

# DISORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM 102

JUNE 1990





du Maurier Ltd. INTERNATIONAL

JAZZ

JAZZ FESTIVAL VANCOUVER

JUNE 22 - JULY 2, 1990



• MILTON NASCIMENTO •

Queen Elizabeth Theatre • June 22 • 8 pm

"He is my musical idol... he is the greatest... he is above criticism, fantastic... it is impossible to measure the emotion." —Pat Metheny

• VANCOUVER PLAYHOUSE •

Joe Henderson and the Jon Ballantyne Trio Double Bill with Don Pullen Trio • June 25 • 8 pm

Henderson is the most commanding and original tenor saxophonist in jazz. Ballantyne is a Juno award winner and one of Canada's rising jazz stars.

"(Pullen)... is a brilliant improviser... his melodies sing with real passion... his trio shows are rare and shouldn't be missed." —New York Times

Concord All-Stars • June 23 • 8 pm

From Concord Records... "Sweets" Edison, Scott Hamilton, Monty Alexander, Terry Clarke and Ed Wise. Elegant, distinguished mainstream jazz that never stops swinging. Plus Fraser MacPherson and Oliver Gannon.

Super Rail Band (Mali) • June 23 • 10 pm

Melodic and rhythmic ecstasy of African highlife. Saïf Keita emerged from that never stops swinging. Plus Kathy Kidd Sextet.

Bob Berg/Mike Stern Band • June 24 • 9 pm

Former Miles Davis sideman Berg and Stern lead a powerhouse band fronted by tenor sax and guitar. Plus Rebirth Brass Band.

Allan Holdsworth • June 25 • 10 pm

"Holdsworth is surely one of the finest guitar players the world has ever seen." —Musicians Only. Plus Jazz Passengers.

• COMMODORE •

Johnny Winter • June 26 • 10 pm

Blazing guitar powered blues. Plus Bob Bell and Necropolis 90 and Michael Van Eyes.

Kingsnake Blues Caravan • June 28 • 10 pm

A star studded blues revue that'll have you rocking from the minute you walk in the door. Featuring Kenny Neal, Lucky Peterson, Noble "Thin Man" Watts and others.

Mahlatini and the Mahotella Queens • June 29 • 10 pm

Return From South Africa... the street-smart, joyous music called "Mbongoqo Jive". Plus Piene Dango and New Jungle Orchestra.

Pancho Sanchez • June 30 • 10 pm

Latin jazz at its finest. Tito Puente and Mario Bauza now acknowledge Pancho's mastery of the genre... —LA Style.

Caetano Veloso • July 1 • 9 pm

"I'm jealous of Caetano's lyrics. This is the music and poetry of the future, beautiful, sad, heart-wrenching. Contemporary. Angry. Pretty. Ugly. What popular music could/should be." —David Byrne Plus Caiso Machado.

• VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE •

ALL SHOWS 8PM

Oliver Jones • June 22

"One of the best musicians I have ever heard..." —Leonard Feather, LA.

Azimuth • June 23

"... one of the most imaginatively conceived and delicately balanced of all contemporary chamber-jazz groups." —The Times (U.K.)

Joe Pass • June 24

"... quite possibly the all-round greatest jazz guitarist who ever lived." —San Francisco Examiner.

Jazz Passengers • June 26

"Snatches of Dixie, ultra-smooth ballads, Honolulu dinner on acid music, doo-wop, zany and jugged jams..." —The Mirror.

Herb Ellis and Red Mitchell • June 27

Two legendary talents in concert together... guitarist Ellis and bassist Mitchell play marvelous, swinging jazz.

Ray Anderson Quartet • June 28

"... like a trombone version of John Coltrane's tenor saxophone sound." —New York Times.

Spectacles • June 29

Improvised music and dance collide in various densities and spaces. Featuring Jean Derome (sax), Paul Pimley (piano), and Clyde Reed (bass). Plus dancers. Plus Paul Pimley/Andrew Cyrille duo.

Sheila Jordan • June 30

"Pure genius of vocal jazz..." —Oakland Tribune

International Creative Music Orchestra • July 1

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Festival Clubs: Cafe Django, Saturno, Isadora's, Tom Lee Music Hall, Alma Street Cafe, The Yale, Station Street, The Glass Slipper.

Free Bandstands: Granville Island, Pacific Centre, Oakridge, Gastown.

Jazz at the Plaza: June 30-July 2 Plaza of Nations Noon-8 pm daily, 54 free concerts on 3 stages. Refreshments, Food Fair.

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# DISORDER

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As part of DISORDER's attempt to develop a policy regarding the development of an apparently long-standing, ongoing commitment to the environment, we encourage you to use your head and do something other than throw it away when you've finished reading it. Give it to someone else to read, return it to the place from whence you got it, use it for packing material, line your pet cage with it, line your own cage with it, use it to make a paper mache tree, or at the very least put it in a recycling bin. Then again, you shouldn't be throwing it out anyhow. It is a "collector's item."

## FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

EDITOR Kevin Smith ART DIRECTOR Geoff Coates PRODUCTION MANAGER Bill Baker EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS Chris Buchanan, Paul Funk, Viola Funk PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS Scott Livingstone, Len Morgan, Lydia Schymansky WRITERS Chris Buchanan, Pat Carroll, Viola Funk, Michael Klassen, Janis McKenzie, Leigh Wolf PHOTOGRAPHER Leonard Whistler GRAPHICS Scott Livingstone WORD PROCESSING Lisa Delta Secondary COVER 12 MIDNITE SPINLIST Lloyd Ullana, Randy Iwata ADVERTISING Mike Harding, Lloyd Ullana ADVERTISING PRODUCTION Bill Baker LOCAL DISTRIBUTION Matt Steffich SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION Robynn Iwata PROGRAM GUIDE/DATEBOOK/DELIVERY FRIEND Randy Iwata ACCOUNTS Barbara Wilson TECHNICAL SUPPORT Sue Ahn, Peter Lankester PUBLISHER RadSoC

DISORDER Copyright © 1990 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All Rights Reserved. Disorder is That Magazine from CTR FM 102, and is published twelve times a year by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. Disorder is printed in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. Disorder prints what it wants to, including the CTR on the Dial program guide and the CTR Spinlist playlist chart. Circulation is 17500 copies distributed free of charge to over 200 locations. Twelve-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the US, and \$24 elsewhere. Please make cheque or money orders payable to Disorder Magazine. Operator, give me Echo Valley 2-6809. - K. Partridge. Disorder wants your stuff; send us stories, drawings, comics, money, photos or what have you. If we like 'em, we'll use 'em. If we don't, we'll lose 'em. Deadline for submissions and ad bookings is the 15th of the previous month. For display advertising rates and mechanical requirements, refer to our rate card.

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JUNE 8-10		JUNE 11 & 12		JUNE 13 & 14	
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JUNE 15-17		EL NORTE (The North)		BLOOD SIMPLE	
FESTIVAL OF HONGKONG CINEMA*	7:00 & 9:00	7:00 & 9:00		9:00	
JUNE 22-24		JUNE 18 & 19		JUNE 20 & 21	
TRIBUTE TO JACK NICHOLSON*	7:00 & 9:00	FESTIVAL OF HONGKONG CINEMA*		FESTIVAL OF HONGKONG CINEMA*	
JUNE 29 - JULY 1		JUNE 25 & 26		JUNE 27 & 28	
BEST OF THE CANNES ADS	7:30 & 9:30	THE GODFATHER	Monday only 7:30	LOOK WHO'S TALKING	7:00
		THE GODFATHER Part II	Tuesday only 7:30	PARENTHOOD	9:00

\*PLEASE CALL 689-0096 FOR DETAILED SHOW INFORMATION

## ADMEYERATION

Dear Airhead,

Thanks much for the wonderful Russ Meyer interview. At last something for a Texas redneck to relate to. I wasn't aware of Canada's censorship problem however. When I visited your fair city two years ago I came away with the impression that it would be a good place to escape to when the Quayle administration takes over. Please send your ignorant blue-nose born agains to Texas so I can move up there.

Thank you,  
Joe Newman  
(Rudy Shwartz)

## SUSAN GETS THE SCOOP

Dear Airhead,

Picture an "independent" band with limited resources that has a product to sell. They only have money to invest in one of three choices: belt L.P.'s, C.D.'s or cassette tapes. How many cassette players vs. C.D. players vs. turntables are there in the world? My guess would be cassette players on top.

Now you're a band on top. Have you ever travelled

across the country (esp. southern U.S.) in the summer with a couple of hundred L.P.'s? I have and it's hard to sell your new warped L.P. I've flown to gigs with a couple hundred cassettes. No problem getting them on the plane. A little harder to do with a couple of hundred L.P.'s...

I play in a band called Roots Roundup and we are an independent band by choice. We have never gone looking for the almighty "record deal". We take care of our own business and contract out those jobs that can be done better and more efficiently than we can. However, we maintain strict control over all facets of our operation. Sure it would be nice to be "signed" but it's not at the top of our list of priorities. We are an independent band that's relatively successful, and for us, tapes are the most cost effective way of getting our music to the masses. As you read this we are on a seven week Canadian tour.

So Susan Ferran (*It's A Dirty Job...Airhead*, May) put up or shut up. Start a band, remain independent, research the ways and costs



of getting your finished product to the people so you can go out and play for those people. Again I can't stress the word independent enough.

There are musicians out there who enjoy the business and playing of music in any capacity be it the street corner or to huge hockey rinks (I've done both). I, and we as a band are fiercely devoted to

all areas of our ways and means of making music and refuse to be in limbo while someone else decides our fate, be it a deal or whatever.

Oh - one more point. Have you Susan Ferran, never recorded an L.P. or C.D. onto cassette tape?

Hmm, thought so.  
Barry Taylor  
Roots Roundup



The Man Scan. By Lommi Sorbay.

Canadians' fascination with dumb guys has to end. How much longer can we uphold the careers of C-FOX'S Larry & Willy and MuchMusic's Mike & Mike anyway? Take heart, because someday when the hammer falls — and it will fall — it's coming down hard on these jokers.

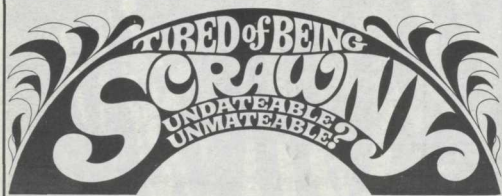
For those who are impatient, let me predict the inevitable scene:

Larry & Willy & Mike & Mike are all packed in the defendant's box at the folk tribunal. They're dressed in grey prisoner's uniforms and wear the complementary wrist and ankle bracelets. They look pale, shaken, and all have several days' beard growth. They're facing a mean-assed council of young intellectuals appointed by the revolutionary cabinet.

The dumb guys' sentence is harsh: they've got to endure an incessant tape loop of their own performances. They'll have their noses rubbed in their own mess, indefinitely. The proverbial boot will stomp on their senses forever.

In a pathetic display, Willy begins to sob madly, claiming Larry put him up to it all. One Mike flops his head into the other Mike's lap, and he too starts crying. The scene doesn't move any of the council, who've been hardened by months in the bush training and plotting for the coup.

Not since the overthrow of Ceausescu does the world smell such sweet justice. The socialist utopia is at hand, etc., etc.



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# ERASURE



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## THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 1

Ok, okay. I'm going to phone the drummer for the Wonder Stuff, and tell him, busy man that he is, that I want to talk to him half an hour from now so I can tape it. Right, sure, these guys hate everyone. It says so in the New Music Express.

"Hello, uh, is Martin there?"  
"Speaking." (This said in heavy Beatles-type accent.)  
"Could I call back in half an hour? We're having some technical problems here?" (Cringing silence on my part, waiting for his answer.)  
"Sure, I'll go have a shower."  
(Whew)

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 2

"HELLO, HELLO? Randy, Lloyd you're the music directors. Why the hell isn't our equipment working!?"

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 3

Ok, okay. I'll phone him again and I'll just take notes. Right, sure, fine.

"Hello, is Martin there?"  
"Yes, I'm naked now."  
"Er um, so tell me about the band on the road." (Shit, this won't be easy.)

And you know dear reader it isn't easy interviewing someone on the phone when they are naked and the recording equipment won't tape over the phone. So the gist of what was imparted is this.

Bob "THE BASS THING" Jones left the band at Christmas time. Bob, perhaps the least pretty human being to ever wrestle some rhythm and a bit of melody out of four strings. Bob, who despite being the least pretty human being to ever wrestle some rhythm and a bit of melody out of four strings, obviously had a good heart (after all he took his winnings from the pools — English betting shops — and paid for the first two Wonder Stuff singles). Oh lord, how could they ever hope to replace a man who cut his own hair while being interviewed by the pissed hacks of the British Music Press?

"We've got Paul Clifford playing with us now. He's a friend of ours; we've known him for ten years." (Ah well, easy come easy go.) "We've also got Martin Bell with us. He played fiddle and banjo on the album and he does that live and plays some guitar so Miles (Hunt) can concentrate on his singing."

Remember, you read it here first.

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 4

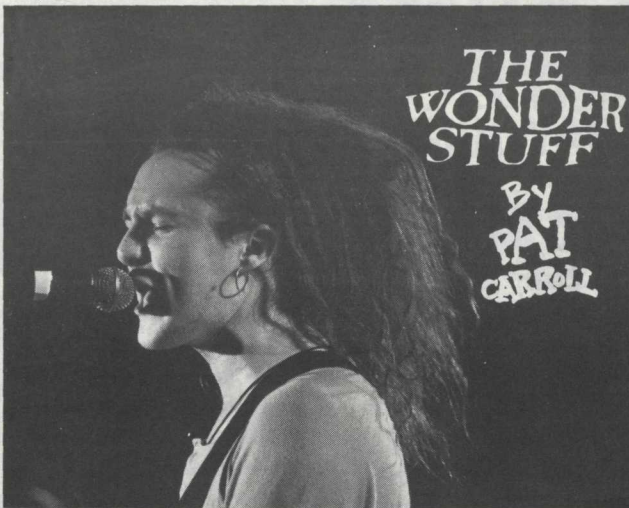
Ok. Okay. So the phone sucked. I'll f\*ck it, no-one will notice; after all, Rob Boper did an interview with the Sugarcubes by stealing Tom Harrison's notes. Yeah

sure, no problem.

