

Environmentalists concerned:

Tree People, Screaming Trees, Walbran



**EVEN
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ANGLEY
CAN'T CURE
THE SUMMER-
TIME BLUES**

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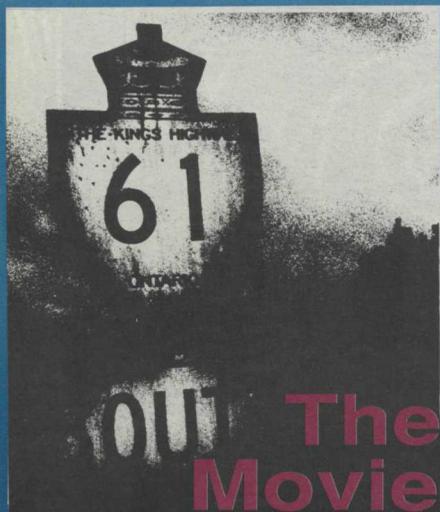
MARCH 1992

DISCORDER

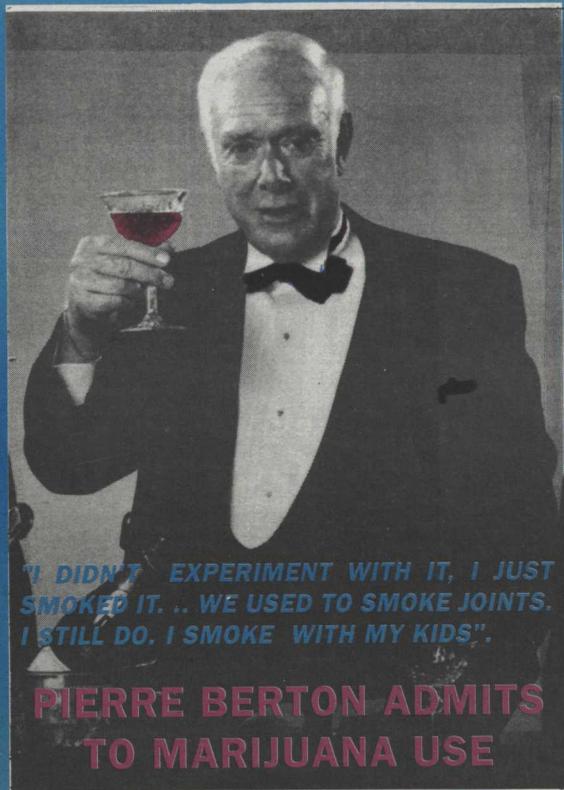
FREE

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CiTR

101.9 FM



NAME: Rick
Missing since: Feb. 7/92
Age: 32
Height: 5'9"
Weight: 155 lbs.
Last seen: Playing Guitar in
a local venue.
Wearing: Ball cap, blue jeans,
HuskerDu t-shirt, Nims
Turtle Backpack.
POSTER C



**"I DIDN'T EXPERIMENT WITH IT, I JUST
SMOKED IT. .. WE USED TO SMOKE JOINTS.
I STILL DO. I SMOKE WITH MY KIDS".**

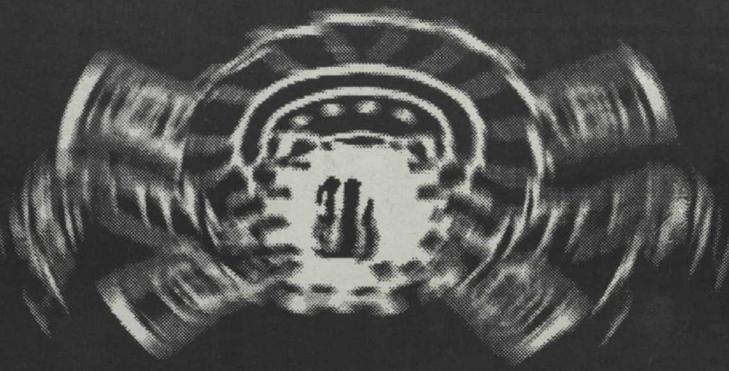
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DISCORDER

MARCH 1992 · ISSUE #110...

"That's the queerest thing I've ever read." — Anthony's grandma on her first read of *Discorder*.

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COVER

March means St. Pat's Day, spring break, NBA playoffs and tabloid fever. Hell, all year 'round is tabloid fever so we thought we'd just try and steal a little fire. "Beware the Ides of March."

OFFICE USE ONLY

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CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock. Office hours for CTR, Robble Sound, and Discorder are Monday-Friday, 10-4. Call CTR @ line # 822 CTR, our offices @ 822.3017, our news + sports @ 222.2487, fax us @ CTR @ 822.9019, or write Discorder, #233-6138 508 Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1.

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COW'S HEAD CHRONICLE

I've never made a New Year's resolution in my life. Hmmm... maybe I have but I don't believe that resolutions made in the back seat of my dad's Chevy Biscayne Count, especially when one's only clad in a pair of cotton boxers and in the company of a real party gal who's just dropped some of Timothy Leary's finest and is now sure there's a group of men with salmonheads underneath the car. And while the resolution is still fresh in my mind as the night I made it, it will not be revealed here for that Anita, party gal, just may read this and have a contract put on me. Nuff said.

I've always maintained that resolutions serve only one purpose: to make you feel like a complete and total loser when you finally lose all control and head for Denny's to down the entire right side of the menu all the while offering up obscenities to all passersby and demanding cigarettes from the night manager with the aid of a sawed off pump action Winchester.

The time came this year, however that I decided that I would throw myself to the resolution gods and offer up my body and soul in the hope that I would somehow become a better man.

But first let's examine why it is we subject not only ourselves to this horror but loved ones as well. I have but one answer: because we're stupid. Because we all watch those Suzanne Somers High tenor commercials late at night while scarfing down Varsity Grill's Dinner for Five long after all our friends have gone home and then sit there wondering if we know anyone who works at Dairy Queen 'cause we sure could use an Oreo cookie Blizzard.

But hey therein lies the biggest flaw of all: why do it on the first of the year? You're only going to screw up your entire year. Why not start that big diet on March 15th, well maybe not March 15th but why not pick a date sometime that gives you adequate time to prepare and most importantly, listen and keep your mouth shut. Once that dork in the office knows that you're losing weight, get a date, stop smoking, or eat more fibre in order to stay regular, you've made it that way is going to make you pay. Needing about your progress or seeming lack of, he'll lead you into temptation and you will eventually succumb and then feel like hanging your head in the nearest toilet until you expire.

So here it is, my resolution: the one thing that will surely send my life into a tailspin with little hope of recovery. Hmmm... maybe... uh... OK, look, it wouldn't be fair if I didn't give my own advice and shun all popular conventions and fergo such tomfoolery, right. Sure, So let's let a rather large sleeping dog lie and I'll spill the beans when it's all over. Thanks for being so understanding you've made me feel warm all over.

GTH

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AVAILABLE AT ALL WORTHY RECORD STORES NOW!

67EJ AIRHEAD

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Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

AIRHEAD

BAKED TAITERS

Dear Airhead,
"When people listen to you—don't you know it means to you!"—Jan Curtis

I am a medical student from Winnipeg and I have just completed an elective at St. Paul's hospital. I have eclectic music tastes which range from Lloyd Cole and Everything but the Girl, to the Birthday Party and Big Black. During my stay in Vancouver I regularly attended your Monday Night Shindig contests at the Railway Club and followed Rory Tait's write-ups in *Discorder*. CTR deserves recognition for its efforts. With support like this for young, original bands it is no wonder that Vancouver has such a successful original music scene. However, even the best intentions can be harmed by unchecked carelessness and this is why I must take exception to Rory's "Shindig" reviews in the January edition of *Discorder*.

Although the result of writing this letter will probably be a knee-jerk ridiculing (since the owners of the pen always have the final word), I hope you are mature enough to realize that I am not trying to point out to him that every word he publishes is significant and that it is important to use this power responsibly.

Unfortunately for the readers of *Discorder*, Rory Tait published two closed-minded reviews which could jaundice the opinions of readers who might enjoy the bands which

he merely dismissed.

Like Rory, I did not particularly like Poetic Justice, however, it was unfair of him to only describe them as boring. Why were they boring? Does he feel fulfilled by harming a band who had the courage to take to the stage and risk ridicule? He also dished out a similar treatment to the band Crush. I really enjoyed them and thought they showed a great deal of promise.

If CTR's Shindig is trying to help and cultivate young, original bands, then writers like Rory Tait ought to be more responsible with their written verdicts of the bands. Each group is entitled to some praise or criticism, not just a glib dismissal. Perhaps Rory did not realize the power he has and thus the responsibility he has to be fair to all these bands.

Did Crush sound like Poetic Justice? Mr. Tait's review makes them sound like they did. I was there for both of those nights and the only similarities between the bands is Rory Tait's opinion of them. For the reasons I have detailed above, I think your reviews should be fairer, especially since you assume an alias.

In the future, I hope that Rory Tait will try to help his local Vancouver bands and learn to appreciate that original music is from the heart and that it is unfair to have their efforts reduced by the mean criticisms of an anonymous coward. Good luck to all the bands who sweat it out up there and to CTR's Shindig.

R.M. Kane
Wimpeig, MB.

If Rory Tait—who has an actual opportunity in past Shindigs—can't judge, then who can? You'll be happy to know that although Rory may have passed the bands in mention off as nothing but a whim, the Russian judges scored them a 10!

ISN'T THAT "SPECIAL"

Dear Airhead/Coral Short,
Coral! What is your peeve with the Northern Pikes? It's in the November issue of this "news"paper you compare GoGo's best energetic songs with the Northern Pikes and in December you describe another band (I don't recall which one) as "like being stuck in an elevator with The Northern Pikes." Did those guys wrong you in another life?

Zaka

Vancouver, BC

Well, you see Zaka, this is actually a pretty sensitive subject around the *Discorder* campfire. Coral, the poor soul, was unfortunate to bear witness to the Pike guys give a septic thrashing to one Jello Biafra in a parking lot outside Lovecraft some time ago. It was an ugly scene, so I hear, and she hasn't been the same ever since. Remember one thing...cavair and aspiv don't mix.

Coral or Redd,

I'm writing to let you know I'm sick of the injustice. My name is S-E-A-N not S-H-A-W-N, yet oddly enough it is not pronounced "Seen".

Also, me and Yazak both are "jazzbands" but I alone am an "insufferable snob" so I do hope you were referring to me there though I have absolutely no idea who you are since I rarely speak to anyone unless I can stand to gain something or absolutely have to.

Anyway, the drunken Polish maner sound like they did. I was there for both of those nights and the only similarities between the bands is Rory Tait's opinion of them. For the reasons I have detailed above, I think your reviews should be fairer, especially since you assume an alias.

HARD CORE FOREVER
SEAN
courtesy Boner Recording
Artists SUPERCONDUCTOR

Dear Airhead:

On the human tragedy of it. The guys we endured. While we at the Twendocle offices greatly appreciate even a meering mention in your Ludwiv-besst reg, my unhap-

pily noticed a slight problem with our blurb in the February "Vancouver Special" column. THERE IS NO SPACE IN TWERDOCLEB. TWERDOCLEB IS ONE FUCKING WORD. After the disastrous Buzzsacks scandal which nearly destroyed *Discorder*'s hard-won reputation for integrity and pain-taking research, one would think that an even greater fact-checking effort would be made in order to shore up the shaken confidence of a confused and disillusioned public, and also to maintain closeness with the artistic community, which now lies awake at night in fear of unchecked dyslexic attacks. We urge you to take steps now. Perhaps Coral and Redd misspelled another name in that column, and people are EVEN NOW walking around town believing that, say, SPANKMARKER are actually called SPARKMARKER, and so on.

Thanks for the time and space. By the way, DEAD SURF KISS, SNFU, and THE LUDWIGS all bite.

Thighmaster
TWERDOCLEB
#2-843 Cardero Street
Vancouver, B.C.
V6G 2G6

3 OF THESE THINGS ARE KINDA THE SAME

Discorder Editor,

I'm not the kind of person who's inclined to defending—nor, alternate, launching tirades against—anyone whose writing appears under the (usually invisible) heading of Opinion/Editorial. I had thought that by this generation we had accepted Voltaire's axiom: I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it. The letters pages in recent *Discorders* have—over the years—been addressing this issue, specifically as it applies to the latest in a line of unfettered chatterboxes carrying on an alternative press tradition, namely M.Jules Killam. K's crime, it appears, is not in what he writes but in the way he writes it. For the past three months, or longer, K's pages have contained frank references to the act of sex with a succession of unnamed (and one could presume K to have a foggy memory the morning after the night before) compliant courtesans. As a *Discorder* reader you are shocked, Lane Dunlop. But allow this one digression: you are not a *Discorder* reader, but a member of a television viewing audience. The television program is Oprah, the man in the soft, comfortable swivel chair

is M.Jules Killam. You are given the opportunity to peer through a window to the mind of a bragging, unself-respecting hollow shell of a wannabe scene maker who at least has the innocence to dig himself deeper into his convictions month after month. Rejoice in the knowledge that he has less to say than you; be Relieved that it's not you who is tossing off a page of stream O' consciousness open to public personal chat month; and Relax, because the more you or I get into the more the more K will believe that he is actually being taken seriously.

Hurrah! to *Discorder* for having the guts to print the truth about the JFK assassination attempt, now when will you see fit to print the truth about Twendoclebs?

I'd better mail this today (sic) before (sic) I (sic) change (sic) my (sic) mind (sick).

Too black, too strong,
Lenny Morgan
(immodest Twendocleb)
Vancouver, BC

Dear Airhead,

I don't really enjoy writing to you each month and complaining, but then again I have nothing else to do.

I was disappointed at your response to my letter last month concerning your monthly bit of misogyny, "Abattoir." I was expecting a "Shut up idiot, it's our magazine and we'll do whatever we want." You know, the standard *Discorder*, "we're better than you and even if we aren't, we have the last word." But instead all I got was something about my masturbatorial tendencies, which may or may not exist and is my own choice, and a weak "free speech" plea.

First, let's address the misogynist charge. Thank you for your definition, to applaud you on your objectivity of the dictionary. Maybe you should look up the word "hate" and what it means in the context of "the hatred of women." Hate results from misunderstanding and lack of respect. This misunderstanding and lack of respect can be propagated through what many view as humour. Just like racism. While I am not saying that M.Jules himself is misogynist, or even all of his writing, but a good portion of it is misogynist in nature. Whether it is funny or not is not the issue. The fact that publication of the "Abattoir" column is not only a "free speech" issue, but also a response to Mr. Dunlop's letter, you imply that he has merely fallen victim to Mr. Killam's clever ploy: to use the "almighty power of free speech" to bait his readers into reacting, presumably with disgust or outrage, to his "...sick...[and]hypocritical...ramblings." It is depressing to see *Discorder*'s editor fall into the swelling ranks of those half-informed, knee-jerk, just-out-of-colonialists' (and others) who wantonly cheapen the concept of free speech by hiding behind it whenever they are afraid to take responsibility for their words or actions. We've all heard the old saws... "Free speech is my right to say what you

speech" cop. Free speech seems to be the defence that is used when there are no redeeming qualities to defend something with. It is also used by editors when they are short on copy or don't really want to say no. While I do not wish to assume any form of censorship, I do think that good judgement needs to be exercised once in a while. Defending "Abattoir" on grounds of "free speech" is no different than defending Andrew Dice Clay or 2 Live Crew in the same ground. Yes, it's true that they both have the right to be heard, as does M. Jules, but I would have hoped that *Discorder* would have been able to determine whether "free speech" is a justifiable reason for printing something like "Abattoir." How far are you willing to go with your free speech defence? Where do you draw the line? Is the fact that you consider something humourous enough of a reason?

Well, now that I sound like one of those politically correct leftist liberals that M. Jules would like to see dead, I'm out of the woods probably then and allow "Airhead" to get in the last word. One unrelated thing before I go: Gav deserves some kind of medal for his letter last month. Many of us have stopped thinking for ourselves and have allowed the "right" and "wrong" writing spokespersons to do, what to think and do. Maybe *Discorder* should give Gav the "Abattoir" column so something intelligent can appear there for the first time.

Sincerely,
Lane Dunlop

Dear Airhead;

I'll admit that until I read your exchange with Lane Dunlop in last month's issue, I hadn't even looked at M.Jules Killam's "Abattoir" column, but only for the "right" and "wrong" issue, and I gave it a read. While I agree in the main with Mr. Dunlop's views on the column (although I'm more inclined to pass it off as merely dumb), I'm neither writing to support him nor to bitch about M.Jules; my beef is with you, "Airhead." There have been some glaring examples of low-quality material in the magazine lately, but January's "Abattoir," and your defense of it, have got me pig-biting mad.

First off, you defend your publication of the "Abattoir" as a "free speech" issue. In your response to Mr. Dunlop's letter, you imply that he has merely fallen victim to Mr. Killam's clever ploy: to use the "al-



don't want to hear," "I may not agree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it," etc... How long would these noble notions have lasted if they had been written: "Free speech is my right to write about 14 year olds with sexual juices gushing down their throats" or "I may not agree that scientists are no fun to fuck on, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it" My point here is not that Mr. Killam's views are offensive or that they should be censored, but that if you are going to unfurl the banner of free speech, think first about those who are routinely denied this right. I'd like to see Mr. Killam's top of their mailing list if he were jailed for writing the "Abstoir".

