

IGGY POP + SKINNY PUPPY + BARENAKED LADIES + ERIC'S TRIP

NETWORK

Cowboy
Junkies
return to
four-piece
roots

Sam the Record Man

spring • nineteen ninety-six

BARENAKED LADIES
BORN ON A PIRATE SHIP



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the new single
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NICE DAY for a PARTY ... Isn't it?



AFTER A NINE YEAR ABSENCE TEENAGE
HEAD, ONE OF CANADA'S PREMIER
PUNKABILLY, PARTY-ROCK BANDS, ARE BACK
WITH A NEW ALBUM, *HEAD DISORDER*.
PRODUCED BY MARK BERRY (THE
HEADSTONES), THE ALBUM SOUNDS LIKE
VINTAGE TEENAGE HEAD, WITH TRACKS LIKE
"WALKIN' ALONE" AND "HEAD DISORDER"
REMINISCENT OF THE GROUP'S CLASSIC
MATERIAL, RELEASED BETWEEN 1979-'83.
AND THE BAND, FEATURING SINGER FRANKIE
VENOM, BASSIST STEVE MARSHALL
(ABOVE), GUITARIST GORD LEWIS AND
DRUMMER MARK LOCKERBIE STILL HAS A
KILLER LIVE SHOW.

Etc. 5 Kids In The Hall, A decade of hair, Alex
Lifeson's new project, Nepotism Records,
Speech, Eric's Trip, Grave robbin', rainforest
babes, Jane Bunnett, and more junk from the
bloated bosom of pop.

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featuring *Sgt. Bilko*, *Thinner*, *The Shadow
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James And The Giant Peach*, and more from
the balcony.

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Toronto's Cowboy Junkies are back with their
sixth studio album, *Lay It Down*, a return to the
band's four-piece roots, featuring some of their
strongest songs in years.

Iggy Pop 16 Screw all the clichés —
about his former use of drugs, his association
with David Bowie or his status as current
"Godfather of Punk" — Iggy Pop's back with a
cool new album, *Naughty Little Doggie*, and
that's all that matters.

Skinny Puppy 19 Vancouver industrial
pioneers Skinny Puppy disintegrate before your
very eyes, and after more than a decade of melding
music and noise, leave new album *The Process* as
their eulogy.

Barenaked Ladies 22 New album *Born On
A Pirate Ship* finds the Ladies bridging the gap
between their wacky past and earnest present ,
with a batch of cool songs that display their deft
touch at writing neat pop songs.

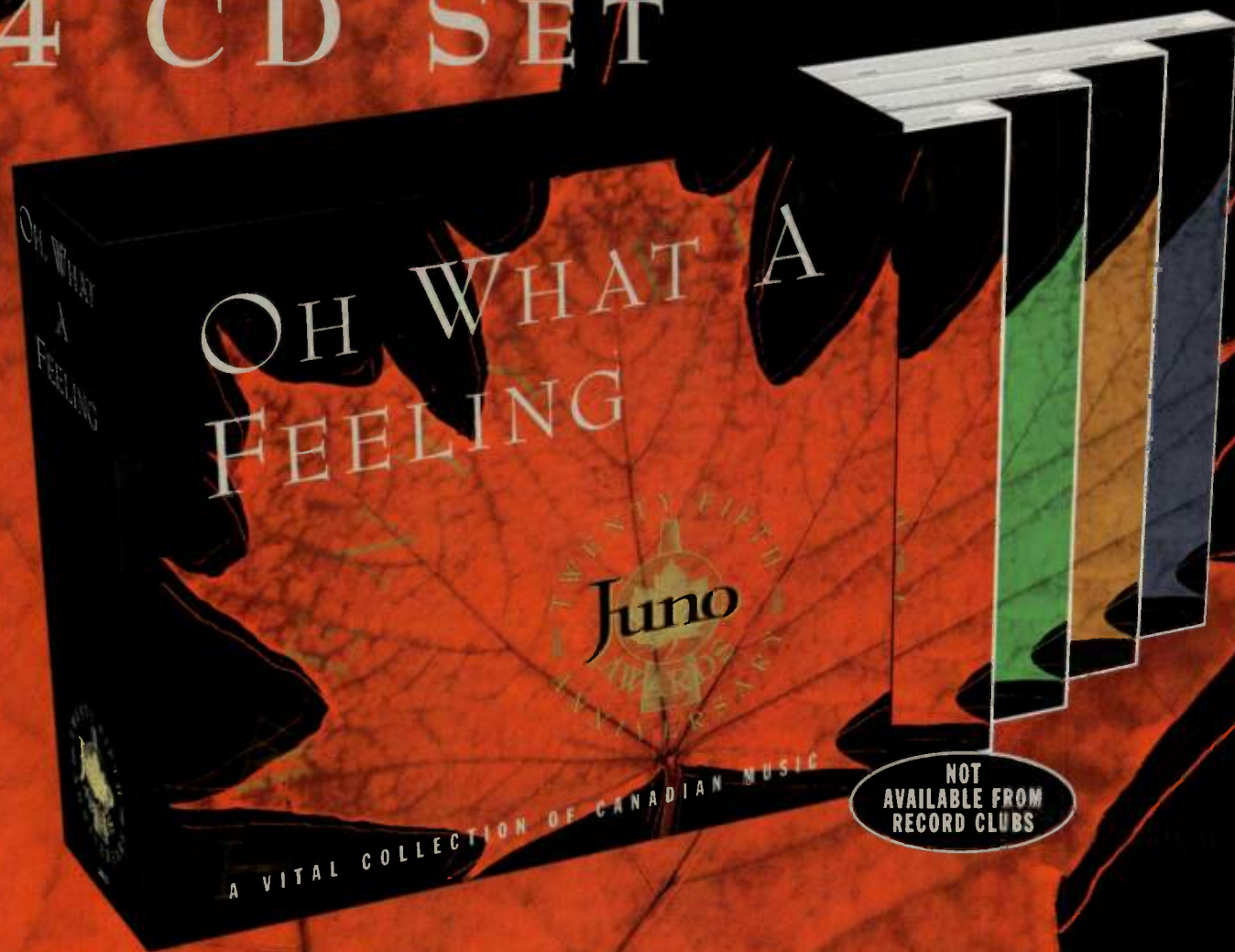
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Nettwerk Records box set and more.

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OH WHAT A FEELING!

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All proceeds from this release will go to charity:

Starlight Foundation

CARAS

Safeway

Sam the Record Man

CANADA'S LARGEST AND BEST KNOWN RECORD STORE



Kicking down barriers

From the critical thrashing he's taking for his debut, self-titled release, Speech, former leader of Arrested Development, must have done some really bad stuff in a past life — or maybe his critics are simply incompetent geeks. Either way, it's something he's used to. Seems his idea of meshing hip-hop with R & B and more hard-edged rap isn't accepted by certain purists, who seem to believe in a form of musical segregation.

"Well, part of the hip-hop community, like *Source Magazine* (an American publication that covers rap), and those who consider themselves Gods of hip-hop, wrote me off a long time ago. In a way it's a blessing in disguise because I no longer have to deal with it, besides I'm not making music for those industry guys — the people who listen to my music like more than just hip-hop, they like Stevie Wonder, Sade, and that's the point," he explains.

And like the best work of Arrested Development, Speech's album is about variety; mixing real and sampled instruments; rapping and sweet, soulful vocals; and alternating between songs about the joy of music ("Can You Hear Me?") and the power of love ("Running Wild") and more socially-relevant subject matter ("Ask Somebody Who Ain't").

"I like all styles of music and I'm inspired by all kinds of people; for instance, one of my biggest influences on this record was Joni Mitchell. I was listening to her daily. The song "Ask Somebody Who Ain't" was influenced by her style of writing about a character and taking them through a day," he says.

The long-awaited Eric's Trip live album ... sort of

... O.k., it's not a live album. But *Purple Blue*, the new disc from Moncton, New Brunswick noise-popsters Eric's Trip, is an attempt to capture the essence of the band's energetic live shows.

"What we wanted to do this time was to try and make it sound more like we do when we play live, so that's why we recorded it all at the same time, and that's something we've never done before," explains bassist, singer and new Mommy Julie Doiron (the rest of the band includes Mark Gaudet, drums, Chris Thompson, guitar, and Rick White, vocals and guitar).

