



**BILLY BRAGG
VOODOO B.B.Q.
SHEEP LOOK UP**

CFRM 91.7

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RADIO MCGILL

Vol. 1 No. 4

FREE

March 1987

KRAK

FESTIVAL
de nouvelle musique de
MONTREAL
new music
FESTIVAL

FAZE PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS
**LE FESTIVAL DE
NOUVELLE MUSIQUE**
THE MONTREAL NEW
MUSIC FESTIVAL

FESTIVAL
de nouvelle musique de
MONTREAL
new music
FESTIVAL

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THE MONGOLS**

Friday, March 6th 9:00 PM

**LES TACHES
YESTERDAYS' RAIN
THE HO-DADS**

Saturday, March 7th 9:00 PM

**THREE O'CLOCK TRAIN
WEATHER PERMITTING
THEN ONE DAY**

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THE DARNED**

Thursday, March 12th 9:00 PM

**OUTASYNK
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THESE HOLLOW MEN**

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THE MOB**

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Cover Photo courtesy
of Polygram Records

TYPESETTING AND LAYOUT
DAILY TYPESETTING (392-8959)

PRINTED BY
PAYETTE AND SIMMS

AD RATES FOR CFMR AND KRAK
AVAILABLE ON REQUEST, PHONE
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Montreal, Québec
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programmed by a staff selected exclusively and is provided
as a service of the Students' Society of McGill University.
CFMR Broadcasts on a close-circuit speaker
system throughout the university. In addition, the signal
is distributed by CF-Cable, Cablevision nationale and
Vidéotron Cable to all television subscribers.

CFMR is published bi-monthly as a literary guide to
CFMR, at 7 Cents P.M. CFMR is a non-profit computer-
community Radio Station located in the University Centre
at 3480 McTavish. CFMR is distributed free to the
public, with a circulation of 8,000.
The opinions expressed in the contents are the sole
responsibility of the authors. They do not necessarily
reflect the opinions of CFMR, McGill, the McGill
Students' Society, McGill University or their staff.

Editorial

Hate to get sentimental, but 1986 was quite a special year for the Montreal music scene. Never before have we seen such a tremendous surge of indie-vinyl material from the likes of Three O'Clock Train, The Gruesomes, Ray Condo and co., D.A.F.P., 39 Steps, Of Tanz Victims, and Deja Voodoo. We also saw new VOT and Og compilations, the Psyche-Fest at le Tonic, VOT-Fest at Club Soda and the Voodoo Bar-B-Q at the Spectrum. New artists like the Mongols up the town, D.A.F.P. had a few close friends (well over 1000, to be specific) in for the launch of Dead in Love at the Spectrum, and the Ray Condo tent was by far the most exciting attraction at the Miller Fest fiasco. Jerry Jerry and his revamped Sons of Rhythm Orchestra decided to bring their evil brand of Rock 'N' Roll, and even nastier drinking habits, to Montreal for good. The Voodoo Bar-B-Q deserves special mention as a "last bow" party for 1986...the music was blazin' at the chicken, but lasted a lot longer (check Flipped Out's column for details). 1986 sounds like it will be a tough act to follow, but things are already looking promising for 1987.

These first frozen months have already seen the release of new vinyl from Of Tanz Victims, E.J. Brulé, Condition and the long awaited Muscle In from Three O'Clock Train. The good news continues with the Mongols, Sons of the Desert, Weather Permitting and The Darned, who have vinyl works in progress, and expect a new EP from Ray Condo and the Goners. Also, Jerry Jerry have a new LP in the works entitled "Battle-Hymn of the Apartment", to be released on Pipeline. The

Nils have been picked up by Profile (Run D.M.C., D.O.A.) Records in New York so the future looks pretty damn promising all the way around. Look forward to another great year. Thanks to all of you who have gone out and supported our local scene. Who knows what may be brewing in someone's garage at this very moment.

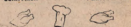
Speaking of garages and so forth, our own subterranean connection, Flipped Out, has done some publishing of his own, along with a few friends. It's appropriately entitled Loaf Mynds, and would make any holder of a Cramps Lou program proud. Features include interviews with Eric Sandmark (Ray Condo fame), articles on the Mongols, the Raunch Hands, the Cramps and much more. For four bucks, you can't spend your money on better trash (baby), available at all the cooler record stores around.

Until next time,



Jenn Allen

Patrick Hamou

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TOP 30 OF 1986

Artist

- * D.A.F.P.
- The Jazz Butcher
- * Of Tanz Victims
- * 39 Steps
- Violent Femmes
- The Cramps
- * Three O'Clock Train
- The Smiths
- The Screaming Blue Messiahs
- * Ray Condo And His Hardrock Goners
- Art of Noise
- * The Velvetones
- R.E.M.
- Siouxie & The Banshees
- Peter Murphy
- Depeche Mode
- * The Gruesomes
- Gena Loves Jazebel
- Various
- Skinny Puppy
- Billy Bragg
- * Moev
- New Order
- Laurie Anderson
- * Various
- Lillian Allen
- Black Uhuru
- Change of Heart
- * Deja Voodoo
- That Petrol Emotion

Album

- Dead In Love
Bloody Nose
Haunting the Empire
39 Steps
The Blind Leading the Naked
A Date With Elvis
Wig Wam Beach
The Queen Is Dead
Gun Ship
Crazy Date
In Visible Silence
Tall House
Life's Rich Pageant
Tinderbox
Final Solution (12")
Black Celebration
Tyrants of Teen Trash
Desire
Listen II
Mind: T.P.I.
Levi Stubb's Tears (12")
Dusk and Desire
Brotherhood
Home of the Brave
It Came From Canada II
Revolutionary Tea Party
Brutal
50 ft. Up
Swamp of Love
Manic Pop Thrill

Label

- Psyche
Polygram
Bunker
Line
Slash
New Rose
Pipeline
Rough Trade
WEA
Pipeline
Chrysalis
Ransom
I.R.S.
Polydor
Polygram
Sire
Og
Polygram
VOT
Netwerk
Polygram-Go Disks
Netwerk
Factory-Polygram
WEA
Og
Verseto Vinyl
Attic
Primitive
Og
Demon

Based on number of weeks on chart

Compiled by Gary Shapiro - Music Director

* = Canadian

MARATHON

This year, as in the past, Radio McGill is pleased to announce its annual 50 hour Radiothon for charity. From 12 pm February 25th to 2 pm February 27th in Gertrude's Pub, Yasmin Zeitler and Jon Rajsky will perform this in-somniac feat for the Canadian Diabetes Association. It promises to be as successful and enjoyable as in the past. So we encourage

listeners to participate and give generously. Glamour, Celebs, Prizes, T.O. Tunes and puffiness around the eyes.