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 5

"Do you want to interview The Wonder Stuff again?"  
"Maybe."

Britain's No.2 city. The music press almost wet itself over it a few years ago when bands like the Stiffies, Pop Will Eat Itself, and The Mighty Lemon Drops popped up out of the midlands in which the city is located. Martin is far more succinct: "I don't



Miles Hunt struts his Wonderstuff

"It would be in person at their hotel."  
"Ok, okay, sure, yeah, right, fine."

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 6

Ok, okay, sure, fine. I'm at the hotel and I've just met Martin the

give a shit about Birmingham."

I know he sounds really snotty but you had to have been there to understand how unforced his statements were.

lining the wall. That's why Miles will say things to piss off the crowd. Getting a bad response is better than getting no response at all." All this bad press stuff in the UK is starting to make sense.

"Because there is basically only one radio station in the UK (the BBC's Radio One, which provided the inspiration for "Radio Ass Kiss") the press there operates like college radio does here. But no matter how much they write about the band you still won't know what they sound like... so you get 15,000 - 25,000

down side of this would seem to be their relationship with the US office of their label. "It is all business in New York; they don't even talk about the music. They don't understand a band that doesn't want to be rich and famous so they leave us alone, which is fine by us."

He does, however, take a certain amount of delight in recounting the label's treatment of bands when they first arrive in New York. "You're put in a first class hotel, you go down to the office, everyone has a copy of the record, they'll all tell you how much they love the band and you come away thinking, 'Hmmm, maybe we do have a chance over here.' But there was a case where they had two bands coming into town, one day after another, and they got it wrong and greeted one band as the other!"

So what about those records? Their first Canadian album, "Eight Legged Groove Machine" presented the band as a snooty bunch of young men singing "It's your Money I'm After Baby" and "Give, Give, Give, Me More, More, More." "It's hard to explain the songs," he said, before giving it a try. "We only write about what we've experienced. When you're close to the band you can understand, see how they were written...before we recorded 'Groove Machine' we were so amazed about this money and where it was coming from and I guess that showed up on the record."

The follow up, last year's "HUP," showed a slight change in the lyrical concerns of the band. "Malcom broke up with his girl friend so there's 'Unfaithful' and 'Cartoon Boyfriend.'" He then paused and looked over at Malcom Treece, The Stiffies' guitarist, who was being interviewed across the room. "Actually, 'Unfaithful' was something different." "I guess you do have to be in the band, because that made no sense to me. (But I think I know why Bob "The Bass Thing" Jones, the least pretty human being to ever wrestle some rhythm and a bit of melody from four strings, left the band... no "M" in his name.)

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 7

My impossibly tall room mate paid \$22.00 to see The Wonder Stuff open for The Mission. He was a bit late and the band was on stage early, so he saw only three songs by those pop groovies and then endured an entire set by The Mission. So I figure he paid \$27.00/ song for The Stiffies and \$1.00 for The Mission's entire output.

### THE WONDER STUFF-TAKE 8

Ok, okay. If you don't like The Wonder Stuff you're just a big goof. Rock On, Right, Fine, Sure, Good, Uh Huh. ☺

For those of you unfamiliar with Birmingham, it is often referred to as

photo Leonard Whistler  
to see a band play London, just out of curiosity. It's a new way of doing it; people don't play gigs anymore to build up an audience." And why should you build up an audience? So you can get signed to a record label

and get all their money.

"Actually we went looking for a label after we ran out of money from putting out our first two singles. So we asked for control of everything and just enough money to run for a year. More often you get these bidding wars where the band says we'll start at 100,000 pounds and two or three labels bid for them. But they don't have any control and then they complain about how awful it is on a major label. Stupid really." The

## "I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT BIRMINGHAM."

drummer. He's dressed and my tape deck is working. Things are looking up.

"We live in London these days. It's sort of a scam with the record company. Because we're from Birmingham they pay for our flats while we're in the studio and because we're always recording I've only had to pay for two months rent last year."

For those of you unfamiliar with Birmingham, it is often referred to as

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artists

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JULY 5**



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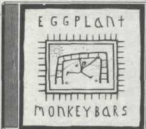
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# FROM GOTTIC to COMIC THE MISSION

## by HOMER "THE SIMP" BUNDY

In the early eighties the Gothic scene in Britain was apparently alive and vibrant, although this seems contradictory for a movement based primarily on death. Bands such as Bauhaus, The Southern Death Cult (who later pared down their name to the Death Cult, then finally just to The Cult), and the Sisters of Mercy were both very popular and important musically. But with recent meagre offerings by Peter Murphy and the Cult, as well as the impending travesty to come from the joining of forces of Andrew Eldritch (the only original member of the Sisters left in the band) and Tony James (of Sigue Sigue X Gen X notoriety) as the new Sisters lineup, the Gothic movement is truly dead. Topping the list of post-Gothic bands with no redeeming qualities who are now merely parodies of themselves is the Mission, who brought their Spinal Tap-esque show to Vancouver last month.

With the dubious distinction of being formed from the charred remains of the original Sisters lineup, the beginnings of the Mission looked promising. Wayne Hussey had served a stint as the guitarist for Dead-Or-Alive, hence his knowledge of cosmetics and prima donna routines, before joining the Sisters in 1983. For the next three years he and Andrew Eldritch were the creative energy which made the Sisters' music so powerfully dark and captivating (just like their inner souls, or at least, that's what their press release says). They recorded the magnificent "First and Last and Always" album and a number of unforgettable twelve inches in the brief span of their tolerance of one another. But after too many battles for control of the make-up mirror, the two had a very public irreconcilable falling out. After leaving the Sisters at the tail end of 1985, Wayne Hussey

(Lead ego) and Craig Adams (the original bassist for the Sisters) quickly recruited Mick Brown (drummer from Red Lorry Yellow Lorry) and Simon Hinkler (guitarist from Artery) in order to continue their musical odyssey. This time they would be called the Mission, after first attempting to use the name Sisterhood, the unofficial name of the Sisters' fan club.

Somewhere between the time of their first single, "Serpent's Kiss," in May 1986, and their latest offering, "Carved in Sand" LP, a span of eight singles and four albums, the Mission have lost any credibility which they may have started with. Strutting onto the stage as if they were about to conquer the world, the Mission were laughable in every possible respect. Probably very few people who saw them could take the band and their music seriously - in fact, it seems most people were there to see The Wonder Stuff, and rightly so. This pseudo-Gothic band with their hard-rock bombastic anthems is attempting, with the help of their Canadian record company (Polygram), to become the next big band to break through into commercial radio via the path opened up by the success of The Cult. (Is their new single "Deliver-

ance" to be the next "She Sells Sanctuary"?) To this end they are willing to exploit themselves, the press, and worst of all, their audience. Sincerity, integrity, and inspiration have been forsaken in order for them to enjoy the rock 'n' roll lifestyle of easy drugs and easy women which

found this a fairly easy transition to make. Whether it is the mock modesty, with the ensuing "surprised" reaction at actually being recognized standing at the back of the audience at their own gigs, as Wayne Hussey demonstrated at the Commodore; or the less than convincing human compas-

American Tour Because of Too Many Drugs."

Whether these stories, which they claim for the most part are accurate, are true is not the point. The point is that their methods and music do not stand up to the tests which should be applied to artists in the 1990s.

But Polygram has a new angle to ensure that the Mission get noticed by the press in Canada since the band can't stand on its own merits. They are trying cheesy gimmicks. Included in The Mission press kit: one Mission brochure, one Mission necklace, one Mission bandana, one Mission Tour Poster, one Mission T-Shirt, one Mission baseball cap, one Mission tour CD (promotional copy only not for resale). Most of these were for sale at the gig - one Mission necklace... \$8.00. I don't know if one wears all this Mission clothing and ornaments one becomes more attuned with Wayne Hussey, or if they are just meant to be a method by which to fleece the band's audience of even more money.

In the end, The Mission is not a band, it is a publicity and dating vehicle for Mr. Hussey and his compatriots. With this said, Discorder had the opportunity of interviewing Craig Adams and Mick Brown from The Mission, which we readily accepted. And as representatives of the Mission they were polite, affable and interesting people to talk to. We did not have the opportunity of talking with Mr. Hussey.

**Discorder:** It seems as if early on in the Mission's career there was a conscious effort of myth-making by intentionally "leaking" stories about Wayne Hussey's use of narcotics and women, including a story where he offered to share an over-enthusiastic groupie with a reporter he was being interviewed by. Did you find anything reprehensible about this tactic



they openly advocate and participate in.

In order to fulfill their fantasies of Rock stardom they first had to assume the typical rock 'n' roll attitude /posing. Apparently, they have

of their sexual and drug escapades. They captured headlines across Europe; not headlines such as, "New Mission Album Not As Pathetic As Previous Albums," but headlines such as "Craig Adams Flips During

passion, such as their new song about child abuse done very poorly but nonetheless mentioned in every review; or the cliché appearances at benefits (remember, even Guns 'N' Roses play benefits; they were going to play at an AIDS benefit before the negative attention caused by their homophobic and racist song "One in a Million" led to their removal from the bill). The Mission come off as artificial and lacking any substance.

The second element of the mission was to have the rock 'n' roll posing noticed by the press and by the public. Hussey and company toyed with the British press, "leaking" stories

or did it just not bother you? And was it case of a crass attempt to exploit the press for publicity?

**Mick Brown:** Yeah, um ... um, yeah ... you know there's ... um... [and other guttural sounds until a very unconvincing response] No, it didn't bother me. I could waffle on for ages but that's the short answer. There is probably an element of truth in a lot of the stories; some are quite true while one or two others are complete fabrications. We're like anybody else, we take any opportunity presented to have fun. We live by the pleasure principle.

**Craig Adams:** I think it was a little bit of both, Hussey and the press exploited one another. It was great to have a front cover on a major newspaper before we even had a record out so we started playing up to that, which is very easy to do in Britain. I don't think we could do it here. But the newspapers realized that they had something that they could sell newspapers with. I don't regret the stories which were written because most of them are true.

**D:** Is there a difference between the British and North American press? And do they say anything that bothers the band?

**Craig:** There is a complete difference between the North American and British press. The British press are more into how much you had to drink last night, or how many times you fell over, and not what you actually do musically. They are far more into scandal mongering than you are here.

I think the people here are far more into listening to the music than the scandals which go with it, which is good. You get sick of it all because it becomes very boring. I mean, we don't take any notice of what anyone says anyway, in regards to newspaper people.

**Mick:** You can't let them bother you. Besides, we sell more records than they sell papers.

**D:** The Mission is now apparently one of the few remaining vanguards of the Gothic Scene. Has this scene in Britain merely become a living parody of itself?

**Craig:** I don't know if there really was a Gothic Movement. I think it basically came down to journalists wanting to pigeon-hole another sort of music to make their jobs easier. It's like the heavy metal scene now. There is death metal, speed metal, and thrash metal, but it's all just music.

There is only good music and bad music and not all these false styles of music. If people think all we do is wear white make-up and black clothes they shouldn't bother

coming to our shows; we're not, nor were we ever, like that. Nor do I think most of the bands who were put into that category ever were either.

**Mick:** I don't really know or care. It's just music to me. There are times when a fashion goes along with music, everybody has a uniform to wear. Yeah, even The Mission has a uniform; we wear short shirts and sneakers at the moment.

mos comes from an incident in Germany involving one of our fans who happened to look a lot like an Eskimo because of his half Asian descent. It was very cold so he was wearing a Parka before the show. The locals began pointing at him and laughing; but he couldn't understand what they were saying except that they would occasionally point at him, say the word Eskimo, and laugh.

On the whole the Eskimos are

began to take yourselves too seriously. Is the recent departure of original Mission guitarist, Simon Hinkler, in the midst of the North American tour, a sign that The Mission are now taking themselves too seriously?

**Craig:** That is one reason that is always given for the breakup but it basically came down to the fact that we didn't like him [Andrew Eldritch] anymore. He was a bad person to get

wrong with him, like he's gone mental or is strung out.

**D:** Do you feel that the present promotion of the band is demeaning its integrity?

**Mick:** That's record company stuff, isn't it. It's always the same. Yeah, it's bollocks.

**Craig:** Obviously the record companies are in the business of selling records, and they would be foolish not to promote it in some way. But I think they can only do so much.

**D:** What hobbies or passions do you have that take you away from the music business?

**Mick:** I've got a passion for trucks. I used to be a truck driver; me dad used to drive a truck. Driving through America is quite nice for me. I love going to all the truck stops and exchanging pleasantries with all the big, hairy truck drivers.

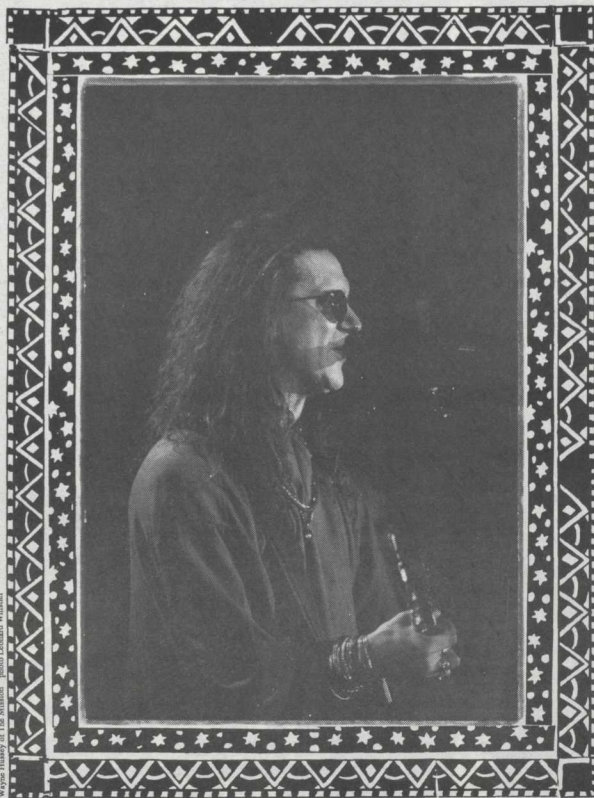
**D:** The show in Vancouver is all-ages, which is an oddity here. Is it all-ages throughout the tour?

**Craig:** Yeah, we are getting a lot of mail from people who are not old enough to get into the gigs where we play. That's not fair really. So, pretty much the whole tour is all-ages, although we had to do a little bit of diving and weaving in Montreal where it was supposed to be an over age gig, but we got everybody in.

