

Music, Art, And Media News From The Front Lines

NOW (New Orchestra Workshop) 20th Anniversary/Time Flies Festival of Jazz and Improv Music

**Roundhouse Community Centre** November 16-19

By Slish
George Lewis spasm of chasm and splitting splitting orb. ShadowGraph, 4 and The Chicken Skin pieces fly in rolling to a scurrying zhoom then veer brassy waves of horned attention... moves of strolling bass and thunderdrums trumpet waaa waaa building to an easy pace. Lewis waves his arms free open and wide

rising yes turning yes then reverse. Every little tingle ingle then stop! dime and slams down his hands stepping back into trombone and the circle of NOW again closes. Flying bass hooves grooving waving in the drums and guitar. Vinny Golia gestures like a piano... note... hit... note... and writes Ted Williams Call The Mick and Renders Touch Sensitivity Useless and GCG and Reasons for Living charts of mayhem and fire complicated like a fluttering wait...! Dialogues chattered and slow... loud with crash and gaping gores of searing lull turned humans as pealing silfy scraawww voice steps in to the maw. Ranges of trombone a thumping beast and the Tyranny of Interestflickering feast from Paul Cram pull tear smooth pull and leather clad Cooke slam waverly of steelish Wowow with journeying spin bop ring. Glistening clear every lobe turned high to reception moments lure with near recollection of The Yellow Sound by Ron Samworth. The gesture heads up is hardly needed for the likes of these... all in full-on listening mode.

Plinking skin and air felt plucking turns from out of the cerebral ethereal and sweaty brows keeping up to the charts of hieroglyphics learned, combined and then sounded. Voices of each instrument and its musician clear from extended rehearsal, even in uncharted territory where much whirred wilv through. When

then sounded. Voices of each instrument and its musician clear from extended rehearsal, even in uncharted territory where much whirred wily through. When improvisational collaborations didn't get off the ground players kept offering sennsitive listening and playing musicality, each bringing voice to the midst...

Compositions and conductors stepped up... visiting guests George Lewis and Vinny Golia, along with locals Coat Cooke, Paul Cram and Ron Samworth chartly challenging our own musical residents who each contributed technical and aural wonder. The list of names: Paul Plimley, Paul Blaney, Clyde Reed, Dylan van der Schyff, Kate Hammett-Vaughan, Peggy Lee, Mark Nodwell, Saul Berson, Ralph Eppel, Brad Muirhead, John Korsrud, Bill Clark, Dennis Esson, Graham Ord, Ross Taggart, Mike Braverman, Dennis Burke, Bruce Freedman, Tony Wilson, Roger Baird and Francois Houle. Moments of understood communication... wordless between conductor and musicians... moments like the arrival of human voice delicate and strong in the midst of non-human instru cate and strong in the midst of non-human instru-mentation... free for alls that lifted the ordinary into the extraordinary simply with the artists' ability to listen and receive. Potent talent execution of com-posed pieces remaining open to well-springs whirr of spontaneity. Many than ks to all involved in this most silky collaboration for delightful springs of thcaaa and winkle.

### Stereolab/Mouse on Mars/Plus

The Palladium

November 21

By Robert Dayton

I don't know what they done to Graceland to make it The Palladium. I think they added comfy chairs. No matter. The big curiousity piece tonight was Plush. Who are they? They have put out three singles thus far on Drag City and Flydaddy over the course of three years. I was playing the most recent 7" to a somebody and he said that it reminded him of Copyright. Sure, I can see that - less bombast, tho. A somebody else after their set this night said that Plush reminded him of early '70s George Harrison. That, and I noticed a nod to the downer unrock numbers off of Big Star's Third. Real slow, real baked bummer rock The way they chard was interesting. It seemed like they were taking notes played there, played together, and drank there far too long over the decades. Meaning professionalism that has slowed down and gotten real loose. Especially Plush's drummer. He was all over his kit, but at a snail's pace. Boom... crash... tinkle. They all had big hair and looked like the kind of band that would form on "The Wonder Years". Those boys stayed real still and didn't say much. Such lack of sparkling audience interplay was something we'd have to get used to for the rest of the night. Mouse on Mars was two guys fiddling around with knobs and switches and, strangely enough for such mechanical instruments, really getting into it - more so than any other act tonight. Short set. First number sounded like Perry and Kingsley, ya know, early '70s playful moog stuff. They were less melodic than that by accenting beats more, yet keeping the playfulness. Their second number was string setting synthy. Electronic dit dit ditties. I was actually going to leave after Plush to go over to see The High Llamas at the Starfish Room. Couldn't. No in and out privileges. It shouldn't be a privilege, it should be a right. Packed show or not, they know how many tickets to sell. And Vancouver was the only tour date where the High Llamas weren't on the bill with Stereolab! What's with that?! Fuck!