Despite the way it was recorded, *Purple Blue* is probably the best-sounding album the band has ever made; its fuzzy, ragged, sonic edges intact but augmented by the fullness of its sound. Hell, you don't even have to turn down the treble knob on your stereo this time. Musically aggressive — more so than 1994's *Forever Again* — the songs on *Purple Blue* continue the band's tradition of offering intimate glimpses into their lives, without being too specific. On "Eyes Closed," for instance, Julie sings "I feel so tired, I feel so tired, I feel so tired of everything/ It's nothing new, nothing new, nothing new, it's all the same." So, to what extent are their songs autobiographical?

"Basically I'm a happy person, but I guess you end up writing things that say how you feel at that particular hour," she admits, adding, "There was a time when everyone I was hanging around with were always down on themselves and just super pathetic all the time and they felt like they were the only ones who were going through that, but I got sick of that because everyone feels that way now and then."

And though she scoffs at being lumped in with so-called "Generation X" bands, she acknowledges that some of their songs reflect a restlessness that a lot of young people today seem to be feeling. "Yeah, it's kind of the feeling that we're sick of a lot of the situations that we're going through; sort of like we're tired of the same old thing but yet comfortable and secure with the same old thing," she says.

Babes in the forest

It's nice to know we're progressing as a society. Don't believe us?

Well, obviously, you haven't heard about *Supermodels In The Rainforest*, an "enhanced" CD-ROM featuring eight supermodels offering guided tours of the Costa Rican rainforests.

No, we're not kidding. Seems the babes, including Tyra Banks, Sabrina Barnett, Nicole Beach and five others, cavort in skimpy bathing suits in some of the world's most glorious forests. So, what's the point? Well, according to the folks who are distributing this land-breaking release, we get to "learn about the animals and lakes and soak up the beauty!" We also have the option of interacting with "supermodel photo sessions by controlling the camera and selecting from a variety of sequences. Snap the photos and build your own personal photo album." It also features music by Duran Duran, Soul II Soul and Enigma.

Oh, and a "a portion" of the proceeds will go to Rainforest International.

Word has it that *Supermodels In The Rainforest* is the first in a series of CD-ROMS featuring superbabes tackling some of today's most important issues. Next up is *Supermodels In An AIDS Hospice*, expected to be released this summer.



Time was, when you wanted to reform a supergroup, and one of the original members was deceased, you'd do the only logical thing: Hire their children to fill in. Thus we had Julian Lennon buzzing around with the ex-Beatles, while over in Led Zepland, Jason Bonham thundered on the drum kit with familial authority. Then there was the phenomenon of hiring new members to "play the role" of deceased (or uncooperative) members of '60s pop bands like The Temptations, Mamas and Papas and The Monkees. In the mid-'80s, a coke-crazed Sly Stone staged a "comeback" with a decidedly generic show band bearing the moniker of "The Family Stone Band." That word "band" tacked on the end was the only clue that this was not really "Sly And The Family Stone," but an uncredible simulation (to paraphrase the old ads for *Beatlemania*). Which brings us to The Beatles (or The Threetles) "Free As A Bird," and "Real Love," surely Jeff Lynne and The Electric Light Orchestra's finest moments featuring ex-Beatles Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr on top of cryo-



genic bed tracks by the ghost of John Lennon himself. Before Lennon was murdered in 1980, he probably never imagined this kind of disruption of his eternal rest. The results have conjured up mixed reactions. Like witnessing a roadside accident, you gotta listen to them at least once. But like a roadside accident, the thrill is cheap and one of the passengers is truly dead.

But, in reality, this grave-robbing trend isn't all that new. After Jimi Hendrix died in 1969, several records like *Crash Landing* (featuring posthumous session backing to unreleased Hendrix tracks) were rushed out. And, of course, in the '80s Nathalie Cole teamed up with the late Nat King Cole on "Unforgettable" while Hank Williams Jr. sang with long gone daddy Hank Sr. on "There's A Tear In My Beer." By merging the "hire the children" approach with the "posthumous tracks" approach they set the stage for the next wave of grave-robbing rock. But now it's the sample-

happy, techno '90s and only the real thing will do. A perfect, clean, digital sample of the real thing, that is. Maybe that's the Frankensteinian thrill of these Virtual Reality '90s. If you've ceased to function physically, and enough of your work is on disc, what's the problem? We'll just clone you and embellish the rest. The late rock journalist Lester Bangs once predicted a future where a "holographic clone" of Barry White tours the world and does such a good business that the real Mr. White attempts to sue. But in Bangs' Orwellian nightmare the clone is ruled to be more entitled to use Barry's name because it gives more consistent performances. Being clinically dead just isn't a good enough excuse anymore. Even The Doors released an album with Jim Morrison last year.

And speaking of raising The Dead, are you listening Mr. Garcia? — Paul Myers

Celebrating the joys of Nepotism

Toronto's Nepotism Records, a new indie label started by former Look People singer and wacky man-about-town Jaymz Bee and singer, artist, and designer Melleny Melody, has a simple philosophy, what Bee calls the "three 'F' manifesto: "Family, friends, or fuck off."

"Don't bother sending us a demo tape if we don't already know you; take us out for dinner, invite us to a party — once we know you, once we treat you like family, which means we can say fuck off if we want you to fuck off and then we'll still hug you later, 'cause we're family — then we can do business," he explains.

Yes, but, um, what *kind* of music are they looking for?

"We're having trouble finding music that we want to put out. We're getting sent a lot of good stuff but it's not the kind of music we know how to handle — it's got to be uptempo, happy, totally original and really clever," he explains.

Of course, they *did* find what they were looking for in the



and his Royal Jelly Orchestra



mirror: Two of Nepotism's initial releases to date have been album's by themselves. Jaymz Bee And His Royal Jelly Orchestra and Melleny Melody's *Cartoons*, both of which Melody

describes as "big band, only Jaymz's is done with a real musicians and mine is all synthesized."

Jumping in, Bee adds, "Melleny's is more, like, cartoons, sort of Fred Astaire-meets-Betty Boop, and mine is more Frank Zappa-meets-Frank Sinatra," he says, amidst general laughter.

For Bee and Melody, strictly adhering to their decidedly non-corporate credo is the key to making Nepotism a success. "The only thing our label is missing is common sense, but that's okay because we're having a good time. But actually, we don't look for what's going to be the next big hit ... we make something with our hearts and we put it out 'cause we like it," says Bee.

And they're honest about it. To quote another Nepotism slogan: "We preach what others practise."

You can contact Nepotism at 61 Austin Terrace, T.O., Ont. M5R 1Y7, (416) 588-6755/ fax (416) 588-1157.

Kids in the aisle

Ever think about the nature of happiness? What it really means? Why we sometimes wallow in depression when things are fine or feel good when life is shitty? No? Well, the Kids In The Hall do. In fact, those themes are at the heart

of the Canadian comedy troupe's first feature film, *The Kids In The Hall Brain Candy*.

When a mood-altering prescription drug "sweeps the nation" and everybody gets "stark, raving happy," the powers that be aren't amused — after all, it's dangerous to have a country full of happy people.

"What interests us is the concept of happiness and depression being commodities, almost physical things and it was an idea that we all responded to, because, perhaps it's at the heart of our work, you know, depressed people trying to be happy, or how happy do you have to be or want to be, or are happy people stupid or just lucky? The nature of happiness is of great interest to us," explains Bruce McCulloch, who stars in the film with fellow Kids Dave Foley, Scott Thompson, Kevin McDonald and Mark McKinney.

Despite being one of only a couple of comedy groups ever to make the leap to films (the mighty Monty Python being the other notable recent example) in tact — not merely reproducing one or two characters for the big screen, à la Saturday Night Live alumni — McCulloch mocks the Kids "status" in the film world.

"Some people seem to think we're (adopting a cool, low voice) 'in L.A. doing movies now,' well, we're not, we did it here (Toronto), we're all Canadian, but we just happen to get some money from those guys (Paramount)," he says, with a laugh. And, as he points out, they were involved in every aspect of the production, from writing (everyone except Foley co-wrote the script with Norm Hiscock) on down — which made dealing with the studio a tricky thing.