**D:** Considering the recent poll tax demonstrations and the apparent failure of the Red Wedge movement in Britain, what should be the role of musical artists in politics? And within that role, where do The Mission place?

**Craig:** I don't think The Mission has its own politics. We each have our own personal politics but we keep them out of what we are doing as a group. If there is something that we feel strongly enough about, which is basically humanitarian causes and not political things, then we'll do something. Thus, we have played many benefit concerts throughout our career. It would be wrong for me to speak on behalf of the entire band, nor could Wayne Hussey be placed in such a role.

I don't think people who stand up with pieces of wood with metal strings have any more right to make a statement about a political thing than anybody else has. Why should they be able to abuse that power. The fact that there are a bunch of twelve year old kids listening to your music doesn't give you the right to tell them what is right and wrong in the world. They should have the right to make up their own minds, and not have it forced onto them by people abusing power. ☺



Wayne Hussey of The Mission - photo by Leonard Whittier

**D:** Your most devoted fans, those who follow you from gig to gig and from continent to continent, are called Eskimos. What is the origin of this most unusual moniker, an interesting one for us in Canada? And do you ever wonder if these people actually have lives, unlike Dead Heads?

**Mick:** The origin of the term Eskimo

pretty cool; they are just into having a good time. They are not totally devoted to us; they take the piss out of us just as well as the next guy. But those who follow us all the way to Canada must be either rich or thieves.

**D:** One of the reasons which is often cited for the breakup of the classic Sisters of Mercy lineup was that you

along with, and there was no point in wasting so much of our time on something that we didn't particularly enjoy anymore. We don't want to get into a situation where we are staying together just for the sake of it. As for Simon, I think he didn't feel like doing it anymore, so he's not doing it. It's as simple as that. Although we don't know where he is, I don't think there is anything

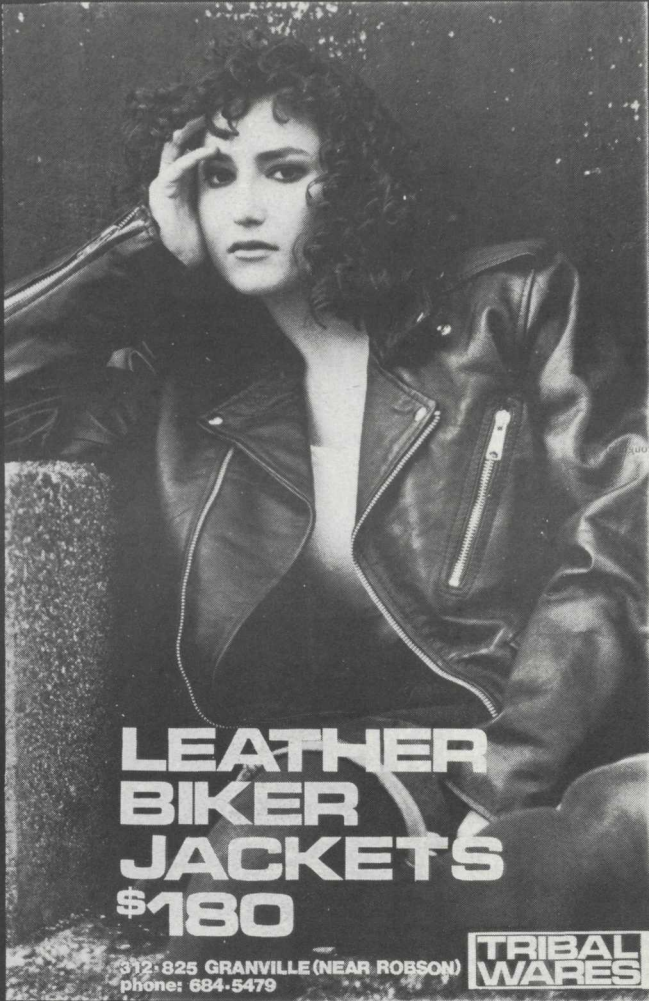
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**M**y Uncle Shep operated his demolition company for years, and everyone understood that his work was strictly his concern. None of the family had ever been to a Shep worksite, and for fear of upsetting him, no one dared ask the man, "What is it like knockin' down that art deco number?"

Then one day Shep made an exception. He threw a dusty portfolio past my head and told me its contents were now mine. "You're the writer, maybe you can use 'em," he grumbled. Inside the portfolio was a wad of foolscap with writing on each side of every sheet. I asked the old misanthrope what he'd given me to read. His explanation, given the impatient nature of my relative, was quite charitable. "I found these at work. It's all what's left of some young fella."

What Shep had thrown at me was apparently a ragged, loose-leaf diary. The hand-writing was unimpressive yet legible. Numerous shades of ink were used throughout suggesting many pens had run dry. Some pages were smudged; some had yellowed; all of them were damp. Bundled together by an elastic, the papers had belonged to a condemned building's final tenant. A crewman discovered the writings lying amongst a charred sleeping bag, a slightly melted Bic pen, and most notably, a ghostly pale fist blackened at the wrist.

By discovering the human appendage, Shep's crewman created a problem for the company. If reported, police investigators would close the worksite in order to inspect for the possibility of foul play. With rentals and crew, Shep Demolition stood to lose \$5500 per day.

For my conclusions were obvious - this victim was a spontaneous combustion who probably fired in recent days judging by the state of the clenched digits. To avoid a major financial loss, Shep had to act quickly. He simply kicked the limb aside like it was a tennis ball, and it bounced out of view through a doorway. "I didn't see anything, did you?" he asked, confident none of his laborers would have any moral objections at \$13.75 per hour. Nobody spoke up. Then to his credit, Shep asked that his men respectfully bow their heads for 6 1/2 seconds silence.

Work continued on the site that day, whereby the structure was razed to the ground. A weighty mound of brick, splintered lumber, plaster and pipe buried the singed hand, sleeping bag and assorted belongings. One crewman kept a walkman he found at the scene. It worked once he unwound a Traveling Wilburys tape from the pinch roller. Nobody noticed that their hard-nosed boss had stuffed the

The diary began on a typical Friday evening in the urban backyard. The young man passed the time before the dinner rush washing an elbow-deep pile of greasy pans. Fat Ford was clever, he idly smoked a joint behind the shop until the deliveries began. Fat Ford, our young man, and Sweet Dick the drifter were the delivery staff for Ilyich's Pizza. Ilyich, the only Russian

first stop. Without the Travelling Wilburys' encouraging refrain, "It's Al-right," and the weekly delivery to #A3, the young man would not be able to tolerate his job. Nightly he suppressed the urge to drag Ilyich's patrons down a staircase by the hair. He especially loathed the Bad Tipper, whom he regarded as the lowest form of life.

The one unique opportunity delivery work afforded - to see slob

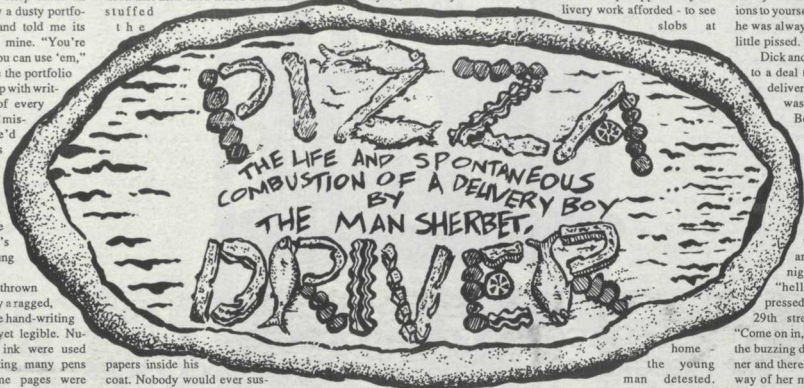
Sweet Dick the drifter had arrived for the late shift. Sweet Dick was the image of the gentleman bum. Sixty years ago his type would've ridden empty boxcars around the country to find work and to keep two steps ahead of trouble. In spirit he was a drifter, in reality he boarded in an uptown heartbreak hotel. Dick lived by two rules: never come to work rowdy drunk, and keep your opinions to yourself. True to those words, he was always very quiet, and just a little pissed.

Dick and Fat Ford kindly agreed to a deal that let the young man deliver to #A3 each week. It was their secret, for if Tom Bon Jovi found out he'd spoil the young man's routine. Setting out on the girl's delivery the young man was, as usual, anxious. Every Friday brought him closer to the one where he would finally, and decisively, act. Tonight though the standard "hellos" would do. He pressed button #A3 at 1267 29th street, heard her usual "Come on in," and then tugged open the buzzing door. He rounded a corner and there she stood, in the doorway of her main floor flat, holding \$7.50, exact change. "There you go, Thanks. Goodnight." End of transaction. It was all very quick, like standing in the rain all day to see the Pope drive by. But just a glimpse makes it worthwhile for who believe.

"It's Al-right..." It certainly was. The young man believed luck would come into his way eventually. By taking matters into his own hands he would be able to afford his rent, fix his car, get a better job, and date the girl in #A3. He could conceivably have it all. However, "things" persistently stifled him. For instance, a Bad Tipper always took the joy out of a night of good tips. And Tom Bon Jovi annoyed him just by being alive. The young man hoped that by some ingenious method he could get around bad fortune. He eventually would of course, by vaporizing.

So this is how much of the pizza driver's life went by. Okay, the guy wasn't Napoleon - he was an indolent delivery boy, for pete's sake! Likely he would've stayed that way if not for subsequent events. And it's all preserved in the journal, thanks to Uncle Shep.

Everyone, with the exception of Ilyich, knew that Sweet Dick kept a flask inside his wool coat. They all had little secrets they kept from the boss. The young man's was his trip to #A3 each week; Fat Ford's and Sweet Dick's was substance abuse. Tom Bon Jovi had all manner of bad habits, and for a cook, his personal hygiene was lacking. However, one day this circle of mutual distrust was broken. Dick was carrying out a



papers inside his coat. Nobody would ever suspect that Shep, whose facial expression indicated either he was dissatisfied or chewing gum or both, actually mourned for the building's last inhabitant.

For why else did he hand over these writings to me? A dank bundle of foolscap was an odd gift from someone who usually gave soap-on-a-rope as Christmas and birthday gifts. Shep always rode me about being a writer, implying my pen and paper were wimpy compared to his crowbars, crane and blasting caps. Nevertheless, all the bastard's oomph combined couldn't clear his conscience. It chilled him that someone could completely disappear like this unfortunate squatter, without concern to anyone. It's as if I've been called on to resurrect him through words because my uncle fears he could pass on just as anonymously. One day he doesn't get out of a building on time, and Boom! Shep gets shipped out with the rest of the rubble, and no one notices he's gone. That possibility scared him.

I read through the writings, and page after damp page it held me. Not only was this a surprisingly vivid journal covering his last months, but reading it was like snooping. Mankind needs the occasional snoop like he or she needs food and sex. Publish a celebrity's diary and there's usually a great stir of voyeuristic interest, even if it's a fake, like Hitler's. Moreover, if one gets a chance to peek in another's diary without getting caught, the opportunity is often taken advantage of.

this side of Switzerland in the pizza business, and Tom Bon Jovi were the cooks.

Fridays were significant for the young man because of a small Hawaiian-style pizza ordered by the occupant of apartment #A3, 1267 29th Street. Its resident had the distinction of being the only non-tipping customer who didn't raise the young man's ire. Here lived the girl he loved. He didn't know her name, mind you (she was listed as Occupant at the building's entrance); and he hadn't said more to her than, "Hi, How are you tonight?" and "Thanks." Still, plans of asking her out invigorated him. Eventually he hoped to build-up enough courage to act.

"Delivery!" bellowed an irritable Tom Bon Jovi. The would-be rock star was touchier than usual tonight. His cheese allergy had flared up again and left his face spotted like the starry heavens. Fat Ford heard the call, poked his head inside and said to the young man, "Oh, that's yours, eh?" "Yeah, Ford," he responded, "take five." Ford would jump ahead if you didn't watch him. Up front, the order lay on the counter. As the young man passed by he saw Ilyich slip #A3's small Hawaiian into the oven. He knew he better hurry back.

His cranky '78 Honda started after a few twists of the key. Ocean-bue exhaust surrounded the car, then dissipated. He punched "play" on his walkman, and steered towards his

home the young man detested. Day after day, he saw who and what made up the population. When one tours the dark stairways and poorly lit hallways of the city, often to be greeted by someone wearing ugly jockey shorts, or ragged sweats, or sinking of booze and pot, one becomes cynical about democracy like the young man had. Someday he hoped there would be a better political system in which he and the girl in #A3 could prosper.

With a large back window, he was a party with an order that size. Each pizza was a meal special which meant a very butch crowd. The young man took the armload around to the back of the house and kicked the basement door. An athletic kid answered and said, "Nah, it's the pizza!" Apparently they were expecting someone else. Actually, they were waiting on an ambulance, explained the kid. Two members of their stag party had hurt themselves butting heads. Sure enough, two unconscious men lay on the floor of the suite with friends holding ice packs to their crowns. The young man felt a nice tip in the works. A little pandemicum is an advantage for the tip-seeker. He left with a satisfying five-buck tip. Two paramedics brushed passed him on the front walk.

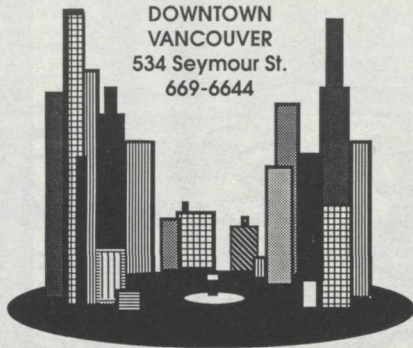
When he got back to Ilyich's,



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rather large order, piled clumsily onto his arms by Bon Jovi. The top pizza began to slide, and in trying to catch it, the remaining pies tumbled to the floor. This was during the dinner rush - deadly timing. Dick was about to chide Bon Jovi, but Tom reached in his coat and drew the flask. "Look at this, Ilyich!" he said. "Dick's half-cut, no wonder he can't keep his balance!" A hush fell over the place. Ilyich, ever the righteous family man, simply said to the wizened gent, "Out." Somebody greener than Dick might've objected, but he just shrugged his shoulders and walked.