The stage backdrop for the nig

would turn or become so chaotic that it was almost ready to burst. Yet, even then, pretty much, one could still use their happy feet. There is a strange giddiness to their music. The encore where Mouse on Mars joined them for a jam was the best part of their set and better than Mouse on Mars' set. They only united for 15 minutes and it was way too short. They were all reacting very well with each other. It should been a jam night for them, as their sounds intersecting gave mucho for the ear which during that time more than made up for what was lost from the eye.

for what was lost from the eye.

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#### **Echo and The Bunnymen** Evergreen

Mercury-Polydor Echo and the Bunnymen occupy a curious corner of rock mythology. Successors to the Northern pop throne vacated by The Beatles and precursors to the Stone Roses and Oasis, Echo never quite achieved the success in America that contemporaries like U2 and Simple Minds did. So now, after ten years of obscure solo projects the Bunnymen have returned to conquer. Why should you care? Well, you shouldn't really, except that this is a surprisingly solid pop record. From catchy throwaways like I Want To Be There (When You Come) to classic Killing Moon style ballads like Nothing Lasts Forever, Mac's Morrison-Bowie croon is perfectly utilized and Will Sargeant's distinctive chiming, swooping guitar punches and rolls just like it should. When backed by Les Pattison's chugging bass and new drummer Michael Lee's deft drumming it feels like they never left. Add Evergreen to Radiohead and Blur's new re-

leases as must-have British pop records of the year. **Duncan Williams** 

#### The Dambuilders **Against The Stars** Warner

You best to not be fooled. Sure, they've toured with Lush, Weezer, and The Grifters. Still you best to not be fooled. Sure, it's got a C.D. cover that makes them look all futuristic and space rocked out. Yet you best to not bers, rendered without any passion. "Break up with your boyfriend, he'll never give you what you need" are some lyrics displayed. This is much like someone trying to replicate a Big Mac in their home with a bit of outside help brought in. Finally, by track seven, promises become a bit more fulfilled when they come off like a hyper accellerated digital age ABBA. Track eight, entitled Discopolis still holds us, a crossover dance hit for the urban rock crowd - trying to further the aims and goals of Blondie and they keep the song interesting whilst keeping step. Track nine still going with a dub ending. Track 10 sounds like Bryan Adams. Track 11 a bit better. Then buh buh back to the bland and gosh these kids try to make it interesting with modified violins and computer steel drums. It just falls so short. And there has gotta be a greater accomplishment than hoping to be, at your best, a Blondie for future days. Ohhh, well, sigh.

**Robert Dayton** 

#### NRBQ You're Nice People You Are Rykodisc

Yes, this is my morning wakeup C.D. of choice esp. in the dumps of a depression. It feels good and it's good for you, too! Such warmth excudes from the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world ('greatest' is a value term imposed by me and others who are of critical stature). Who better than this band to do a children's album? Can't believe that a band that exists with such wild-eved wonder and mirth would take over thirty years to get to do one! Entercationally edifying numbers to get lodged in brain space in chipper terms about safety, spiders, sleep, and so on. Much more

wonky than Raffi would ever be. Much more gentle, too, in beautiful balladry. I mean Raffi's alright but, he lacks a zing! And as an adult, I can't dig him - strictly for the under-six set. This is for all ages even tho it is called 'children' but, excuse my cliché, we is all children t'ain't we! I ain't lookin' for ruminations on Rimbaud - I'm looking for reassurance in lyrics like "You're nice people you are, Boy it's nice to be around you". And the kid test passes with colours: a pal's kid kissed the kitty kat on the cover right at first glance and that was before the big listen! Little sound-effect flourishes abound in hoots and cheers and laughter and bangs and cartoon voices and train whistles (as on the topnotch played instrumental "Next Stop Brattleboro"). Ya, suberb playing and harmonies - they are in fine form here. Thick, full bass keys with gentle all over drums and subtlefied rockame guitars. Sweet without ever being college quirky, NRBQ has given us a special gift of perfect pop, humour, fun facts, and positivity, yippee!