"They didn't know how to deal with us because, you know, we wanted to know what the poster looks like and we wanted to question who gets cast for a certain part and we wanted to know what's going to happen with the video — we didn't just show up — and I think it's neat that we were a true group making a film but at the same time it was really hard," says McCulloch.

The Kids movie opens April 12.



FOLEY, THOMPSON, McKINNEY, McDONALD AND McCULLOCH



Rock Viva la Hoser

To say the Juno Awards have come a long way since their inception 25 years ago is to vastly understate things. Sure, they've been dogged with a series of bullshit controversies over the years — usually over who's been nominated or more significantly, who *hasn't* been nominated — but, so what? Have you checked out the Grammys or the American Music Awards lately? Pure horsepoo.

The point is, what's important is the *music*, not the hype. And if you take an inventory of all the cool music that's come out of these parts over the past quarter-century, you're left with only one conclusion: it's awesome.

One of the ways CARAS — the folks behind the Junos — is marking this historic occasion is with the sale of a 4-CD box set, called *Oh What A Feeling*, that chronicles the history of Canadian pop music from the mid-'60s to the present. And, like the awards themselves, this massive collection (that offers over five hours of music) ain't

perfect. There are a number of lightweight tracks included that, arguably, represent the sappy side of Canadian music and some will undoubtedly feel that there are glaring omissions (particularly of new stuff by artists like Spirit Of The West, Bass Is Bass, Sloan, Lowest Of The Low, the Tea Party, 13 Engines, Junkhouse, and others) but screw it.

Oh What A Feeling is the largest collection of Canadian music ever assembled and, as such, does a great job of pulling together three-and-a-half-decades of Canuck rock.

It includes cool tunes by The Pursuit of Happiness ("I'm An Adult Now"), Alanis Morissette ("You Oughta Know"), Barenaked Ladies ("If I Had A Million Dollars"), The Tragically Hip ("New Orleans Is Sinking"), Cowboy Junkies ("Misguided Angel"), Moist ("Push"), The Band ("The Weight"), Crash Test Dummies ("Superman's Song"), Sarah McLachlan ("Hold On"), Maestro Fresh-Wes ("Let Your Backbone Slide"), Leonard Cohen ("Suzanne"), k.d. lang ("Constant Craving"), Rough Trade ("High School

Confidential"), Neil Young ("Helpless"), Jann Arden ("Could I Be Your Girl"), Martha and the Muffins ("Echo Beach"), The Guess Who ("American Woman," "These Eyes"), and a bunch of others.

And with proceeds of the set going to charity (Safehaven, the Starlight Foundation and the CARAS Academic Support Fund), picking it up makes a lot of sense. But, ultimately, the reason to check out *Oh What A Feeling* is the music ... it's a great reflection of how far the music scene has come in this country, and a tantalizing teaser for the future.

The biggest surprise about Alex Lifeson's first solo album, *Victor*, a moody examination of the dark side of love, is its disturbing, intense tone — the Rush axeman extraordinaire is seriously bummed. In fact, Lifeson's fascination with the brutal and tragic aspects of relationships was the outgrowth of some personal demons he was grappling with

when he started working on the project, in 1994.

"Well, for me 1993 was kind of a tough year. I'd been going through a bit of a re-evaluation in my relationship with my wife; we met in high school, got married 20 years ago, had two kids and grew up together and we just got to a point where we

started to take it for granted — we were missing that special spark in our relationship — so we made a really concerted effort to get back on track and fortunately we were very successful, our relationship is 100 times better than it was," says Lifeson. But, looking around at friends who were going through similar crises, there was no shortage of material for him to work with. The real challenge in putting *Victor* together, says Lifeson, came from within.

"I'm a bit of a lazy person, and I've always been that way. I get involved in things, and start out all enthusiastic, and then after a while I tend to lose interest, but with this project I set a goal for myself that I had to achieve — if I didn't do this now I'd never do it," he explains.

Rather than taking a hippie-dippie approach to the subject of love, Lifeson went in the opposite direction. *Victor*'s full of tales of love gone wrong, and disturbing portraits of men who use sex for power, in a desperate attempt at salvation, most notably on opening track, "Don't Care," a gripping, unnerving song that begins, "Shut up and turn off the light I'll take you deep through the night/ Just leave before you're in my sight/ Cause I don't need another fight/ And I don't need your sympathy/ You'll get no tender love from me."

"With 'Don't Care' I wanted to get the sense of someone in a relationship where there's a breakdown and he takes it outside the relationship and strips it right down to its most basic animalistic desire of being dominant and releasing anger and frustration through sex — it's not lovemaking, it's pure, dominant sex. He's so angry, but at the same time, at the end of the song he says, 'Please set me free,' so he wants help" says Lifeson.

Working with a core group of Bill Bell on guitar, Peter Cardinali on bass and Blake Manning on drums, *Victor* is also notable for the strong vocal contributions of Edwin (I Mother Earth) on six tracks, and Lisa Dalbello on another ("Start Today").

"I thought that there was a quality in Edwin's voice that would work great on this material; I knew that there was a menacing, nasty quality in his vocal presentation, and I think it was perfect for this record," he says.

Of working with famed Canadian vocalist Dalbello, Lifeson says, "Well, it was a song that musically was very masculine-sounding, very tough and aggressive and then it's contrasted with a female's voice and that's the effect I really wanted to get, and her performance really reflects that — she was amazing."



Jane Bunnett's rhythmic adventure

If you look for the art credit on Jane Bunnett's latest CD, you'll find that she did the painting as well as the playing. In her younger days, she expressed herself regularly in both creative forms. But there came a time when she had to choose. "For a long time, as a teen," she explains, "I couldn't make up my mind. I was sort of a dreamer. I finally had to decide what was really my passion. It sounds corny. But I had to decide what to dedicate my life to."

Her call to music gives lovers of jazz flute and soprano sax much to be grateful for. Even if you just like Latin Jazz, you'd appreciate her drawing together of musicians from Brazil and Cuba for her latest release, *Rendez-vous Brazil/Cuba*. "The idea was for it to be a collective recording, a musical thought; where everybody works equally. Although there are big rhythmic differences between the two countries, they have strong common factors from shared roots in Africa," says Bunnett. "The rhythms are inspiring. There's so much happening

and so many ways to go with the energy generated by the layering of percussion."

The experience of being in a musical collective is something Bunnett wants and has always wanted. Her goal wasn't to become a star. Let's face it — any jazz player is in it for the music, not the money (what money?). "All I hoped for was that I would be in a group where I could attain a high level of playing and be playing with like-minded musicians," she says. "I've been able to do that so far. And I hope that these experiences just become more and more. But

in the art world, you've a difficult road. You always feel your best work has yet to come. That's the beauty and frustration. It keeps you constantly creating."

And creating in paint is still part of Bunnett's artistry. "The visual for me is something tangible. You can keep going back to it. With a piece of music, it comes and goes. And you're left with a feeling of what music is," she explains.

Jazz spins: Some recent releases of note include *The Time Warp Collection* — a set of two CDs covering the group's 15-year history. If you

like vocals with your jazz music, you could always try **Claire Rodger's** *Old Moon, New Love*. This CD features a heap of original material served up by Rodger and a superb band: David Restivo, Don Thompson, Guido Basso, Reg Schwager, Daniel Barnes, and Mike Downes. If you like your music funkyed up, you'll probably enjoy *Time Changes, Times Change* from **Jim Norman and Graphite**. Touch from **Rick Shadrach Lazar** and **Montuno Police** or *Welcome: Mother Earth* from **Meantime** (as in **Sonny Greenwich Sr. and Jr.** and friends). — C.J. Wren