Let's hope next year is on FM.

For more information or donations contact:

Tanya Vukotic
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MARATHON

CELEBRITY CORNER

by Radio Personality Rob Costain
When you're a radio personality, greatness is never more than a brush away, as I have been finding out since I turned in my last column.

I ran into my old buddy Peter Gzowski, who happens to be quite a radio personality himself, crossing Decarie near my apartment a while back. He didn't recognize me, probably because I was bundled up in winter clothing (I hope).

At Peet Pub, recently, someone almost slammed me right into Ray Condo as he was putting in a powerful show with his Hardrock Goners. The Great One, Hank Williams wouldn't've been proud.

What have this "Blue Piano" been up to lately?

Human Leaque played Theatre St. Denis a short time ago, isn't Phillip Oakley looking scruffy these days?

I gave Augusta LaPalx directions to get to the CFRM studios not long ago. You may remember her as Brent Bambery's predecessor as host of Brave New Waves.

Speaking of Brave New Waves, I don't know Kevin Komoda, formerly of Rational Youth and Dear John, but practically everyone else I know does.

Ye editor, Crushed Velvet, will probably be quite angry because this piece missed the deadline by several days

On the subject of Soft Furniture, Pure Velour tells me two things. First, she saw Michael McKean on Park Ave. A couple of weeks back. Secondly, William Delove (Bgt. Ellis in the film "Platoon") was in Montreal recently. Pure Velour expresses her unyielding lust.

How does Elizabeth Taylor get her hair to grey so symmetrically?

Cliff Robertson, husband of Dina Merrill and a fine actor, was in town recently. I guess he was too busy to call me.

I wonder how my ex, Madonna, feels about the Clooney Youth cover of her love, Into the Groove (She was my lover in another life, honest).

I'm sure that Sigourney Weaver agrees that Montreal is not the ideal place to spend the winter. On the topic of Siggy, my roommate has genuine photos of her back taken on a street in NYC. It's kind of hard to tell that it's her, but it's kind of neat to know that someone who knows someone I know actually saw her once.

Well, this is the last Celebrity Corner. I'll miss writing it, but several survival of my famous friends have asked me not to expose their private lives in the pages of KRAK. Frank Sinatra doesn't like anyone writing about him. So I'm off to Tahiti after this issue of KRAK goes to bed. Thank you for your support.

LINDA LALLA

- Album: P.I.L.
- Tinderbox: Souixie & The Banshees
- The Queen Is Dead: The Smiths
- Big Night Music: Smashback
- Especially For You: The Smotherses
- Talking With The Taxman: Billy Bragg
- Mind: T.P.I.: Skinny Puppy
- Candy Apple Grey: Husker Du
- The Colour Of Spring: Talk Talk
- Jellyfishbabes: Jellyfishbabes

VLAD RINCO

- Happy Head: The Mighty Lemon Drops
- Talking With The Taxman: Billy Bragg
- Kicking Against The Pricks: Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds

R.A.W.N.'s top eleven (alphabetical)

- Violent Femmes: Violent Femmes
- Talking With The Taxman: Billy Bragg
- Victroland: The Costello Tams
- Live: Robert Fripp and the League of Crafty Guitarists
- London O'Hull 4: The Housemartins
- Candy Apple Grey: Husker Du
- Bone Candy Talking: The Jesus and Mary Chain

How Green Is The Valley: The Men They Couldn't Hang

- Life's Rich Pageant: R.E.M.
- Rules and Regulations: The Moral Code
- The Blind Leading The Naked: Violent Femmes (Robert A.W. Northey)

ROB COSTAIN

- Brotherhood: New Order
- The Queen Is Dead: The Smiths
- Twitich: Ministry
- Electric Cafe: Kraftwerk
- Infectious: The Jesus and Mary Chain
- So: Peter Gabriel
- Graveland: Paul Simon
- Distressed Gentlefolk: The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy

- Confessors: Easthouse
- Crusty Date: Ray Condo and His Hardrock Goners

CFRM DJs Pick Their Top 10

DR. HENDRIX NEPTUNE

- Psychoanalysis: Jesus & Mary Chain
- The Gift - The Sletted
- Final Solution (12"): Peter Murphy
- Is There A Way Out? (12"): Talkback
- The Queen Is Dead: The Smiths
- My Adversity (12"): Run D.M.C.
- Jah'burg (12"): Tronzone 21
- Licensed To Be: Beastie Boys
- Spitza Jones: Telle
- Tales of Taboo: Karan Casey

MARK STOCKDALE "Death of Nihilism"

- Electric Cafe: Kraftwerk
- The Queen Is Dead: The Smiths
- Brotherhood: New Order
- Infectious: The Jesus and Mary Chain
- Phillegue and Shadow: The Moral Code
- Life's Rich Pageant: R.E.M.
- Licensed To Be: Beastie Boys
- Twitich: Ministry

DAN CHIU

- Art Of Noise: In Visible Silence
- Twitich: Ministry
- Brotherhood: New Order
- Electric Cafe: Kraftwerk
- Infectious: The Jesus and Mary Chain
- 1980-85: Yello
- Home Of The Brave: Laurie Anderson
- The Queen Is Dead: The Smiths