After the firing, our pusillanimous-to-the-core protagonist decided to do something - a big step. He would avenge Sweet Dick. That evening he quietly coasted the Honda into his parking spot in order to elude the building manager's attention. Then, while still strapped in the driver's seat, a devious plan occurred to the overdose renter. If it succeeded, it would tear the guts out of Tom Bon Jovi.

Ilyich's kitchen must have resembled a circus some nights. The Russian ringmaster expected his employees to play along with his Slavic sense of fun. Sometimes "fat" put-downs were the boss's bag, and naturally Ford was the target. The filthy driver had heard it all before, so Ilyich's jibes rarely cut beneath his adipose exterior. Occasionally, however, the young man knew a comment pierced Ford's big, over-worked heart.

Ford's head was somewhat in the clouds about what life should bring him. For example, he thought that one day he might marry and have a family. You can always forgive a little wishful thinking, but in Ford's case, unless the 37-year old lug won the lottery, any trip down the aisle for him would have to be permanently postponed. It was the fat man's THC-fed talk that provoked Ilyich's cruelest teasing. The Russian would roar with laughter while describing what a Mrs. Ford would possibly look like, or what the Ford litter might amount to. The fat jokes rolled over Ford as they always had, but the attack on his dreams hit home. The look he got, that sad-faced clown expression, let Ilyich know when he'd had enough.

Inching discord among his staff was a bad habit the boss had to lose. He was already short one driver, and this cost him on busy nights. Ford and the young man delivered steadily throughout their shifts, which meant tasks like dishes and pizza box-folding were neglected. Tom Bon Jovi was particularly sour about the extra workload; he hated being a cook enough as it was without washing pans or making boxes. Besides, he

knew he'd created the current mess. If the young man was going to get Bon Jovi back, this certainly was the most volatile time for it.

The opportunity came up sooner than he thought it would. A large order was going to one of the better hotels in the area, and it was the young man's delivery. "It's now or never," he thought. And off he went, transporting pizzas to the swanky inn. Twenty-two minutes later the young man returned. He exclaimed to Ford, who was on his way out, "Guess what. I just delivered to VAN HALEN." He spoke up to emphasize the rock group's name, but the half-assed guitarist/cook had taken it all in. "WHAT?" Tom fired back. "You saw them?" "Well, yeah," the driver responded. "Eighteenth floor of the Windsor. They're checking out in the morning. When I came in they were all playing in the suite, havin' a good old time. Nice guys too. They tipped me ten bucks." The young man decided that was enough. Bon Jovi was already turning green. He grabbed his next delivery and made off.

Touche! It was so simple and it had worked. The young man knew that Tom Bon Jovi felt tied to that pizza oven. By supposedly encountering the cook's heroes while he slaved back at Ilyich's, the young man was putting him through psychological torture. A sweet sense of accomplishment came over him, which he savored. He pulled over at a convenience store and bought a soda. He sat on the hood of his Honda, sipping, very pleased with himself indeed.

Self-confidence, which he'd heretofore never known, came as a by-product of the young man's little revolt.

That Friday, it was his conviction that he should finally converse with the girl in #A3. He considered beforehand what he would say, and noted it on a spare menu left on his passenger seat. He entered the build-

ing at 1267 29th street still rehearsing the line softly under his breath. He rounded the corner, grimed as he handed her the pizza and said, "Doesn't the world just get you down sometimes?" She looked at him strangely for a moment, then agreed that the world was occasionally hard to hack. He accepted her \$7.50, and skipped back to the Honda, which took off after a shove and a jump start. Undoubtedly, he assured himself, they thought alike.

"Well, if God struck me dead

none as bad as being evicted, which three packed boxes full of his things and changed locks might suggest had just happened.

Exhibiting a little sleepiness over the next day or so, the young man was determined to keep his chin up. Tracking down shelter, and making the best out of a squatter's existence made his nights restless ones. Luckily, he was spurred on by his recent achievements. Days after the rout Tom Bon Jovi still looked miserable; and a script for next Friday's encounter with the girl in #A3 was in the works. Maybe he would ask the girl her name...

Zeus then sent the rest of his thunderbolts down upon the enervated young man. First, it was a Bad Tipper. One of those deadbeats who gives five cents change out of the nearest dollar and says, "Don't worry about it." Yeah? Well don't worry about this then - ka-thunk, ka-thunk, ka-thunk - down the stairs you go! The young man came this close to a caveman-like hair dragation down the guy's own front porch. In a better world you could do stuff like that legally, he thought.

The revenge of the wild-haired cook followed. Friday arrived with the young man excitedly anticipating his next meeting with the girl in #A3. When he saw her small Hawaiian pizza lifted out of the oven, sliced, and placed in a box, he moved towards the counter for its delivery. But Ilyich called, "Ford!" and the young man went white. "Wait a second," he interjected, "it's my run. That's my delivery!" Ilyich, in his usual superior tone, said it was Ford's. Then he added, "Tom says this girl called and said she didn't want you to deliver to her anymore, that you're trying to be too friendly. So, no more to 29th street." Ilyich can never make his point too clear. "And you're lucky I didn't fire you when I heard this."

The invertebrate Bon Jovi held his sides he was laughing so hard behind the Russian.

For the rest of that shift the young man was in a daze. He delivered orders almost by rote. He complained later about indigestion so Ilyich reluctantly let him leave an hour early. Back at his dratty quarters he crawled into his bedroll for comfort. He took out some paper and recorded his thoughts. He pitied the girl having the small Hawaiian from Ford's chubby mitts. If anyone would make a pass it would be Ford, whom it was well known was looking for someone to court. The pain in his abdomen grew and spread throughout his body. He felt too ill to carry on so he put the writing aside.

Thinking he still needed a little encouragement, the young man reached for his Walkman tape-player. He cued up "End of the Line" as the feverish ache in his stomach intensified. The jaunty opening chords of that song always brought some relief to him. "It's A-Right..." he crowed in the vacant, unit room, "...ridin' around in the sun." Then, as dirty, over used tape-players are apt to do with worn, over-played cassettes, the Walkman jammed. The random freak of nature - spontaneous combustion, however, was too far along at work on the young man's body for him to worry about the fate of the tape. The incendiary curse brought his flesh and bones to a temperature whereby they completely evaporated in thirty seconds. The quickness of it all spared most of the bedding, nearby paper and wood flooring from incineration. With the exception of the fist (a gesture, I suppose, symbolic of his anger), the rest of the poor kid was now part of the ozone.

I tucked the last pages of the diary back in the portfolio. Writing the pizza deliverer's story seemed like a lot of work just to win a bit of my uncle's approval. I deserved more from him - something momentous, like a little humanity. I decided to get the wreck and, once and for all, to earn his honest sentiment about the deceased driver, whose diary he'd read, and whom he'd essentially buried days before. If he gave me one of his trademark "shit happens" responses I'd strangle him.

"Look, Uncle Shep, just between you and me, that kid in the old building, it upsets you he had to go like that, right?" Shep stopped his chewing, and considered my question. His facial expression softened. Dear me, I thought, I'm getting my answer. "Well," muttered my uncle, "I mighta hired the little gaw if he'd have bothered to apply, let's say that."

In fact it was the perfect Shep non-answer. But it was enough. Tomorrow, damnit, I wrote.





# PSYCHIC TV

is

**Genesis P. Orridge:** processed guitar, processed violin, lead vocalist.

**Paula P. Orridge:** tape mixer, vocals.

**Matthew Best:** drummer.

**Daniel Black:** keyboards.

**Fred Gianelli:** guitar, E-Max programmer.

**Tom Terry:** DJ, film, slides.

**Discorder:** Are you on tour to promote a product or is this just a way to see the world?

**Paula:** Actually, it does coincide with releasing an album.

**D:** So what's the album called?

**GPO:** They're on Waxtrax and coming out on the 25th of May. One of them which is the studio/song rock dance version is called "Towards the Infinite Beat." But simultaneously with that is an album and CD of club remixes called "Beyond the Infinite Beat."

**D:** I read somewhere that you consider Psychic TV more of a literary concept as opposed to a band, more a vehicle for your writing. But upstairs during the soundcheck you sounded pretty hot. How can this be?

**GPO:** That's cause we're just brilliant anyway. (laughter) I mean, being a man of great taste I have surrounded myself with incredibly good musicians who don't want to be paid.

(laughter) It's true! That's the great error people make. They assume that we're not musical just because we're not obsessed, per se, with music as a career or a joy goal. Like when a junkie chases heroin he gets less of a kick; a lot of music people chase music and get less of a kick and you can see it in what they do. Like tonight what you were listening to were new Emax discs that Fred made that we'd never heard before. The first time we heard them were as he put them up on stage. Everything you heard was improvised straight away.

**D:** Is that true as well for your rap, your poetry?

**GPO:** Oh yeah. I mean I don't know what I'm going to say. I've never heard it before. Whatever I was singing was made up as I was going.

**D:** Do you depend that spontaneity when you perform?

**GPO:** I think it's really important for live work. It's funny, I asked Fred what this new one was called and he said it's called "Intoxication" and I've just finished reading a book on intoxication. All the animals find ways to get intoxicated from insects upwards. And it actually is a natural urge, a natural state of being for every living being. And that most intoxicants that human beings use, they observed animals using them first and then copied it. But it apparently seems that most animals naturally stop at a certain point. The fruits and the leaves that they use are seasonal and it's a kind of annual celebration. Whereas with human beings we don't seem to have any built in filter. We love the feeling of intoxication so much that it's actually more natural for us to get high to the point of killing ourselves by overdosing.

**D:** That isn't true of some native people. I know of some native groups who use drugs in a ritual fashion and are cool about their use. It's not always a matter of abuse so maybe it's a fact of Western socialization.

**GPO:** It might be Western socialization. It's certainly true that with native Americans and peyote it's built into passage of time and mythology and storytelling and so on. Therefore it's naturally controlled by events and by the seasons again, whether they be spiritual or physical. But our society has broken down that basic tribal unit, fragmented it, so there are no longer those parameters.

**D:** Do you feel that there is a re-emergence happening of tribal culture?

**GPO:** I think there is a re-emergence of an extended family basis.

**Paula:** I don't think it ever went away. Basically what happened is that people, culturally, went into different religious groups and that was their reaction to becoming a tribal group,

but it was all unconscious and it always has been and that's how it has grown and extended.

**D:** I've never been to England but I understand that, as opposed to Canada, it's very tribal and that maybe that's why such great music comes from there; the immediacy of tribes.

**GPO:** It happens very quickly. We can see it with music trends, that's true. We get hip hop and there is usually a street style that goes with it. There's usually a slang that grows incredibly fast. With the acid house that became deep house and then it became ambient house and now it's scally music which is Manchester. Each one has it's looks and it's codes and that happens and it always has from the mods and the rockers in the sixties. But even within that, the Manchester mods wore eye make-up that was green and black pig skin hats whereas the mods from Sheffield didn't. It's always been that way.

**D:** Getting back to the words. How does your song writing come about?

**GPO:** What I've realized about the way that I work is that I never have any lyrics written down. Even with the new album, I had to write them down after it was recorded because I had improvised them onto the master tape, for the sleeve notes.

**D:** That's the troubadour.

**GPO:** Well it's also the storyteller. It goes back to that tribal function. It goes back to the middle ages when there would be the wandering storyteller/minstrel who would have basic mythological or allegorical stories and then would interweave the events of the particular place where they arrived and would use the names of the locals to bring them into the story. It was a long time before those were written down. So I see us as being a part of that earlier oral tradition which is where the verbal side of music began. The musicians in the band play the rhythmic, celebration, altered state, trance part of music. So going back to caves with people hitting bones and rocks to make rhythms the rhythms meant different things like, "clap pause clap" is a male rhythm and "clap clap pause clap clap" is female. It's all part of native culture. Everything is represented.

All the native rhythms have key meanings; male, female, daughter, son, earth, and so on. As the rhythms change you're hearing a rhythmic story. That's were it fuses. At the same time as the music, the wise person of the tribe would recount stories about about the people, about the world, about the earth, about their position and their beliefs, their legends, their origins, and add that onto those rhythms. That is basically all music ever was and is. It's resonance really.

**Fred:** There is also a practical consideration why we work this way. Why we don't sit down and work out lyrics to go with songs is because we live on two different continents.

**D:** You're American and you write the tunes for the band.

**Fred:** I'm American and I can't spend a lot of time in England so I do my writing at home. I used to send tapes but now I don't even bother and it's even more spontaneous.

**D:** So you just get together when you're touring or when you've got a recording project?

**Paula:** We don't rehearse.

**Daniel:** And that's a conscious decision not just an accidental factor. It's a matter of deliberately withholding things so that when we are together we've got the maximum amount of spontaneity available and it makes the performance.





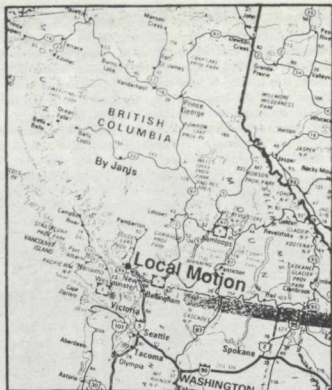
On Tuesday May 8th, Club Soda had its last regularly scheduled night of "alternative" music, and is now back to its old, exclusively Top 40 format. RJ Christie's also went Top 40 in May, cancelling the bands that were scheduled to play during the second half of the month. According to Denise Jackson of Paizley Promotions (who booked alternative bands into Club Soda and, a couple of years ago, the Luv-A-Fair), the reason is simple: the Top 40 crowd drinks more. And since the Metro burned down, a large part of this (more lucrative) clientele is moving to Club Soda.

Of course this looks like just more bad news for people who want to go out and see (or play in) original bands in Vancouver, but Paizley, at least, has other plans: Denise will continue putting on the occasional Sunday show at Club Soda with out-of-town and local bands, and may also start booking Mondays at RJ Christie's (in contrast to the old system, where bands booked themselves in, usually for "weekends"). Paizley is also one of the possible promoters for all-ages, after-hours shows to be starting at the Lux Theatre in early June. Doors will open at midnight, the cover will be five dollars, and there will be two bands. Although there won't be liquor sales, there may be a speak-easy system where it'll be okay to check bottles at a counter (for those of us without charming little pewter flasks).