> Junkhouse Fuzz

Oh, and it's their best album in at least a buncha years!

**Robert Dayton** 

Sony

Junkhouse has one idea and it's not even a very good one. Repeat bar band rock and roll ad nauseum. What the hell is Colin (Crash Vegas') Crips doing in this

band??!! It's like when Lou Reed co-wrote songs on the Elder with Kiss.Well, not exactly but you get my point. If this is what gets signed to major labels these days it's no wonder Americans laugh at us.

**Duncan Williams** 

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Sweet 75 Sweet 75 Geffen

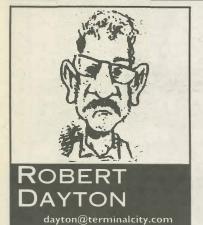
Krist Novoselic is back and this time, it's personal! I don't know if this is really bad, mediocre or kind of interesting. I'm leaning towards the latter. I like singer Yva Las Vegas's moxie! Or something like that.

**Duncan Williams** 

#### Superchunk Indoor Living Merge

For those of you who don't know, Superchunk was the great indie hope of the early nineties out of Chapel Hill. Their reward for not signing to a major? Partial obscurity. The epic-sounding Unbelievable Things is probably their best song ever and the rest of the record is full of Mac"super-fucking catchy" McCaughn's songcraft and the Chunk's tight sonic sound. No surprises but it just sounds so good and if you've never heard 'em this is a good a place as any to start.

**Duncan Williams** 



Why do I bother this week? I am writing this before APEC. Will there be anyone left reading this after APEC? I have a real feeling of dread and doom, Like, when I saw that Secret Service guy looking like a well-dressed lefty talking into his briefcase on Commercial Drive. Wow, reality really is scarier than paranoia! I am scared.

Received to me was a luvverly chapsbook entitlefied The Death and Apotheosis of Ronny Walker as rendered by Tim Lander. The front and back covers

give us simple, line-drawing representations of this Ronny Walker. He seems to bear resemblance to the author in that both could be physically characterized as having long, grey hair, beard, and hat. Inside are pages of remembrances of Ronny Walker neatly handwritten in script. One gets the impression that Ronny was stubbornly his own person, a fascinating sunnuvabitch. The local laws and governments seemed to have it in for him in the town in which he lived. He collected tons and tons of junk in his front yard and had other turns of personality. Seems the authorities didn't care for his junk. The last few pages detail the laws and rules that City Hall and business developers made to take away a certain scenic island of refuge and then describes all the hypocrisies that exist with that, just enough light is shed on Ronny Walker to make him still seem reasonably mysterious. Beautiful pirate intro, too (Box 996, Nanaimo, BCV9R

Some of you readers out there may want some goods on how to become a pirate. I only have the instructions on Standard Issue - Pirate Stereotype. First, steal a ship: a big one is preferred. You may have to find minions in striped shirts to help you. Second, get a parrot - one that talks dirty is the best. Third, talk dirty, your-



self, and punctuate it with various "Arrrrrs." Fourth, you will need a new wardrobe that would be quite frilly and velvety to make you uncomfortable and, in reaction, act macho. Fifth, and this is a tough one, cut off either your lower right arm and lower right leg - it don't look so good if it's on the same side. Get a hook for your arm and a pegleg for your, well, leg. Now, go bury me some treasure! Be sure to make a map for it cuz I can't find it on pure instinct alone!

Ooh, here's a nice little comic book with a yellowy cover. It's called Harvest and it's by Darren Schmitz. The back cover description says it all:"A story about a young nan working as a farm labourer in Saskatchewan." The story is not meant to be eventful, it's not one of those coming-ofage stories where he finds love in a grain elevator. No, no, no. That's good. He gives the reader a real feel for what it is like there by taking us through various duties, road kills, and land troubles. And, not to mention the people who live it on a daily basis, It's all drawn with thick black lines that describe everything with simplicity and ease (2 bux to Darren Schmitz, 525 E. 18th Ave., Vancouver, BCV5V IG2).