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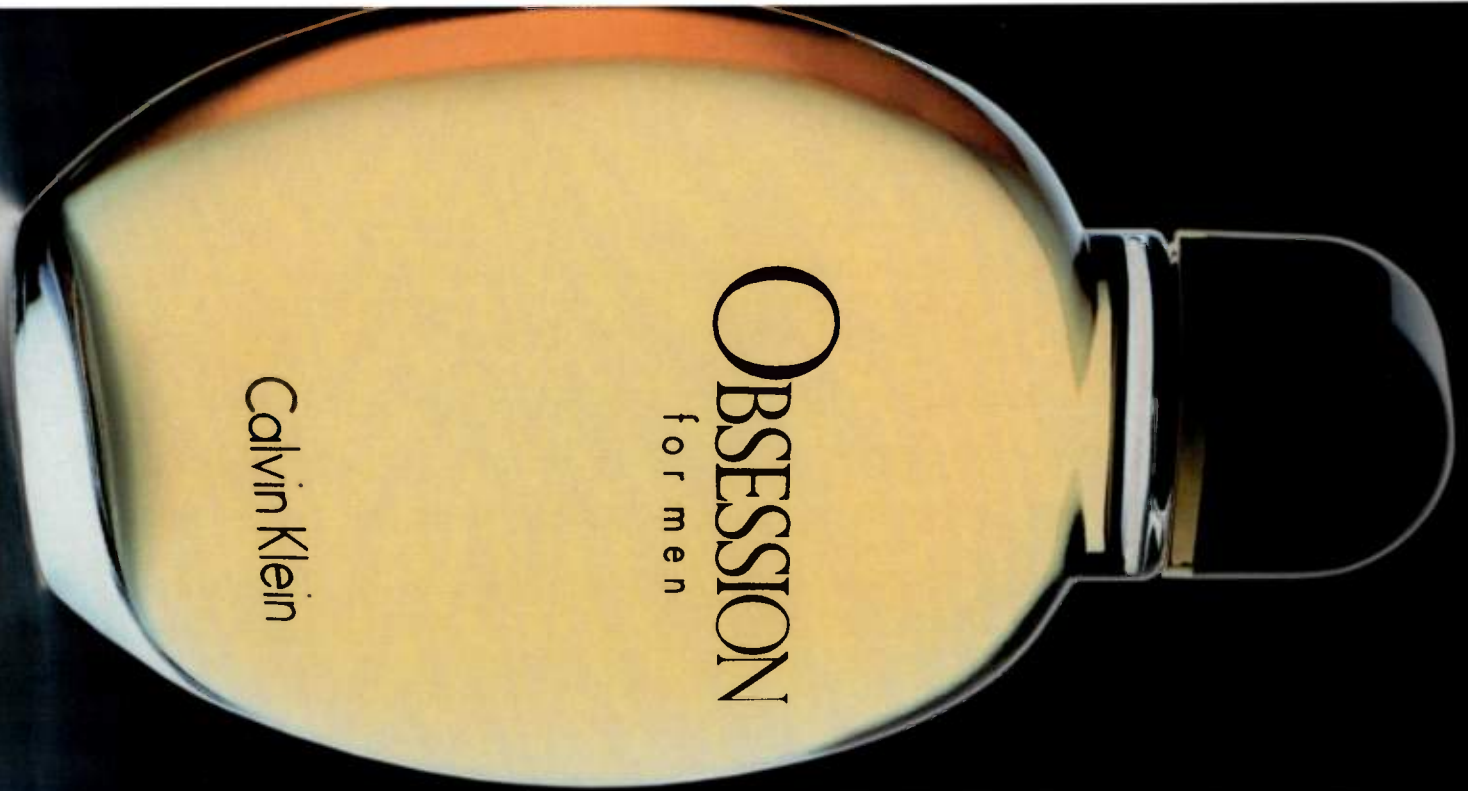
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NOW PLAYING:

Spring, and a young moviegoer's fancy turns to escapism. Gearing up for summer, Hollywood is serving up thrillers, comedy and S-F. Young (movie) lovers should have no trouble finding the film made just for them.

T.V. con artist *Sgt. Bilko* resurfaces in the person of **Steve Martin** in the big screen adaptation of the '60s show.

Dan Ackroyd also stars.

Another T.V. rerun, *Flipper*, swims to our shores in May, starring **Paul Hogan**.

In *Thinner*, the latest **Stephen King** big screen chiller, a successful but overweight lawyer falls under a gypsy curse and goes on a radical weight loss program. *The Shadow Conspiracy* stars **Charlie Sheen** as a presidential advisor who must save the American president from an assassination plot.

Judging from their titles, both *Primal Fear* and *Fear* have designs on the audience's nerves. The former stars **Richard Gere** as a brilliant defense attorney whose client unwittingly leads him into a trap; the latter stars **Mark Wahlberg** as the boyfriend from hell who terrorizes the family of his girlfriend, who is desperately trying to get rid of him. Is this what Hollywood thinks of dating in the '90s?

A dating picture of a different kind, *Up Close & Personal* stars **Michelle Pfeiffer** as an ambitious television reporter who gets tangled up with mentor **Robert Redford** on her way to the top.

In the fantasy and S-F arena, **Mario Van Peebles** flies *Solo* as a high-tech government warrior made of poly-plastics and fluids. **Tim Burton** and director **Henry Selick** (*The Nightmare Before Christmas*) continue to buck the computer animation trend by offering up a mixture of live action and stop-motion



JAMES AND THE GIANT PEACH

Time for some escapist fun

animation in *James And The Giant Peach*, based on **Dahl's** famous children's book.

IN THE WORKS:

Hollywood's strangest director, **David Lynch**, apparently recovered from his disastrous *Twin Peaks* movie, is back with a project entitled *Highway Lost*, about a saxophonist (**Bill Pullman**) accused of killing his wife. On death row, he metamorphoses into either someone else or a younger version of himself: no one is quite sure which. In any case, if you're tired of conventional Hollywood fare, watch for this one.

Barry (*Rain Man*) **Levinson** recently hooked an all-star cast (**Robert De Niro**, **Brad Pitt**, **Dustin Hoffman**, **Kevin Bacon** and **Jason Patric**) to star in *Sleepers*, based on the non-fiction account of the revenge which a group of friends take on the men who abused them in reform school. The controversy over the book's veracity (some critics accused author **Lorenzo Carcaterra** of embellishing the truth or outright lying) should only help the movie.

Barry (*The Addams Family*) **Sonnenfeld** also probably has a hit on his hands with *Men In Black*. **Tommy Lee Jones** and **Will Smith** star as shadowy government agents who discredit UFO sightings by leaking the story to the tabloids.



FEAR



PFEIFFER

CRYSTAL GAZING:

The crystal ball is doling out career advice with predictions this time. After all, Hollywood stars need guidance from the truly gifted, so here are the kinds of projects they will be avoiding or seeking in the rest of their careers.

Sabrina flopped, so if **Harrison Ford** ever does another romantic comedy, it will be released during summer, the prime

date movie season. Mostly, I see a lot of thrillers for Ford, such as the upcoming *The Devil's Own* with **Brad Pitt**, and *Air Force One*, in which he plays the American President who battles terrorists who take over his plane.

Although *Waterworld* actually grossed well worldwide (over \$250 million), **Kevin Costner** will avoid playing abrasive characters like his Mariner in that futuristic epic. Mindful of his all-American image, he will look for more overt good guy roles; audiences will get a chance to root for his golf pro in the upcoming *Tin Cup*.