This month didn't bring a lot of great demos our way, so we're hoping to get more. Send your submissions to Dale Sawyer at the station (he puts them on the air) and be sure to include names of band members, whatever biographical information you can, and a phone number (this on the actual tape, if possible) so we can

contact you if we have any problems or questions. Let CTR help you promote your band-tell us something about yourselves! And remember, high-priced 24-track recordings aren't necessary - all we ask is that the tapes are in fact "demos" of some type, and not just an indication of how many people got 4-tracks for Christmas.

**Howe Sound**-"Somebody Girl." Yes, this is the Picasso Set song - Narduar suspects that it's even Picasso Set's Dave Lea-Smith singing here, but I have to wonder why Dave would want to do this to something he wrote himself. No, Howe Sound are two other fellows from the North Shore, who (for some reason) thought that this quite fine pop song would benefit from a complete overhaul. Gone: the swirling keyboards, backing vocals, and, in fact, most of the instrumentation. Remaining: two guys singing over acoustic guitar. Almost unrecognizable, and in this case that's not an improvement.



Joy Division. Since I couldn't find this song in the CTR record library, I can't say how this version compares with the original, but I'm assuming it's been rocked up a little. (At least, there's not much resem-

and all the unexpected stops give a good effect - I hope to find out more about Bang Twang who are, apparently, from Vancouver. **Route 666**-"Goodness." Route 666 have a great name

send the cliches of the hard-rock genre. Taken out of context, the lyrics sound like so many others ("She screamed out for mercy, mercy! He just screamed out for more") - sexist and familiar. Even taken in context, there's not a lot to get excited about here. Maybe it's just what I've heard of them so far, but if this tape is a fair indication, I'd rather listen to Tankhog. **Last Wild Sons**-"She's Alright!" "Around Town." Unfortunately, this 8-song self-titled cassette (recorded at Profile Studios) would benefit from the kind of crisper, more defined production we heard on last month's Jimmy Roy's 5 Star Hillbillies demo (studio unknown, to me anyway), and Paula Rempfle's of some time ago (Bullfrog). While there's nothing to complain about here (everyone sounds quite competent), there's also not much to notice. "She's Alright," for instance, is a fine song, but maybe not the best to start off the tape with ("Around Town" is much

danceable band. **Ludwigs**-"She Was Real." Another band I wish would send me a bio or something - this is the second song to be playlisted from their This Is Not A Demo tape. Unlike other bands that feature a man and woman singing together, the Ludwigs aren't likely to be confused with X, which is a nice change. The song is dominated by these strong vocals (perhaps at the expense of the guitar and drums, which are fast and powerful but a little hard to hear) - the male leads are somehow growly yet clear-sounding, while at the same time the female backups have just as much presence. A good second outing. **Sandy Scofield**-"Angels." It took me a while to get into this, since it's so different from everything else this month, but it grows on you. Impeccably sung (the backed-ups too), with slightly muted accordion and a slow kind of rollicking quality. This is a very pretty, and choery, entry in a genre we don't hear much of in demo-land (with the exception of our old friends **Roots Round-up**), danceable folk. **The Hoover Effect**-"Into Stephanie's Room" "Zombie." If I didn't have the colour-Xeroxed cover (cassette title: The Eighteenth Wonder of the World) in front of me, I'd almost think that "Zombies" is off one of the Nuggets compilations. In more recent terms, often the Hoovers sound somewhat like The Enigmas or The Ramones covering "Time Has Come Today." "Into Stephanie's Room," on the other hand, sounds more like the above (on an off day) crossed with The Celebrity Drunks. The best thing about this song is the false endings; it's probably



**Bang Twang**-"All of This to You." Another cover, this time of a more famous band,

blance to Ian Curtis moaning circa "Love Will Tear Us Apart.") This is pretty lively,

and a hardcore following, but unfortunately the tapes they've sent us rarely tran-

better). Not a major disappointment, just not the most representative tape for a good,

best not to talk about the lengthy guitar solo. A pleasant surprise from Winnipeg.

### The Fall Extricate (Fontana/PolyGram)

Quite a catchy and diverse release from these veterans of thirteen years and something like twenty records. This is their most obvious foray into electronics and danceable music; Adrian Sherwood and Coldcut help out in the production and mixing areas on a few songs. "Arms Control Poser" is a very fine but incomprehensible song (which could also be said about most of the rest of the songs). Mark E. Smith's voice in "Telephone Thing" made me think of Inspector Clouseau. Don't worry about the electronics obscuring The Fall's sound because there is no way you could mistake this for a release by any other band. However, it might disappoint fans of the earlier Fall releases.

Adam Sloan

### The Grinning Plowman I Play Jupiter (Carlyle Records)

I chose this record at random having heard nothing of the band beforehand. As I listened to The Grinning Plowman's "I Play Jupiter," it was the first record that I had really listened to. Not only did I find most of the tracks fascinating but I like the band's attitude and approach to the music. Fresh and relatively uninfluenced, although I can sense some Joy Division, their approach is quite unique.

Their music consists of bass, guitar, drums, lead vocal with intermittent backups, and some synth. The result is a good album with some exceptional tracks.

The first track, "Radiator," is a fast-paced psychedelic nightmare of textual images of a young man's first love. "Magic House," the third track on the first side, is the expression of an introspective outlook on life that took me five sessions to understand. This is the first song that I've heard in a long while that succeeds in defining dreams.

The last of the standout tracks is called "Pretas Opera." This song is perhaps better listened to in a dark room with a loved one nearby. It's an emotional parade of sensuality and suffocation. The vocalist dwells on images of violence against furniture.

If you can find it, this album is worth buying.

Eric Kiraly

### Various Artists Imaginary Landscapes- New Electronic Music (Elektra)

April 9, 1990. This is excellent. I'm really glad I listened to this. This is a much-needed break from the music that I've been listening to. Maybe I should wait until I've heard more than the first 10 records of the first track.

April 14, 1990. There was no need to wait. "New Electronic Music" is of the genre of what John Cage essentially began in the 1930s, not the drum machine powered, sequenced keyboard stuff you usually hear. This is a great sampling of what the experimental electronic music scene is up to. Half of this compilation was recorded live at an electronic music festival in New York City. The cassette gives a bit of background on the new musical movement, begun by John Cage in 1939 with "Imaginary Landscape no. 1," Live Electronic Music.

This cassette, over an hour long, contains a very diverse array of what note is happening; samplers, computers, and weird things such as, "brainwave-excited percussion" (which isn't as strange as it sounds if you have any knowledge of medical equipment or MIDI).

I've listened to about one hundred records in this vein from the fifties, sixties and seventies, and it's good to see that the very cold, very calculated nature of the old stuff has been lost and the sounds and electronically treated voices actually sound like music now.

Adam Sloan

### Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. New Funky Nation (4th and Broadway/MCA)

The Los Angeles-based Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. consists of six big, multi-talented brothers of Samoan heritage. The Devoux brothers consist of: Ganxsta' R'DD, E.K.A., King Roscoe, Godfather Rock 'TE,' Don-L, and O.M.B. Formerly gang members, the Devoux lost one brother in a gang related incident which became the turning point in their lives. They now take an uncompromising anti-gang stance. However, their main concern at the moment is their career in music. "We was born in the streets of L.A./ Where the street ain't safe at night/ Between the beeper and the grw we have chosen the mic right." These lyrics sum it up



quite well.

Thrown off track by their imposing physical bulk, I was pleasantly surprised at the diversity of the album. The music ranges from danceable tracks like "New Funky Nation" and "Raid" to even a track for all trash metal heads, "Pickin' Up Metal." Almost every track on the album is worth listening to because of the great production from Joe "the Buddha" Nicolo and Young MC's producers, the Dust Brothers, and DJ, Tony G.

A definite must have album.

Bill Tzotzolis

### Professor Griff and the Last Asiatic Disciples Pawns in the Game (Luke Skywalker)

If you listen to rap and/or have been following the Public Enemy "controversy," you will know that Professor Griff is Public Enemy's Minister of Information and has his own view of the way things are. This solo record makes public his views.

The first couple of songs are pretty clean as far as radical expression goes and consist of sampled funkynut, big bass and high tuned snare drum with plenty of samples from past black leaders. There are also a couple anti-drug songs which could be confusing to those not familiar with the way some rappers use/abuse the English language.

The Last Asiatic Disciples (L.A.D.'s) save the record as far as rapping goes since Griff's voice isn't really suited to it, and some of his attempts at being funky

are laughable. (He tries some James Brown-like grunts which come across as someone clearing their throat.) On the monologue entitled "Real

African People  
"R.A.P." Parts One and Two, Griff starts to go over the edge. He is not rapping to the bass drum background; he is speaking what he wants and purposefully trying to confuse and anger people. It gives insight into his paranoid, backward mind. Here's two examples: "I'm just a juvenile with style... trying to avoid the cause of being dumb, gifted, and black." And "Never disband, get in the game plan, before the white fans get hold of the Griff plan." You can find better ones yourself.

Side two is clean for the first few songs, mostly rapped by the L.A.D.'s. I was quite surprised to find about ten Public Enemy samples on this record, mostly of Chuck D, including the whole rhythm track of Public Enemy's "Caught, Can I Get A Witness?"

Griff gets back into the monologue mode in "The Word of God Griff." This is where I have the most prob-

lems with his views. While he claims to be writing a letter to "the President," he is expressing his knowledge of how white people have "dropped atom bombs on the brown man;" ("Dear Mr. President...you've had it [the Earth] now for what, 6000 years"). He makes claims like, "you've tested your germ warfare on black people of America and throughout the world"; "you've murdered every prophet who has come to you with a salvation plan;" and "I know now you brought V.D., AIDS, syphilis, gonorrhea, to the ends of the Earth." Of course these are some of the worst lines. I'm trying to make a point. But these aren't all of them.

Unlike some people involved with the Public Enemy "controversy," I would not want this recording banned or censored because of the derogatory remarks made by Griff. I would like other people to listen to it and judge it for themselves. This review

corners of the globe, one of the places it touched down was Perth, Australia. Out of this backwater came a band called The Victims.

At this time, most of the international rock 'n' roll community seemed to only really know about The Saints and Radio Birdman. The Victims played the same quirky, jerky noise as those bands but they were less honest and extremely raw, as most of the young punk bands were at the time.

The liner notes to "All Loud on the Western Front" by the Triffids' David McComb, a fan since he first saw The Victims at age sixteen, tell of the inspiration that would induce him to pick up a guitar and try his hand at this punk rock thing.

The Victims featured two future Hoodoo Gurus: singer and guitarist Dave Faulkner and drummer James Baker. The band was filled out by bassist Rudolf V. Listening to this compilation of

singles one can tell they lacked proficiency but made up, for it, with unbridled energy.

The band only lasted for a couple of years and Baker and Faulkner then moved on to Sydney to make the "Stoneage Romeos" album and soon garner an international following as the Hoodoos.

Although this Victims album sounds rather dated, it is a notable reflection of the inde-

pendent Australian music scene of the time.

Greg Garlick

### Bootsauce Scratching the Whole 12" (PolyGram)

Electrofunk from Montreal. Fortunately I don't judge a record by what other people say before I hear it because contrary to what other people say, I think that this recording is better than most other Canadian releases. According to a Polygram info sheet, the song "addresses the grip religious beliefs can hold over one's life." "Scratching the Dub" should be a dancefloor hit.

Adam Sloan



hasn't really dealt with the music end of the record, but neither has the artist. There is nothing profound on this record like there are on Public Enemy records, just a raving lunatic who thinks he is being tricky by "hiding" his message in a "rap" record and dropping a lot of heavy names. Don't believe this hype.

Adam Sloan

### The Victims All Loud on the Western Front (Timberyard Australian Import)

When the punk/new wave explosion of the late seventies exploded to the four



to go to, everyone I know gets sick or goes out of town for the weekend or has two tests and an essay for Monday and I end up either not going or more often going with my best friend, myself. Well, when I found out that Bobby Watson and Horizon were coming to Vancouver I was overjoyed. This is a guy who starred in Art Blakey's infamous Jazz Messengers and is currently one of the hottest alto sax players on the New York scene. So even when I couldn't convince/ bribe/ trade favours with anyone, I still had to go to this concert!

The concert didn't go as smoothly as I would have liked due to a number of glitches, including numerous sound problems. At first Victor Lewis on drums and Ed Simon on piano were so loud that all I could hear was a lot of great piano and drums, but no bass. The bass, while I'm on the subject, was cool; Carroll Dashiell was using his own patented electrified upright stick bass. When the levels were finally adjusted correctly the bass came alive. A young guy and definitely one of the top bassists of the present and the future.

The other soloists were also extremely good. The piano player reminded me of a harder Keith Jarrett, lyrical but with a tinge of abrasiveness. Ed Simon's piano playing was also flawless, but he had a really distracting habit of glaring at the audience when the others were soloing.

I had never heard of Victor Lewis, so when the audience gave him a rousing round of applause I was surprised. I found out that he is presently considered one

of the premier drummers in the world, and that he played with the late, great trumpeter Woody Shaw for a number of years. By the time he was fin-

ished his first solo, I could tell he was an expert. Lewis ranks right up there with Tony Williams for the best present day drum soloists and overall drummers. He was great. Also worth noting was his excellent brush work on the slower ballads. Lewis also wrote one of the best songs of the concert, "Shaw of Newark," which is dedicated to Woody Shaw.

It is starting to sound as if this concert was perfect instrumentally. Well, it wasn't. I was not impressed by the trumpeter until the last three or four songs. Melton Mustafa, when you could hear him over Watson's sax, was slow and tentative throughout most of the concert. I wanted him to attack the music as Watson

blame. I feel that if a group has both a sax and a trumpet they should both be used equally, and should be almost



Howard of The Scramblers

battling each other. Two good examples are Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry, and Charlie Parker and Miles Davis. Even though the sax is the premier instrument, the trumpet should challenge it, and I didn't hear Mustafa enough. Also, his solos weren't upbeat enough. Watson would end his solo with an up tempo flourish, leaving the crowd wanting more. However, Mustafa would then slow the tempo down. On the positive side, for the last two or three songs Mustafa was great, doing exactly what I wanted him to do throughout.