Take a look at your responses to other letters that offer you or the magazine some criticism, in the majority of cases, you might just as well have answered "Fuck you—I'm the editor. I'd like to see you try it." Your attitude reminds me of the precocious playground prick we all used to know who would routinely defend his or her actions with such gems as "It's a free country" or "Get off my property." Ok, you are the editor, and you have every right to respond in any way you see fit; my complaint lies in the fact that for the past couple of issues it seems the main function of the "Atheists" column has been to stir up as much resentment amongst its readership as possible. I wonder what role you see *Discorder* playing in the local media scene—if, as the magazine's critics all too often suggest, *Discorder* is nothing but a chance for a few spoiled UBC rich kids to jerk off in print, then stop reading right now; my point is moot. If, on the other hand, it is intended to provide exposure to and coverage of a musician/whatever "scene" that is routinely avoided by magazines such as the *Straight* and *Viz/Move*, don't you think you could take a slightly more supportive/paternalistic attitude? There are several new publications in town competing for *Discorder*'s readership and advertising dollars; why give them the extra help? Oh well, it's a free country.

Lastly, since you seem to have

an affinity for dictionary definitions, try this one on for size: Edit-(v) to reword for a purpose. What purpose did you have in mind when you sat down with the "Abstoir"? The article was idiotic and poorly written; I've read more informed sexual treatises in the Buchanan building bathrooms. Like Mr. Dunlop and countless others I've talked to, found Killam's article pointless and stupid and I suspect that deep down, you did too. If not, why the needlessly sarcastic response to Dunlop's letters. Don't get me wrong, the article and your response haven't made my life a walking nightmare, but it's a drag to see a magazine I've always enjoyed turn into something that bugs me. *Discorder* has always been fun and interesting to read, but things change, and the more you choose to ignore comments and opinions of your readership and more likely you are to lose it.

Just wondering what the fuck it is going on,

Bill Baker

Dear *Discorder*,
The best reason for reading your punk rawk mag is the column by M. Jules Killam.

Don't let this writer get away, pay this writer more, give this writer more space, buy this writer good beer, give this writer free concert tickets. This writer is like gold, this writer inspires me.

Michele Priesen

DICKHEADS ANONYMOUS

Dearest Scooter:

Your post response to Steve Smith's letter last issue, it's obvious you're the one who should "remove head from ass"—you've evidently inhaled one too many of your own farts and it's destroyed your Plamier's peanut of a brain. I wrote the SNFU article which appeared in the *Georgia Straight* under the pseudonym Dennis Bates.

Because I'm employed full time at a local paper, my editor told me I would have to use a pen-name to do the piece.

I assumed that wouldn't be a problem when the *Straight* contact-

ed me about writing it. As it turned out, there was a problem—the *Straight* has a policy of not letting freelance writers use pseudonyms. They made an exception in this case because I had already written the article.

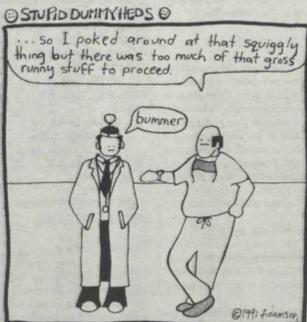
It's pretty clear why they have that policy—because of allegations made by dickheads like you. I used a pseudonym because I don't want to lose my job—what's your excuse?

As for referring to me as a "so-called freelance writer"—at least I get paid for my opinions asshole. I'll go out on a limb here and suggest it's going to be a while before you'll

other words, it's something that was added without my knowledge.

In your rebuttal you once again say the mistake was "Bate's error." That leads me to the conclusion you're used to reading things with your eyes half closed—most likely while boating your two inch blood bat to back issues of *Penhouse* "Forum".

If you want errors, take a look at your own copy. You can start with glaring ones such as the one you made when you stated: "...Steve Smith, 'Wan' is that the name of the loser from the Edmonton Oilers who scored on his own goal during game 7 of the NHL Stanley Cup Finals?"



DOCTORS WITHOUT DICTIONARIES.

be able to say the same.

Ludwig manager Steve Smith set a number of things straight in his letter in last month's *Discorder*. Obviously nothing he said managed to penetrate your thick, fucking postulate-infused head.

For example, I've never met the Ludwigs, and I certainly don't sing for them.

As Smith also noted, the reference in my *Straight* article to Chi Pig singing for the Ludwigs was made during the copy editing process—in

Steve Smith scored on his own goal in the Quarter Finals in the 1986 playoffs Mr. Shit for Brains. He was out on the golf course long before the finals took place.

That's just one of the facts you might want to try to get straight next time dickhead. On second thought, rather than worrying about getting your facts straight, maybe you should sit down and ask yourself why you've never been paid for any of the thimble-sized prose you produce.

In closing, you might want to

keep in mind that opinions are like assholes—everybody's got one. I feel very sorry for your mother—the's going through life with two.

Fuck you,
Mike Unger
Vancouver, BC

Dear Mr. Bates aka Mike Unger, let your rage really waste the reading populace to know who you are? I'd think about that twice after your incredibly intellectual "Airhead" letter. If this is a reflection of your work, in which you say you get paid for, I'd volunteer a guess that the publication you write for hasn't been the recipient of any prestigious awards.

I was hoping this issue was finally layed to rest because, quite frankly, everyone I've received so far (including yours) has been nothing but a forum for name-calling and profanity. I hope you realize what all this is doing for your integrity as a writer? If not, give Wig Wig a phone call and he'll be more than happy to rub your face in your rhesus-riddled rhetoric.

Thanks for the lefts, and remember, if you ever need some sense fumbled into your head give me a call and I'll use my "two inch blood bat." Keep up the good work.

Hugs and kisses,

Scooter

Dear Airhead/Gav,

Hey you are just too punk rock for me. "I sure don't have the answers because I choose to remain ignorant of all that goes on outside my small world..." Stay in your small world of living with me and dad in Tawassan, buying nips and watching *Degrassi* with Mike (the good looking one of the Jiggle boys).

Coral

ISLAND HOPPING

Hi I'm recycling this crapola ad while at the same time attempting to subscribe to *Discorder*. Please accept my greenbacks in exchange for many glorious issues of your informative newspaper. Because I feel so isolated from the rest of human

existence by living in Ucluellet, BC, I feel the need to read album and gig reviews of bands I'll never see. Toronto, you said "Let's say it's a burden be one with which I can live..."

Patiently awaiting my first issue,
Kemel Duckmanston
Ucluellet, BC

P.S. Yes, thank you, merci, for the article on Hump in the Feb. issue. Tracy Chester-Bennett will be the next guest somebody.

Hey Hey my friends,

I am Antony or Tony from the ULTRA SPLATTER CLUB. (Horror-Terror-Blood-Gore from cinema, books, comics and music.) ULTRA SPLATTER CLUB-Organizer: Live music, cine (movie projection), party with...Gore

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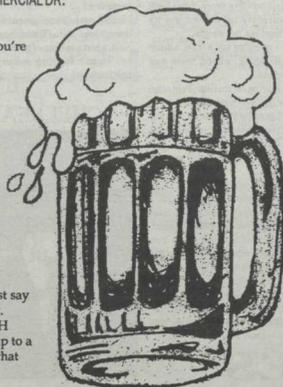
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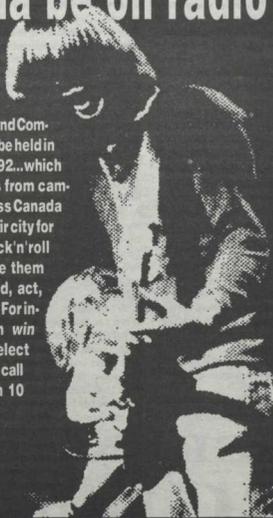
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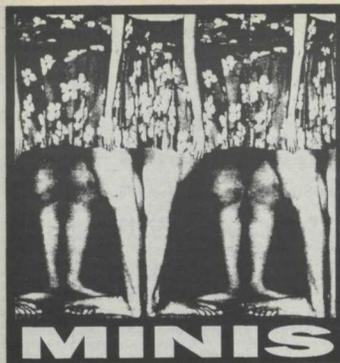
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T R E E P E O P L E

The Treepeople are a band that have been together for about three and a half years. Over this period of time they have moved from Boise to make Seattle their base, and they have released one EP that is as tough to find as their debut full length release for Toxic Shock records.

With *Something Vicious for Tomorrow*, their new record for C/Z records, Treepeople seem poised on the verge of something big. The new record promises to be more listenable (if that's possible) as the band has confessed some of their songs are leaning towards the pop side of the punk roots they emerged from.

Considering that some of the members of Treepeople used to be in the Boise hardcore band State of Confusion, we shouldn't expect anything along the lines of the Partridge Family. Bank on Treepeople bashing out some real gems that meander their way through a twisted path filled with loud guitar and sweet harmonies. They sound a little like earlier Dinosaur Jr. except that they aren't likely to hop onto the solo that never ends gigs as old J.(Mascia) might be.

The lads from the band were kind enough to exchange a few brief words with *Discorder* on a night that saw them play at the Cruel Elephant while big bad Bryan played the Coliseum. We always get the big story.

Something Vicious for Tomorrow features one of those grab-ya-by-the-collar-and-shake-the-hell-out-of-you covers and in support of the record the band plans a tour of the States once things begin to thaw out in the Spring. What's it like to be a band in Seattle when everyone and their dog speak of it being a mecca for music? "For the big bands it is OK but it is harder for the younger bands because everyone is so focused on the big bands; you can see the big bands any night of the week."

So one would assume that the scene in Seattle is fairly competitive? Doug Martisch of the band agrees, "Yeah, I think it is hard. Bands send out demo tapes everywhere and kind of bust their asses to get whatever kind of show they can." And in the face of this dog-eat-dog rock and roll madness Treepeople have won the hearts of the Seattle fans. Not long ago the band was bestowed with the dubious honour of being the most under-rated band in Seattle, an honour the bandsmen accuse upon mention. "I think it is enduring, it makes us the underdog. People seem to be pulling for us."

This might stem from the fact that the band has seen their share of adversity over the course of their existence. The EP they funded for their first release was plagued by a lost master (a remixed version of the original appears on the B-side of the upcoming record).

They had their share of problems with the Arizona based Toxic Shock label that released their first album and it remains to be a tricky one to find. We just received a copy at CTR and it was long overdue. Linking up with Daniel House of C/Z for the new record was a natural progression for the band. They had wanted him to release the first record but were too far into the Toxic Shock deal to pull out.

So, with the band on C/Z, drummer Eric Akre is now a labelmate of his sister Carrie of Hammerbox. Eric is also a drummer with a second band called Christ on a Crutch and, speaking of the members of the band, Steve Fisk and Stuart Hallerman are not members of Treepeople, a rumour started as a result of some lazy ass journalist type jumping all over the first and only names apparent on *Guilt, Regret, Embarrassment*.

On the first record there was a pretty smokin' version of the Bowie tune "Andy Warhol" written back in the *Hardy Days*. The new record features a Smith cover which "definitely sounds like a treepeople song." To me the Treepeople sound more like Boston than Boise, more east coast than west coast. The melody they insist comes naturally is just so, it is in no way forced and often times the band launch into a groove that makes you want to hold your lighter in the air when it is all done.

BY
STEVE WELLS

I couldn't believe it—the folks at *Discorder* actually trusted me enough to let me interview the Screaming Trees! I know they have the tendency to be kinds on the weird side, but this was insane! My first interview, and it was to be with Mark Lanegan, someone I've wanted to meet for ages. Mere words could not express my joy! Anyway, after a few technical misunderstandings and one cancelled interview, there I was sitting in the Town Pump, talking to the lung-god while guitarist Gary Lee Corner, bassist Van Conner and new drummer Barrett Martin (from Skin Yard) did something else. What, I have no idea; I was too busy being nervous about the interview and the fact that I was still too young at the time to really be in the Town Pump. I shouldn't have worried, though, because everything went well and I even got into the show.

Discorder: Why the Screaming Trees? Are you closet environmentalists?
Mark Lanegan: Oh, why the name? No, not at all. I got really shit-faced

one night, and that's what came up. And we stuck with it. There's no real meaning, it's just a name. There's two brothers in the band, do you ever get compared to the Black Crowes because of it? The Black Crowes? Nope, not that I'm aware of. There's a lot of bands with brothers: The Kinks, The Black Crowes... I never think of them because that music is really so different. I like those guys but nobody's ever said that. You've recently moved to Seattle, do you view yourselves as part of that scene? As part of the scene? We're based in Seattle. It's kind of hard to say, you know. I don't really. The Screaming Trees appeared on Sub Pop's *The Grunge Years*, would you classify yourselves as "grunge"? I don't even know what that means. When you think about it, I think sort of *Green River*... *Mudhoney*... Yeah, I guess. I thought those bands were pretty cool. But then again if you wanna throw me in that wet paper bag, I guess I'll go. Are there any bands coming out of Seattle recently that you like?

Oh, there's a lot of good bands that everybody knows. I like... Mudhoney, Nirvana, all that stuff. As far as other bands, I don't go out too much to see bands so it's kinda hard to say. There's a club in town on the back wall of which it says something like, "Sleepcapule are the best Soundgarden imitators around." Is there a lot of that going around, bands trying to be just like, say, Soundgarden, so they can get a deal? Ah, I don't know. I've never heard of Sleepcapule, so... Yeah, I'm sure there's a certain amount of that. There's a lot of bands that are kinda similar to one another in certain ways, but as far as that on purpose copying, who knows? You know have a reputation for having a really rambunctious live show, any comments on that? I myself just try to stay out of that usually. I try not to get hit. Any broken bones? Any broken bones? Ah, not in the last few weeks, so I guess I'm alright. Who does most of your songwriting and how much do you write? We all do it. All of us write, so it's pretty much a team effort at this

point. In the past the guitar player wrote the bulk of the music, about half the lyrics, on some older records. The record we're just getting ready to record we actually sat down in the same room and wrote together which we haven't done in years. Usually we were just sending demo tapes back and forth to one another and now it's kinda working out alright. You're starting on a new album soon. Basically, where, when and with whom? We're leaving on the fifth [Feb] to go to New York to record it. It's out in the woods up by Woodstock. We just wanted to get isolated and not have all the distractions of home. When are you going to try and get it out by? Maybe June, probably. I've also heard that you've got a new solo album coming out. Still on the theme of *Up With People*? Yeah, it's more uplifting stuff! You didn't know who *Up With People* were when I was talking to you last. They played the Superbowl half-time show (or so I heard). You tend to stay away from social or political criticism in your songs, any special reason why?

Everybody's got their bag. When I sit down to write something I'm not writing any message, unless it's more a personal thing. Some bands don't. I think we're more interested in personal shit. So do you see music as a form of escapism? I think it can be for the listener, for me it doesn't! Ha! Ha! There is no escape! So it's just a means of getting money, right? Getting money and chicks, huh?

BY
CHELSEA ROGERS

Well, you know, without that stuff what is there? Just kidding. I mean, I don't look at it as a platform for anything other than... just a means of legally acting like you! With the title *Uncle Anesthesia* and the cover having an *Alice in Wonderland* theme, I thought that also expressed some form of escapism. There is a surreal aspect to it but that's kinda how we see life; as strange or than fiction.



photo by Kai Komth

SCREAMING TREES SCREAMING TREES



photo by Greg Elsie

Nardwuar vs. Ernest Angley

Nardwuar: Hey, Mister Angley? I have a gift for you from my grandmother. A lucky chestnut.

You wha—?

A lucky chestnut from my grandmother.

God bless you.

Can you cure the summertime blues?

Oh, the Lord can cure you and give you some joy. The Lord is so good. The Lord is so good. God bless. God bless.

Can you cure stupidity, Mister Angley?

Oh, I wish you'd shut up, man. You're so—you're not funny at all—

No, I was just wondering—God's liable to strike you dead acting like you're acting and I don't believe in luck anyway, I

believe in the power of God. Now, I'll tell you, enough's enough and you need God, that's what you need... Acting like that, going off on the power of God. I don't know what you people are doing here anyway. And I don't know what you're here for, but I believe in miracles and if you were not so ignorant, you'd believe in God, too.

Thanks. Have a good lunch!

For a VHS videotape of this encounter which also includes actual scenes of Nardwuar getting "Saved" plus some other good fun clips, send five dollars to:

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The Poster Children are: Rick (guitar and vocals), his brother Jim (the oh-guitar), Rose (the bass guitar), and newest member Johnny (on the drums). The interview was conducted via telephone from Boston prior to their gig with Swervedriver at T.T. the Bear's. Here we go y'all

Discorder: So are you from Champaign, Illinois or Urbana, Illinois (as it says on the back of their Sub Pop 7")?