One 'zine that really got me was 127 Days to Live.... It is not a pro-suicide tract. I do not understand the reference of the title. It's by Ryan Bigge who now writes for TC. This one is chock full of stuff! It goes all over the place and it took a mental adjustment to giffiger it. There is a full-page ad for a hog-splitting saw. There is a piece called "Stereo-types" that describes the redneck car culture mystery in which the guy, his girlfriend, and his male friend are squished in truck together and the sexual tension that abounds. The diary of a man obsessed with a Teriyaki Bowl restaurant. A press release parody announcing a Nir-

vana Anthology box set. More And all amazingly in the same pages. Keeps the mind moving. (Ryan Bigge, 11623 90th Ave., Delta, BC V4C 3H5).

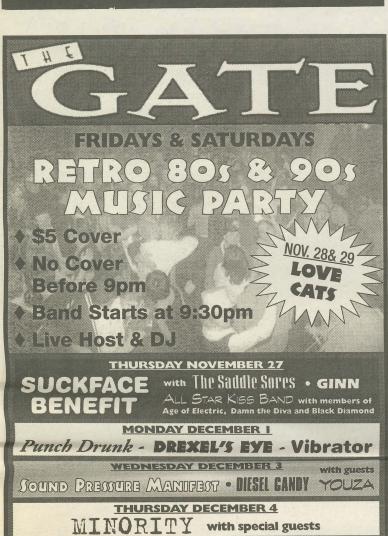
Issue 2 of Pepperpot picks up where issue I left off. There's a full-page ad for meat cutting. A piece on how and why Kate (publisher) stopped buying into the fashion and beauty industry while working for Canada's national women's magazine. Her terrible trip to Europe in 1970 is revealed. Clippings from various place. Vegan recipes. The madness of working for tyrants in an isolated locale and the bizarre small-time feudal struggle that she went through. Kate's stories of her own experiences are the truly engaging moments here because of her own take and memories (quite strong). We also get an interview with a crotchety man who does "Manifold Cooking." This guy, he cooks his meals on engines, whether it's a car, a train, or some other huge piece of machinery! Ha ha! All along while reading, I thought that maybe some weird fumes infected his food and got to his brain. Oooh yeah (2 bux to Kate, RR6-515-C20, Gibson's BC, VON IVO), I should state that every single publication I have mentioned this week is worth the time to seek out. They is all of high earmark quality (and I don't say that every week). Happy pirating!