VINCE

- 1980-85: Yello
10. Tinderbox: Souixie & The Banshees

SPYRO

- Psychoanalysis: The Jesus & Mary Chain
- Licensed To Be: The Beastie Boys
- Electric Cafe: Kraftwerk
- Is There A Way Out? (12"): Talkback
- Big Bang Land: Revolving Coils
- Tales of Adventure: Breeding Ground
- Parlo (12"): The Smiths
- Rock On (12"): David Howard Singers
- Behoody D: Schoody D
- Hyponosis (12"): Mark Stewart

ROBERT OSLABO

- The Queen Is Dead: The Smiths
- Happy Head: The Mighty Lemon Drops
- Strange Times: Carnationals UK
- Rules and Regulations: We've Got A Function
- Black Celebration: Depeche Mode
- Twitich: Ministry
- Tinderbox: Souixie & The Banshees
- Anything By Anne Clark: Anne Clark
- Misconceputus
- Distressed Gentlefolk: The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy

ALBUM VIEWS/ALE

RED HOT AND BLUE
CONDITION
Amok

Imagine yourself in a dark, basement gin-joint at one in the morning. You can barely see across the room. Smoke circles around low-hung lamps over wooden tables. The only other source of light is in the shape of neon beer signs. It's probably raining outside. There's a stage in the left corner of the place, not big but sufficient. The band arrives on stage. They play microphones, tube instruments, greet the crowd and ease into "Crazy Man, Crazy."

Okay, I admit, all the above is fictitious, but to me it represents the ideal Condition gig. Among all the local bands which range 80's/garage



nova

punk/blues/country/rock-a-billy/cow punk/etc. Condition seems to be standing in a solitary spotlight; nobody else is doing what they're doing - "Urban Primitive Swing" they call it now. RED HOT AND BLUE is what they call their new album - a six-song EP which shows a significantly fuller sound from last year's MUMBO JUMBO LP. It's slicker on the production side of things. The eerie combo organ and saxophone, which is sometimes the core of Condition's sound, is still there. The raw-edged sound of MUMBO JUMBO isn't. But who really cares! RED HOT AND BLUE is still a hell of a lot of fun.

Only four of the six songs are originals. The opening track, The Bigger Man, in which guitar and saxophone share equal time at the beginning, then trade leads near the end, is a great three minute tune which you'll probably find yourself humming later. Way Down Deep is most likely the strongest song on this album. Julia Gilmore is in top form, buying great, played animals for five bucks (listen to the song, you'll know what I'm talking about). The Cuban-influenced Havana and Why D'ya Do What? 'Zis D'ed are the other two originals. Screamin' Jay Hawkins' I Put a Spell On You is covered, with Philip Lanther on vocals. Also heard is Cooly J. Davenport's Fever, a song that was, supposedly, covered by five bucks (listen to the song, you'll know what I'm talking about). Gilmore walks through this one sounding just great.

Line-up changes have occurred since the release of MUMBO JUMBO. Eddy Stralik left after their Western tour last summer to be replaced by John Sobol on saxophone and Philip Lanther, who played a small part on the MUMBO JUMBO LP. This might account for the fuller sound mentioned earlier, now that Condition is a four piece band as opposed to a trio. Philip Veazie is still drumming. And of course, there is Julia Gilmore, who has expanded her vocal talents even further while still at the helm of her combo organ. At this point I'd like to mention the simply great album cover on RED HOT AND BLUE. A tip of my hat to Catherine Salisbury and Eyal Kattan (in stereo) My only complaint about this album is that I wish there was more. Just when you're really enjoying this album, it's over. But that is just a minor gripe. I am continually pleased with what Condition is doing, and hope bigger and better things come their way.

So the next time you're walking around in the rain late at night and you hear a moody sax and combo organ oozing out of a basement bar, just go in and ease yourself into the Condition.

PRH

THE PURPLE TOADS
THE PURPLE TOADS
Star Records

Turn up the stereo, turn off the brain cells, drop into high gear and let it go! Yes, the Purple Toads are here and they mean business. The debut album by this Toronto-area band is straight-ahead, no holds barred aggressive rock that really kicks in a 15-barrel salvo. The reminiscent of Hamilton's Florida Razors, the Toads manage to get things really moving.

Just Another Stupid Jerk it's a real stomper and probably the best track on this album, although it has close competition by Gonna Have a Good Time and 40 Pounder Blues.

Roger Branigan lays in a very good bass line which manages to counterbalance the frantic guitar ricks and assorted twangs. The main weakness of this album is the tunes hardly ever slow down and change basic structure too infrequently.

Altogether the album is quite good, and given a little more time The Purple Toads could mature and put together a tight, strong album. So, range away your cerebral powers and crank up the stereo 'cause the Toads are here to stay!

Michael Aviole

THE JAZZ BUTCHER (Covered by DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK).

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK
THE JAZZ BUTCHER CONSPIRACY
Polygram

The Jazz Butcher that you know and love is now the Jazz Butcher Conspiracy. What is they're conspiring about? Could it be they are attempting to overthrow Margaret Thatcher and replace her with Bo Diddley? No. Are they conspiring to supercharge Bruce Springsteen as the pop icon of North America? Maybe, but I don't think the masses are ready just yet for cratically created, intelligent pop tunes with wit.

The first step towards assuming the position of pop deities on this side of the

MORE ALBUM REVIEW

Atlantic was taken by releasing the compilation BLOODY NONSENSE on a domestic label (Polygram). Since then a second album has been released by Polygram - entitled, DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK; which is the subject of this review.

The Jazz Butcher is always a musically good time and DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK is fun, fun, fun, multiplied by two. Does that mean it's six times the fun of your average album? Yes and no. What I really mean is that you get two albums for the price of one. As a bonus you get a nine track 45 RPM EP and it's dedicated to the memory of Peter Lorre; everybody's favourite short person with a voice like Igor. The EP, like the album is just bursting with funny "snap your fingers and tap your toes" poppisms. You figure that last word out. Anyway, I keep getting this creeping feeling of writing hysterical praise for this album, but I'll try to restrain myself.