Rick: We live in Champaign but our p.o. box is in Urbana. It's kinda like a twin city but the college that's there blurs the two cities together into one.

I noticed that *Daisychain Reaction* (their second LP on Twin/Tone Records) was produced by the legendary Steve Albini. With your first LP being produced by Steve, as well as veteran producer Iain Burgess, why did you decide to go with Steve on this record, was it because he captured your live sound more in the studio...? Well, what happened with the last record was that we did demos with Steve, recorded about half the record, just to work out the songs in the studio, and then our intention was to work with Butch Vig for this record. But there was some time restrictions so we ended up not recording with him. On top of that, we sent the demos to Butch and he said, "I don't know why you're asking me to do this..." and that was fine because by that time we had agreed that all the stuff sounded great. So we thought we would go with Steve again.

There is a notable difference between the two on *Flower Flower*, where Steve tends to give your sound a little more depth, but I think that also has to do with the drummers on *Flower Flower* (there were two). Were they both in the band at one time or another? Yeah, they were both in the band at one point. Another thing too is that

those two recordings were done a year apart.

Right. Those two drummers have their own unique styles, but with your current drummer, Bob, do you notice a totally different style altogether?

Actually Bob's not in the band anymore, we have a new drummer named Johnny.

Oh really, so what happened there, why did he quit?

Well, he's going back to school and he just got married also, so I think he's just settling down for a while.

So you've gone through a lot of line-up changes then, because in addition to this, I understand your brother is now the new second guitarist (who replaces Jeff, who played on *Daisychain Reaction*). Has this posed as a problem in terms of touring, press photos etc.?

No, not really. Everything's been pretty smooth in terms of people leaving, and there was enough time between tours that we have been able to rehearse and get all the kinks out before we started touring again.

Getting back to the new record, whose idea was it to use live lemur on it, was it yours or Steve's?

Actually there no live, it's from a nature tape; a video tape that was playing in the control room while we were recording.

Well, what song does it come up on because I swear I've been listening to the CD over and over again, trying to find where it comes up...? It's in the middle of "Space Gun." It sounds a lot like guitar feedback, but it is a lemur."

Another thing I found interesting was the lyrical content on *Daisychain Reaction*. Do you find yourself writing about things and not really caring if the general populace understands what you're talking about?

I think the problem we have with lyrics is when they're taken sepa-

rately from the music. I mean the music comes first. You know, the melody and then the words fit around the music. They are a part of a whole, they're not poetry for people to take out, it's more for the music to hook on to.

It seems to happen every once in a while, that bands will tend to get clumped together in terms of where they're from; people will start to talk about the city more than the individual bands themselves. For example, people talked about a Seattle scene, and then it was L.A., and then New York, and now attention has shifted to the Mid-West, in particular Chicago. Do you like it when you are put in that type of scenario or do you prefer to stand out on your own in terms of being compared to other bands? No, not at all. I think it's great to be a part of a scene because it helps the other bands that you play with who are from the same area, and that's just gonna help everybody. It helps you and it helps the other band, I don't think it hurts anyone. To sit here and say that we're the only band from Champaign would be completely ridiculous because it would destroy any scene that we play to; it would hurt the other bands that we play with.

From reviews that I've read and from listening to your music, it would seem that there are elements of your sound that originate from or possess the same qualities as other Chicago bands, and I just thought it might take away from the fact that you use those qualities in different ways to set yourself apart from those comparisons...

Yeah, I have no problems with those kind of comparisons. There are a lot of great bands from Champaign too, and I sometimes think a lot of attention is taken away from what is going on in Champaign because we always get put into that "Chicago scene" and people tend to forget that there is a scene in Champaign. In fact, Rose and I are starting a

record label to help Champaign bands who don't normally have any access to that kind of a market.

Speaking of Chicago bands, I understand you have a friendly feud going on with the guys in Tar, is that still going on or has it stopped...?

I don't know, we'll see. Their last single was a response...to the Poster Children putting a photo of Tar on the back of their Sub Pop singles club 7"...called "Flow Flower" and they have a Sub Pop single coming out soon, so I don't know if they have anything in the works for that. We'll think about it, maybe there will be a track on our next record (due in the fall of this year) for them. We'll see...you never know what will happen.

BY
POSTER
RYCE
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There was a gay man from cartoon, Who took a lesbian up to his room. They argued all night, About who had the right, To do what, when & with whom. - Some limerick or another

Recently, I've been accused of being a "limey expatriate." I wasn't born in Great Britain, let alone England specifically so how can I be an exiled Englishman? And my mother's from Belfast, so if your brand of racism requires a label, you could try "Mick." If you do feel the need to insult me though, don't repeat what I say. If I call myself an idiot, don't come along & say, "Hyuk, I'll prove he's an idiot by sending in a letter saying I agree with him." Now that that's cleared up...

Sorry folks, unfunny this month. You have to understand, I am a serious man, these are serious times, & aside from the anchovies in my shorts, I just don't feel funny. It's also going to be incoherent. I've got this broad idea that only makes sense in dick logic, that strange affliction that comes from the dual curse of caffeine overdose & owning a penis.

No, I'm pretty used to being called names, racist, sexist, socialist, fascist, nihilist, apathetic & almost every word that ends in -ist.

And I'd say they're just words, but there's no such thing. I know how potent & specific words can be. Isn't that why Toronto banned

the Barenaked Ladies? Offensive words? So you have to think about the words you use. And I have. Here are my careful uses of the more common words for females: Girl; witty, relaxed, fun. Lady; dignified, but still fun. Woman; the rest or those I don't know. There is one special one, madame. With the accent on the last half, it means the same as lady; but with the accent on the first half, the implication is she keeps a brothel. If a particular word has a negative meaning, you can bet I'm using it because of that.

I try to consider every label people apply to me, for 3 seconds or so. If I had to worry about everything I did or said, I wouldn't have time to have fun.

But you gotta consider labels. Sadly, they're used to ridicule. Take the East Indian working at 7-11. So many a stereotype, it's a standard joke on the Simpsons. And I suspect the accent is perfect for other than realism.

Here's an interesting connection. The smegheads who insult me are the same people who laugh at racist jokes. Furthermore, they vote for people like David Duke. And those same people don't often graduate high school. And they don't like me?

Time to be serious. Stereotypes exist for reasons. People like having a character to relate to at first. Recognising the different facial structures between a Cantonese & a Japanese will tell you a fair bit about their respective diets.

It's also comforting to have a stereotype about your own people. Blacks like the idea they have more rhythm than anyone else. And the KKK likes the idea WASP's are inherently superior.

But when do these distinctions become bad? Is it okay to know the difference between a Dutch and a German last name? Is it okay to pay more attention to Quebec culture than Native American culture? Mulroney's quality of the latter, & I personally don't approve of it. Show's what good Micks are for.

Or should we even be concerned with distinctions? Do they actually exist? I must admit, aside from physical build, I can't see any big differences between men & women. I know a lot of women who are better with cars than I am. I know a lot of women who are worse at cooking than I am. It doesn't have to do with gender.

But, I'll admit, sometimes I prefer the company of one over the other. I have yet to meet a person who has freed themselves from the typical concerns of their gender. If one day I'm feeling particularly male, I'll hang out with the guys & talk about things that women can understand but never truly feel.

It's like orgasms. Women get flooded by them, & men only have a centralized throbbing. So even if you understand the other, you'll never experience one.

Or how about this. Suppose a man & a woman are sitting at a table & a pen or a lighter falls on the floor. The guy will use his foot, or his fork, or a napkin, or whatever, to try to bring it closer so he doesn't have to reach for it. The girl will be sensible & just bend down to get it. We're talking fundamental difference here.

People just sometimes feel more comfortable having to deal with the stress of someone who is fundamentally different. That's why men have social clubs & women have exclusive health clubs & the like. Can you pick out the one that is blatantly sexist?

Is the Politically Correct movement really improving things? Take the handicapped who were then impaired who are now people with disabilities, or the rap victims who are now rap survivors. Are these people getting treated any better? Are they being helped on an individual level yet? Just because they've been bunched together under a new name, their lot doesn't seem any better off. I've heard people use both "black" & "coloured" in the same vicious way as "nigger."

I wish I could stop noticing differences. If I'm hard though. If someone slaps a friend of mine for not being white, I'll have to acknowledge it as true before I can use it as an excuse to beat the ever-loving shit out of the son of a bitch.

People still have a problem with race. Here's some distressing evidence: Last year sometime, one of those magazines for 14 year-olds ran a survey asking if people would date someone of a different race. Of the readers who replied, a full 80% wouldn't. Show's what good Micks are for.

Guest who are the worst at preaching racism — musicians. Guns N' Roses advocates beating the shit out of women; Ice Cube encourages torching Korean groceries; and the closest thing to a minority in Bruce Springsteen's entourage is an Italian. And these people all live homes in Beverly Hills. Nice fucking equality.

Who the hell do we turn to? I'd rather not resort to Doug Copeland, supposed leader of our generation. He's probably a fine guy, but I have reservations about anyone who's made a documentary.

But what's the biggie with colour anyhow? The ozone layer's been noticeably disappearing for something like fifteen years & it's getting worse faster. I mean, I had a sunburn before Valentine's day, which is fine if I were a skier, but am not. Women's going to turn a nice café-au-lait colour by the turn of the century, so don't get your knickers in a knot.

Anyhow, it's time to talk about something useful. Equality & justice of the sexual type. Women in government or in the workplace — fine more power to them. I don't care one way or the other. The thing I'm interested in is what extreme feminists have problems with — social equality.

What I'm talking about is day-to-day interaction between women & men. For example, a woman has as much right to the remote control as a man does.

See. I wish women would tell men when they want to have sex. Games are nice & all but that date rape thing — yoiks.

No woman should have to be a subservient child-bearing wife (doesn't matter, I don't want kids). What equality is there in that?

And no matter what anyone says, I'm still going to open doors for a lady. It's what I do. Of course, I'd also do it for a gentleman.

I guess what really matters is this: as long as relationships start off equal, something can be worked out so people are comfortable with their roles.

I'm going way off-topic here so please forgive me. This is for my readers who still think I'm sane. It's about hair care. I've got classic unmanageable hair — too thick, too wavy, too long. It won't hold dye

for over a week, & no hairpin can control it for over an hour. You get the idea. But I know how to achieve blissful tresses. It involves my cat.

You have to understand this cat. He's a fat old tom who literally walks in the front door one day & furred. He also treats me as a fuckmate. Most important, he's a clean freak.

So he checks my hair. He takes some in his paw and gives it a sniff. If he smells dirt or shampoo or conditioner or dye or anything like that, he'll start cleaning my hair. But if he doesn't, my hair has passed inspection & it must be healthy & clean.

One thing before I go: on St. Patty's, raise a mug o' green beer & toast all those who are discriminated against. For whatever reason you want, just do. Okay?



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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEAMAN

Am I the only person who hasn't read (Vancouver resident) Doug Coupland's "Generations X"? Excerpts from the book have appeared in everything from *Slate* to the latest *Procced World* mag. It's worth a whirl I bet, but truth be told, I've been reading mass market gems like these two horror collections:

Shock Rock (Pocket books, \$5.99) **Horror Blood: More Tales of Erotic Horror** (Pocket books, \$5.95)

The best of these two tomes is *Horror Blood*, the second collection of erotic horror edited by Jeff Gelb (good luck finding *Hot Blood*, it's out of print). Here are 24 stories by as many writers. Sexy, not Sxist. I came across this recently, and immediately devoured five stories. I could have read more, but wanted to savour the experience. Wink wink, nudge. The tales are inventive and filled with humour (*Charge of Life*), infidelity (*The Braille Encyclopaedia*). This would have been a damn fine Valentine's gift!

Shock Rock is going to be flying off the shelves of convenience stores across the country. 20 tales with a rock-n-roll twist. Tongue in cheek? Well, with Alice Cooper writing the intro and most of the stories drenched in black humour this isn't the most

serious horror around, yet parts are quite spooky (and thus pleasing too). I most enjoyed Thomas Tessier's *Addicted To Love*, Nancy A. Collins' *Vampy Rule* (her latest *Vampyre* novel, *In The Blood* is great too) and F. Paul Wilson's tale of time travel. Old pro Stephen King's contribution is a typical yet welcome tale of a couple who get lost whilst driving and discover the hamlet of *Rock and Roll Heaven, Oregon* (why yes, he was at the wheel). Some might want to dismiss *Shock Rock* as a juvenile excursion. Bah! It's a fun, scary, revenge-filled (the bad guys almost always get it) 270 pages cranked to eleven. Dumb but Rocking.

Where were you when you heard Elvis had died? I was a shy-surlly 14 year old sucking on a Dr Pepper, walking back from the store with my pal Margaret Rose. My mom was taking the bus stop. We met at the corner of my block and she blew us away with the news. This was the first time a celeb of that stature had kicked-the-bucket during my lifetime. Well! That certainly called for a cigarette to cool our jangly nerves. We sat on the grass and talked about life. Mom went to work at the Post Office. It was a warm summer day (August 16th, 1977).

When the never-ending deluge of books on Elvis' life began to appear,

I was aghast. Geez, the guy was dead. Let him be. Well, commerce and "commemorative" often go together, don't they?

Last year music journalist Grell Marcus released his ode to "the King"...**DEAD ELVIS** (Doubleday, hc \$30.00), the only Elvis book I've ever owned (and one is plenty). Grell's approach to the subject is unique. We view the pop-culture image of Elvis' death; what Elvis "the image" has been up to since Elvis "the person" died blasted and pillled. The book is filled with keen images such as the *Death Ride 69* to cover *Elvis Christ*; a postcard containing a vial of E-boy's perspiration; a *Sun* reprint stating a statue of Elvis was found on Mars.

DEAD ELVIS also reproduces *Crem* mag's 1975 "Jungle Rock" script. This mythical temp cast Elvis as *The Good Boy Gone Wrong* in a teen film sendup. We find out about the wacky band *Dread Zeppelin* and read Elvis is considered one of the "revolutionary men of beauty" according to feminist author *Camille Paglia*. The book is culled from media sources; a clip from an article here; reproduced bits of an interview there...rearrange the pattern and...presto **DEAD ELVIS** has it's moments but truly, aside from it's great title, this tome doesn't turn up anything we haven't been hearing for years. Long live the King...blah blah blah.

And while we're on the subject of nostalgia, the definitive book on the Sex Pistols and Punk Rock, *England's Dreaming* (Faber, hc \$35.00, published in the UK and written by Jon Savage) has reached our shores. This history starts off with theurra folks who instigated punk, fashion shop owners in the early 70's and ends with a succinct discography. We see punk unfold before our eyes: The Ramones, Television, SiMS, Buzzcocks, 100 club, the film *Jubilee*, McLaren's shop *Sex*, the New York Dolls, pirate radio, *Sniffin' Glass* and outraged record companies.

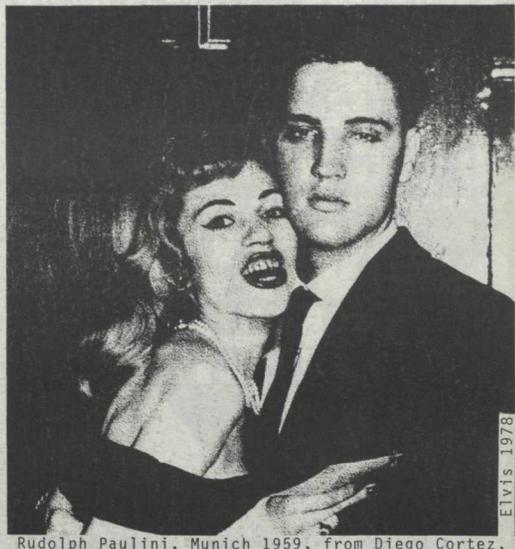
The focus always comes back to the Pistols: We see them form, tour, fight and shoot drugs, break up then, in Sid's case, pass away. The book has photos and graphics (concert posters) including lots that haven't been seen before (nowhere) a bo-

nus. Punk Rock, phase one, is documented just well in *England's Dreaming*.

...Now bookstore alert: **Fighting Words** located at 530 Robson (near Seymour) is selling new books and offering legal advice. Owner Mark Hicken has a law degree so he knows of what he speaketh. Books include a unique blend of legal material and entertainment stock...

Yo, cultured reader! Please note the following...**Spalding Gray** is coming to town. One of those gutsy types who performs solo, he'll be performing a new monologue entitled "*Monster in A Box*" at the Van-East Cultural Centre for a whopping six nights later this month...The Free Press Festival is taking over the WISE hall and other venues at the end of April (23 - 26). The theme this year is *Freedom of Expression*. Well, alright! The poetry bash, book readings, coffee bar

and hands on publishing technology exhibit should keep bookworms busy...Hello Seattle! I'm planning to do an expose on your "book" scene for an upcoming subtext. Any cool shop! I should know about? Writers? Send advice, books, gossip and directions to subtext (that's me!) which now has a box number (fancy, huh): Box 4636, MPO, Vancouver, V6B 4A1...please and thank you...Happy Reading everyone, subtext will return to these pages in May.