## TERMINAL CITY 168 HOURS GUIDE

Clubs in black boxes have addresses, phone numbers and more in their display ad elsewhere in this issue	Friday 28	Saturday 29	Sunday 30	Monday 1	Tuesday 2	Wednesday 3	Thursday 4
THE BRICKYARD	Girl Feast: JP5, Wow, The Go-Devils, Siobhan Duvall, Sloppy	Girl Feast: Liquid Amber, Puncture, Hissy Fit, Moneypenny, Sunny	Free Pool	Open	Socratic Method, The Shelleycoats, Grappleyarder	Knock-Down-Ginger, Sick Sick Yeah, \$1.49 Day	Open
CAFE DEUX SOLEILS	Open	Open	Open	Open	Open	Open	Open
CELEBRITIES	Rehab	Rehab	Closed	Psychedelic Pussy	'80s & '90s N.W. Underground, Industrial w/ DJ Apollo 69	Symone's Place	NRG
CHAMELEON	Slick	Metalwood	Airtight	Rumba Calzada	Shuga' Kube	Top Billin' w/ Spun-K	Acid Jazz
THE COLUMBIA	Makeshift, Preludin	Motorama, Socratic Method, Waltz Darling	High Street, Clay	Open	Open	Raunch & Roll	Open
THE GATE	Retro '80s & '90s w/ Love Cats, DJ Barrett, FREE before 9pm	Retro '80s & '90s w/ Love Cats, DJ Barrett, FREE before 9pm	NFL Action (day); Simon Townshend (evening)	NFL Action 6pm; Punch Drunk, Drexel's Eye, Vibrator (late show)	Open	Sound Pressure Manifest, Diesel Candy, Youza	Minority
THE NAAM	Mark Browning	Jamie Clark	Andrew Davies Duo	Old Time Comfort	Bruce Jefferson	Jim Black	Larry Volen Trio
ORPHEUM	VSO: The Music of Angels	Closed	Closed	VSO: The Music of Angels	Closed	Closed	Closed
PICCADILLY PUB	Clay, High Street	Global Hi-Fi Perspective	Open	Slim's 315 Club Swing Night	Johnny Watkins Blues Jam Session every Tues	Gin & Sin	The Bottle w/ DJs Clarence, Dave
PURPLE ONION	Club: DJ Chris James Lounge: Open	Club: Open Lounge: Open	Lounge: Scots on a Sunday w/The Workshop	Club: Wetcoast Comedy Club Lounge: Zoulful	Lounge: Brick House	Club: Monsoon Groove w/ DJ Tio Roly Lounge: Rumba Calzada	Club: Boomdaddy, Strugglah Lounge: Nickel City Slir
RAILWAY CLUB	Veda Ville	Veal, Melt	Movies of the Week: Spy Spoofs	AAA Woodshed	CiTR's Shindig!	Soressa Gardner, Cherelle Jardine, Cosmic Heroes	Wow, Cooking Purple
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS	NYC Cocktail Party	Epic w/ DJ Chris James	Maanam	· Closed	Closed	Closed	Closed
SEVEN SEAS PORTSIDE ROOM	Big Tall Garden	Little Gorfin Annie	Terry Brennan	Closed	Girls Rock The Boat, w/ host Suzanne Wilson	Musician Drop-In w/ host Derek Nyberg	Open
SOUTH HILL CANDY SHOP	Poug Smith & Rock Moran	Ronnie Hayward Trio	Open	,Open	Andrew Davies Duo	Steve Mitchell & Friends	Steve Dawson
STARFISH ROOM	Juliana Hatfield	MXPX, Bracket Reset	Closed	Closed	Closed	Melanie Dekker, Songman	P.W. Long's Reelfoot
SUGAR REFINERY	The Beans lounge volcano	Chunk Jazz (11pm-3am)	The Molestics (9pm-12am)	Closed	The lds (10pm-2am)	Rusty Lemon Jazz Trio (11pm-3am)	Various whatever
VANCOUVER PRESS CLUB	Cathode Ray CD Release Party, Miss E.	Sally Can't Dance	Open	Open	Open	Open	Open
THE WHIP	John Howard Quartet	Kevin House	Weekend Brunch: DJ Quentin 6-midnight	Ambient Tracks: DJ Chill n	Open	Open	Onen
THEYALE	1-0)) / mm/l	3-7pm; Lori Paul (evening)	Star Blues Jam	Greg Piccolo	Greg Piccolo	Greg Piccolo	Buddy Miles
BELLINGHAM THE DOUBLEWIDE (fmly the 3B)	The Shadow	James Brown Night	The Pulltab Playboys Country Trash	Open	Ska Night	Trashy Funk Party	New Wave Dance Part



# Live Music



**MONDAY DECEMBER 8** 

with CHUCK IS DEAD

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 10

ALL DAY SUNDAY/ MONDAY 6:00pm

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Vancouver Celtic Festival presents

SUNDAYS

**GRAND BAND SLAM** 

TARFISH DOOM TONIGHT THURSDAY, NOV. 27 otomo yoshihide & martin tetrault with guests The Ruins FRIDAY, NOV. 28 BRACKET RESET WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3 MELANIE DEKKER Songman THURSDAY DEC. 4 Featuring **Preston Long ex-Mule** Mac Mcneilly ex Jesus Lizard FRI & SAT DEC. 5 & 6 - with guests

FRI: SMAK, Bonafly SAT: HOKUM, The Emptys SUNDAY DEC. 7 from the UK with guests **COMING SOON:** CHERRY POPPIN' DADDIES, **G. LOVE & SPECIAL SAUCE,** SHINDIG FINALS, COLORIFICS

NOV NOI NOV SUN NOV 30 FRI DEC SAT DEC



THE PLACE TO CONNECT WITH GREAT ORIGINAL MUSIC LIVE ACOUSTIC MUSIC - DECEMBER 1997

friday 28 DOUG SMITH AND ROCK MORAN folk

saturday 29 rockabilly

tuesday 2 jazz

wednesday 3

thursday 4

friday 5

No Cover

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MONDAYS

OPEN MIC NITE



WED. DEC. 3RD KNOCK DOWN GINGER SICK SICK YEAH & GUESTS PLUS \$1.49 DAY! FRIDAY DEC. 5TH TERROR OF TINY TOWN THRILL SQUAD THE BEEKEEPER'S SAT. DEC. 6TH SLEEVE \$ BETTY MOON