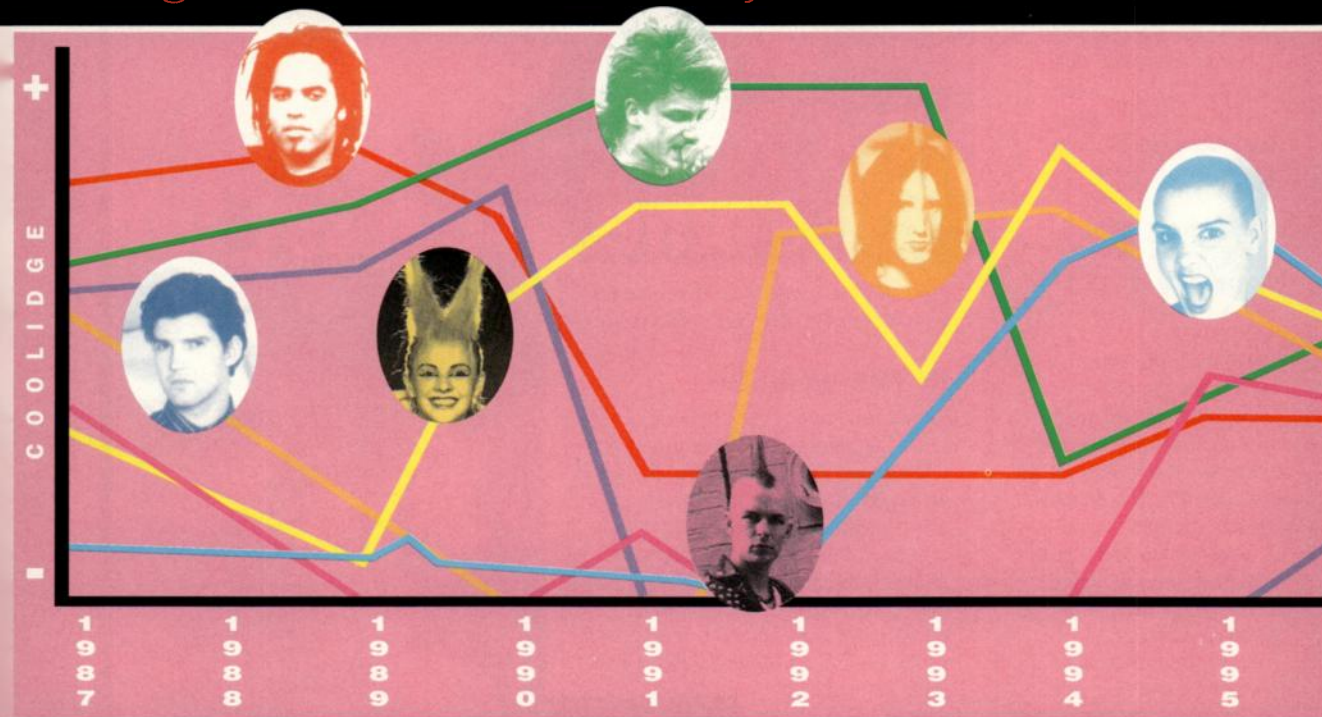
Jim Carrey has said that he wants a career like **Tom Hanks**, who, of course, started out doing light comedy, too. Even if he fails at serious drama, like the upcoming *The Truman Show*, he'll do at most only one more **Ace Ventura** and mask movie. His bread and butter will continue to be comedy, but he'll prosper in black comedy, like the upcoming *The Cable Guy* and high concept stuff like *Liar, Liar*. Bottom line: lots of satire and less juvenile stuff.

More career advice next issue. Hollywood, fire those Beverley Hills astrologers.

The Network Follicular-Cool Index

By CJ O'Connor

Launched in the spring of 1987, *Network* is marking its 10th year of existence with a special series of graphs tracing the evolution of pop culture during the past decade. Actually, it's not nearly as academic as it sounds. Basically, we're just screwing around. Anyway, here's the first one, charting the "coolidge factor" of various hair styles.



Dreadlocks: '87: Replace no-hair (see below) as chosen mode of hardcore Youth; '89: Perry Farrell yet to invent collapalooza; '90: Issue of cultural appropriation broached as dreads adopted by too many Caucasian nerds; '91: Two words — Lenny Kravitz; '95: White Zombie initiate slight rehabilitation for Caucasian nerds.

Long Hair: '87: Gypped out of top cool spot by presence on Bono and that guy in the Cult; '89: Sub Pop installed as rulers of Sasquatch state; '91: Nirvana bonanza!; '94: Evan Dando, Chris Cornell and one of the guys in Pearl Jam that isn't Eddie Vedder get shorn; further discreditation of long hair by presence on Fabio; '96: Projected cool recovery as anti-fascist statement.

Bi-Level Hair: '87: Chosen cut of then-ubiquitous "preppies;" '90: As seen in *Details*; '91: Shoegazing (see also Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine); '95-'96: Cut returns from temporary obscurity with Hugh "Upper Class Twit of the Year" Grant.

Goth Hair: '86: Robert Smith gets locks off; downward trends ensues; '90: Last reported sighting of Fields Of The Nephillim; '92: Black dyejob prerequisite to admission to all Nine Inch Nails shows; '94: Ricemanism makes toniary-like

hair "exotic" to *People* readership ... '96: ... some of whom actually go through with it.

Mohawk: '87: Sudden realization that The Exploited were, in fact, shit; '88: Mohawks *de rigueur* on all *Magnum P.I.* villains; '91: Gulf War promotes popularity of Travis Bickle variant with U.S. marines; '94-'95: Rancid. Good grief ... '96: Rancid fans.

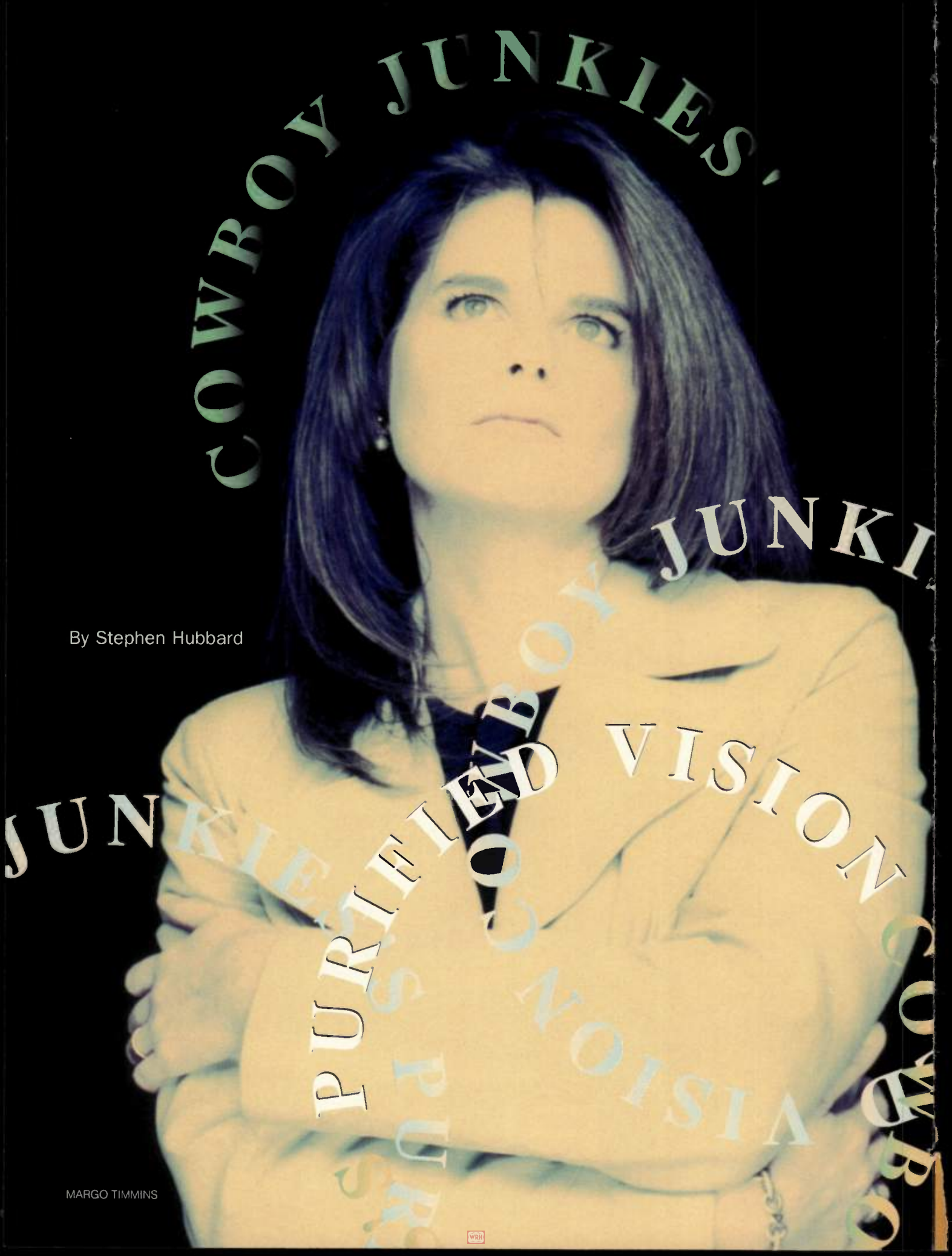
Manic Panic: '87: Swift downward trend initiated by Nina Hagen, Sigue Sigue Sputnik and We've Got A Fuzzbox, etc., etc; '90: P. Farrell dyes dreadlocks green, then red; '91: Coolidge increased by L7, Nymphs, and some girls in Hole that Courtney Love fired; '93: market crash! Stone Temple Pilots and 4 Non-Blondes debate commodity!; '94: Green Day ... every day; '95-'96: Smarmy bourgeois piglets with neon hair turn up in Bell commercials.