One song that is particularly entertaining is Domestic Animal. It tells the story of our poor household pets who no longer can engage in "the birds and the bees" type pursuits. It makes you think that just maybe your beloved pet is silently resenting you. Next time you find your newspaper chewed up or your kumquat scratched you'll know that it's your pet trying to say "you ruined my sex life, you creep." I digress.

I like every track on this album and each song seems to have a certain feel to it. For example Falling in Love has a down home country feel to it while Who Loves You Now is jazz lounge singing the Butcher way. One song even brings up vague memories of latter day Led Zeppelin (Still in The Kitchen). Two songs on the album were written not by the Jazz Butcher but by Max Eder, guitar for The Conspiracy. One of them, The New Work has a bluesy feel and it is more melancholy than the rest of the album, but nonetheless it fits in perfectly.

If you are tired of bands that are too serious and try to hit you over the head with political content or if you're tired of listening to bands who have the feeling that music can be a rickrolling good time, slap this album onto your turntable. You won't be disappointed.

Paul Blasson

TO SIR WITH HATE
FIFTH COLUMN
Hide Records

Psychedelia, though still quite popular, is definitely on the decline. Someone ought to tell Fifth Column.

TO SIR WITH HATE [a play on words from the popular 60s movie finds the

Torontonian Fifth Column caught in an Adams family nightmare surrounded by an eerie keyboard that flows through the whole album. The lead singer (no liner notes) crosses between Jozit and the Shelton Family to communicate the stark realities expressed in the band's lyrics.

Using familiar punk themes like conformity and political rebellion, the Column shed no new light on their subjects staying within the bounds of pseudo-awareness. Right Hook typifies where they are coming from with their views on the generation gap and the stress between generations.

Late Last Night has a Batman-Ventures quality to it with a stripped down guitar lead providing a melodic trance-like experience. Late last flows through Kangaroo Court producing images of a flamenco dancer.

The rest of the album sticks closely to Fifth Column's formula stripping everything down to the bare minimums. The under produced texture that reverbierates on TO SIR WITH HATE counterbalances leaving a black and desolate scenario.

TO SIR WITH HATE, Fifth Column's first album is not as angry as it could be and not as depressing as it should be. One can only hope that their next offering tries a little harder in both areas.

Brained

INTO THE GROOVEEY (12")

Blast First Records (Import)

Members of Bands Your's Sonic Youth join the legion of bands subdividing the pop medium by covering hit songs with this release of Madonna Ciccone's Into the Groove. Like Lords of the New Church, Ciccone Youth have punked up the song, adding fuzzed-up guitar, a sparser mix, and acidic vocals. The song remains a great dance tune for the adventurous, thanks to the fact that the band isn't afraid of a drum machine. Adding to the overall pleasure is the presence of Madonna's original track, which occasionally surfaces to accompany the Youth's hard-driving version.

This Madonna song surpasses the Lords of the New Church cover of Like A Virgin because the members of Ciccone Youth have taken care to make the song their own, whereas the Lords main change to the song was the presence of Stu Bator's sleazy vocals. This is hardly true of the B-side of INTO THE GROOVEEY, another Madonna cover called Burnin' Up. Done as a fairly straight forward rock'n'roll number, Burnin' Up is far less distinctive, and lacks the pop hook which sparks recognition in the listener. It is a workmanlike effort—nothing more, nothing less.

But the excellence of the title track makes the EP well worth the purchase price—even on Import.

Robert Costain

MUSCLE IN
THREE O'CLOCK TRAIN
Pipeline

Three O'Clock Train! Yee-haw, yep, that groovy cow-punk country-fied outfit from Montreal who have been turning heads for almost two years now! Sloweeeee... STOP IT RIGHT THERE! If that's your vision of what Three O'Clock Train is all about, then you should be nailed to the side of a barn. Since their birth in 1984, they've evolved steadily and strongly, proving to be a major driving force of the local scene.

MUSCLE IN is the title of this long awaited LP, and follows the release of WIG WAM BEACH last summer. It also signifies a maturing process that the Train continued on page 12

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Stranded In The JUNGLE

Of Flipped Out here, comin' to you once again from a mysterious and foreboding place where time stands still and a few mortals dare to tread: The Subterranean Jungle! It's from my groto go-go in these parts that I drive y'all in radio-land over the brink of teenage/lunacy each week with wild and raunchy rock'n'roll made to tickle your fine spine. It's also from here that I occasionally carve out a few words on a slab of granite and give KRAK readers an update on what's been happening in Montreal's rookin' scene, so let's go Daddy-O!

I don't have the chance to get away from the jungle too often so you'd better believe I used the Deja Voodoo Barbeque on December 19th as a perfect excuse to make a rare foray to the city above. I take my chicken any of 'em I can get it, and I got it good an' spicy at the Spectrum that night along with the opportunity to dig most of Montreal's bossiest groups up on stage. Man, I dunno what Gerard and Tony of Deja Voodoo used to spike the barbeque sauce with, 'cause everyone performing that evening sure had to be ON something alright! That's just how finger lickin' good each group's set was.

The first band to hit the stage, as the Spectrum started filling up, was The Mongols. These fellas are vicious enough to give The Hall's Angela a good name and appropriately ravaged an half hour's worth of some of their best tunes including the surly instrumental *Mulitoid Fear*, Hasi Adkin's squawkin' *Chicken Walk (?)* and the blistering Doll-like *I Wanna Be Alone*. (The following evening, the Mongols did their frantic version of The New York Dolls' *Trash* when they opened for Hamilton's *Forgotten Rabbits* at Four-tunes Electricus. The Rabbits were real good, by the way, with their Lux Interior-gone-glitter frontman and their Ramones-y sound. Gabbie-gabbie-hey!)

