which of course goes well with liberal doses of good music—and Amsterdam can certainly provide music.

Although Amsterdam doesn't have a CITR, it does have significant forms of alternative radio. Amsterdam's (and Holland's) radio waves are controlled by the government, which offers the commercial pop of Nederland 3 and a television program on Wednesday nights called *Avro's Top Pop.* Nederland 3 does offer transmissions of John Peel's eclectic BBC program on Friday nights, but for the most part state radio is staid and uninteresting. For more revolutionary stuff, Amsterdam's pirate radio stations are great—the government is constantly searching for their transmission stations in efforts to close them down—and it's kind of fun listening to the cat and mouse game on the airwaves as transmitters are closed and new ones pop up on a weekly basis. Some of the interesting stations re-surfacing and submerging are **Unique FM, Radio Decibel, Radio Sjuul, Radio GOT, Radio X** and **Radio Twist.** They play varied and interesting sets—from the Cramps and Gun Club to local giants **Fatal Flowers, Claw Boys Claw, Highway Chile** and the **Plastic Dolls.**

The clubs are varied and exciting with the **Paridiso** and the **Milky Way** offering the hottest groups. One week the Milky Way offered the **Smiths** on a Tuesday night, while the same evening the **Cure** played the Concertgebouw. In the same week, **Echo and his Bunnies** played at the Paridiso supported by local faves Claw Boys Claw. The scene in Amsterdam also offers significant warm-ups for those so inclined. By warm-ups I'm referring to the many hash bars and cafes which are littered throughout the area bet-

cont. p. 45

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