No Hair: '87: A hit with large-booted Hitler fans — not cool; '89: Sinéad; '92: Grunge. Hair rules, dudel; '94: Evan Dando et al, chop locks off; '95: NBA Mania ensures No-Hair as Number One Jock Cut, reveals pseudo-military undertones; '96: Projected uncoolidge as No-Hair revealed as fast-one pulled by halting squares.

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THE DRIVER
DEVELOPMENT
PROGRAM.



PLAYER'S
THE RACE IS ON



COWBOY JUNKIES.

By Stephen Hubbard

JUNKIES COINED THE TERM
PURIFIED BOY JUNKIES
VISION
AND NOISIA
COWBOY

MARGO TIMMINS

WOM

THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE IS THE SPARSENESS; how the songs breathe; the distinct sense that you're hearing the Cowboy Junkies playing at a small club, or maybe in their rehearsal space. Turning away from the relatively lush arrangements that characterized much of their last three studio albums, their new release, *Lay It Down*, possesses a musical purity that draws you in from the first delicate notes of "Something More Besides You," the album's stunning opening track. Like most of the songs on the disc, it casts light on a relationship made tenuous by the lingering shadow of doubt and insecurity and the people struggling to maintain faith in it. And it could very well serve as the band's calling card. A case study in dynamics, "Something More Besides You" tip-toes from a deceptively simple, angelic verse to a climatic rock chorus, featuring grunge-like guitar, before nose-diving back down to the chilly stillness of another verse. It may be the most satisfying recorded moment the Toronto band has produced since the heart-wrenching beauty of "The Last Spike," from 1992's *Black Eyed Man*.

MARGO TIMMINS TAKES OFF HER BOOTS, curls up in a contented ball on the couch and takes a sip from her tea. Our meeting, on yet another chilly Toronto winter morn, to discuss the Junkies sixth studio album (their first for new label Geffen) takes place in the closed rooftop lounge of a

Toronto hotel. With the sun streaming in the large patio windows, the abandoned bar has a toasty, comfortable vibe to it.

A couple of questions in, it's obvious reports of Margo's shyness, bordering on aloofness, are completely wrong.

She is, in fact, very warm and talkative. Her enthusiasm for her bandmates (brothers Michael Timmins on guitar, Peter Timmins on drums and Alan Anton on bass) and, more significantly, for the band itself, is immediately obvious. But if the group's decision to strip its sound down represents a fundamental shift in the Junkies' approach to recording, the obvious question is why now? What prompted the change?

"THINGS JUST SEEM TO GROW — we never discuss them — and they usually grow from touring. You do an album, then you take it on the road and play those songs as well as songs from years ago, and they change from night to night as the tour goes on and you begin to experiment with different ideas and sounds and it's exciting and usually by the end of the tour you can see where you're going to go next or at least have an idea; you know, 'oh I really loved it when it was just the four of us playing,' or something like that, which is what was thrilling on

the last tour, so I think it's a natural evolution — you play with a whole bunch of people then you get tired of that so you go back to being a foursome and when we get tired of that we'll do something different again," she explains.

BUT LAY IT DOWN DOESN'T SOUND THAT DIFFERENT THAN THEIR LAST RELEASE, 1993's disappointing *Pale Sun*, *Crescent Moon*, so why does it seem so much better? Margo answers without hesitation. "I think it's the way it's recorded, I don't think it's such a radical departure. But I think with *Lay It Down* we've truly caught the sound of the band. I think if you've come to our shows — and obviously I've been to them all — *Lay It Down* is what we sound like when we're playing really well, and it's a sound we've always wanted to capture on tape, and we've had difficulty doing that; on *Trinity Session* (1988) we did it because it was live, but once we went into the studio I don't think we've ever been able to capture the subtleties of the contrasts that are in our music. And I think on this album because of (co-producer) John Keane (R.E.M., Indigo Girls), and maybe, our experience in the studio, we were able to capture it."

MICHAEL TIMMINS, IN A SEPARATE INTERVIEW, also credits Keane with helping to finally nail the sound of the Junkies in a studio setting. "I agree with what Margo said, I think John Keane did an amazing job of capturing the band and that's really important for us, getting the dynamics on tape, you know the sound of the instruments and the way everything interweaves, so I think this is the best-sounding record we've ever made, and I think the playing is better; with *Pale Sun* I think we might have rushed it a bit so that there may be some weak spots on the album — we did it very fast, we wanted that kinetic sound, you know, just get it down, but with this record we took a lot more time ... we did something until we were sure we were satisfied with it," he says.

INDEED, THE KEY TO THE BAND'S SOUND HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE SUBTLE INTERPLAY OF OPPOSITES; Michael's dark, sometimes wry lyrics cast against Margo's sweet, soaring vocals; beautiful, uplifting sentiments played in a minor key (for example, "Musical Key," written by Margo, from *Lay It Down*) and the duality of mood that characterizes most of the Junkies' music.

"YEAH, TO ME SUBTLETY IS THE WORD, and to capture it in anything — writing, recording, painting — is a really difficult thing. Go watch a ballet, everybody claps and freaks out when the dancers go leaping across the stage, but it's that gentle dance, and the intricacies in the movement, that's the hard stuff they're doing, not the leaping," says Margo, with a laugh, adding, "and if that's done well then those leaps will look that much better."

AND WHILE MUCH HAS BEEN MADE HISTORICALLY OF THE JUNKIES' VIBE, Margo's ethereal vocals, and

continued over

recognized the brilliance of Michael's songwriting. He is a gifted lyricist who alternates between writing detailed, expressive stories packed with information ("Sun Comes Up, It's Tuesday Morning," "The Last Spike," "Bea's Song") and more concise, ambiguous mood plays ("Something More Besides You," "Lay It Down," "Come Calling [his song]"), the latter of which make up the bulk of *Lay It Down*.

"WELL, I'VE CERTAINLY GOT SOME RECOGNITION FOR THE LYRICS, but, yeah, there is a general, overall feeling that it's about vibe and the Cowboy Junkies' sound,' but I think that the lyrics, whether they know it or not, are part of that sound, that vibe," says Michael, adding, "and there's always that problem that when the writer is not the singer, there's that whole thing in rock music where — and Margo gets it from the other direction, you know, 'don't you want to write songs?' — the writer who doesn't sing his own songs isn't taken seriously and it's a weird thing which only exists in rock music ... in every other form there are singers who only sing and lyricists who only write, and that's the way it was until Bob Dylan came along."

LAY IT DOWN, WHILE SOUNDING LIKE VINTAGE JUNKIES IN MANY WAYS,

does break some musical as well as lyrical ground for the band. In addition to the compelling dynamics of "Something More Besides You," "Speaking Confidentially" features the band's most overtly funky groove and both first single "A Common Disaster" and the hilarious "Just Want To See," about a couple going to the funeral of a

friend, showcase Michael's dark sense of humour ("I don't want to be no patch on no quilt/ Tear-stained stitching linking memories to guilt/ I don't want to be no hair on no wall/ Blood-stained note saying fuck you all/ I just want to see what kills me."

BUT EVEN HERE TIMMINS MAKES USE OF SUBTEXT, as vignettes throughout the song inform us of a couple being shocked by the funeral into re-evaluating their own lives and, more specifically, their relationship. It concludes with: "Tommy, darling, come to bed/ We'll try and sleep away this sadness/ These memories, too, are bound to die/ So our dreams will have to serve us/ Tomorrow may be the day that our love betrays us."

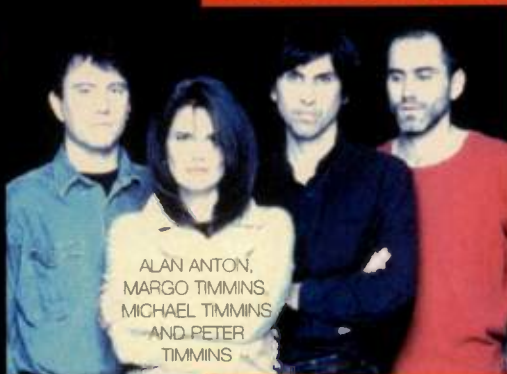
"OBVIOUSLY THERE'S A LOT OF DARK HUMOUR IN IT, but ultimately, with the last line they're saying 'let's get it all in, let's live for now,' because you never know what's going to happen tomorrow," he says.