Rudolph Paulini, Munich 1959, from Diego Cortez,

FREE BOOK! For some lucky soul a copy of the classic *Freaks Amour* by Tom De Haven, written in 1979. Its the tale of two brothers Charles and Alan who grow up in the quarantined area of Freaktown ghetto, site of the aftermath of a hideous explosion. Disfigured from chemical fallout the brothers and their friends have to deal not only with raging gangs, hot wars, Death Eggs (the ultimate drug), and the pain of Love; but those damn Normals (folks not disfigured) are a real pain-in-the-ass. Write subtext, P.O. Box 4636, M.P.O. Vancouver, V6B 4A1 and I'll draw a "winner". This book is phenomenal! Its still in print, check it out.

PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. *ManWoman*, the peaceful artist from Cranbrook and shown in full tattooed glory in *Re/Search's Modern Primitives*, took the time to write and tell subtext.

If I had to be shipwrecked with only one book for the rest of my life, it would not be the Bible I would choose but *Lord of the Rings* by Tolkien, a spiritual book without guilt. My all time favorite! *The Transformative Vision* by José Argüelles I recommend to every artist. It's a history from the visionary point of view. William Blake, Vincent van Gogh and Paul Gauguin are among the visionaries elaborated with perception. Pack Yes by Reverend Wing F. Ping is about a new spiritual trip where "yes" is said to everything, including your own divinity. A humorous book named to be written by Tom Wolfe. *The Mystic Spiral* by Jill Purce is a heavily illustrated picture

book on the use of the spiral to signify the infinite, eternal source of existence. For those interested in cosmic symbols.

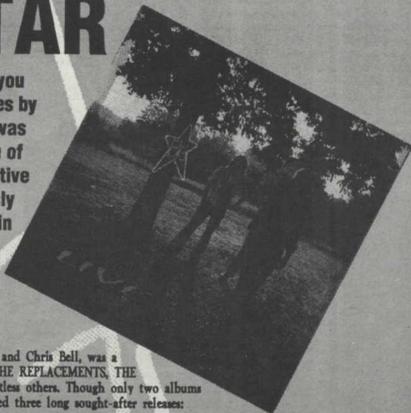
I wrote my own book on a cosmic symbol this year—special introduction by José Argüelles. It's called *Genie Swastika* (not published yet) and is about the universal use of the Swastika as a sacred symbol and good luck sign, concentrating on the period just prior to WW11 when it was used by the likes of Coca Cola and Rudyard Kipling!

And, last, but not least, *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo, a great book!

I read the unabridged version but I recommend the abridged because Hugo uses this book to rant about the politics, the poverty, the injustice, and the misery of life at the time. Most of the references to events and battles mean nothing to us now. This is a great book with a great hero, Jean Valjean. Did you know that there's a religion in Vietnam that worships Victor Hugo as one of its saints? (*ManWoman* wrote of some other books, with regret, that old demon "lack of space" keeps me from printing 'em. I'll mention these when I review his tome *Genie Swastika*, which could be out this year...!)

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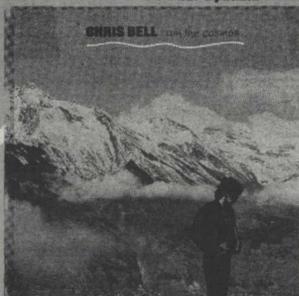
BIG STAR, formed in 1972 by Alex Chilton and Chris Bell, was a band that influenced musicians as diverse as THE REPLACEMENTS, THE POSIES, PRIMAL SCREAM, THIS MORTAL COIL, and countless others. Though only two albums came out during their brief career, DENON has unearthed three long sought-after releases:

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Like everyone else who isn't getting paid to write a Bruce McDonald interview, I'm going to say I like his first movie, *Roadkill*, the best.

Still, here is a Canadian who, unlike many, has not bitten the Canon hand that fed him because he never relied on it in the first place. Soliciting people in unorthodox ways that have gotten him arrested and apologized to, the *Georgia Straight*—carrying the name for anarchy that it does—deemed Bruce McDonald “Anarchist Filmmaker,” subtly overlooking the fact that *Roadkill* is coming out on video via Cineplex this summer, or that he was holding a press conference in the Westin Bayshore, with a rather large chaperone at his side.

Bruce's focus is not on anarchy (as is no one's in the business of getting their message heard), rather, McDonald's focus is the steps you average cog takes towards anarchy and all the fucked up policies and disenchanting turmoil you run into along the way. Quite naturally he gets under the establishment's skin, but he does it with enough validity to award his latest film, *Highway 61*, the media push it demands.

Bruce lashes out at his idea of the typical Canadian “small town boy moved to the big city with a Tennessee Williams script” film, introducing the angry canuck instead of the lapdog we've been allowing to sniff our croch for years. The last film festival gave Mr. McDonald a personal escort out to the airport for alleged rowdy antics that me and a pack of college jerks could've gotten him to expand on.

DISORDER: I've got a friend who's an actor playing Jesus in *Jesus Christ Superstar* in Small St. Mark's right now, and one night he phoned me up on mushrooms, on the brink of suicide. We talked for a bit and he eventually got back on track saying that after he saw *Roadkill* he realized that anyone could do what he wanted to do. And that was his inspiration for going on; he didn't kill himself and eventually got this job as Jesus...Did you do *Roadkill* to prove any kind of point?

Bruce McDonald: The whole test was: can we make a film for this paterfamilial amount of money. We did it in 3 months from conception to the final print. You know, just what's really fast.... That's great if people can say well if McDonald can do that I can do that. Kind of like Jimi Hendrix listening to Bob Dylan and trying if he can sing if he can sing I can sing.

JOEY RAMONE

I'm a big fan of him from way back; we sent him funky letters and a piece of roadkill. Joey was, I guess, charmed by all this and agreed to do the part for a flight, a hotel, and all the cheeseburgers he could eat.

AMERICANS & GUNS

This little old lady pulls out her Nancy Reagan special like it was a cheese book. We wanted to rent her boat for the last shot (*Highway 61*, mind you) it was probably the energy there because we were all twenty and the son was fuckin' goin' down so we were sayin', “Hey, AHHRRR, we'll rent this rowboat off you real quick, ARARARARARARARRRRR.”



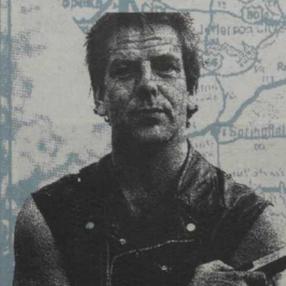
Bruce McDonald

MAINSTREAM FILM

It's soulless, people lose all sense of expression. It's like selling sausage or any other product like, “We've got Devito blablablah.” L.A. is the centre of the world.

ART BERGMANN

He's a loose cannon, I couldn't find him anywhere. If he had've been at the party I wouldn't have gotten taken to the airport, I would've been taken downtown. I made Art a German rockstar in *Highway 61* because his lyrics and music seem kind of Berlin, and *Highway 61* to me it's a kind of fucked up place where no one really belongs.



Art Bergmann

Bruce McDonald

The Movie

SUDBURY

Something you never see in the movie industry... you never see on TV... it's like a forest outside of the urban center. Toronto, Montreal, and Vancouver, media-wise, is an inviolable nation. People under 30 really dug us filming there, then there were these establishment Sudburians who thought we were negatively showcasing Sudbury. One woman came up to me live, and said, “How can you show Sudbury populated by drug addicts, freaks and serial killers? That's disgusting!” and she stormed off. She was from the Chamber of Commerce and I guess she figured the movie wouldn't help Tourism Sudbury or something. It's a good drug town.

RON MARR

He was a big inspiration for me. He just said “Fuck it, I'm making a film” and at 21 he did *Magpie* a *Sonnet*, about jazz players. Well, he made a film about performance artists. I got my first film-related job through him picking up Jim Carroll from the airport (and taking him to the methadone clinic) then I got this job editing *Comic Book Confidential* for him and I got more into film and reading comic books.

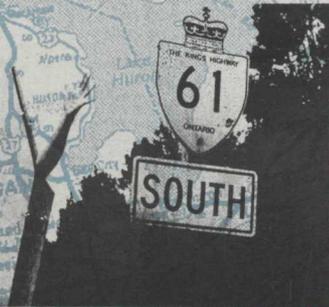
WHICH ONE DO YOU READ?

Treaty like *Yummy Fur* and *Dirty Plotte* from Montreal, *Love and Rockets* no so much any more... *Art Spiegelman* from New York. *Fish Man* from Chicago. Ontario is great. It's about this guy who has the power to clean fish talkatiously and then he comes up with this metaphysical problem “Where does the dirt go?”

WHO'S THERE

Arrested in New York City for trespassing: west side on Canal Street, this broken-down building, artists have been breaking in and painting amazing things. There was this clear coffin with an Andy Warhol figure inside holding a can of Campbell's soup with a tube running from it into his nose. I was in there with some friends and a camera, we got rowdy and I guess the port authority called the cops. I used the footage in a film called *Knock Knock* which was all about going into people's bedrooms. I still have this fancy letter from the Whitehouse framed up on my wall saying “Ron and Nancy are busy the day you want to come into their bedroom” or something equally as classic.

Highway 61



STEREOTYPES

I mean the funeral director at this little Indian guy, you don't see that everyday. I like the fact that the girl in the movie was bad. She wasn't the romantic sidekick, she was the most of for things and she did bad things. She modeled after an old girlfriend of mine who eventually became a filmmaker. She just released a film in Toronto called *Toxic Steam* about some 16 year old girls. Her name's Adrian Mitchell. I had Chad Acker in *Roadkill* but we had to edit the scene out.



Jello Biafra

JELLO BIAFRA

He wanted about a grand for his pan, but he was into it because he got to be on the other side of the desk—an actual customs official. His whole conception of evil in America is that evil in America is done by men in small rooms.

Whoa Dad! It's Pierre Berton!

by Nardwuar the Human Serviette.

Nardwuar: Who are you?
I'm Pierre Berton. I have "journalism" on my passport. I think that's good enough.

How old are you, Pierre, if I dare may ask?
I am seventy-one years old. I was born in 1920.

Weren't you once a member of CTR Radio?

No, there was no radio at UBC when I was there. There was a radio SOCIETY, and once a week we did a half-hour radio broadcast on CJOR in the old Grosvenor Hotel. In 1941, we didn't have a radio station.

It was called RadSoc, wasn't it? And RadSoc went on to become CTR so I guess you could say I am a descendant of Pierre Berton in some respects. Follow me anyway.

Is Canada falling apart?
No, it's just doing what it's always been doing: talking about falling apart.

Might apathy really be Canada's biggest problem?
Apathy is everyone's biggest problem. I think at the moment people aren't so much apathetic as they are fed up; fed up with the government, fed up with the Constitution argument. They just want to go back to earning some money and they're all broke and nobody has a job. Actually they're apathetic about other things. For most people, the most important thing isn't the Constitution; it's bread and butter.

Who is the American equivalent of Pierre Berton?
I don't think there is one. I don't fashion myself against anybody. I am not particularly happy about comparing myself with an American.

Are you known in the United States?
I am known in small circles. I published quite a few books there and some of them did well but I'm not a household name or anything, no.

Are you allowed across the border freely, Pierre?
Oh sure, I go across all the time.

Is there a difference between an American and a Canadian? There is an enormous difference, we just have the same language and the same suits.

I went to a Neil Young concert last summer—don't know why—and there were all these dorks there waving American flags, which I'm sure passed Neil because I think he actually played the Star Spangled Banner. How do you view Canadians such as Mr. Young who seem to have given up on Canada?

Well, people in my business go where the work is. I used to have Neil on my knee when he was two years old—

Wow, that knee right there!
Well his father was a good friend of mine; we worked together at *McLean's*. No, Neil went where the work was, where the recording contracts were. Things are a little bit different now, people like Gordie Lightfoot and Anne Murray can stay here but Neil didn't feel he had to. I don't object to it.

How come power-luncher Alex Trebek deserted Canada while news guy Peter Mansbridge has remained true to our nation?

It's a personal decision. I think Alex Trebek was offered a pretty fancy job in the States and took it. Peter Mansbridge was offered a pretty fancy job and didn't take it. He preferred to be in his own country. Myself, I stayed here. Authors really don't need to move around much these days. Nobody does with television and fax machines.

Does "Banal Adams" have any legitimacy in saying the CanCon ruling is bogus?

No, none at all. He is quite wrong. It is fine for him, but he doesn't need the CRTS because he's a big-shot and makes a lot of money. People who need the CRTS CanCon ruling are people who are starting out. Bryan Adams would not be where he is today were it not for the pioneers who pioneered a system whereby a certain amount of Canadian music had to be played. That's why Anne Murray is big. That's why Gordon Lightfoot is big. That's why a lot of younger groups are coming on and getting their stuff heard on Canadian radios, because Canadian radios, normally, would take the easiest course and just run American records if they were allowed to. And they shouldn't be allowed to.

Do you think the CRTS is going to give in and let "Banal

Adams" have his way so he can become Canadian Content?

No, they're not going to change for Bryan Adams; Keith Spicer has made that very clear.

On another goofy subject, are you aware of the Barenaked Ladies bondage in Toronto?

I think you can't not be aware of it, seeing as it's been on the front pages of all the newspapers. It's asilly, stupid, foolish controversy. The band took this name, which is an ingenious name, and the old fogies at city hall got all upset. Now they wish they hadn't because everyone is pointing a finger at them and laughing.

Is Leonard Cohen the coolest Canadian ever?

Well, I don't know if he is THE coolest, but Len is pretty cool, yeah. Good poet, terrible singer.

Who are some other Canadians who have gone unheralded?

I think most people get recognition unless they don't want it. Maybe Charles Saunders isn't heard of now, but he was in his day. I don't know. Maybe Bliss Carmen isn't known anymore, but he was in his day. I just made a list of one hundred twenty-five significant Canadians over the last one hundred twenty-five years for a magazine. I made a list of two hundred fifty there to cut it down, there were so many of them, you know. I used to tell Morley Callaghan he was the most recognised unrecognised Canadian who ever lived. Everybody was saying they hadn't heard of Morley Callaghan but in fact they had. People will rise up to the top like cream if they're good.

I bet Wayne Gretzky is on that list.

Uh, no, he's not. The only two sports people on the list are Conn Smythe and Foster Hewitt. I didn't put performers in any field on the list because I think the people who make the climate proper for the performers are the significant ones. If you put Wayne Gretzky on, you would have to put two hundred other hockey players on and you wouldn't have a list.

What about that lady in the 1890s who became a doctor—she disguised herself as a man, is she on your list? What was her name?
Doctor Barry. No, she isn't on

the list. She managed to pass herself off as a man for most of her life. In those days, I guess she didn't undress in front of anybody else. It was only after she died that they found out she had a child somewhere. It's a fascinating story.

Have you ever met any United States presidents that you've liked?

I have never met any United States presidents, liked or not. But probably would have liked Jimmy Carter. I certainly would have liked Franklin D Roosevelt, and I think I would have liked Harry Truman. I'm not so sure about the others. I probably would have liked John F Kennedy, he's a likable guy. But I've never met them so I wouldn't know.

Did President Kennedy really infiltrate the Canadian election of 1963 to help to influence Canadians not to re-elect John Diefenbaker?

I haven't the slightest idea. I don't know.

Have you seen JFK?
Have I seen him?

Have you seen him and have you seen the movie?

I've seen JFK. I covered the convention which nominated him for leader of the party. No, I haven't seen the movie. I don't think I will see it. They make a hero out of sleazy man called Garrison who hounded a poor wretch called Clay Shaw to his death. I've met Clay Shaw and I don't doubt that Garrison, for political reasons and for political stance, drove this man really almost to his death. The man was totally acquitted of everything and now this guy Garrison is made a hero. He isn't a hero, he's a rat.

Hey! But was it not revealed in 1973 that Clay Shaw had actual links to the CIA?

I don't know but he certainly wasn't involved in my conspiracy against Kennedy. I tend to think these conspiracy stories are bunk.

Could a governmental coup ever topple Canada? I have heard of environmentalists having meetings at UBC infiltrated by CSIS members. Is CSIS that dangerous and scary?
No, it's rather incompetent as a matter of fact. But you couldn't

have a coup in this country; it's too big, it's too long, there are too many mountain ranges in the way. How are you going to control the country? Impossible! You might take over Winnipeg or Saskatchewan or something, but you couldn't take over the country.

What was Pierre Trudeau really like?

You pretty much got what you saw. He was an intensely private man. He had a very strong intellect. He had the Jesuit ability to argue you to the ground. If he didn't wrestle inflation to the ground, he certainly did wrestle it from a lot of other people verbally. I knew him casually. Once, long, long before anyone would have thought he was going to be anything, when he was simply a dilettante, we had him on a program about separatism. I liked him. In fact, I voted for him at one point.

Is he on your list of one hundred twenty-five important Canadians?

Yes. There are four Prime Ministers I think are great. He's one of the four. The others are John A [Macdonald], Wilfred Laurier and Mackenzie King. I also put Lester Pearson on the list for a different reason because he started the peacocking process. And John Diefenbaker, although he was a very bad Prime Minister, I put on the list because he represents a form of Prairie populism which I think is significant.