Next up was E.J. Brille who did some pretty strange things with his mouth but most of whose set I missed 'cause I, ah, ran into a chick I knew. The crowd seemed to like him though, judging from the applause. Jerry Jerry and The Sons of Rhythm Orchestra, formerly the pride of Edmonton but now established in Mon-

Photo by Owen Egan



THIS ISSUE - FLIPPED OUT VISITS THE VOODOOS



Following The Gruesomes were the two guys who had cooked up the evening's shindig in the first place: *Deja Voodoo*. Tony merrily pounded on his drums with animallike ferocity while Gerard barked out long-time Voodoo laves as well as numbers from their recent *Swamp of Love* album. The duo's live sound has acquired a garage-like fullness I never would have thought possible, and anyone who thinks they need a bass player should know that they'd probably offer him up for sacrifice to Bo Diddley.

And it was with Bo's patented beat on the "Bo Diddley/Orange Blossom Special medley" that Ray Condo and his Herdrock Goners opened their set, the last one of the night. By this time it was past midnight and, as befitting the hour, Ray was one cat on the prowl who sure did howl! The Goners were behind him all the way on tunes like *Crazy Mixed-up World*, *St. James Infirmary* and *Off the Hook*. (That last song, written by Jaggar/Richard in '64, should find its way on to the Goners' next release. More info on that soon!). When Condo and company left the stage, the folks remaining at the Spectrum started to head on home and I high-tailed it back to the jungle.

Straw boss, looks like I'm at a loss for words, that is - so I guess I'll just take it on the lam and scrot. But don't ever let it slip your mind that if it's the sexiest sound this side of Jane Mansfield's heavy breathin', you're starved to give it to you in the form of primal rock'n'roll every Wednesday night on Radio McGill from my steamy abodes in the Subterranean Jungle. And now dig this last word of advice: take off your clothes and live, baby, live!



PHOTOS FROM THE DEJA VOODOO B.B.Q. ARE AVAILABLE. \$6/8x10. CALL OWEN AT 458-1727.

Flipped's Five Faves

1. The Mongols - Have Love, Will Travel
2. The Ben Vaughn Combo - My first Band!
3. The Girls - Chico's Girl
4. Les Chancelliers - La Genération d'Aujourd'hui
5. Slim Harpo - Baby Scratch My Back

MORFALBUMREVIEWSMOR

continued from page 9

are in. The songs, written by vocalist-guitarist Mack MacKenzie, deal with the general themes of love, hate, jealousy, etc. Not only original ideas, but hell, what is today? The basic principle is, it's what you do with those ideas to keep them fresh and interesting, if you're successful, it works, like it does for Three O'Clock Train.

Getting back to the maturing element, it's evident all over this record. In many ways, it's very different from WIG WAM BEACH, in the songs it presents. It consists mostly of ballads, the kind you listen to on hot summer nights with a bottle of Scotch as your companion. The songs that recall the upper-tempo of WIG WAM BEACH are the likes of *Sunken Destines*, *One of Two Faces and Fingers*, the record carries you along on stories of hope, love and aggression. *Be My Baby* (He Says) and *Thanks For the Ride* are as good as C & W ballads get, and the best track, *Muscle*, is, probably the best song they've done, lyrically and musically.

They're a better band than they were even a year ago, and they were pretty good back then, so who knows what is yet to come from this quartet. One thing I've always felt was that this band is much stronger on vinyl than they are live, the music has always been great, but the performance had always been lacking something. But once again I'm probably just being irksy, and time will only prove me wrong (I hope).

As an album, **MUSCLE** is in the strongest release locally (it may even be as bold as saying nationally) of this year. Mack MacKenzie is the most interesting songwriter to come out of our woods in quite some time, and as busy as he is producing this LP, and the awaited *Mongols EP*. Do yourself a favour and pick up this album, a slice of summer in these early frozen months.

PRH



FUTURE TENSE VARIOUS

Quick! For 20,000 points and a chance at door number 2, what's the most annoying thing about most compilation albums nowadays?

Inconsistency...yeah, that's the ticket! When you have 10 or so different groups all on one record there is generally no flow...no continuity. You may like the songs individually but together they just don't work that well.

Future Tense is a very unique sort of compilation album showcasing only four bands who blend together in much the same fashion as this *Mortal Coil*. The groups in this case are The Beautiful Green Boat, Bill Pritchard, Attrition and The Legendary Pink Dots, all of which have previous releases falling more or less in the "textured" electronic music category. Don't let the word "electronic" scare you though. This is a million miles away from the electro-pop groups of 3 years ago which gave synthesizers "leper spit" status. There is very little dance music to be found on this release.

Side one begins with 2 songs by The Beautiful Pss Green Boat, the most up-tempo of the 4 groups, the singer's voice is soothing but somehow out of place, like she is totally detached from the music. It's quite beautiful, and yet leaves you a bit unsettled.

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Bill Pritchard follows with 4 songs which contain the same sort of dichotomy between lyrics and music. *Scandinavia in Prague* has a tremulous carousel feel to it but the opening line (*Living in perdition is not very fun / when your life is controlled by the sound of a gun*) hints the dream giving it impact at the same time.

Side two opens with Attrition performing an Anne Clarke-ish tune except the music is much more minimalist, using only off-key noises and a piano played slightly off-beat to punctuate the lyrics (I wanted to leave the knower child at mother's door / I knew she was part and parcel of my whole). They add these two disturbing songs leading to the psychotic finale.

The *Legendary Pink Dots* contribute only one song about an 11 minute one. While the rest of the album is much like a slightly psychotic dream, *Premontion 5* is a diseased nightmare complete with backward masking and Gregorian chants. It is not an overly aggressive tune but it evokes thoughts of deeply troubled minds. Do the words "bad acid trip" mean anything to you?