And what of long-time fans who have never wanted the Junkies to stray beyond the melancholy and mellow sounds of *The Trinity Session*? Well, get over it. As Margo says, "To some people, yes, we're always supposed to be melancholy and slow and if we do anything different they're disappointed and that's too

another melancholy, slow, boring Cowboy Junkies record,' even when we were doing a song like "Murder, Tonight, In The Trailer Park (off *Black Eyed Man*) where I was screaming, so you can't win." And with a determined look, she adds, "You just do what you want to do and what makes sense for the band at that time — you can't second guess yourself because it's really impossible to please everyone, so why bother?" **N**

COWBOY CANUCK REFLECTIONS

MICHAEL, ON THE STRENGTH OF THE CANADIAN MUSIC INDUSTRY IN 1996, AS COMPARED TO WHEN THE JUNKIES BEGAN, MORE THAN A DECADE AGO: "I'm phenomenally healthy at the moment. When we started, we never even had the intention of being signed to a major label — it was something that rarely happened back then, and if it did it was usually to some shitty deal that disappeared after a year —



ALAN ANTON,
MARGO TIMMINS,
MICHAEL TIMMINS
AND PETER
TIMMINS

so when we got signed it was the beginning of majors looking at homegrown acts as contenders in the international field, but now it happens all the time. And I think Canadian acts are really being taken seriously now, not just by Canadian companies, which is nice, but by also by American companies."

MARGO ON THE ESSENCE OF BEING CANADIAN:

"I think if you are a true Canadian, you have to acknowledge the importance of weather. I think weather's a huge psychological factor as well as our geography — especially if you've ever travelled in a van back and forth across the country and risked your life to do a gig in Halifax or Banff in the middle of winter."

MICHAEL, ON AMERICAN KNOWLEDGE OF CANADIAN MUSIC: "It's changed a little bit, but Americans, having the mindset that they have, usually if you become successful down there, they don't know you're Canadian ... and they're usually surprised when they find out."

JUNKIES DISCOGRAPHY

- 1986 — Whites Off Earth Now!! (Latent)
- 1988 — The Trinity Session (Latent/BMG)
- 1990 — The Caution Horses (BMG)
- 1992 — Black Eyed Man (BMG)
- 1993 — Pale Sun, Crescent Moon (BMG)
- 1995 — 200 More Miles (Live) (BMG)
- 1996 — Lay It Down (Geffen/MCA)

SAM'S IS CANADIAN



Fallen Angel
JAMIE WARREN
PGS

Canada's invasion of Nashville continues. The latest contender, Jamie Warren, has a long history of recording in Canada, with a stack of hit singles going back to 1983. On his debut album, this Kitchener, Ont. native offers a wide-ranging collection of songs that reflect his hybrid, fuel-injected approach to making country music. Standout tracks include, "Ready To Run," "What Goes Around Comes Around" and "One Step back."



Fluke Rusty
BMG

This Toronto based band has released an aggressive album full of attitude and feeling. Already establishing themselves with their three hit singles, "Wake Me," "Groovy Dead" and "Misogyny," Rusty has proven that they are no "Fluke!"



Up Where We Belong
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
EMI

Buffy's latest record, "Up Where We Belong," is a collection of 12 newly recorded Buffy Sainte-Marie classics. As a bonus, there are two new songs, including "Darling Don't Cry," as well as a previously unrecorded version of her Academy Award winning song, "Up Where We Belong."



Lisa Brokop
LISA BROKOP
EMI

"This album has more of an edge to it than the last one," says Lisa Brokop, talking about her self-titled second album. "I looked for songs that had more depth to them. I want people who listen to them say, 'Wow, that's a lot like my own life.' I want my songs to make people laugh or cry or feel their heart break." "Lisa Brokop" features "She Can't Save Him" and "Before He Kissed Me."



P.O. Box 423
DUANE STEELE
PGS

This debut release from Hines Creek, Alberta native Duane Steele represents the emergence of a unique new country music talent. Now based in Nashville, Duane's a dynamic bandleader who lives for the stage and he's seen his share of buses, motels and honky-tonks. On "P.O. Box 423" he offers an exciting collection of songs including first single "Stuck On Your Love," "Anita Got Married" and the moving title track.



Philosopher Kings
PHILOSOPHER KINGS
Sony

The Philosopher Kings are the creators of Canada's most intoxicating blend of rock, pop, jazz, and hip hop. Their self titled debut album includes the hit singles, "Charms," "Lay My Body Down," "Everyone'll Let You Down" and the new single, "Just Like A Woman."



Sour Pie
HOLLY MCNARLAND
MCA

"Sour Pie," featuring "Sick Boy," "Stormy" and "Mr. 5 Minutes." Holly McNarland is only 21-years-old, but to say she's an "old soul" would not be too far off base in describing this emotionally-charged and intense singer-songwriter. McNarland (who launched her career in Winnipeg, but now resides in Vancouver), delivers tales of introspective exploration and sexual relations through her haunting yet tender voice in an acoustic-punk style.



Megan Metcalfe
MEGAN METCALFE
EMI

Megan Metcalfe hails from the classic Canadian singer/songwriter tradition that is characterized by strong lyrical phrasing and rich, soaring vocals. This Vancouver native ventures into challenging territory and delivers with her self-titled debut album, featuring the new single "Starbird Road."



Limblifter
Limblifter
MCA

"Limblifter," featuring "Screwed It Up," "Vicious" and "Cordova." Like a three-speed record changer, these fellas deliver songs designed for rural-worker types and city swingers alike, who look for innovation in a product. Ryan Dahle, melody-creation expert in the field of radio, brings the craft of fusing high-fidelity sound with a quality performance. Brother Kurt's clear reception and good tone help produce a new level in listening standards. Limblifter assures dependable service and will stand up to even to even repeated daily uses.



Falling Into You
CELINE DION
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Forget about David Bowie,

glass, and his 'Godfather

just a cool guy who makes

OF

JIM MORRISON OR MARC

BOLAN OR JOHNNY THUNDERS, GUNS COCKED AND READY FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH FATE.

It's exactly this kind of myth-making that comes easily when talking or writing about the former Mr. James Jewell Osterburg, who, along with the rest of the above-named, pretty much pioneered what would later become punk. So, with that in mind, what question do interviewers usually start off with?

"They never really ask me anything anymore," Iggy shrugs, "I dunno, it's always a surprise. It depends on the personality. Like if it's a shitty one, they'll go (adopting a sneer) 'So ... y' feel like you're getting too old to do this?'" He laughs, then lashes back with an imaginary retort: "Look, you're 23, you've never done shit, you're never gonna do shit, you're an asshole, you'll die, you'll always be an asshole, FUCK OFF!" My answer is, it has never been a youth-oriented thing to me. Never was. When I was 18 and really started investigating the

to wade through the clichés

By Chris Smets

subject, my favourite musicians were all in their 60s, and then I thought there were ones in their mid-20s who did a pretty good job of kinda ripping off the ones in their 60s, and a lotta the other good ones were in their 40s. Y'know, teen idol shit is fun," he continues, "but I never got into it for that. I never really subscribed to, well, *the magic of the youthful energy*. Not really." He's in Philosopher Pop mode now. "I think a good youth comes along every few years, and the rest of 'em all suck shit."

This from a guy who's heard and absorbed it

the heroin, the broken
all, starting with Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, Stax Volt and Motown singles, to Phil Spector, garage rock, and the British Invasion, right up to listening to Balinese and Bedouin music next to bellydance, trance, dervish and free jazz. He sucked it all up and spat it back out as the lead singer of the volatile Stooges, a band that rocked

of punk' status, Iggy's

and raged for three albums between '69 and '73, with Iggy's vocals owing as much to the phrasing of Bob Dylan as they did to the unpredictable quicksilver mood shifts of horn players like John Coltrane and Phil Saunders. If anyone knows

6881 music

music, it's Iggy Pop, whose eyes shine with love as names like Frank Sinatra and Little Richard fall from his lips.