Does the "Mulroney" really really hate Trudeau?

John A Macdonald said, "No politician can afford the luxury of hate or revenge." I don't think politicians hate each other; I think they are opposed to each other. I don't have the slightest idea what Mulroney's private feelings are. He doesn't indicate if he does or he doesn't.

Many Canadians will recognize you as the guy on Front Page Challenge. You're your thirtieth year on Front Page Challenge?
Thirty-fifth.

That's one of the longest running television shows in history, well, Meet the Press in the United States, I know, has run longer. It's the only one.

Have any headlines on Front Page Challenge really ever stumped you? Are there any ones that you have kicked yourself for not guessing?

Oh, about half of them stump me. I think my batting average is about 50/50. My mother was on

Front Page Challenge and I didn't recognise her.

Really? Did they have a voice disclaimer or something?

I guess they did. I don't really remember. It was such a long time ago. The last one was my daughter Patsy and I didn't get her either. She was on because a book of mine called *The Secret World of Og* had reached its thirtieth anniversary and she made a new cover for it.

So the next thing you know I'll be on Front Page Challenge. You never know.

And hopefully you'll guess who I am, Nardwuar the Human Serviette from CTR Radio here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, Cable 102, FM 102. Is Canada's national sport really lacrosse?

No, it's quite obviously ice-hockey, it used to be lacrosse. In some ways it maybe should still be lacrosse, which is an ingenious, wicked sport but our national sport has been and always will be hockey.

Finally, Pierre, and thank you very much—I say thank you again because it's really an honour to be speaking to you since you're such a distinguished Canadian... Do you like to be known as a distinguished Canadian?

I hate it. It makes me feel like a has-been to be called distinguished. I'd rather be called a radical, or a rebel, or anything else other than distinguished.

In the 1960s, like William S Burroughs, did you ever use hallucinogenics to enhance your writing?

Not unless you count pot, grass, but not to enhance my writing. I would never write one word under the influence of either drug or alcohol: it throws your timing right off. I know when I go on a television program, or a radio program, or a public speech, I wouldn't take one drink; I wouldn't smoke even one joint because that throws your timing off; it throws your thinking off. It throws everything off. If you want to be sharp, stay sober.

But you did experiment with marijuana then?

I didn't "experiment" with it I just smoked it. It wasn't an experiment. The kids had it and we were sitting around and we used to smoke joints. I still do. I smoke with my kids.

All right. Thank you very much, Pierre. Keep on rocking in the free world! Okay. Thanks.

Calendar of Nights



WEDNESDAYS
Reggae Night
with DJ George Barrett

THURSDAYS
College Night
with DJ Noah

FRIDAYS
Panic
with DJ Chad
[Free cover before 10 pm]

SATURDAYS
Beyond The Dance
with DJ Noah

Doors Open
At 9:00 pm

GRACELAND

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The call has been issued forth for all interested parties to submit ideas and designs for **DISORDER** t-shirts! Send any drawings, doodles, and the like to us at Rm.233, 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, B.C., and we shall shower you with gifts...or at least your very own 100% cotton masterpiece.

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FOR FREE STICKERS OF THIS AD SEND A S.A.S.E.

On February 7-9, nine UBC students joined the Walk for the Rainforests on Vancouver Island, beginning in the Walbran Valley (adjacent to Carmanah) and covering 20km before reaching the Legislature in Victoria on February 22.

Although we were only able to be present for the start of the two week's activities, we all felt moved by the events and surroundings of the weekend.

Our drive, which took us deep into clearcut country, turned out to be an eventful journey. Three breakdowns left us playing running games to keep warm, and the blackness of night was made eerie by the silhouettes of stump and slash around us.

Although we were pointedly aware of the unnatural openness around us, the full shock of the massive destruction did not set in until we were to return in full daylight.

The morning fog we parked at the end of the logging road; the West Walbran Trailhead. We spent two hours wandering among the giant trees, following the trail to "Pooh's Corner," where a stream wound its way through moss-stream-

of the clearcuts, in which we spent the better part of two days. Following are some individual accounts of our experiences:

When walking through the valley bottom, looking around their

me, but the feeling that if I closed my eyes, I couldn't visualize how the area looked before cutting. All life was gone: the unexpected lakes and streams, no wild-life, few plants; the beauty was gone.

important that everyone sing because the trees would hear them and know people



ers and overhanging plants, following its course to Anderson Lake.

Prior to beginning the Walk, the forty participants formed a circle to symbolically strengthen our common purpose and bond. We sang for the forest and for our spiritual communication, and we set out with high spirits from the deep green of the forest into the bright, stark areas left behind by the retreating logging trucks.

Most of us returned with some very lasting impressions

was so much to see: the beauty and the diversity, both biological and ecological. I saw so many characteristics, so many personalities of the rainforest.

As we started our walk on the logging roads through the extensive clear-cut, it was overwhelming to see how everything had been wiped out. However, it wasn't the way the clear cut looked that deeply bothered

It made me feel alone, empty and heartstricken to think that at one time the area was beautiful, majestic, and all that was now gone.

I was reminded of something very important by a woman who spoke

ple still cared. I could not erase this image from my mind. Afterwards, during the march, I felt as though these trees had eyes and could see everyone walking down the logging roads.

The banner, which we carried, took on a significance by showing them we still cared. These trees became my friends and I felt a great sorrow at seeing them slaughtered in the name of paper plates and paper cups in our disposable society.

I began to feel sick as we approached a particular clear cut, whose white stumps looked like headstones in a graveyard. I could only imagine how the trees must have felt looking out at this landscape of death.

It was awesome to awaken in an old growth forest, to feel the mag-

ic of life, to witness the breathing of trees, the singing of birds, the chanting of streams, the dreamy land of the ancient rainforests. I let the life and vitality encompass me: filling my lungs with fresh air, drinking in the crystal clear water, and just being part of the complex world of nature.

As we left the beauty of the forest behind, and entered the clear cut zone, I could only ask "Why?" and shudder at the knowledge of what this graveyard had once been.

We drove through the rainforest. I didn't see the trees at night, but during the morning it was phenomenal; we walked out of the Walbran and up the logging road for six or seven miles. Only once, for a brief 10 minutes, were the clearcuts out of view.

I have seen many different kinds of clearcuts: They cross roads over entire valley floors, all clearcut in between; mountain root clearcuts; slabs of mountain clearcuts; bald eagle, shaved-

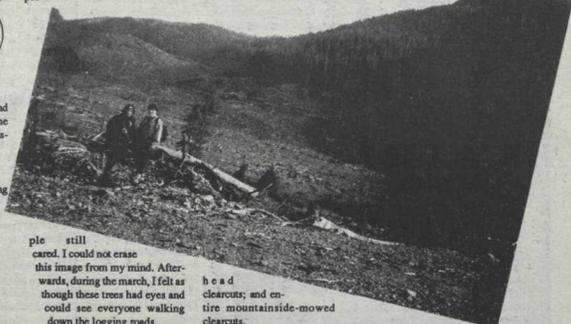
fore it hits me, soothing sounds to help put me to sleep, and warm rays of sunlight to wake me and help welcome the new day. So many gifts given freely to me....

The tree stumps; graves calling out to me, shaming me, and I find myself silently asking them for forgiveness.

What struck me hardest about the vast emptiness of the clearcuts was the idea that such a small amount of people could make the decisions to destroy whole mountainides of forest, whole ecosystems, whole habitats for a whole range of wild-life. These decision makers are not representative of the population, nor are they acting in a responsible way. The rates of cutting have advanced far ahead of actual environmental technology. Now that the forest industry is faced with the decline of prime old growth areas to exploit in the future, and with erosion and disease effecting replanted areas and washing out roads, they have been forced to study the ecological impacts of their practices. Perhaps if the industry had been more responsible rather than greedy, we wouldn't have to deal with the huge conflicts that we are faced with today.



during the daily ritual. Her expression was quite moving. Although the trees heard the destructive sounds of logging trucks day after day, it was



h e a d clearcuts; and entire mountainside-mowed clearcuts.

Bleached stumps, white, reaching out to sunlight everywhere, in red earth and beds of light green moss. This is what strikes you: these bleached white stumps dotting the landscape, whiter than driftwood, they even stick out between the green stalks of possible trees, in the replanted sections.

The clearcuts, the hot air rising off the dirt roads, cracked and bleached much drier than in the shade of the forest; all of it ceases to affect you after a while.

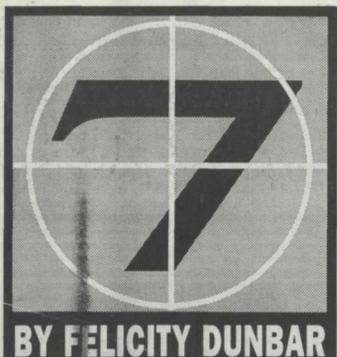
The branches and leaves wave at me and welcome me here while the wind washes slowly through my hair and opens my eyes, reminding me that I am alive. The forest is so accepting of my intrusions: providing me with a clearing in which to sleep, branches to catch the rain be-

Thank you to TRAC (Temperate Rainforest Action Coalition) and all associated community groups for the opportunity to take part in supporting the last old growth forests of Vancouver Island.

The Walk for the Rainforests is just the first of many public awareness activities that will be taking place throughout Rainforest Summer 1992.

Tune in to CITR on March 5 for the 24 hours on the environment.

Angela	Shirley
Elise	Mikhail
Jennifer	Rose
Shelley	Ralph
R.J.	



Hello readers, my name's Grant and I am now officially writing the "Seven Inch" column from this day forth. Felicity Dunbar simply had too much on her plate and felt the need to move on so I got the job! Lucky strike, no?

I kinda noticed there was something wrong when there hadn't been a "Seven Inch" column in a couple months. Now, because of that simple fact, I'm going to catch up with the old snafus.

First on the list parade is a slew of singles from Seattle's Empty Records. I think it's a clear fact that this erupting label now holds the best recorded talent in the NW. Besides the obvious staple of Gae Huffer, a new combo named Zip Gun have exploded onto the scene with their new platzer "Together Dumb." The music is really fine

funk rock; I mean that angst-ridden, deep-throated Americana punk rock. Two great songs from a wild new group. As well as the flabby Joe Newton cover set, there are some cool photos of Zip Gun on the back. They look like complete delinquents...

Also on empty are Yummy's "Happiness / Piss in Boots," Stepping a notch down from the grace and the fitness of Zip Gun stumble these nolkily stupid, drunk-punk songs. The lyrics are completely mindless, though Yummy are lucky enough to fall back on their loud and pratty guitars. "Piss in Boots" sounds like Billy Childish-meets-Mohrhead. More great Joe Newton cover art on this one as well.

The most impressive single from empty as of late has been the offering from Portland's Cracker-

bash. "Jasper" is an incredible pop-punk song that is sure to wind up an Oregonian anthem! The vocals are very unique in the sense that they are almost happy, straining moan; real weird, but it works great. I can't wait to see this band pull it off live. Reminds me a lot of the pop side of the Descendents.

I also was lucky to get a hold of the shiny *Red Vol. 2 on the Way Out* Records of Victoria. This volume features Victoria's **Show Business Glants** and Seattle's **Squirrelles**. The **Show Business Glants** really let it go with the hot big band sound of "All Night Man." "You Are A Loper" is an amazing punk tune with very audible rock and roll melodies stuffed under the **Show Business Glants** "now" sound. The **Squirrelles** continue to refuse to let real pop music die in the form of their warped renditions of "The Bird Song," "Season in the Sun" and the really fucked "Hurtle."

On the complete opposite end of the spectrum still is the **Leaving Trains** "Rock and Roll Murder" on SST. This is a great single emphasizing the frustration of living in today's society. It's a low-fi rocker that shrieks about the atrocities of the USA: the Kennedys, Malcolm X, et al. The B side features "Fuck You God" (I'm already living in hell) and "Kids Wanna Know"; more good songs about the wrong of love.

New from Dionysus Records of LA is the **Hoods** "You Won't Take Her / Mystery Train." This is a gem. It's really cooking R&B and double time rock and roll, complete with wild guitar solos and great harmonized vocals. The **Hoods** are a fairly new group who hail from the dark side of San Diego who have mooseho potential to make waves in this Land of the

Lost. The **Hoods**: "pass the dynamite, 'cos the fuse is lit."

Speaking of southern California and great record labels, **Sympathy For The Record Industry** has recently released three "classic-potential" seven inchers by one of the world's greatest pop bands, the **Pooh Sticks**. The **Pooh Sticks** are from Vancouver, Wales and are, simply put, the best thing to come out of that country since Dylan Thomas himself. The three singles are all instant collector's items. The first (my fave) is "Young People/Crazy Love." I'll tell you right now, "Young People" is one of the best songs I have ever heard. It is an anthem to the youth of the world to get off their asses and to do something in a positive way. The song has a wonderfully rich '70s sound with a singalong chorus you won't be able to shake for days. Disc 2 is another killer with the instant hit "Time," "Emergency," and "Tonight" are all great with "Emergency" coming through with the gold. It's a brooding stomper complete with a siren; that's a key! Get these babies while they last. Join the **Pooh Sticks** revolution now!

After that time, you'll think nuthin' could be better...well I found one! A new split single with the sizzlin' sounds of the **Cruddy Record Dealership** starring **Girl Trouble** and the **A-Bones**. Besides the surreal and valuable Peter Bagge cover art, it's been a highly anticipated and talked about single from two of the best rock and roll bands in America. Another obvious similarity between

these two bands is that they both feature great drummers: Miss Bon Von Whetlie on the **Girl Trouble** team and Miss Miriam Linna on the **A-Bones** side. It's almost impossible to choose which song is the best on this chunk. They are both amazing songs that scream with everything that is missing in today's corporate music world. I'm calling this ultra-cool, split single a draw and the best collaboration of musical genius in a long while. Oh yeah, one more thing: Sister Bon Von Whetlie, ride with us, Saint Kahuna, ride with us, Saint Dae The Whale, ride with us, and Saint KP Kendall, please...ride with us.

And that, my friends, concludes my first wee column on the greatest form of popular music, the seven inch vinyl record (most preferably on 45rpm). In my lustful hunts for goodtime music I felt there was but one large gap: Van-

cover. No local singles! Why? Every month in Seattle several indie singles are released. Yet in Vancouver nothing has been, and is independently on seven inch vinyl in months? Why? Do bands in Vancouver suck? No, I don't really think we suck too badly. So what's the deal? Do bands in Vancouver want attention? Do they want to support and people to like them, and from the looks of Vancouver rock and roll, they haven't been that successful. And don't tell me records are impractical. Get with it and garnish some of the attention the talent in this town deserves. See you next month.



BY JUNE SCUDELER

Welcome to another edition of **Mekankal Objekt Noize**, *Discorder's* industrial/ambient/noise column. There's tons of reviews coming up, so let's get started, shall we? Spiral Records, a local record company, has recently released *Sound Generator III*, a compilation that was mentioned briefly in the last thrilling installment of your fave column. The songs range from guitar pop to hard electronic.

Swanyard's two offerings "Ghost" and "Crash" sound pretty similar and are definitely electro-pop whereas **Sect's** "Variance" is minimalist, repetitive music that is obviously done on old equipment, arresting nonetheless. Emily Farny contributes a German torch song and the Native artist Russell Wallace, who works under the name of **Dreamspeak**, does one of the CD's more intriguing tracks about

Oka, "Indian Summer." **Dreamspeak** has just released an album, *Bloodlines*, which deals with Native children being raised in non-Native foster homes. Who said electronic music is boring?!

One of my current favorites certainly has to be **Fishbones** and **Wishbones** (DOU/SILENT) by Australia's **Pelican Daughters**. I first heard about them in that wacky, cyberpunk mag, *Mondo 2000*. According to their own "Post Industrial Music," the **Pelican Daughters** might be described as ethno-psychedealic ambient industrial...They mix samplings from instructional records, ethnic music, and dialogue old movies with lyrical and surreal, tonal, oniric melodies! It's lush and extremely beautiful—definitely something different. The high point of the CD (according to me) is "No Place Like Homer," an operatic tune with samples such as "Homer is a pilot which overfly by tenor, grenades of 'come home.'" Truly a remarkable CD. This might be hard to find but it is distributed in Canada by Death of Vinyl Entertainment, #100-159 Blosser Street, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2.

Another hip and happenin' album has to be Young Gods' keyboardist **AI Comet's** *EuroPirat Tour* (150 rpm). He went on tour with a megaphone-wielding vocalist and a keyboardist for something distinct and challenging. Most of the songs are very heavy on percussion with strongbeats but they are nothing in comparison to those bands who rely on drum machines (not that there's anything wrong with that). This is full of tempo changes and sounds very inventive. In "Plus D'intercedo" an echo beat is interrupted by raw guitar blasts with an almost Arabic sounding vocal. There are a couple more peaceful tracks, but most are the sound of machinery. It's rewarding to hear someone really pushing the electronic boundaries.