He really attacked and was Watson's equal. Finally, the leader, Bobby Watson. He was everything you could want in a sax player. Unlike most, he doesn't copy the styles of others. Although at times Watson sounded somewhat like Benny Carter, Sonny

Rollins, Cannonball Adderley and Eric Dolphy, instead of copying one of these greats, he combined these already famous styles to create his own

sound. At times he was hard, choppy, smooth, graceful, scaly, airy, happy, bouncy and the list could go on and on. I

out beat tripping was born. The reintroduction of all the '60s paraphernalia like strobes, slides, dry ice and ultra-violet lights followed logically. Therefore, Genesis P-Orridge is either a genius or has a lot to answer for, depending on your feelings about acid house.

I guess the same could be said about people's reactions to Psychic TV's set. Acid house in the U.K. is undeniably the biggest youth music movement since punk. It also shares many characteristics with punk. It's easy, anyone can do it; it's widely criticized for "not being music"; and the movement

was also extremely impressed with the speed of his playing and his adeptness at tempo and style changes.

Overall, it was a great jazz experience. I didn't mind going alone because I was so engrossed in the music. I was captivated. Bobby Watson's new album is called "The Inventor," on Blue note records.

Tommy Paley

Psychic TV  
Town Pump

Monday, May 21st  
THE DRUG TAKING HAS STARTED. With this spoken word sample loop, Psychic TV launched into a two hour plus, high volume assault on the senses, turning the Town Pump into an acid house rave. If you believe Psychic TV mainman Genesis P-Orridge (and why wouldn't you believe a man with a name like that), he was single-handedly responsible for the whole English acid house phenomenon.

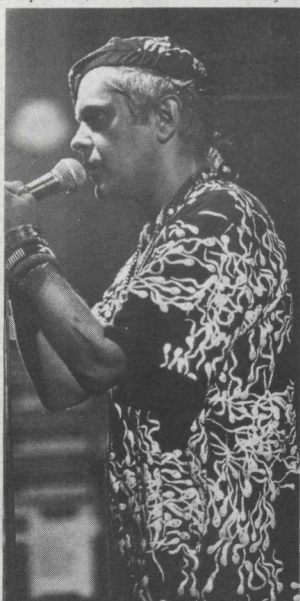
It was inspired by a mis-reading of a house record he picked up in Chicago. The D.J.s there were using the word "acid" to denote sampling in a record (from "acid burn," meaning rip-off). Of course Genesis took it on face value as meaning LSD and the idea of hours of spaced

Psychic TV was there from the start, before all the hype. According to Genesis, acid house is the logical end to Psychic TVs sound explorations, coupling hypnotic beats with overt and subliminal messages and plenty of noise. Starting with vocal and noise samples from the rack of six tape decks operated by Paula P-Orridge (Mistress Mix), a taped beat kicked in which was then added to by the musicians and Genesis' patent "Mick Jagger meets the Spanish Inquisition" vocals. The songs were long and usually they evolved into a frantic groove, drummer and tape combined. Fred Geniell's guitar sending out waves of flanged feedback, changing little but growing in intensity. Genesis would stop singing and wander into the audience to join in the dancing. The backdrop was lit with slides and films of startlingly disparate objects and art.

The audience reacted positively to this bombardment and the Town Pump's - jinky dancefloor was crammed, causing several people to seek more space up on the stage. Psychic TV didn't seem to mind this, and towards the end Genesis gave one guy the microphone into which he delivered a mix of screaming and panting that sounded pretty good as far as my shell-shocked brain could make out. Personally, I found enjoyment was not acid dependent, and that a few pints of stout produced an effect conducive to sweating away on the dancefloor in a semi-hypnotic haze.

Psychic TV managed to clear away the dead weight that has begun to envelop acid house and they revealed the excitement and energy that must have surrounded the movement at the beginning.

Peter Lutwyche



Genesis P-Orridge of Psychic TV

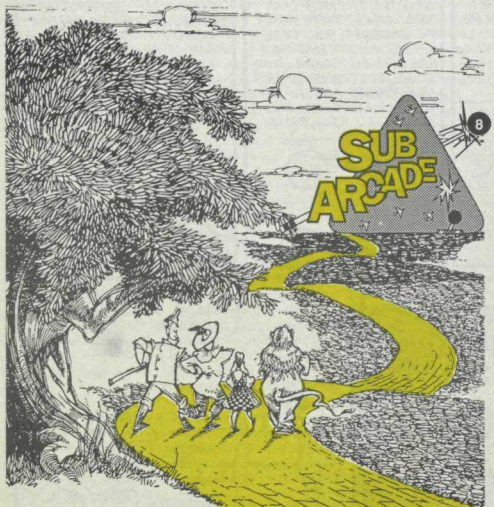
photo Leonard Whistler

evolved out of depression and unemployment. It was quickly seized upon by many bandwagon-jumpers and suffered gratuitous commercial exploitation. However, this doesn't alter the basic validity of acid house any more than it did punk.



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## JUNE CONCERTS

- FRIDAY 1** From Boston - **BARRENCE WHITFIELD AND THE SAVAGES**
- SATURDAY 2**
- SUNDAY 3** **SHOWCASE - NO RETREAT, NIGHTSTALKERS, NELLIE'S ROOM**
- MONDAY 4** **SHOWCASE - RADICAL SABBATICAL, LIST OF MRS. ARSON**
- TUESDAY 5** **SPUNK & THE WONGS**
- WEDNESDAY 6** **FYF with guests GLEE**
- THURSDAY 7** **SHOWCASE**
- FRIDAY 8** WEA Recording artists **SPY V SPY V SPY** from Australia with guests **THE POSIES**
- SATURDAY 9** Timbre presents Polygram recording artists **HOUSE OF LOVE**
- SUNDAY 10** **SHE** with guests
- MONDAY 11** **SHOWCASE**
- TUESDAY 12** BMG recording artists from Toronto **THE CORNDOGS**
- WEDNESDAY 13** **TEKNAKULLER RAINCOATS** with guests **AUDIO GRAFFITI**
- THURSDAY 14** From Toronto **RAY CONDO AND THE HARD ROCK GONERS** with **THE CRAZY RHYTHM DADDIES**
- FRIDAY 15** From Toronto BMG recording artists **THE SHUFFLE DEMONS** with guests
- SATURDAY 16**
- WEDNESDAY 20** CITR presents from Minneapolis A&M recording artists **TRIP SHAKESPEARE** with guests
- THURSDAY 21** **TOMMY FLOYD** with guests
- FRIDAY 22** **NERVOUS FELLAS** with guests
- SATURDAY 23** **SKABOOM** with guests
- SUNDAY 24** **EXCITED FIRST DAUGHTER**
- MONDAY 25** **SHOWCASE**
- TUESDAY 26** **SHOWCASE**
- WEDNESDAY 27** CITR presents Enigma recording artists **THE DEAD MILKMEN** with guests
- THU-SAT 28,29,30** **BEAT FARMERS** with **THE LAST WILD SONS**

T H E  
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# ROLAND THE HAPPY WANDERER'S FIELD GUIDE TO FARTS.

BY GEOFF COATES.

① THE INFLAM PARTS: THE SORT THAT STICK TO THE SKIN AND BURN FOR HOURS. HEY MAN! DID YOU CUT IT? WHO ME? NO! WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE ONE AFTER BREAKFAST...



② THE SILENT BUT DEADLY FART: THIS BREND HAS TAKEN ON NEAR MYTHIC PROPORTIONS, AND RUNTLY SO AS IT CAN SNEAK UP ON YOU LIKE ILL-FITTING UNDERPANTS.



③ THE ARMAGEDDON PART.



④ THE BEER FART.



⑤ THE ANXIETY FART: MY NAME'S CANDY! WHAT'S YOURS, STUD?



⑥ THE MORE-THAN-YOU-BARRAINED-FOR-FART.



THE BUTT BUSTER

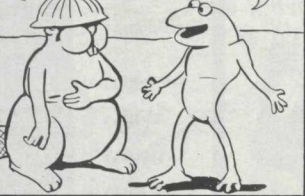


## ★ SOCIALIST TURTLE ★

SEPARATE! SEPARATE! I'M GONNA SEPARATE IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I WANT! HA HA HAHA!!!



COULDN'T WE TALK ABOUT MY CONCERNS FOR A CHANGE? ONLY IF YOU AGREE WITH ME BEFORE WE DISCUSS IT!



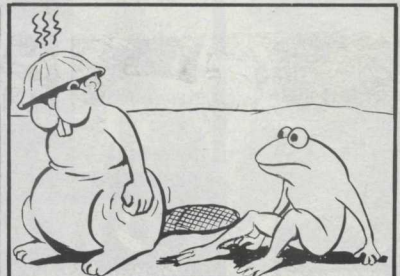
BILL 101, FRENCH ONLY SIGN LAWS, SUPPRESSION OF STUDENTS WHO DARE SPEAK ANYTHING BUT FRENCH IN SCHOOL, 2ND CLASS CITIZENSHIP FOR ANGIOPHONES AND TO HELL WITH NATIVE WOMANS AND CIVIL RIGHTS! NOT MUCH TO ASK, EH?



OTHERWISE- SEPARATE! SEPARATE! SEPARATE! I DON'T LIKE YOU!! NYAH-NYAH-N-NYAH-NYAH!! PPPPR I TIT!!!



THAT'S ENOUGH! GO ON- SEPARATE!!! AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!



SACRE MERDE! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?





I have my roommate/best friend to thank for converting me into a tea-drinker. Did I say "thank"? Make that - slavishly worship, hail, heap gratitude upon - and curse from the depths of my bladder. Yep, tea'll do that to you, if nothing else. As I write this, I'm downing herbal peppermint tea, so the effect is mitigated; but dang, any tea worth its salt'll make your bladder buckle down to business, no two ways about it.

Salt. Tea worth its salt. The nomadic tribes of horse-men in northern Afghanistan use salt in their tea in place of sugar, being as how sugar is impossible to procure in any quantity up in them that mountains. I however am of the "drinking tea straight," no sugar, no milk, school, though I didn't start out that way. Nope, I was a one- or two-lumper, for a couple years at first, till I read George Orwell's hyper-upright essay on Proper Tea-Drinking wherein he rails at length against adulterating one's brew with other substances. "What a lot of rot," I thought smugly behind decaying teeth. But whaddya know, six months or so later, I took that momentous first step and tried a cup of tea without sugar and hey, I was on the road to purist tea ingestion.

Milk in tea I can take or leave, but much oftener leave. When I do on rare occasion use it - if I'm feeling in need of comfort, for example - the milk always gets pourn in first. Ritual is everything, nowhere moreso than in tea-drinking.

Honey or lemon juice or that sparkly, coarse kind of unrefined sugar can be added to tea also, but tea straight up is where it's at.

What the tea is made in is a question of vital import. There's a certain taste to it when you have it in one of those little stainless steel pots like what most restaurants use; a sort of tinny, metallic aftertaste that enhances the experience if you're in a greasy-spoon or something. Mind though, the setting has to be right. Experts concur - and for once they're right - that earthenware/ceramic is the best thing for it. I know a plain old Brown Betty has tea-brewing capacities unequalled by anything on the face of this earth. Making the tea in an enamel teakettle again lends it a distinctive flavour; you get strong, unrepentant, but sort of iron-py tasting tea-age. The basic one



mug-o-tea method, just pouring boiling water over a bag in your cup, works swell as long as you leave the teabag in long enough only to brew the perfect strength; one second too long and you're doomed.

Leaves vs. bags? Well, even the venerable Mr. Orwell passed over this question - in his day and age teabags had not yet gained the supremacy they now enjoy, so he saw nothing to rail against there. Loose tea certainly makes a world of difference tastewise, but not necessarily for the better... it all depends on the individual brand.

Speaking of loose tea, a great kind to try when you feel like a splurge is Jackson's of Piccadilly Earl Grey. A 50g tin is, like, \$3.65 at Gallo-way's, so not for everyday usage. But well worth the budget-wrecking. Groovy tins too, eh.

The King of Earl Grey - which is in itself King of Tea Varieties (waitamintu, this is getting too convoluted...) is unequivocally Twinings. And something really cool of late, they've changed the lettering on the individual packets from black to brown. (Well hey, it's the small things in life that count.) One swallow of Twinings Earl Grey does an admirable job of blasting you straight back to Zen in its heyday. Even devoid of such associations, it's one fucking harsh tea. Plus, lately London Drugs has been selling the 50's boxes at utopically cheap prices...\$3.18, \$3.28...Life is good.

Not so good, on the other hand. Last time I was out to Hell to pick up another 400's box of PG Tips in the bulk-

place there, THEY DIDN'T HAVE 'EM ANYMORE. Not only that, but some weird kid was making strange gestures and noises at me over the stacks of Tetra-Pak caselots. So I had to settle for the 144's size at \$5.98 or something, a rip-off compared to the 400's which were \$7.88.

Twinings Orange Pekoe is the only brand of that variety that remotely measures up to PG Tips when it comes to taste, although in price the former exceeds the latter. Lemon-scented, Darjeeling, Irish Breakfast, Lapsang Souchong...how these magical Twinings flavours roll off the tongue like some sacred incantation. Try them all, I advise.

Murchies' teas I'm not too familiar with, but I do know they make an unsurpassed Blackcurrant; nor does their Earl Grey suck. Other noteworthy brands include: Stash (whose Earl Grey instantly conjures Fran-nie's Deli for me), Celestial Seasonings-their Red Zinger rules, and Bigelow, makers of another drinkworthy Earl Grey. The



Afghan Horsemen on West Broadway serves this really wacky cardamom tea; I highly recommend it.

Few greater joys can life supply than a full pot of tea before one and a handy toilet. Thanks, Car.

#### BLACK MAGIC MUFFINS

Beforehand:

- take cream cheese out of fridge to desolidify
- grease and flour a 15-cup muffin tin

1. Cream Cheese Mix  
1 slab cream cheese  
1 egg  
1/8 tsp salt  
1 6-oz pkg semi-sweet chocolate, mint, orange or butterscotch chips

Beat first three ingredients, then add chips.

2. Sift  
1 1/2 c flour  
1 c sugar  
1/4 c cocoa  
1 tsp baking soda  
1/2 tsp salt

3. Stir together  
1 c water  
1/3 c oil  
1 tsp vanilla

4. Combine the results of steps 2 & 3. Spoon muffin tin indentations 1/3 full of this chocolate batter, and add about a two teaspoonful dollop of cream cheese mixture on top.

5. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Makes 15 cupcakes.