Overall, *Future Tense* is not the kind of album which will make you feel good. It's cold, haunting music and one of my favorites of '86. There's lots of time to be happy when you're old.

Lonesome Cowboy Bob

HOW GREEN IS THE VALLEY THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG MCA Records

The first thing I say to myself as I put this album on the portable is, "What the hell are they doing on MCA?" The album is greeted by a solemn instrumental, lasting just over a minute, and flowing right into the next song, the last paced single, *Gold Rush*.

The men they couldn't hang, with their second album, remain in the genre of post-punk, the style first made popular by REM and then imitated by the Pogues. Their first album (*NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES* (Deion Records) was one of the most refreshing debut albums to dent the market, but recognition reached a peak only slightly higher than nil in North America. My greatest fear was to never hear another new note by the group. And now, unexpectedly, on a major label...

You may ask what one expects to hear when listening to *The Men*. The first thing is folk, Irish folk, though not to the extreme taken by their sister group, The Pogues. The second is tempo, most of it fast. The third is particular to the group - Gush and Seif's vocals, the unique combination of strings, the other instruments - something that makes you think *The Men*. After these three basics you ear does not know what to expect next.

If you enjoy albums where you can find ten versions of one melody (popularity called a theme) then say clear, this one. The music may be angry, lively, rabiid, military, mournful or usually, a combination of these. The lyrics seem to come from the mouths of old, Irish nationalist, factory workers sitting in a pub with their pants, knowing dates and telling stories to a younger generation which is fascinated by the adventure. Each song seems to come from a unique person, with his own view and tale to tell. And thus the album closes with a calm tune, "Parted From You", sort of a last call at the pub.

So hold open your "best of 1986" list (the album was released end of last year) and listen to *HOW GREEN IS THE VALLEY*. Hell, why not go out and bloody well buy the album, it's worth the money (even as an import, though it might be domestic soon). Let's hope *The Men* They Couldn't Hang don't get caught in the noise of anonymity or the clothe-line of commercialism, so that they continue with such fine music.

I almost forgot: let's pray for a war.

R.A.W.N.

YOUR FUNERAL...MY TRIAL NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

Mute Slum 34
"I have seen the light at the end of the tunnel. It's a train of suffering and it's coming my way."

Nick Cave lives in Berlin. London is most certainly suffering, according to Cave, like a corpse at the end of a rope.

Media straightjacketed (See Wapping), morally bound (i.e. Norman Tebbit), and moribund, London is presently no place for dissenters. The last refuge, the surviving independent spirit have no option but to adopt a position of accelerated decadence. They hope their pushing harder and harder against all constraints will destroy the readily inherited truths and values that threaten to stifle them.

Of course, such a position is not conclusively made. One comes to it instinctively, though naturally an absolute disgust with the pervasive feebleness of the present has influenced over one's instincts. Having consciously or subconsciously - taken the difficult path of pursuing unpopular desires to the end, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds have come the full brunt of a critical whiplash that has set themselves up as the new vanguard of the righteousness in the hope of buying themselves a place in music history with early personal sprints; *Ugly Nick Cave, Pompous Melodram, Comic Theatres, ex-amblers of The Blooded Party*, and so on. Talking of their asses they're obviously blind to what the Bad Seeds are or what they might do.

For here is a truly strange floating group of musicians, consisting of Nick, his BP compatriot and frequent arranger Mick Harvey (also Crime and the City Solutions' driving force), ex-Nabuteban non-guitarist Billy Bragg, percussionalist Tommy Wylder (from Berlin's Die Haut) and bassist Barry Adamson (ex-Magazine). Scattered across the continent and each deeply committed to their projects, the

can be drastically haphazard, but their bizarre approach to composition brings its own rewards.

It's only been a few months since the release of *KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS* and now we've been invited to a funeral and a trial, showing the extent that Nick has been influenced by the works of rural American balladists. The four sided, eight track 45 RPM does so to focus all of the listener's obsessions into focus converging them in his most accessible manner ever.

The Seeds bleed into loose country shuffler on *Stranger Than Kindness*, while Jack's shadow with its slide guitar brings the whole piece spiraling down to a remarkable Johnny Nash dirge-like acoustic. And the title track is one of two outstanding pieces, dealing with the classic: *Cave nightmare of being deserted by a woman he loves and has destroyed. It's only one slash away from the other climactic piece, Hard On For Love, where Cavé, Cave's other obsession, and the malvolence of women unite to drive a believer to unbelief. A man, consumed by his own furrow obsessions, is forever left to dangle on a rosary of lust, tantalized, crystallized till the end of time.*

Your Funeral, Nick's bleakest portrait yet of the stranger, the wifely tragedy that stalks the edge of town, with nowhere to go, once this sort of thing is said, there's no reason to be afraid. But Your Funeral is lacinating proof the way the Berlin underbelly keeps releasing its dark offspring.

Stormin' Norman

DJ Top 10 continued

- JEOPF BULL, host of *Voice of America*
- Life's a Beach - L.E.S. Anderson
- Graceland - Paul Simon
- 31 Big Apple For Everybody - Lat's Active
- Home Of The Brave - Laurie Anderson
- Candy Apple Pie - Husker Du
- King Of America - The Waitresses
- Animal Boy - Raincoats
- Rock Against The Pinkie - Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
- Candy Apple Pie - Husker Du
- Especially For You - The Smithereens
- Some Candy Talking (12") - The Jesus & Mary Chain
- BYRON STYROPAAM - *Very Mortal Coil*
- Distressed Gentlefolk - The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy
- Brotherhood - New Order
- Duck And Destrre - Mow
- Sissy Phreem - David Cole and the Combinations
- Salting With The Moon - Billy Bragg
- The Queen Is Dead - The Smiths
- Life's A Beach - P.E.M
- Electric Cafe - Kraftwerk
10. Infected - The Tr