Talking about drum machines, Switzerland's **Swamp Terrorists** *Graw-Speed Injection* (machinery) is full of crashing and thrashing guitars, albeit with a sarcastic edge. The emphasis is definitely more on technology than Ministry and **Swamp Terrorists** manage not to sound like a Ministry clone band. The three part "Vaul" has a great sound bite interrupting sections through out. I featuring the ominous sound of clocks and a foghorn, Part II with relentless beats and the ambience of Part III. Pretty enjoyable.

For the musically intrepid is **Noize Forest** (des disques du spler) which is a Japanese noise compilation (surprise, surprise!) that I don't carry on in the same vein as *Too Dark Park*, but it is noisier. "Kno-where" crashes in an ear-splitting

In a similar, but more rhythmic, vein is **Nurse With Words** *Chance Meeting on a Dissecting Table of a Sewing Machine and an Umbrella* (United Dairies Produced). It features scratchy guitars on the second track—the 48-minute CD sports 3 untitled tracks—and the last track, which is 28 minutes long, is full of grating, and snippets of French. *Lovely* in a weird way.

My Government Is My Soul is **BourBones Qualk's** latest CD, a heavy mix of everything from gentle Oriental flavoured to heavy thrash/funk. The CD has 16 tracks and none of them are auds—which is pretty amazing. This gets a thumbs up. It's available on Funfundvierzig Records/Schmidtda-Wiesek, 2411 Labenz, Germany.

Also high on my list is **Negativland's** *Gaw(SST)* which features the "Thin" version—full of Old West movies—and the "Now" version which is all about the marketing of firearms to women in the present age. It's a heavy mix of genres at the same time. **Negativland** have gone rhythmic, and even have a tinge of heavy metal, but certainly haven't sold out. Brilliant!

Hot off the press is **Skiny Puppy's** *Last Rightful* (Network) which will probably be their last album, period. It carries on in the same vein as *Too Dark Park*, but it is noisier. "Kno-where" crashes in an ear-splitting

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and the last track on the album, "Download" is an 11 minute long noise/ambient ops that could've used some trimming. The album is a weird mix of the familiar and the new—sometimes it seems they're sampling themselves and then there's also unexpected twists as well, such as acoustic guitars. Not an album that grabs you but sneaks up on the listener gradually. It would've been nice if the lyrics had been included; only snippets of Gyn's words can be understood. Also, there seems to be more live percussion and drumming which is good to hear. With the breakup of *Puppy* what am I going to do with my life now?

In other news, the new **Milberry** is still out, with a few more on their 'g' is going to be an A. It bit of gossip: Trent Reznor took a dig at **Front Line Assembly** in the latest issue of *Spin* and then Reznor had the nerve to fax Bill Leeb an apology (yes, he has his very own fax out, which I know he secretly enjoys). Besides that, the next **FLA** album is out in April or May and **FLA's** house-project, **Intermix** is out now—the 12" is "Dream On" and the 10" is self-titled.

Well that's more than enough information but if you have anything you want to me to know about, just drop me a line c/o *Discorder*. See you in two months!



BY TARA SLOAN

Hey wassup? On the Future Rap Agenda this month are only two CDs. One that is severely kickin' and one that is such a let-down to me that I didn't even want to write anything on it.

Let me give you the bad news first. It's called *Brothers* and its artists are Hen-Gee and his brother Evil-E. I remember when these two first formed the group Spinnmasters and I couldn't wait for them to release a full album. I thought it would be slammin'! But to my amazement, and disappointment, this once bold crew of two transformed into a soft, weak-rhythm' duo.

There is plenty of singing tracks on this CD which adds to the softness

On the cover of *Stronger Than Mafia*, O.C.U. are sporting pin stripe suits, black shades, hats (not caps), and are smoking cigars. Some of the members are carrying cellulators and on the reverse cover, a table of money is piled. The CD starts off with "Gangster Anthem" and kicks some seriously crazy shit. They've got some little adds like "Cop Killing Kiki" which in its own way is quite humorous. Plenty of violent scenes are described, there's many explicit lyrics, and a distasteful view towards women is dropped. "Don't Give A F— An Inch," discards the attitude O.C.U. has towards women. Seeing as they believe that all women are out for the money and want to take advantage of the men, or "Go



o f
t h e
m u s i c . The
12" release,
"Lil Trig" appears
on *Brothers*. It is not
at all a powerful song, deal-
ing with the death of a child,
but rather a sloppily rapped, poorly
composed tune. "Open Your Eyes"
consists of a chorus sung by gospel
singers and "I Ain't Seen Nuttin'" has
a funky bassline intro.

Most of the songs are dancey
and light, the lyrics are predictable
and extremely weak. I don't know
what happened to Evil-E who used to
be, I thought, more hardcore when he
DJ'd for Ice-T. Maybe his brother
chaged him out to a softer individual,
but this release is no good. On the back
cover Hen-Gee is wearing a mustard
coloured suit and black hat, and Evil-E
is wearing a blue suit. Definitely not
the gear we're used to seeing on these two

Now for the good new O.C.U.
has come out with a fierce release
called *Stronger Than the Mafia*. The
crew is made up of Homicidal MC,
Impact, Murder One, Sudden Death,
DJ Tragic, and Peter Black. Black
produced, arranged, and played all
the instruments on the 17 tune CD.

f o r t h e
F i -
n a n c e . . . they
believe that a
(guys) should give
them nothing, but rather
take the ladies' money and
materialistic items. I have to
say, why complain about "bitches"
being so materialistic if it turns that is
what you (O.C.U.) want to do!

This CD is action packed with
lotsa gunshots, swearing, and dope
tracks! Some awesome tunes are
"Streets of Chicago," "Mr. Cocaine,"
and "Suicidal Lifestyle." These songs
contain some important street knowl-
edge and show just how well this crew
can bring their points across.

For rap group of the month...
O.C.U. It's a fresh groove of gangsta-
style, streetmart, lyrically-punchin'
hits! You gotta try it! These
brothers are truly "Proud to be Gang-
sters."

If you have any suggestions as
to what rap artist or rap groups you
would like to see here in Vancouver,
please write to:

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blindly supporting our local scene in
Vancouver for the final time. This will be
the last Vancouver Special with its
original lineup of Red and Coral.

CJSF (formerly CJIV) will be
taping local bands at the Cruel E. live
and interviewing them for later radio
play. For more info contact Ed at CJSF
or Paul at the Elephant.

Sludge have a video out avec
smoke machine and dark lighting (just
like Kafka). I don't know if this means
the boys are going to start chumming
with Kim Clarke or not.

Everybody loves Kreviss!!! Sub
Pop loves Kreviss, Mecca Normal
loves Kreviss, Olympia loves Kreviss,
Club Soda loves Kreviss; look for a
Mecca / Kreviss 7" split on the resur-
recting Sub Pop label.

I believe Guest Quest is still go-
ing; I still heard they have a hat at
Fraser & 13th so the piggis interruptus
gigs should keep coming... Hopefully
not just a forum for straightedge naws
to write preachy gig reviews in this
very magazine.

Dog Eat Dog (formerly Dogzilla)
...Sent us a shrink-wrapped cassette
mastered at Koko Pop, with a tele-
phone book-sized thwack of college
radio charts they've made it onto. Well
good, looks like they don't need our
help; in that case, listen to Lester's
Wagon instead. Lester's Wagon sound
the same and have never played 86th
Street, PO 4642 Main, Van., BC V6B
4A1

I.N.R.I.
Some of it's downright not bad. These
guys are doing the arena rock-funk
thing too, but they're fucking it up so
it's listenable. I mean the bassist isn't
afraid to be an angry white guy'y'know.
Noise Generation Pro #4-2008 Fem-
med Rd., Vic., BC V8T 2Y9

Three Crusaders
I wonder what would happen if these
guys played in a local pub in Laval,
Que? Probably just a good comboling.
The French Canadians love their lord,
but they respect good pop music. Sacre
merde, chalice à la poutine minus
biblical greats re-dose without the
smarm of your average choir.

Flywheel
Flywheel is on the Veritable Shrine
label and are from the Fraser Valley of
course. "Fortress Is A Prison" is one
of my favourites going from mellow-
ness into body movin', foot tappin',
fingerpoppin', shoeyin', hair combin',
toothbrushin', jangly Dinosaurs'l. stuff.
Their slow stiff is tampon inser'tin'
and nose pickin'; it's too U2, Genesis
or Yes. "Beneath the Blue," a Chris
Barch favourite, is a better song.
"Keep the Candle Burning" we don't
like; "Vicki Song" we do like. Got
potential to become the soft rock kings
of Canada. Demos available at 859-
8110 or 792-3846.

Hoofarump
This is extremely cool—the Violent
Femmes meet Helios Creed—al-
though it's still a little non-threaten-
ing and duh-grab-fuk heavy metal in
places. Awe heck, I'm a little duh-grab-
fuk heavy metal in places... I think we
all are. Eat yer fast folk or you can't
have any electric dirge for dessert.

Deprogrammers
Punk Rawk Hare Krishna type music. I
like it. It's heavy, lots of drum and

intensity although I prefer them live;
though, less trippy drum machine
type of deal. Gets a bit monotonous
sometimes, but the vocals are power-
ful. "If you value freedom why
renounce a slave to your senses?" Box
50044 South Slope RPO, Burnaby,
BC V5J 5G3. "Personally I quite
like being a slave to my senses. But
do you still fuck?"

The Pasties
Vancouver's answer to Poison Idea,
or Tad, or Soandground, or a variety
of other, hairy, heavy bands which
I'm sure The Pasties would be both
pissed off and flattered to be com-
pared with. They're one of those
bands that will be doing the all-ages
thing with zeal if the gallery in ques-
tion makes enough cash on the 29th
or thereabouts. Look for this lineup:
Tankhog, Whisker Fish, Pasties—
aw hell, the gg will probably be over
by the time you read this.

Truk - Chafed
Truk sounded a lot more hardcore
before and that's all I have to say.
They're more glam now ie. Van
Halen. I suppose the original line up
has changed—there are more ex-
members of Truk now than there are
in the band. I should know, they used
to jam in my basement. "Toss it
Away" (written by the illustrious
Chad Cornies, a two-faced lar who
steals from his friends) wasn't bad.
Nice graphics on cover; liked Red
Smith's better. Ben sucks compared
to the old recording, way too glam.
Too many parts where all you can
hear are those amazing vocals and
no actual music. But I'm not saying
it's bad. I mean hey, it's on Veritable
Shrine. Demos available at 824-0535
or 859-2780.

The Vasectemolds - Peppers
Rejecting pop is a good thing, ran-
domly ripping off pop culture to
make edgy music is not such a
good thing. I'm not sure if it was
the Vasectemolds or the sausages I ate
that made me run to the bathroom
and take a sick wet dump in the
middle of the tape but this crew
could do a circle-jerk with the
Barenaked Ladies and feed the
soaked slice of bread to Gabby
Hayes. And I suggest that might be a

better future prospect for them than
recording.

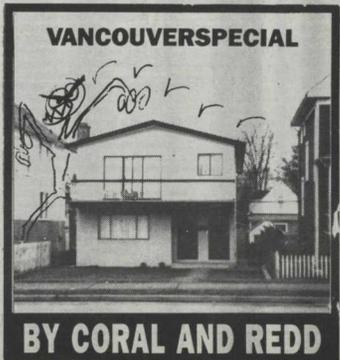
Rollage - "It's Too Tight In Here/
I'm Loose"
Yes, they definitely try to "punk out
rock out" as they put it. On the drunk
side, it was just dull. On the punk
side, I just couldn't get excited about
them. I mean they are alright, but not
something I'd spend my money on.
"No More Happy Mondays" we all
liked. I was going to see them with
Shutdown or Lootbag, but I heard
Shutdown broke up so I didn't go.
I'd rather listen to the Descendents.

Connet
Another Socan production; hardcore
as hell. There are vague rumours of
them breaking up and starting a band
named Orange Juice but that could
be pure rubbish so pay no heed. Very
fast drums, vocals, guitar etc. "Mean-
ing of Hate" is a good one. We'd
spend \$ on this baby but, sadly
enough, this band is no longer.

3000 B.C.
I chose this demo out of the other
twenty or so because I've recently
become Wiccan and there are all
sorts of witchy symbols on this demo
cover. "Let's Get Together" was too
fast paced, hippy shit. "New Moon"
is about full moon circle rituals where
people dance naked. For the most
part the rest of the demo is for hippy
types who like to get high and listen
to groovy tunes. Demos available at
45 Peveril Ave., Van., BC V5Y 2L2.

Oh ya, Ottawa news—there is this
guy, Ottawa news—this is the
guy, Bob McCarthy, music di-
rector of CIOU FM 89, who wants
your demos to air on Ontario's charts.
If you are interested send your demo,
formal acclaim, to 85 Universi-
ty Road, Suite 227 Ottawa Ontario,
Canada K1N 6N5.

Stay tuned for reunion Van-
couver Special's with cameo appear-
ances from anyone who thinks they
can fill my splendid shoes. Me, I'm
going to New York, later Redd, Mike
or Gavin are you interested in writ-
ing for Vancouver Special for a
while? We love you all, even Tink,
especially Lulu for helping us re-
view and more. Write us letters and
keep sending those demos.



BY CORAL AND REDD



CHARTS

MARCH 92 LONG GROOVES '70

1	Various	Last Call Vancouver Independent Music 1977-1988 (J&J)
2	Bongacore	The Big Self-Defence (J&J)
3	Various	Tenacity At Arms: Volumes I-IV (Z)
4	Alighan White	Congregation (Sub Pop)
5	Cherrie	Wings of Joy (BMG+Dedicated)
6	Respectable	Gull Regal Entertainment (Gull/Black)
7	Negativland	Grans (SST)
8	Lynya Lunch	Rowland S. Howard: Shotgun Wedding (Ward Acts/Tape 20)
9	Hunger Farm	Another Damned Seattle Compilation (Darkboard/H&M)
10	Multiphas 3	Friends, Friends & Friends (Ornum)
11	Various	The Lynchard World Music Sampler (Distribution Fusion)
12	Various	Psychic TV Presents Ultraconscious (Warlock)
13	Colin Back	No Sleep 'Til The Standard Melodic (Z)
14	Polka Daughters	Fibonacci & Whibonacci (J&J ENTERTAINMENT+SIERRA)
15	Arlerina	Sweaty Mammoth
16	17 D.O.A.	Talk Music Action Squad (Rock/Rentless)
17	AI Camel	Europ Field Tour CD+D 150 (B&W)
18	19:20	2Phacalyse Now (Steven Rifkin Co+Interscope)
19	Rollins Band	The End of Silence (MCA)
20	Olekhwin	Sophomore Jinx (Corgo)
21	Mauve Sideburn	Mauve Sideburn (Mauve Sideburn)
22	Velvet Crush	In the Presence of Greatness (Opines/Locate)
23	Earth Baby	World Class (Lunarhead)
24	Soundtrack	Until the End of the World (Warlock)
25	Green Day	Keep It Loud (Kelp)
26	Negotiate	100% (Music: Get-Live/Bite)
27	Uncle Tupelo	Still Feel Gone (Corgo/Rockville)
28	Various	Movements: Compilation European/La Legende des Vols
29	Machinist & the Machete Queens	Misogyned (BMG+G&D)
30	Cap Shoot Club	White Noise (BMG+G&D)
31	Various	SST Acoustic (SST)
32	Current 93	Alone (Duro)
33	Scrawl	Bloodcast (Feel Good All Over)
34	The Sits	The Peel Session (Homestead+D.E.I.T)
35	Various	Noise Forest (Solimont)
36	Bad Religion	Generator (Epitaph)
37	My Sister Machine	Died (Caroline)
38	The Ex & Tomzora	Scrabbling of the Lock (The Ex+Rec)
39	Nocturnal Rites	Cathedral (J&J ENTERTAINMENT)
40	I.T.A.G.C.	Meontological Research Recordings: Telle Telle (Solimont)
41	The Richies	Spring Surprise (Music: Get-Live/Bite)
42	Max Glick	Die Mejeletische Ruhe Des Anorganischen (Fun/UnderVerg)
43	N-Joi	Mindfuck (BMG+Dedicated)
44	Bad Brains	Spill (Blackfly (SST)
45	Cowboy Junkies	Black Eye Man (BMG+G&D)
46	Ed's Redem	Qualities: It's All Good News (Festive+Flying Fish)
47	Dunkelziffer	In the Night (Fun/UnderVerg)
48	Agoniac Field	One (Psychic+Lithium)
49	No...	Easy Listening for Lone Youth (Muzik)
50	Boiled in Lead	Old Lard (Ornum)
51	Think Tree	Like the Idea (Caroline)
52	Bourbonese Jack	My Government in My Soul (Fun/UnderVerg)
53	The Real Corp	The Real Corp (Epitaph)
54	Buddy Guy & Junior Wells	Alone & Accusated (Warner+Alligator)
55	Dreamwalk	Dreamwalk (CUT)
56	Various	Risque Rhythms: Nasty 50 (BMG+Capitol/Rhino)
57	Indian Ringo	Scatological (Corgo+Indep. Projection)
58	Mwache Mbatia	Resistance & Defiance (Virgin+Earthworks)
59	Hulabaloo	Dead Serious (Corgo+Musical Tragedies)
60	Katie Webster	No Foolin' (Warner+Alligator)
61	The Head Corp	Def Before Diction (Steven Rifkin Co.+Interscope)
62	Who am I?	Addictive Hip Hop Musicals (Sony+Epitaph/Rentless)
63	Clockhammer	Kline (First Warning)
64	The Grapes of Wrath	The Grapes of Wrath (Winkler)
65	From Orchard	Urges & Anger (G&D)
66	Verdaires	Ready to Fly (Ward Acts+Slack)
67	Dag Nasty	Four on the Floor (Epitaph)
68	The Ukrainians	The Ukrainians (Ornum)
69	Various	Moose: The Compilation (PolyGram+Vertigo)