This recipe has been Varieties in the Disorder kitchen and found to be truly, sickeningly rich and delicious. Thanks to Debra Cantor of Vancouver for donating it.

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THE  
REFERENCES!  
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BILL AT 228 337

**Big Numbers #1 \$6.95**  
 By Alan Moore and Bill Sienkiewicz  
 Published by Mad Love (Publishing) Ltd.

"Alan Moore knows the score," or so say those mutant musicians collectively known as Pop Will Eat Itself. I'm sure more than a few of you relentless readers are scratching your heads and wondering, "Hey, just who is this Alan Moore fella anyway."

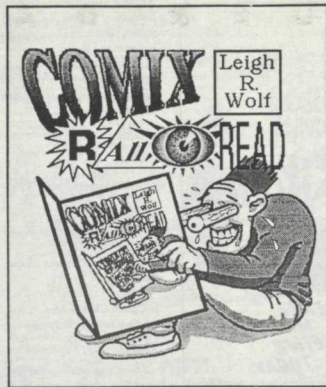
In the land of comics, Alan Moore is a name to be spoken in the hushed tones that are usually reserved for the genetically superior among us, such as rock stars, astronauts, and/or game show hosts. An Englishman, who straddles the Atlantic these days, Moore has arguably made the biggest impact on the pop paper scene since the arrival of the graphic novel.

Back in his salad days, Alan Moore was writing a series called *V* for Vendetta which was published in England alongside the infamous Judge Dread. *V* caught the attention of a big publishing house (DC) and Moore was soon scripting the monthly adventures of the Swamp Thing. Under Moore's creative di-

rected, and soon after Moore was declared to have the golden touch. Not long after, these same executives granted Moore the brass ring in corporate comicland; creative freedom in writing and directing a major (12-part) miniseries.

Watchmen.....say it slowly, with reverence. The most important comic of the previous decade in all ways that count. Fresh and innovative, rich and complex, Watchmen changed the course of comic in many ways. The most original element of the series was the way in which visual references were spread throughout the episodes, allowing for a full effect to grow and expand with each subsequent issue. The most lasting impact was the way in which Moore savaged the superhero/god myth in the hallowed halls of its most ardent proponent. Demonstrating his complete distaste for white male politics with an eagle eye portrayal of these big boys and their deadly toys, Moore confounded his critics and added serious numbers to his growing legions of admirers.

Around this time, a new phrase was heard floating in the air around the major comic book publishing companies.



after creating Spiderman, Hulk, etc., was not allowed to keep his original artwork, much less share in the profits of his creations. In the mid-late eighties this practice was ripe for change and Alan Moore was in the thick of the creator's revolt. This revolution in business practices allowed Moore the financial security to take some time off to sort himself out and assess his newfound readership

teach about alternate (gay) lifestyles. AARGH! stands for Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia! and came about after the Thatcher government tried to ban a book being taught in London schools which featured a boy growing up in a house with two men, one his father, who were homosexual. Clause 28 was designed to snuff out this kind of homo-nipic teaching once and for

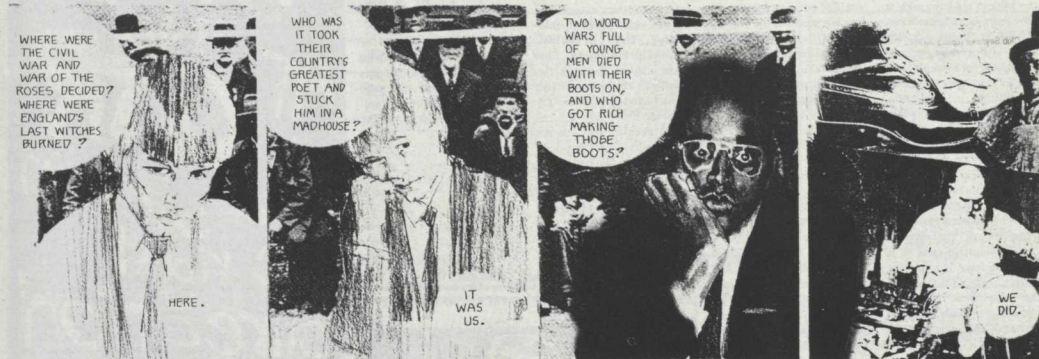
Rolling Stone) and looks to be as big as Watchmen. Teaming up with the surrealist/multi-media pencil wizard Bill Sienkiewicz, Moore has devised a comic entertainment that features no less than forty characters and multiple plotlines. The basic story, so far, is about a young woman writer who returns home to the small English town in which she was raised to find her family oddly unaffected by her success in the big city. Simultaneously, across the ocean in the States, a major real estate developer is planning to disrupt the tranquility of this village with the construction of a supermall that will be the pride of bankers everywhere. The portrayal of the village characters is even-handed and true to their working class roots while the developers are shown to be vital and intelligent without the usual fangs that this sort must have to appeal to public sentiment. Moore is not giving anything away in the first issue, pausing from his setting the scene in Hampton only to crinkle the plot towards future developments (ouch!). It is in his excellent portraits of working class dreams and nightmares that Moore shows us his genius for observing the lives of

issue is done entirely in black and white but rumour has it that each issue is to become progressively more colourful as the series goes on, sort of like the Wizard of Oz in extreme slow motion.

Sienkiewicz has an amazing ability to portray emotion within a two-dimensional medium, reaching far into our minds to pull out the memory of the expression we are witnessing. His rendering of the writer's mom is a classic image, mixing the fear and loathing of modern decay with a loving apprehension surrounding the return of the prodigal daughter. Such mastery is rare and ever welcome in a medium that seems fascinated with static torso on-sets and bloodvessel close-ups. His deft hand with sets and signage is intrinsic to the overall quality of the book and bodes well for the more poetic images and narratives.

As if transported to another time and place, Sienkiewicz allows the reader to view the inside of the character's reality by choosing his filters carefully and focusing on feelings rather than empty action.

'Tis impossible to review a 12-part series based on the contents of one issue.



rection Swamp Thing was reborn as a living example of environmental mismanagement. The book took off like a seven stage rocket. Sales of this previously poor selling title began to outpace the usual DC fan fodder and the executives in charge of that sort of thing started asking him to contribute stories to their more traditional titles, like Superman, in an effort to bolster sagging sales. It 26 DISORDER

The phrase, which intrigued artists and bewildered executives, was "Creators' Rights." It served as a rallying cry for those who were ready for change. The idea of creators' rights was that the artists involved in a project should share in the benefits if their creations became popular and made millions of dollars. The history of corporate entities is filled with stories like the one told about Jack Kirby, who,

base. In doing so, he realised he had only one option; to start his own publishing company. And thus begins the story of Mad Love (Publishing).

The first Mad Love project was AARGH!, a benefit comic designed to promote tolerance and to fund the battle against a certain malevolent clause 28 of a British education bill that would make it a criminal offence to

all and AARGH! was the true beginning of Alan Moore's ongoing battle with the forces of techno-imperialism masquerading in the guise of friendly democracy. Which brings us to the point of this rather long winded introduction; that being the second and latest offering from Mad Love, the enigmatically titled, Big Numbers.

Big Numbers has already gathered major press (Spin,

typical people. No simple one-dimensional rip-offs here; these characters live and breathe the same air that we do and after 40 pages we are involved and concerned for their welfare.

Sienkiewicz has a powerful influence on the proceedings with his found images filtering through the hyperdelic cartoon atmosphere he creates with pencils and watercolours. (The first

Laden with far reaching (archetypal) dream sequences and the subtle nuance that have become Moore's trademark, Big Numbers has the look and feel of a powerful graphic series that will encourage the reader to grow with each successive issue. I heartily recommend that the more urbane among us catch the wave before the curl is upon us. Alan Moore not only knows the score; he wrote it.





openness or nodal at a given time or over time. (2) The rating of micro-organisms is specially prepared for scientific use.

Shack (h&h) (11 vibrant colors, burning smell, a sudden "off" combustion, and physical impressions).

**OPEN SEASON: Midnight 4:00AM**  
Yes, I know how mad it took on a "A" rating, but we had an extended "Open Season" on it. He figures we're all just, just sitting ducks.

## THURSDAY

**NOW YOU HAS JAZZ 8:15-10:00AM**  
Join Tommy Foley on a new day! Now on Thursdays with an extended one hour featured A morning of stories, anecdotes, JAZZ, and humour (maybe) that might be, or might not be, your question, or he might not... maybe you just have a question... if nothing else, it's worth getting up for it now (do it).

**HANFORD NUZZA PIZZA PE 10:00-11:00 AM**  
Tweaked only by blump of string cheese... it's Rowena bouncing up and down the Pacific Northwest Coast from Oregon to Alaska. Send staff (music, info, etc.) please.

**THE SATURDAY JAZZ FEATURE 11:00AM-12:00PM**  
7th Onelle Coleman and Pat Metheny; 14th The Vancouver Monk; 21st The Thorosaur International Jazz Festival; 28th The Novus record label.

**THE AFTERNOON RECORD 1-1:15PM**  
See Monday for details.

**FLEX YOUR HEAD 3-6:00PM**  
—HEAD— JUNK—  
—HARD— CORK—

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

**ARTS FACE 8:30-6:00 PM**  
Be updated, be heard, be informed about art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. New Art!

**TOP OF THE MOUNT 4:00-7:00PM**  
Tini Lepea, Ronnie Sief, and The Phranom call you to you. Marc Coulewin brings back a ball to ball to ball.

**THE NO-HOST BAR 7:00-9:00PM**  
We're back. We're back. Newtime.

**LIVE FROM THUNDERBAY RADIO HELL 9:30-10:30PM**  
Experimental radio featuring the local demo tunes, while Peter, Andy and sometimes Melissa take the live bands on 930am.

**21st Touch and Go!**  
7th: Rahe Theatre Vancouver, BC

**THE AFTERNOON RECORD 1:15-1:55PM**  
See Monday for details.

**MEGABLAST 1:00-4:00 AM**  
Concepts, noise, Radio Deutsche we have you can request while show, bands/punks, turntable feedback/accidental courtesy, noise, riffs, stagnating, creative, while you live.

## FRIDAY

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

**MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM**  
John Kent MacIntyre she takes you on a tour through the silver screen's backdrop of the written film, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

**VENUS FLYTRAP 11:00AM-1:00PM**  
Greg Eise is your guide through these two hours of music and fun. Toronto, Nova Scotia, and Disco, too!

**THE AFTERNOON RECORD 1:15-1:55PM**  
See Monday for details.

**IT'S NOTASY BEING GREEN 1:15-2:30PM**  
The greatest of the CRTi Dip cut together and take not on the cat, come in interested in CRTi programming possibilities, phone the Program Director at 228-3107.

**ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE - PART ONE 2:30-3:30PM PART TWO 4-5:00PM**  
Found, sounds, tape loops, compositions, of organized and noise recorded carefully, power electronics and sound collage. Live experimental music, 100% Cortex individualities.

**NARDWAR/THE HUMAN SERVICES: PETS 3:30-4:00PM**  
I love you. Feelseseeth.

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

**AND NOW THIS 6-6:30PM**  
AND This. And this. And this...  
**FOR THE RECORD 8:30-6:00PM**  
See Monday for details.

**HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL 6:45-9:00PM**  
Radio adaptations of movies. Taping the program is strictly prohibited.

**STOMP ON THAT ROTTAPORN PPM-12:30 AM**  
The dance floor beat brought to you by DJ Rick O'Connell. Pen them needed!

**JOIN THE RHYTHM OF MACHINES 12:30-4:00AM**  
Exploring the relationship between post-industrial society, the complexity of human movement performance, and exercise-related movement.

Tea gatherings to 262/KM/DK, Rankov, etc... Hosted by Lydia Kozina. Upcoming releases: Nizer Ebb, Bogosha, Mink and Sattal/Tendencies... etc.

## SATURDAY

**THE SATURDAY EDGE RAIN-NORM**  
Steve Edge took Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/folk/reggae folk music to the top. Now in its fifth year on CTRi, Edge's music from around the world, new releases, stucco guests, and the World Cup football festival at 11:30, 2nd 5th Anniversary Show.

**THE BRUNCH RECORD NOON-12:15PM**  
News, sports, weather and an appropriate amount of music.

**KNOWCROWD 12:15-3:00PM**  
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground speed to mainstream metal, local scene tapes, requests and other affairs. Gerald Rattethead and Metal Band on the dome.

**IN EFFECT 3-6:00PM**  
The Hip Hop Beat brought to you by DJ's Neilsoise, Chak Barber and Bill Rozalski.

**THE SATURDAY MAG 6-8:30PM**  
Kopachewski Rick. See Monday for details.

**THE YAP GAP 8:30-6:00PM**  
Hear figures in the Arts world talk about their work, other peoples works and anything else that occurs to them. Hosted by 3-6:00PM.

**THE NEW AFRICAN SHOW 8-10:00PM**  
World of Africa Dance Party. We welcome each other home.

We welcome you  
All you of the other heritage  
Of our beautiful world  
In peace, harmony and oneness  
To our house party.  
Welcome.

**TO AIR IS OUR MIND 1:00AM-WHENEVER**  
With Paul Funk. Music. World sound collage. Send me your tapes. Now I know where you live.

## HEARSAY

CTRi hearsay arts program exposing the written word as art needs your poetry, theatre, radio drama, if you would like to submit your written works for performance or vocalization if you would like to record your written works on the cat, please contact the Hear Say coordinators at 228-3107.

CTRi provides free credits for Community Access groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to do something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director.

## ACCESS

### VOL OPS

CTRi wants you to become involved with your friendly NCRC Radio Station which broadcasts at 180 watts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheelset Programming, producing, editing, live, open-mic, live-streaming, operating, announcing, hosting, etc. Come by the studio during normal office hours. Choose us:

**ARTS** ..... ANNE BALWATER  
**BOOKS** ..... DALIA SCHWEN  
**MUSIC** ..... LINDA SAKOEN  
**NEWS** ..... LLOYD UJANA, RANDY WATA

**NEWS** ..... KATHRYN WATA

**PRESIDENT** ..... ROBYNN WATA  
**PRODUCTION** ..... MIKE LYSENG  
**PROGRAMMING** ..... RANDY WATA  
**PROMOTION** ..... DOBRIITA FONG  
**STATION MANAGER** ..... LINDA SCHOEN  
**TECHNICAL** ..... TOMMY PAUL  
**VICE PRESIDENT** ..... BARRI ELOSE  
**VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR** ..... BILL BAKER

## AND HOW

**BUSINESS LINE** ..... 228-3107  
**DU LINE** ..... 228-2687 (228-CRTI)  
**STAND IN LINE** ..... ROOM 233, SECOND FLOOR OF THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, 67818 COLUBA BOULEVARD, VANCOUVER, BC V6L 2A5.