JEAN RICHARD: Ent 4 Zoroalles host
1. The Queen Is Dead - The Smiths
2. What Price Paradise - Chris Cross
3. Commandments - Communards
4. Brighter Than A Thousand Suns - Killing Joke
5. Never Gave Her Up - The Police
6. You Keep Me Hangin' On (12") - Colorbox
7. Manda - The Lucy Show
8. Infected - The Tr

- Brotherhood - New Order
10. * - Indochine
- CRUSHED VELVET (one half of Soft Pursuits)
1. Crazy Days - Ray Condo and His Handrock Group
- Broody Nonsense - The Jazz Butcher
- The Big Heat - Ray Gregory
- Kick Against The Pricks - Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
- Candy Apple Pie - Husker Du
- Especially For You - The Smithereens
- Some Candy Talking (12") - The Jesus & Mary Chain
2. Rum, Sodomy And The Lash - The Pogues
3. Hate Fieldman - Chris Houston
- It Came From Carlsbad II - Various
- Especially For You - The Smithereens
3. No Guts, No Hatred, No Teacher
8. Highway To Heaven - Mortal Coil
9. Another View - Velvet Underground (Gory, only r/m)

STORMIN' NORMAN'S TOP 10
1. Headbanger's Ball - Motörhead
2. Teen Babes From Monsanto - Red Kross
3. Bend Sinister - The Fall

4. Play Pop - Wire
5. Atlantic Rhythm Band & Blue - 1947-1974
6. 1999 - The Jesus & Mary Chain
7. Soreg - New Wave Wound
8. The Best of Young Tunes and Squared Criminals - Soviet Fanclub Rum
9. Rum, Sodomy, And The Lash - The Pogues
10. L.P. - Head of David
11. The Jesus & Mary Chain
12. Wild Swans, Gang of Four, 808 Little Fingers, Lush, etc.
13. What Live in London - Trouble All

LONESOME COWBOY BOB'S TOP 10 ALBUMS 1987

1. *Whites Off Earth* - New Cowboy Junkies
2. *Mystery One Voice* - The Jesus & Mary Chain
3. *Rum, Sodomy, And The Lash* - The Pogues
4. *Future Tense* - Compilation
5. *Mind The Gap* - Skinny Puppy
6. *Muscle* - Mack MacKenzie
7. *Jellyfish* - Jellyfish
8. *Thanks For The Ride* - The Green Boat
9. *No Guts, No Hatred, No Teacher*
10. *The Mission* - Soundtrack

continued from page 14.

what's happening in Yorkshire, or in England, or Britain, or in western Europe or in the rest of the world—that's when I suddenly realized, no wonder they have no responsibility for what their government is doing. That's what inspired it and that was, I think, justified recently, during their elections. Only 36% of the population bothered voting. I don't think they're not interested, they're just apathetic about it. It's not an anti-American song. It's just a song that asks them to take responsibility for being the biggest Capitalist democratic nation.

KRAK: Along the same lines, do you think that your music can translate to such a different social and political environment like the U.S. and Canada and still have its power?

BRAGG: Well, this is what everybody always said to me, no way, no way, no way the Yanks are going to go for that record, forget it, they're not political enough, for your accent isn't, you know...They'll never play it on the radio. We've done 5-6 gigs over there and sold out 4 of them including New York on the same night as Sonic Youth and Eric Clapton were playing. The public were singing along and they're taking the politics. Nobody is more surprised than yours truly, I assure you...They could all be supplies for all I know, but I know that there are political people who agree with my politics and they go back home and watch MTV, drive their mother's car and never do anything

political again in their lives. I'm sure about that. But all of a sudden you can't just expect people to go out, storm the World Trade Center, or fly a red flag atop the Empire State Building. Pop music ain't supposed to do that or it ain't capable. It'd be good if it was—it'd be great.

Patrick Hamou
transcribed (with much thanks) by
France Chevalier



TOP 30

Artist

- Hüsker Dü
- * Three O'Clock Train
- * Condition
- * Ben Vaughn Combo
- Various
- * Of Tanz Victims
- Dead Kennedys
- Robyn Hitchcock
- * Deja Voodoo
- Los Lobos
- * Various
- This Mortal Coil
- * Jellyfish Babies
- * The Lucy Show
- * Sheep Look Up
- Camper Van Beethoven
- The Golden Palominos
- The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy
- * The Purple Toads
- Concrete Blonde
- The Smithereens
- * Shuffie Demons
- The Godfathers
- Billy Bragg
- Smiths
- * Traffic D'Influence
- Throwing Muses
- Swans
- * Sons of the Desert
- * Fifth Column

* = Canadian

Album

- Warehouse Songs & Stories
Music In
Red, Hot and Blue
The Many Moods Of...
Sid and Nancy Soundtrack
Scavenging Elite Demonia
Bedtime For Democracy
Element of Light
Swamp of Love
By The Light Of The Moon
Out of The Fog (Halitex Underground)
Filigree & Shadow
Jellyfish Babies
Mania
Sheep Look Up
Camper Van Beethoven
Blast of Silence
Distressed Gentlefolk
The Purple Toads
Concrete Blonde
Especially For You
Streetsink
Hit By Hit
Talking With The Tasman...
Shogglers of the World Unite (12")
Lip Sync
Throwing Muses
Public Cassation Is A Good Idea
Sons of the Desert
To Sir With Hate

Label

- WEA
Pipeline
Amok
Star
MCA
Bunker
Fringe
Relativity
CG
Slash/WEA
CKDU
Polygram
Piet
Polygram
Slur
Pitch-a-Tent
Celluloid
Polygram
Star
I.R.S.
Enigma
Stuben
Corporate Image
Polygram
Roughtrade
Etique Rev.
AAD
Burn One
Demo
Demo