MARCH 92 SHORTIE GROOVES '51

1	Smashing Pumpkins	"Lull" CD-5 (EP/Caroline)
2	Minsky	"Jesus Bull My Hozorn" CD-5 (Warner/Sire)
3	Zappa	"Zappa Plays the Moon" CD-5 (Mercury)
4	Mighty Mighty Bosstones	"Where'd You Get It?" CD-5 (EP/Arbog)
5	Best Issues in the World	Best Issues in the World CD-5 (EP/Arbog Pop)
6	Mecano/Bomb	"Change" CD-5 (Mercury)
7	Various	"Scaquelch: The Man The Myth The Compilation" (PolyGram)
8	NoMeansNo	"Oh Nanna" 7" (Alto/Recording)
9	Scunip/Shaw Business Giants	"Bole Vol 2 Split 7" (WayOut)
10	Scots	"7 (Elegy Selection) (7" (Caroline)
11	Hitting Bath	"Gone" 7" (Elegy Selection) (Caroline)
12	Lush	"Love Me" 12" (AO)
13	Lush	"For Love 10" (PolyGram+4AD)
14	Nalanda	Humboldt County 7" (Arbog)
15	Arbog	"3 Song 7" (EP/Arbog)
16	Love Battery	"Foot" 7" (Sub Pop)
17	Lynya Lunch & Clint Run	"Don't Fear the Reaper" CD-5 (EP/Caroline)
18	Radio Tom	"Velvet Roof" CD-5 (EP/Seggans Barcelona/Seggans Tom)
19	Agitation	"No Brakes 7" (West HI)
20	Crockerbah	"Jasper" (EP/ly)
21	Cajon	"3 Song 7" (EP/Arbog)
22	Nuove Rancheros	"Rockel to Whores" 7" (Arbog)
23	Lush	"Block Spring" CD-5 (EP/PolyGram+4AD)
24	Napalm Sunday	"Subtle Indelicity" 7" (Shark Sandwich)
25	Motown	"Tigari Corpse" 7" (Cover/Arbog)
26	Shamens	"Miles & Miles" CD-5 (EP/Arbog+Epitaph)
27	Sonny Asaccini	"Not What You Think" 7" (Dionysus)
28	The Gits	"Space & Magic Hermit" 7" (EP/ly)
29	San Diego Family Singers	"Gnome Head 7" (Mercury)
30	3 Car Garage	"How Does Feet" 7" (P/Obscure)
31	Calicote Twist	"Janelle" 7" (Nervous Sheep)
32	Gelo Boys	"Mind Playing Tricks on Me" 12" (Rap+Lithium/Hip Hop)
33	Arbog	"The New World Order" 7" (Mercury)
34	Romona	"Medicated" 7" (Detour)
35	Scratch Bongowax	"4 Song 7" (EP/Dionysus)
36	Sockalation	"Roadkill" 12" (Caroline)
37	Sugarfoot	"Spit" 7" (Schizophrenic)
38	Matthew Sweet	"Girlfriend: The Superdelamed 7" (EP/BMG+Zoo)
39	Uroath	"Punchout" 7" (NewRage)
40	Zappa	"117" (Mercury)
41	Arbog	"Psycho Killer 7" (Lithium)
42	Choosy Mothers	"My Girlfriend is Gonna Beat up You..." 7" (Bossy/ly)
43	Debutated Pony	"Work Makes Freedom 12" (EP/B&W)
44	Fuschtrickers	"Ring the Alarm" 12" (BMG+Jive/Zomba)
45	Just/Son	"4 Song 7" (EP/Schizophrenic)
46	Boating Team	"Rock'n'Roll Murder" 7" (EP/SST)
47	Monk Street Preachers	"Stay Beautiful" CD-5 (Sony/Columbia)
48	MC 901 Jaxx	"The Killer Inside Me" 12" (NewRage)
49	Nicotine Spital Surfen	"Plastic Sonic PIE" 7" (Dionysus)
50	Swing'n' Tears	"Fire in My Head" 7" (P/Obscure)
51	Louise	"Burn 7" (Epitaph)

MARCH 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC: PARTYCOOL '51

1	MysteryMachine	Shady Ground
2	Spacetracker	Mirror Boys
3	Raffica/Boston	Hot/Lad
4	Mexican Power Authority	Sex with the Devil
5	Cute and Spunky	For You
6	Tree Cruades	Child
7	Jack/Fee/Line	Someone Died on TV Again
8	Alman and the Psycho	B-one Bug
9	Refugees	Ball Jar
10	Rollicage	No More Happy Mondays
11	MysteryMachine	Broken
12	3rns	Buttery
13	Philines	Lately
14	Hoofrump	Headstone
15	Swanyard	Instinct of Motion
16	Migfils	Friskily
17	Slugs	Shoved
18	Connect	Morning Office
19	Perfume Tree	Death in Primetime
20	Arbog	Starkid
21	Gem/Slunk	Zig Zag
22	Night Twisters	We Want Angels
23	Garden of Earthly Delights	Arch Angel
24	Band of Spies	Flashlight
25	Swanyard	Last We Forget
26	Jimmy Ray's Star Hillbillies	Railroad Bridge
27	Wingnuts	Can't Stop
28	Raffica/Boston	Pat Broke
29	Rumocoffee	While My Dad Gently Weeps
30	Rolltots	Thirty Moons
31	Mudholes	Stock Treatment
32	Coppy	The Boom
33	Sludge	Bobobum
34	Strusny	Folk Scares/Annie
35	Bobo Gurl	Cry Out Loud
36	Various	World Is Too Crowded
37	Club DD	Will to Power
38	Whod/Chiefs	Redeem
39	Show Business Giants	Whod/Chiefs
40	Hoofrump	Now or Never
41	Headstone	Now or Never
42	Indolives	How Nice Day
43	The Wolf	Writing on the Wall
44	Brian McCue	Love & Forgiveness
45	Holy Cow	Comose
46	Wynona Blue & The Tumblers	Can Cow Stay That
47	Swedes	The Pop! Thing
48	Rumocoffee	Down the Drain
49	Indolives	Good Intentions
50	Mudholes	Rose

DJ FAVOURITE ALLSORTS

Top 25 Interview Questions To Ask G.G. Allin in a combined effort by **The Helmlich Manoeuvre** Mondays 3-5pm **Madonna Death Watch** Tuesdays 8:15-11 am and **Rory Talt** (H N P P I I I I I I I I) **Wednesdays before Jiggle**

1. Wanna arm wrestle, pussy?
2. Is that a ring on your finger?
3. Any major-label interest yet?
4. Are you straight-edge?
5. What the fuck are you lookin' at?
6. Are your parents proud of you?
7. Are you evil incarnate?
8. Have you read *Final Exit*?
9. Are you on a high-fibre diet?
10. Where do you shit at home?
11. Are you potty trained?
12. Do you have a toilet?
13. If yes, why do you need one?
14. Who's going to clean up this mess?
15. Who does your laundry?
16. Is Jesus Christ your personal saviour?
17. What did you do on Valentine's Day?
18. What's your day job?
19. Do you have any anti-social tendencies?
20. Are you having a nice day?
21. Would you like to join me for buttered sandwiches and tea?
22. Have you seen *Dances With Wolves* yet?
23. Who are your influences, musically and spiritually?
24. Is that real, or did you buy it at a novelty store?
25. With the collapse of the world Communist conspiracy and the opening of Eastern Europe to the Common Market (taking into account the global, social and geopolitical consequences of European economic unification) what role do you see yourself playing as an artist in the coming decade?

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I CRAVE IT
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I WANT IT

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One more month has gone by and the rock keeps coming like a new fashion but this is so much more than a fashion; a fashion is something that comes in and out of style, it hangs around only to embarrass you years down the road when someone finds it to your horror...the naivety of youth comes through in a blinding flash, sending you convulsing on the floor. Luckily music is not like that: punk rock has been around as we know it for about fifteen years, some would argue twenty. heck, jazz at one point had a punk rock attitude and to some degree still does. It's not when a perform music was performed/recorded, but the attitude and intent of the music that makes it compelling (or not). Over time, as the style becomes more familiar, it can lose its initial shock (I remember the first time I heard 'never mind the bollocks' in '78) or even the honor of music and a lifestyle that you defected (as music and lifestyles tend to go together as in the musically devoted) loses it's shock value and takes on a certain charm once the threat is long over which brings me to tues mar 3 continuing the tradition, 70's disco-no cover-drink special-dancing! wed mar 4 back with music inspired by those that wanted to destroy disco and succeeded: covey's SKIN BARN w/ from kamloups ROLLAGE w/ vancoover's RUNK YARD thurs mar 5 music that is food for thought...no bulimia please! CRAWL AND TRUST US w/ a couple of bobo your uncles in THE WINGNUTS w/ solo guitar hero TIM RAINE fri 6 vancoover's most talked about band in a greatly anticipated return in a headline appearance GORILLA GORILLA w/ another great show from edmonton's JONESTOWN PUNCH...get here early for a pleasant surprise sat mar 7 needed for elaborate stage shows, not to mention great music: GABE TOADS w/ CHROME DOGS thurs 8 w/ KID of Gorilla Gorilla w/ **MAN TUES mar 10 70's DISCO-no cover-special-save money wed mar 11 roots rock! THE GRAMES BROTHERS w/ special guests: money off at the door with a satifoni ticket! stub thurs mar 12 scottie's finest green gel recording artists THE SAPIENS w/ FREAK SCENE fri mar 13 can't make up your mind as to what the best of rock? music for the whole family THE RATTLED ROOSTERS (rockability) w/ scottie's MONKEY BUSINESS (ska) w/ on popluma THE HOLIDAYS (pop) w/ THE SURREALISTS (rock) sat mar 14 now if you do know the music you like and it's fast, heavy and played with a fury you can feel, dig this: Zulu/Mint recording artists TANKHOG w/ son fran's nightmares SCHLEPROCK w/ scottie's THE GITS tues mar 17 DISCO DISCO wed mar 18 a roundup of roots sorta thing, lots of 'swasty dancing goin' on with the ROOTA BEGGARS thurs mar 19 no, the elephant is not going mad! these guys have just been undeservedly pigeonholed...see them like you've never seen them before: CAUSTIC THOUGHT w/ edmonton's THE SMALLS w/ PASTE who say "if you drink, don't puke" fri mar 20 come experience the love, the pain, the stupidity, the joy, the comedy, the spiritual message that the music of THE SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS contains, or just come and dance, w/ A CARTOON SWEAR sat 21 now for all you high-energy pop-punk aficionados...I'll bet you been drooling over this for a while the NOFX w/ berkeley's MRL EXPERIENCE w/ LAG WAGON pretty cool, w/ tues mar 22 a rare sunday service, come worship at the altar of Amphetamine Reptiles recording gods from the land of Chicago (I just fucking love these guys) TAR w/ just to prove that Chicago doesn't have a corner on tear-off-your-head/scarie-the-neighbour kinda bands: FACEPULLER tues mar 24 disco you bet! it's free wed mar 25 that nifty chi-pig man in yellow cover band LITTLE JOE w/ hey, HO, let's go! (sorry, I had to) w/ from abbotsford GO GUY thurs mar 26 fuck scottie...this is victorial PIGMENT VEHICLE w/ murray and mike of the daygloz in their real band COLOUR OUT OF SPACE w/ MOOFARUMP fri mar 27 hooker down...y'all...from califomia THE BLU CRIMES w/ vancoover's PALEFACE w/ LESTER'S WAGON sat 28 a night to remember, so mark your calendar- it's NO FUN in the drug show, that's all the days of rock music for the month of march, stuff coming? ok, here's a bit: COWS, HAMMERHEAD, M.D.C., JONESTOWN, TRENCH MOUTH, HIRKOD, SUPERCONDUCTOR, DEAD SURF KISS, ZIP GUN, THE MICEES, THE SMUGGLERS, TREADMILL, and don't forget the WESTEX convention but enough about all that...how about that, you? the cruel elephant loves you.**

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REAL LIVE ACTION

Babes in Toyland Screaming Trees Town Pump

Tuesday 28 January

Minneapolis based thrashers Babes in Toyland hit town last month for a double bill with the Screaming Trees. It was one of the earlier dates on their current tour but since getting as a trio, around '88, they've been on the road constantly and have the scars to show it; they've survived two serious van wrecks but have two hands firmly on the wheel for the live show.

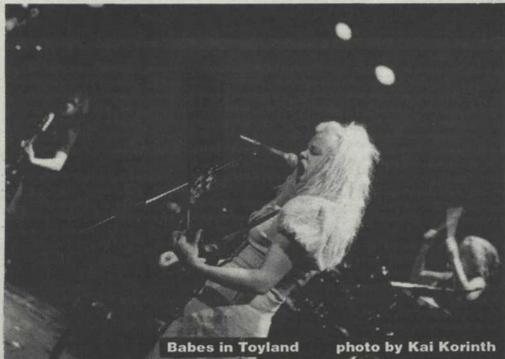
Their summer of '90 gigs in Europe opening for Sonic's Youth netted them lots of positive press and fans who reportedly mobbed them in London. Their initial Twin Tone release, *Spanking Machine* fared well on campus charts which appears to have continued with their second effort *To Mother*.

So what about the gig...well, I must say I was hyped for it. You know, crunchy 3-chord thrash, wrapped in notoriously nasty and screechy vocals, delivered by 3 girls sporting Mommy Dearest, puffy-sleeved dresses and matted hair. Y'know, I was into it. Unfortunately, the show just didn't rock-out as much as I had hoped. There were certainly high points but, on the whole, the Babes put on a mediocre show which didn't get much beyond what has already been done to death—noise, raunch, indiscipherable lyrics and big beats.

Of course, I'd take girls doing this over boyz anyday, but it's absurd to rave about them just because they're exciting at something boyz have been doing for years. I think we know by now that the ability to "kick ass" is not written on the Y Chromosome.

Having said that, a few comparisons come to mind which might explain why the Babes show was disappointing. Decibel for decibel, L7 rock way harder, write better songs, and manage to inject a touch of humour into their otherwise rabidly pissed-off lyrics. The Babes aren't quite "foodie" enough to be Sonic Youth, nor melodic enough to be Dinosaur Jr., nor lyrically audible enough to be Frightwig and nor original enough to be Karen Finley or G.G. Allin.

The stand out performer has to be Lori Barbero, on drums, whose pounding fills and floor tom loyalties give the band an appalling bottom end density. Her singing on some songs was dirgy and hypnotic—like Patti Smith one octave lower. Their songs like "Dust-Boy" and "Swamp" were well done and came closest to rousing the audience out of their modest, toe-tapping approval. It was my only indication of how the band felt about the gig. Michelle Lynn unplugged her bass before the last chords of the final tune had set-



Babes in Toyland photo by Kai Korinth

ted. Anyway, I'll still follow them, and I'm eager to see how they sound on their next release due out on Warner's with whom they've just inked a deal.

Janet Farrow

Nemesiss Gypsy

Maidi Hal

Love Junction

Drift Urge

86 Street Youth

Thursday 29 January

What are they, superheroes?...Breakfast cereal?...Four friends Snov

White forgot to mention? Close. They're four bands who inhabit that niche of the Vancouver music scene where men wear leather, women wear jeans on dresses, and big hair abounds.

I missed Drift Urge.

Love Junction hit the stage as I began to recover after my trip from the parking lot in Vancouver's beautiful (rainy) weather. It took me two songs to figure out that the singer was female, because by then she had moved and I could see her around the post in front of me. Their set was a musical exploration of the word boredom. Don't get me wrong. If commercial, original music is the stuff you're into, then I guess you'd love it. But then again, some people like sea monkeys. Yeah, the excitement level between the two is pretty much comparable but when you get bored with your sea monkeys you can always have fun flushing them down the toilet.

Next up was the highlight of the evening, Maidi Hal (pronounced May-dee). I admit that it was because their drummer, Ian, put me on the guest list that I was there, but don't think that it influenced my opinion at all. No, I was all set to love their music as much as I do Warren's, but I didn't. In fact, Maidi Hal had the talent and the energy to kick the audience in the head and scream "this is a concert, not a fashion show, so wake up!" I found myself really liking the songs, and I'd tell you some of the names, but I forgot most of them. Sorry. They even did a ballad that didn't want to make me

heinous cover of a Sex Pistols tune.