CTRi welcomes offers of audio expression with open ears. If you wanna submit any material, just remember to include important details like names, phone numbers, addresses, etc. Send/submit to the attention of the Music Department please. Thank you.

Spinal and Darnold have had a bit of success with their place stand three lists that reflect accurately the relative fre-

quency of clips of the most played new releases and other keen things received by CTRi over the past time while.

**SINGLE MAGNETIC VIOLET**  
SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTICLES are the most played songs from demo and cassette submissions. Spinal and Darnold lists the most played seven-inch, twelve-inch, and compact disc singles and EPs. LONG GROOVES lists the most played playing vinyl albums and compact discs. Any type in total for CTRi, Canadian content. For more information on these lists and other matters concerning CTRi broadcast of music expression, please contact the music department.

NCRC '90  
CTRi will once again be sending representatives to the National Campus/Community Radio Association Conference, this year to be held in Calgary in the last week of July. If you or your band would like to have your music distributed to over thirty campus and community radio stations from throughout the country, CTRi will gladly hand-deliver your stuff to Calgary. Please drop off cassette, album, press releases, and other paraphernalia at CTRi offices before Friday July 20 to ensure that inclusion within the CTRi radio show. Robyn at 228-3107 for more info.

## MUSIC

### SINGLE MAGNETIC VIOLET

"Nepitlion"  
"Believe"  
"I love you, I wanna smash your head into a wall"  
"Teens"  
"Dogg Aweatin"  
"Intereasing Show"  
"Let the Rhythm Run"  
"4-3-2-1" (recorded live on air)

"Hollowheads"  
"Dirt"  
"Hiroshi Yano"  
"Howe Sound"  
"Guns of Existence"  
"Emily Fartna"  
"Cherry's of Belief"  
"Sally Houston"  
"Junkie"  
"Lil Rain"  
"White House Cool"  
"The Ludwigs"  
"Rocky Mountain"  
"Mary"  
"Bourke & Co's"  
"Group 49"  
"Planet of Spiders"  
"Sound Butcher"  
"National Elements"  
"Was Ry"  
"Dirt"  
"Ode to Claude"  
"Elizabeth Fischer"  
"Paula Rempel"  
"Rocks"  
"Full Mill Dandy"  
"Mrs. Peacock"  
"National Elements"  
"Mary"  
"Bang Twang"  
"Eugene Ripper and the North"  
"Hovers Effect"  
"Sethuni Flowers"  
"Evan Symons"  
"Gerry Hanahan"  
"Hovers Effect"  
"Intoxicators"  
"Rock Fesle"  
"Mary"  
"Planet of Spiders"  
"Sound Butcher"  
"Ph #1 (A Cartoon Swear)"  
"T. Racer"  
"Sarc Artics Mannquing"  
"Lil Rain"  
"Nardic Prince"  
"Eye on you"  
"A Question of Love"  
"Easy to Please"  
"State of the Nation"  
"Culture Shock"  
"Black Snake Moon"  
"Hand of Glory"  
"Death"  
"Imogen"  
"Time Comes Around"  
"Heaven"  
"Fish in a Bowl"  
"Sule of Fragments"  
"Meaning of Life"  
"Medicine Man"  
"Anonymous"  
"Into Stephanie's Room"  
"All Tom Up"  
"Angels"  
"Cut Across Shorty"  
"What's in Your"  
"Barr Phillips at the Stage"  
"For Sure"

quency of clips of the most played new releases and other keen things received by CTRi over the past time while.

CTRi will once again be sending representatives to the National Campus/Community Radio Association Conference, this year to be held in Calgary in the last week of July. If you or your band would like to have your music distributed to over thirty campus and community radio stations from throughout the country, CTRi will gladly hand-deliver your stuff to Calgary. Please drop off cassette, album, press releases, and other paraphernalia at CTRi offices before Friday July 20 to ensure that inclusion within the CTRi radio show. Robyn at 228-3107 for more info.

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# DATE BOOK

# CONTINUED

**Quartet at the Granville Island Market Stage (5pm, free).** Creations of Habit  
**the Pacific Centre Plaza (12pm, free).**  
**Jennifer Scott Quartet at the Pacific Centre Atrium (12pm, free).** Celso Machado at the Pacific Centre Rotunda (3pm, free). **Look Who's Talking (7pm) and Parenthood (8pm)** at the Starlight Cinema. **Life and nothing but at the Pacific Centre Rotunda (7pm-9:30pm).** **Waste (7pm-9:30pm).** **Kim Kin (7:30pm) and The Top of His Head (9pm)** at Pacific Cinematheque...

**THURSDAY 28 Beat Farmers at the Town Pump. Jazz Festival continues: Kingsnake Blues Caravan at the Commodore (9:30pm); Ray Anderson Quartet at the Van East Cultural Centre (8pm); Alex Schlippenbach Trio at the Western Front (5:30pm); Renee Roanes Quartet at the Sattum Supper Club (8pm); Dave Barr at the Alma Street Cafe (8pm); Roy Styffe Quartet at Isadora's (8pm); Spearman/Pimley/Elliis Trio at the Tom Lee Music Hall (9pm); Roy Rogers at the Yale (9pm); Taylor/Kane Explosion at the Glass Slipper (1am); Fantaze at the Granville Island Market Stage (12:30pm); Ben Ferguson Quintet at the Pacific Centre Plaza (12:20pm, free); Renee Drury/Dan Clark at the Pacific Centre Atrium (12pm, free); The Kukuruzas at the Pacific Centre Rotunda (3:50pm, free); Ron Samworth Duo at the Oakridge Centre (8:30-3:30pm, free). **Look Who's Talking (7pm) and Parenthood (8pm)** at the Starlight Cinema. **Life and nothing but at the Ridge Theatre (7pm-9:30pm).** **The Top of His Head (9:30pm)** and **The Top of His Head (9pm)** at Pacific Cinematheque...**

**FRIDAY 29** Erasure at the PNE Coliseum Concert Bowl. **Beat Farmers at the Town Pump. Rumours of the Big Wave at the Railway. Jazz Festival continues:** Mahatishi and the Mahatishi Quintets with Pierre Dorje and the Jangle Orchestra at the Commodore (10pm); Spectacles with Pimley/Cyrille Duo at the Van East Cultural Centre (8pm); Carl Stone and Yuj Takahashi at the Western Front (5:30pm); Jimmy McGriff at the Sattum Supper Club (8pm); Mike Zilber/Glenna Powell Quartet at the Alma Street Cafe (9pm); Star-Var Trio at Isadora's (9pm); Jeff Johnston Quartet at the Tom Lee Music Hall (9pm); Loose Gypsies at Calle Ojango (9pm); Butch Morris/Wesley Novitski, A.A. at the Regina Street Arts Centre (10pm); Roy Rogers at the Yale (9pm); Taylor/Kane Explosion at the Glass Slipper (1am); Joe Bjornson Quintet at the Granville Island Market Stage (12:20pm, free); Art Ellison and Modus at the Pacific Centre Plaza (12:20pm, free); Jimmie Barr at the Pacific Centre Atrium (12:20pm, free); Budget Schacht at the Pacific Centre Rotunda (3:50pm, free); Perry Dean Trio at Oakridge Centre (6:30-9:30pm, free). **The Best of the Games Advertising Festival 1980-1987** at the Starlight Cinema (7:30pm-9:30pm). **Monastir Hire: Selection Officiele Cannes** (8pm); **The Ridge Theatre (7:30pm-9:30pm).** **Making "Do the Right Thing"** with You take care now (7:30pm) and Do the Right Thing (9pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

**SATURDAY 30** Beat Farmers at the Town Pump. Suzanne Vega at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre. **Rumours of the Big Wave at the Railway. Jazz Festival of the Arts opens.** **Jazz Harrison continues:** Pencho Sanchez with the Los Faros Sextet at the Commodore (10pm); Sheila Jordan at the Van East Cultural Centre (8pm); Jimmy McGriff at the Sattum Supper Club (8pm); P.J. Perry Quintet at the Alma Street Cafe (8pm); Eugene Chabourne at Isadora's (9pm); Moran Meridan at the Tom Lee Music Hall (9pm); Phillips at the Stage (9pm); Barra Philade at the Stage

**Street Arts Centre (10pm); Roy Rogers at the Tom Lee Music Hall (10pm); Creations of Habit Power Quartet at the Glass Slipper (11am); Evidence at the Granville Island Market Stage (12:20pm, free); Skywalk (12:30pm); Bab Marjory Trio (2:30pm); Our Delight (3:30pm); Loose Gypsies (4:30pm); Pierre Dorje and the New Jungle Orchestra (6pm) at the Pacific Centre Rotunda (7:30pm); **Tim Brady (9pm), Chabourne/Ackley (9pm), Eugene Chabourne (9:30pm), Lunar Adventures (9pm), Martin Franklin (9:30pm), Yoko Ono Comedy Club (9:30pm), Yoko Ono (9:30pm), Andrew Cuyllin/Vladimir Tarsov (11:50pm), Spin a man a Pin in My Ear/Elliis/Cyrille (2:30pm), Shannon Gynn (3:45pm), Robert Holcomb (4:45pm), Moran Meridan (6pm), Sirius Ensemble (7:30pm) at the Discovery Theatre...** **Commodore Ballroom. The Best of the Games Advertising Festival 1980-1987 (7:30pm-9:30pm)** with The Rocky Horror Picture Show (Friday night at the Starlight Cinema). **Make "Do the Right Thing" with You Take care now (7:30pm) and Do the Right Thing (9pm)** at Pacific Cinematheque...**

**Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alia, 222-2244**  
**Anz Club 3 W 8th 876-7128**  
**Basin St 3 W 13th 678-7200**  
**Calle Ojango 1164 Danmore**  
**Centennial Theatre 23rd & Lonsdale, North Van**  
**Club Soda 1055 Homer St 681-8020**  
**Commodore Ballroom 670 Granville 681-7838**  
**Community Arts Centre 837 Davie 683-4358**  
**68 Street Music Hall Expo Site 683-8612**  
**Fresh Air Gallery 280 E Cordova St 689-0928**  
**Glass Slipper 185 E 11th (at Main) Grand Gateway 299 E Ave 875-8166**  
**Hendry Hall 815 E 11th Ave, North Van 983-2633**  
**Hogan's Alley 730 Main 681-8328**  
**Hot Jazz 2210 Main 874-4331**  
**Isadora's 1540 10th Bridge**  
**La Duena Coffeehouse 1111 Commercial Dr**  
**Luv-a-Luv 1275 Seymour 686-3288**  
**Lux Theatre 57 E Hastings**  
**Metro Theatre 1370 SW Marine Dr 266-7191**  
**New York Theatre 638 Commercial Dr**  
**Pacific Centre West Georgia & Granville**  
**Pacific Cinematheque 58 Powell 734-8001**  
**Paramount New Westminster 58 Powell 734-8001**  
**Pit Pub Basement of SUB 228-6511**  
**Pit International Galleries 58 Powell 734-8001**  
**Presentation House 333 Chesterfield, North Van 986-1351**  
**Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir 681-1625**  
**Starlight Cinema 935 Dundas 689-0906**  
**Starlight Street Arts Centre 930 Station 688-3312**  
**Sub Theatre Student Union Building**  
**Sunny Arts Centre 918 Ave of King 686-4337**  
**Tom Lee Music Hall 929 Granville**  
**Town Pump 66 Water St 683-6695**  
**Vancouver East Cinema 2202 Commercial Dr 255-5655**  
**Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables**  
**Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main 876-4165**  
**Western Front 303 E 8th**  
**White Hall 1882 Adanac 736-3022**  
**Women In Focus In Studio 616 Beatty 876-5624**  
**Yale 1300 Granville 681-9253**

**Listings are printed based on available space. If you would like your listings included here, just submit any and all details to Discover Database, c/o Discover Magazine, 6115 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5.**

**6115 SUB Boulevard**

**June 19, 1992**

# JUNK FLESH:

BY NOW, OPHELIA HAS MADE IT UP THE STAIRS, TO THE CHATEAU DUA TOXIQUE - TO FIND BOTH JUNKFLESH AND THE TV GONE... IN A PANIC, SHE RUNS BACK OUTSIDE - REALIZING THAT THE PATHETIC PLASTIC-INJECTING MOCKERY OF A - AH, WELL ANYWAYS, SHE'S WORRIED.

LIP, UP IN THE AIRS  
LIKE A BEAUTIFUL  
LUMP OF FLESH

FILLING IN MEANINGLESS SPACE DEPT:  
JUNKFLESH & OPHELIA WHABIT THE URBANSPACE:  
OPHELIA IS A CUTE, WECHURE YOUNG WOMAN  
WITH AN AGGRESSIVE PROBLEM... JUNKFLESH IS  
AN INTELLIGENT VIRUS THAT LIKES TO  
WHABIT THE RECENTLY DECEASED.  
IT IS NOT A ZOMBIE, BOTH FIGHT  
BOREDOM & OTHER FUN STUFF.

THANKS TO COLIN FOR  
TRANSPORTATION FROM AN UNRUPTION  
TO THE CITY OF BODILY EXCESS

HEY! THERE'S WHAT'S  
HER NAME...

HERE I'LL DROP IN...

CREATED BY: BRUCE R.

SHIT... IF I DON'T FIND  
HER...UH, IT... SHE'LL  
PROLLY JUMP OF A  
BUILDING.

ANAWIMD.  
HOW CONVEN-  
IENT...

OVERLOAD!

BOO!

WAD

...SIT AND  
A HEAD... AT A  
SHOULD AN FOOT

YEEK!!

DW! BACK OUT DUCK!

NEXT: THEO HAPPY...

oops.

NETTWERK

&

CITR

present  
san francisco's

# IC! SOLID! SHU!!

WEDNESDAY



JUNE 20



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+



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- 5 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES "A Cathedral Concert"
- 6 MARK KNOPFLER "Last Exit To Brooklyn" (Original Soundtrack)
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