Compiled by Gary Shapiro - Music Director

FEBRUARY						
M	T	W	Th	F	Sa	Su
						22 Télé Art
23	24 L'œil teachable	25 DEJA VOODOO wonderful fuel	26 Télé Art	27 Télé Art	28 Télé Art	
MARCH						
						Télé Art
2	3 L'Oeil	4 Suffer Machine	5 Garry Religion	6 Jerry Jerry	7 Nils	8 mail de la glorie nouveau-arrivants
9	10 L'Oeil	11	12	13	14 Condition	15 Peinture en Direct
16	17 L'Oeil	18 Descendants	19 Killer with a whip	20 Unayok	21 Unayok	22 Unayok
23	24 L'Oeil	25 October Crisis	26 One Free Fall	27 Jenny Rock	28 Haunting Tales	29
30	31 L'Oeil					

sunday

LIVE UNDER
THE DOME

monday

GAMBLING NIGHT

tuesday

DRAFT BASH

wednesday

SHOT NIGHT

thunderdome

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THE PEEL SESSIONS
JOY DIVISION
UNDERTONES
XMAL DEUTSCHLAND
MADNESS
GANG OF FOUR
WEDDING PRESENT
WILD SWANS
Strange Fruit Records
(Polygram Canada)

Everyone wore really strange clothes and had funny haircuts, they thought they were going to change the world. Drugs were rampant, the attitude was "if it ain't stiff, it isn't worth a fuck", and only other people turned thirty. Sounds a lot like 1967 doesn't it, but why not? Happy Anniversary, darling!

In 1976, things weren't that bad. Jim Callaghan wasn't that close to General Pinochet and if you weren't careful you could have fallen over a job.

The Class of 1976, those naughty punks, the school of No Future - NO FUTURE! Isn't that the most glorious slice of self pity you ever heard? The last generation to come of age before Britain slid into the economic posturing of a Third World nation. The Punks were the last generation that could afford to be rebellious. Did they fail? I don't think so. Punk dragged, the prevailing middle class culture, old, dull and staid - screaming back to the youth. You can do whatever you want - the only thing stopping you...is yourself. You can do anything you want - the message to the nations saving youth was you are a waste!

I approached the Peel Sessions with much curiosity, my interest piqued ten years on. The "Peel Sessions" are the result and fascination of one John Peel of BBC1. Each week a different band was booked up in a local BBC studio, engineered by some geek in a Ginecitis. "Ginecitis" whose sole aim was to clutter the sessions, tarnish them up a bit, this is the BBC you know and not the Cartel. This excuse though, doesn't apply to Joy Division.

Joy Division - stark, dull minimalism. The perfect bed of band. "I remember when we were young" that seems to attract the angst ridden segment of the



young male population, the ones that dress in black and girlfriends that look like Robert Smith, found at any goth concert. My roommate Bev, upon hearing "The Division" wondered as to why Curtis was allowed near a microphone. "He seems to be off key," she said, quite observant I noted as I snorted through one cut after another.

Joy Division does not age well. In 1987, I doubt any band with any hint of ambition would/could use him. "Transmission" fares well above the others. "Exercise One" avoidable, with irritating drum synths, they stumble into "She's Lost Control", in the hands of, say, the Banshees. This could have been a brilliant single, but alas, it bogs down in its own tedious angst. If this happened in 1979, why are people still dressed like this in 1987 - Oh, wee is me.

Not so, on the Undertones, this session is as fresh and lively as the newsprint you are holding. Fanie Sharkey walks his little heart out over such problems as love and the coming of summer, which I'm sure would have won the eye of Andy. Let's just see Polygram try to get this back...

Xmal Deutchaland - best intentions all around I'm sure - but it should have been buried along with Joy Division - cause of death: Terminal art school crap.

Madness call their ska-ragga influenced dance music the "multy sound". Recorded in 1979, it features a stripped down version of "The Prince". "Please Sir, Buy my Madness!" Wonderful, shuffling, cool music, buy it.

The Post-Punk period broke away from the minute-47 chainsaw guitar riff and reached back into the realm of proto-techs.



The "Gang of Four", recorded in 1979 were the threshold of sectional guitar stabs at the conventional song - no Eurovision song contest winners here. The band peaked then and this is all that is left. This session features a very trim first single "At Home He's a Tourist", then something happened. After 1979, they turned crap.

Which then concludes with the "Wild Swans" and "The Wedding Present" few years in between but oh so lovely. It is unfortunate that some blame the Wild Swans for the coming of the "Wooden Tops" or even the "Smiths" for that matter - it that is so then imitation is truly the greatest form of flattery. The "Swans" were known for a very intense acoustic, ringing guitar, much better driven on electric, they are outstanding - guitars tightly strung, the way God intended them to be played. As for driven, only pelestrians will buy this one.

The "Peel Sessions" are a good idea, I think, but they weren't recorded in a vacuum. They were done at a certain time for certain people and because of that they remain as such - linear in motion. Musical archives are never cyclical; thus denying them the magic they once held and for that I'm so sorry.

Norman de Bellefeuille



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Program Schedule

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
08h00						
09h00			CLASSICAL			
10h00			Death of REGULAR PROGRAMMING			Savoy Hour
11h00	Soft Furniture		Death of Nihilism			Bats & Cats and Egypt
12h00		In From The Cold	La Bete	Pressbox	TOP	World Service
13h00		Sounds From The Street	Culturelle	Newsmag	17	
14h00			The New REGULAR PROGRAMMING			
15h00			Sounds of Today			
16h00	Reggae Beat International	Pop goes the Beatles	Radio Uhuru	Off Campus	Radio Rosa	B w Video
17h00		Positive Vibrations	REGGAE			
18h00						
19h00	Blue Monday		JAZZ			
20h00	Sylvanus On-Air	Electric Eclectic	The Subterranean Jungle	Comedy	Friday Night Sports Special	Harlem Nocturne
21h00	Dromotexts	Voice of America	The New Republicans			
22h00		Ent 4 Zorallies	REGULAR PROGRAMMING (with a little more bite)			
23h00			Not of This World	Final Solution		
24h00	OFF THE AIR				Late Night Atrocity Exhibi- tion	
01h00	OFF THE AIR					