However, I was absolutely riveted by one thing—one of the guitarists looked just like Narduar. Okay, 'feats up Nard: what's with the secret life and wig? Or is it just a younger brother? Anyway, I was introduced by a new friend to my favourite song of all time, which happened to be one of his. I can't remember what it was called and I don't even remember liking it all that much, but would you believe this guy who was trying to balance a half full can of beer on your head? I didn't think so.

Chelsea Rogers

Karnivorous Raunch Fux

Zen Red Necks

Whisker Fish

The What Gallery

Friday 31 January

My first encounter with The What Gallery occurred around November 1990. I had only experienced such a refreshing feeling of freedom once before in my life: it was at rock festival in Prince George in 1979. On at least four occasions when myself and some friends attempted to buy substances that our mothers' would scold us for, we were given copious amounts for free. Anything was okay at The What including bringing your dog to the show. I suppose it was a good thing that only a few people decided to do so. So I find myself at The What again at a show billed as the last show over. I've been to a few of those before—remember the Art's Club...Freedom breaks out again much like peace

stains! It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't have worms." Wow...The musician of this band wasn't too shabby; the bass player played some cool fills on a really short song that caught my attention and the drummerashed out lots of wicked riffs. Well, I couldn't see myself singing these songs and Fringe records may or may not be looking for a new lawsuit band, but I had a good time.

I have heard through the gossip mill that this was Zen Red Necks last gig, which would seem a shame if they weren't re-forming with a different drummer and a new name. Their front man delivered loud bar room shouting melodic vocals backed with solid rhythm playing. The overall sound was like advanced garage funk fusion. Hope to see the new band soon.

I've been told that the last band, Whisker Fish, is going to change their name to Stick Monkeys or something, but this particular night they were Whisker Fish. Two Marshall stacks with two veteran axeman (Kurt from Curious George and Mike from Inner Anger and Big Sun) cranked out glorious punk rock in the Ramones vein, but the real treat was Irene, the singer. Melodic heavy punk...yes, Ex-Spores drummer, Barry (I think) was awesome in his Snakeringer shirt. Good old lawless Darren (also from Inner Anger and Big Sun) blasted his tasty fill-laden sound. Check 'em out.

Evan Symons

Big Bang Theory

Supersuckers

Best Kissers in the World

The Cruel Elephant

Saturday 1 February

The night started out with a big bang of generic rock, with a Bon Jovi metal twist, from a Calgary band who call themselves Big Bang Theory. Since I am not too fond of that kind of music, I found myself counting the minutes 'till they were finished and the evening could go on.

Can you say Sub Pop? Well, boys and girls, the next two bands were from Seattle and, yes kids, on Sub Pop—but nonetheless still terrific!

The second band was the Supersuckers and for all those who saw them play with the Dwarves you will be happy to know they were fully clothed this time! Although I could hardly recognize them, I could recognize songs like "Saddle Tramp" and "Ron's Got the Cocaine." They were loud, hard, fast and steamin' hot! You can get all of this from their two 7" singles and their new CD single—check it out!

After I was suckered into the Suckers I could hardly wait to pucker up to the Best Kissers in the World, and what a kiss it was!

This is the second time since the Kissers have been in Vancouver promoting their five song CD single and tonight was rockin'! With songs like "Workin' on Donia" and "Slightly Used," the band was hot and the crowd was hopping, even when the Kissers showed it down with a melodic country-ish number. After finishing that tune, the lead singer (Gerald) returned to what he referred to as "Noisy Shit" and leapt right into "Gold Fish Bowl." The song was

kickin', yet it would never finish due to the bassist (Danny) jumping into the drum kit with Gerald's foot. Then after waiting a few minutes with the guitar still screeching, Danny picked up Gerald's limp (hopefully not maimed) body over his shoulder, walked off the stage, and the show was over. What can possibly top that? I don't know. But I can't wait to find out.

Mary Hoelck

Red Hot Chili Peppers

7 Year Bitch

Seattle Centre Arena

Saturday 1 February

PNE Forum, Vancouver

Sunday 2 February

Ya know that feeling of excitement which is pure adrenaline racing through your body?...Which causes you to tremble?...Which makes you nervous? Sure you do. Remember manhandling in the shower and afterwards hoping you got all the juice of the file as you two warm and melting between moon herobros with stoving in hand? That's the feeling I had with riding down the I-5 with 20 Explosive Dynamic Super Smash II Explosions in the tape deck, a \$39 burrito in my hand and a cold alcoholic beverage melting between my knees. I wasn't driving and therefore I do not condone the drinking and driving practice. (Damnit, there goes my straight-edge cover.)

I wouldn't expect anybody else who has been a fan of the Red Hot Chili Peppers since their *Breaky Sleep* release in 1985, to act any different.

Legend has it that they sing a song in the hills of the RHP's live performance and for the past 7 years I've been a student of that folk-love. But nothing trains you for the real action a wiseman once said, or words relatively similar to that. All my years of astute guffaw at media clippings spinning tales of outlandish costumes, body paint, "socks-on-cocks," and unrequited energy were but crud pranks.

I should have known something was up as we were corralled through the George Orwellian security line outside the Seattle Centre Arena like freaks in a sidewalk while law authorities sat out terms like, "No knives. No firearms. No fighting. No alcohol. No drugs. No pain, no gain, et al." America, Land of the Free, Home of the Brave, Land of the Paranoid, Home of the Schwartzkopf! In comparison the security at the PNE Forum did little else than check the validity of tickets, give you a pat on the tummy and send you on your merry way. No fatalities were reported.

But that wasn't the end of the scrutinizing process in Seattle; concert-goers then had the choice of a visual search—on or a pat-down (Fu-zig-zig—) or anybody in their politically correct frame of mind—would have had a hey-day with this one. I opted for the visual because I was packing a tin-foliated comforter. Once we were in the arena and comfortably nestled in our SEATS we had to sit through a grueling set by hometown fox-corexits, 7 Year Bitch. How these local country-ish number. After finishing the visual because they've got a long way to go before they make that transition from the club to the arena. From my vantage point I heard more



UNDER REVIEW

Lou Reed Magic and Loss (EMI)

As the dinosaur rockers and alternative innovators of the 60's and 70's begin to drift into penia, sexta, and septuagiesimian status, are we going to be bombarded with *Golden Years* themed albums? Please Lou, say it ain't so! Death is one of those subjects that does not lend itself easily to generalization or grand musings in poetry and prose, let alone three minute pop songs. Reed manages to convey well his own world-weary pessimism, but on *Magic and Loss*, his non-personal musings on the meaning of life suffer from an over-simplification that borders on triteness. Story-telling made Reed's last solo effort, *New York*, a truly great album. Comparatively, *Magic and Loss* sounds like a death and denial group therapy session.

There are a few stand-out songs with some superb backing vocals, but as a whole, *Magic and Loss* is as close to boring as Lou Reed has come in a long time, if ever. Musically, this album remains in the niche Reed created for himself on *New*

York. Maybe I'm just young and foolish, but I'd rather hear Grandpa Reed tell me a sad story about the atrocities of life than hear him moan about the bleakness of death.

Tania Solokaya

The Bedouins Gun Crazy (NOR)

Here's one that won't take long to grow on you. Dedicated to Raymond Chandler, this third release by The Bedouins takes us on a journey into a world of desperado and victims, the doers, and the done. Opening with the title track, a catchy pop bounce sung by guest vocalist Grant Lakey, "Gun Crazy" is about being on the run. After killing a watchman "because he was there," the narrator tells us that he knows the end is near, no one lives forever, the highway ahead is like the highway behind...going nowhere. The tone is set, and continues.

In "Dead Reckoning," a man will do almost anything to jeopardize his hide, but when it comes down to the wire, when your luck is running out, the trick is to know just when to save that hide. There's a fine

line between being a survivor or a victim. How true.

"A Night Full of Rain" features the other guest vocalist singing a what-I-should-have-done-instead-of-what-I-did blues. You'd be hard pressed to find someone who doesn't relate to this one. "Right Right Right" is right out of *A Clockwork Orange*. A bit of the old ultra-violent, and in "The Blue Dahlia," the narrator tells of killing a woman in a moment of desperation. He could take only so much disgrace. Lost and alone, paranoid, he flees into the night. Into a new hell, trapped again.

The Bedouins, Forbes Mackay on vocals and guitars, and Kevin Finelli, keyboards and percussion, have succeeded in supplying a sound-track to our imaginations as the above story unfolds. Rounding out *Gun Crazy*'s fifty minutes the four instrumental included create an atmosphere you can feel as you head east on the I5. Your Merc' cooing through the Devil's playground over Vegas. This is the land where someone dies violently every twenty-two minutes.

Norm Van Rassel

Jim Carroll Praying Manits (WEA/Giant)

So I set to friends of mine, "Look, this is the new Jim Carroll album," and they respond three different ways:

- 1) "Who's Jim Carroll?"
- 2) "You mean that guy who wrote *The Basketball Diaries*, a chronicle of a teenage New York junkie? I thought he was dead."
- 3) "You mean that guy who wrote a song about dead people? You know, like 'Those are people who died, died.' At the same time they do some lame air guitar thing. Basically, they are all partially right, except for the fact he's still alive. Praying Manits is a collection of poems, anecdotes and readings from Carroll's numerous books. Naturally, considering that the majority of New York writers and poets are miserable, urban grunges who consider themselves such artists because

they've been junkies or they bitch constantly about what a hole "Newsw Yawack" is, I figured this was more of the same.

Carroll, being an author first before he formed the Jim Carroll Band in the late 70's, has a natural talent for taking banal or unpleasant things and transforming them into things of interest without sounding like a rockster turned author. For example, "A Day at the Races," a standard anecdote about having crab sandwiches more interesting than it oughta be. Another gem is "Times Square's Cage," which turns a walk behind a hooker into a prose poem. There are many that make *Praying Manits* worth listening to, although Jim's shaky, sniffling delivery is a testament that ten...fifteen years after you kick heroin, you still sound like your on the crank.

Mofu

Big Star Live (Donon/Rykodisc)

It's about time somebody started to realize what a lot of people already know; Big Star is the foundation of most modern alternative music. This band was formed in the early '70s by Chris Bell and Alex Chilton after Chilton put the kaibosh on The Box-tops by walking off stage during a show. Coming from Memphis, not a town known for its pop acts, Big Star came out with two LPs, *#1 Record* and *Radio City*, which laid out the blueprint for many pop bands such as the dB's, The Replacements, REM and countless others. But all albums were incredibly poorly put out by the Sire label, and a third lp was not released. This made Big Star one of the great undiscovered bands of this era.

The quality of Big Star shows through in *Live*, which was recorded at a radio station in New York around 1973. What shows through most is Chilton's solo acoustic tunes, such as "Thirteen" and "I'm In Love With a Girl," where the intensity is overwhelming. Many of the songs on *Live* are from the first two records, indicating that the *Sister Lovers* LP

(the unreleased third LP) had not yet been recorded yet.

Alex Chilton went on to become the prolific iconoclast the hipper people know and love, but most don't know that Chris Bell, after recording a potential solo LP, iced himself in an auto accident in 1979. Big Star never got as popular when they were together as they did post-breakup. *Live* is a good overview of what they were all about.

Mofu

Olive Lawn Sophomore Jinx! (Cargo)

So you ever have those days when everything that can go wrong, does, and you desperately need that one record on your turntable that'll cry them blues away and make you not want to listen to a another Sub Pop single for a long, long, time? Well, fret not my little superflux, 'cause *Sophomore Jinx!* by San Diego County scenesters, Olive Lawn, is the LP for you.

First off, listen to "Hate" and work out all that frustration. Feel that heaviness, those guitar and bass riffs (from O and Johnny Donohoe, respectively) going to work, and those drums (by Eddie Glass) pound-

ing your brain into submission. What, you want more? Give "Too Slow" and "Burner" a try, and listen to those alcohol-fueled vocals, courtesy of Mike Olick. You're feeling pretty good now am I ya? Now play "I Only Love Myself" because the only important person in your life since your uptight, money-grubbin' girl left you, is yourself, my friend.

Now it's time to take that Kris Markovich deck for a little jammin' session at the local hot pipe, all the while "Beautiful Feeling" and "Major Label Blues" are pulsing through the skatepark speakers. Fully elated, there's a happenin' shinin' tonight with all your pals, so don't forget to play "Heart It On The X" so you can piss off that beer-belly-achin', lumberjack shirt-wearin', jai-lab-havin' gooseneck who thinks he knows all there is to know about Van Halen. Later on, ask that new girl you've been checking out of the digs Olive Lawn, 'cause you know her name is Alice, and she will take a dare.

Finally, just before your head hits the pillow and you "enter Sandman," take a last look at that Ventures rip-off cover, laugh a little to yourself, and always remember: Olive Lawn loves ya, baby!

Bryce Dunn



MOFO'S PSYCHEDELIC FIX O' THE MONTH

Christ! It's not easy to spunk out one of these each month! The selection of vinyl is piss poor at the pawn shops. Fortunately, the garage sale season is coming up, and there'll be tonza lost classic to be found. First, however, some answers.

To Phil from Whalley: Yes the American equivalent of Slade is Grand Funk Railroad. It's kinda like American versions of British sitcoms; the UK version is way funnier.

To Monica from Port Moody: Yes it is true that Bryan Adams would be writing jingles for B-Zrick artificial wallcovering or Lumberland if it wasn't for canon. The fact that he is in a position to sit by the pool drinkin' the drinks with the little umbrellas and burn his bridges now that he's made it won't help him if his next couple of LPs suck wind like Into The Fire did.

He wouldn't be talking so tall if he didn't have those observable thumbs, I guarantee you.

Lorraine from semi-sunny Burnaby asks Mofu this: Howcum when you hear areally bad old song, you instantly remember all the words? Well, young Lorraine, there are two ways.

1) Some honcho in tv land finds one of these cheap ditties, picks it up and uses it for an ad or a sitcom theme. Case in point:

The Golden Girls' theme song is actually an old air wave waster by Andrew Gold, circa 1975. Thusly a song that should have been retired a long time ago is etched on our minds as if it was put there with a branding iron. It's a Pavlovian thing, I think. I know I immediately switch the tube whenever I hear it, but then later I find myself humming the song so uncontrollably that I have to slap on the Killdozer to erase it from my noggin.

2) THE HOOK! This is the reason you bought the singles when you were too young to get wise to the game and use taste. This is also the reason songs like Blue Swede's "Hooked On A Feeling" and the Captain and Tennille's "Love Will Keep Us Together" sold so many rekkids. The hooks put these very pop 'tunes on the lips of everyone. I am afraid that RSP's "Too Sexy" will follow suit. So forthcoming are a list of good bad songs with THE HOOK!

GOOD BAD:

- The Stampedeers - "Sweet City Woman"
- Ram Jam - "Black Betty" (NOT the house mix, kids)
- Isaac Hayes - "Theme from Shakti"
- Mungo Jerry - "In the Summertime"
- Vanity Fare - "Hitchin' A Ride"

BAAAD BAD (sing with these and you'll get in a fight) Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods - "Billy Don't Be A Hero" Rose Royce - "Car Wash" Michael Jackson - "Beat It" Frankie Goes To Hollywood - "Relax" Terry Jacks - "Seasons in the Sun"

Congratulations to Lorraine Tremblay for her suggestion. She gets a copy of Cheryl Ladd's first LP and a Dream Date with Mofu to the roller rink or old boy's bar of her choice.

CONTEST!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Can you send me the full lyrics to your fave bad song? Fulfill this dare and you will get a FUN-PAK (m) of five cassettes of my choice and tickets to an upcoming (cheap) gig!!!!!! Winners will be blamed in next Disorder.

Happy hunting!
Send'em to CTR, ok?



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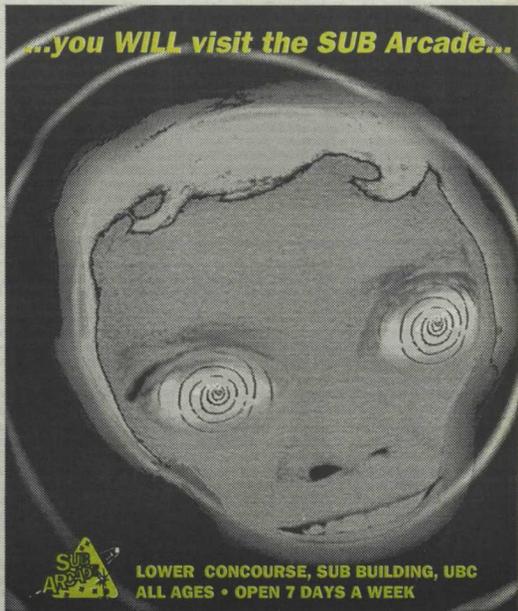
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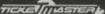
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Monster Magnet

* Spine of God

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Poison Idea

* Blank, Blackout, Vacuous

The kings of punk are back with their brand new release. Anyone that was at their show at the Cruel Elephant a while back will want this one!