"I regard myself kinda like an antique now," he says. "I say, 'Look, you've fuckin' been around, so has a '57 Chev. There are things the new cars can do you can't do, but there are certain charms that you have to offer when you do it right that they can't *touch*.' Like, I listen really close to the Beastie Boys, but am I gonna shave my head, wear baggy pants and go 'Yo!?' No. Am I gonna cover hardcore songs from the '80s? No, because that would be wrong somehow. I was there first!" His whole body shakes with laughter. "I've got this little array of different shit I wanna do. I wanna do standards. Like what Sinatra was doing at what I consider his creative peak. Really dignified. That stuff always moved me when I was 18 and I heard it, and it still moves me, and I want to do that very much. I can do my version of folk-blues. I can put across a

song now singin' and playin' it and I don't need other people. I'd like to write a book. And I'd like to do another Stooges record at some point," he explains.

But for the moment, the world will be very satisfied with *Naughty Little Doggie*, Iggy's rush-hour pile-up of a new album. As excited as it is exciting, its 10 songs nearly trample each other in their effort to reach your ears. "I wanted to make something like fast food," he says, of his approach to *Doggie*. "I wanted to make it short, easy to listen to, it should make me smile when I hear it and make my foot start to go, and if I did that, then I was cool with it."

Cool with us, too, but one wonders if he ever shares the bitterness of a Joey Ramone, because he was there first, because (as Iggy admits) his last record, *American Caesar*, didn't sell, and because right now the music industry is clogged with young punk and metal bands that are making bags of cash from a sound the Stooges essentially pioneered?

"Au contraire, my friend," he says, almost sadly, "I'm not gonna name names, but go to the late '80s and look at who was the biggest band. And look at what some of the members of that band are doing now. Fuck all. I've seen this go on again and again and again because I've been around long enough. And if you haven't got the strength to sustain yourself, you end up in not such an enviable position. Whereas I'm really lucky. I can still play. When I made the first record, the idea was to be able to make the second record. And I'm still doing it."

Then, upon further consideration he says, "Would I be happy if some good fairy waved a magic wand and said 'You now have total security?' Sure I would. Would I be happy a week after that or ever able to make good music again? That's the question." His eyes narrow. "I think everybody takes short cuts. Nobody who's ever made it in rock 'n roll has a clean ass." He chuckles malevolently. "And some of 'em are dirtier than others."

So you never wake up in the morning and look in the mirror and say, "Hey! I'm the godfather of punk!?"

"Yeah, I do — the day after I get interviewed." He smiles. "That's the one I get every time! That's the one! Which is fine, because it started with 'What about the broken glass?' And then it graduated to 'What about the heroin?' And then it was 'What about David Bowie?' And now it's 'What about being the Godfather of Punk?' It shifts about every seven or eight years." On the jukebox, Dolly Parton sings "9 to 5." Iggy shrugs. "So yeah, I'm happier being the Godfather of Punk than the other stuff. And the broken glass is now a Converse ad." He laughs. "So fuck 'em."



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It's Gonna Blow You Away



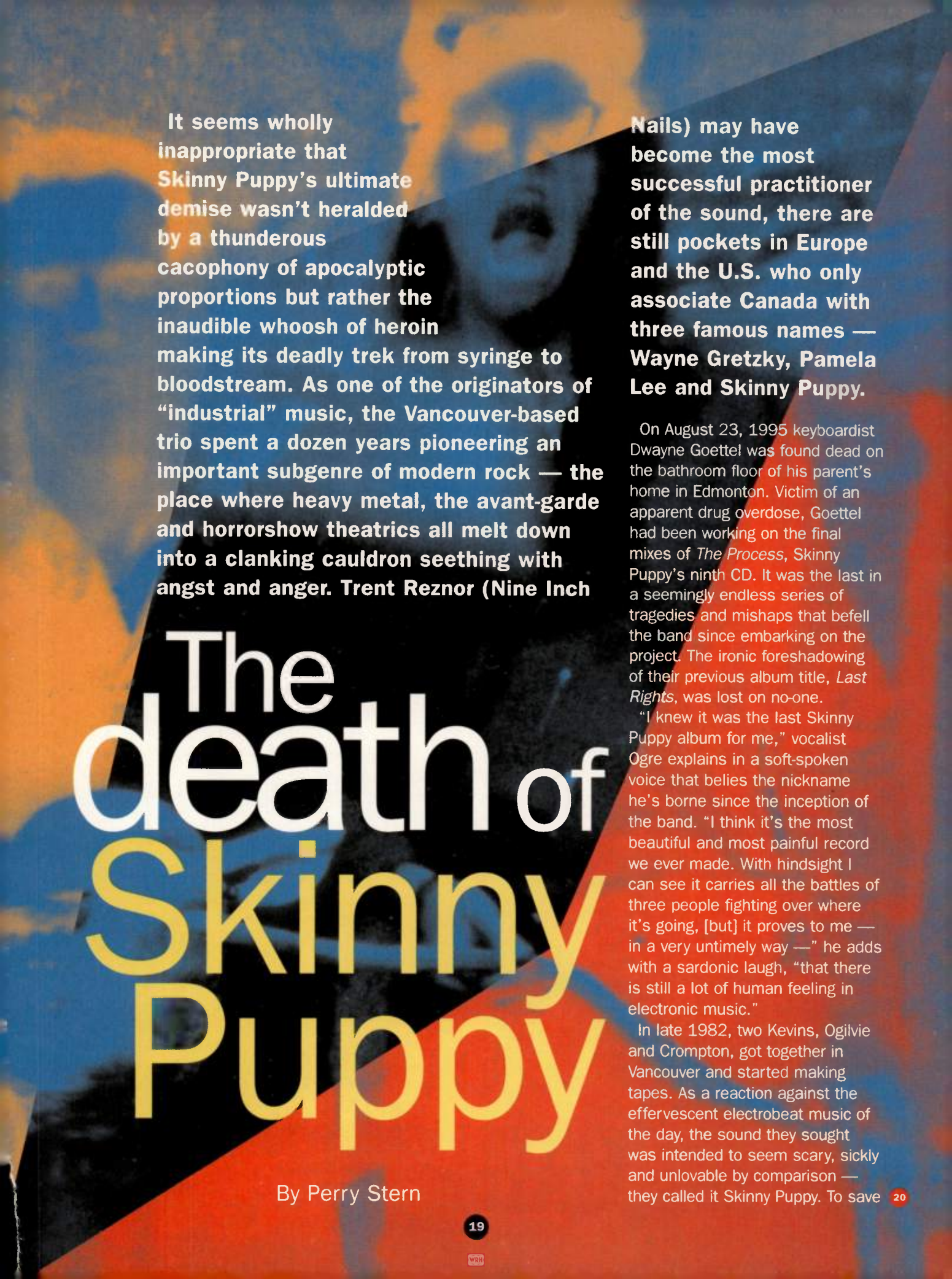
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It seems wholly inappropriate that Skinny Puppy's ultimate demise wasn't heralded by a thunderous cacophony of apocalyptic proportions but rather the inaudible whoosh of heroin making its deadly trek from syringe to bloodstream. As one of the originators of "industrial" music, the Vancouver-based trio spent a dozen years pioneering an important subgenre of modern rock — the place where heavy metal, the avant-garde and horrorshow theatrics all melt down into a clanking cauldron seething with angst and anger. Trent Reznor (Nine Inch

Nails) may have become the most successful practitioner of the sound, there are still pockets in Europe and the U.S. who only associate Canada with three famous names — Wayne Gretzky, Pamela Lee and Skinny Puppy.

On August 23, 1995 keyboardist Dwayne Goettel was found dead on the bathroom floor of his parent's home in Edmonton. Victim of an apparent drug overdose, Goettel had been working on the final mixes of *The Process*, Skinny Puppy's ninth CD. It was the last in a seemingly endless series of tragedies and mishaps that befell the band since embarking on the project. The ironic foreshadowing of their previous album title, *Last Rights*, was lost on no-one.

"I knew it was the last Skinny Puppy album for me," vocalist Ogre explains in a soft-spoken voice that belies the nickname he's borne since the inception of the band. "I think it's the most beautiful and most painful record we ever made. With hindsight I can see it carries all the battles of three people fighting over where it's going, [but] it proves to me — in a very untimely way —" he adds with a sardonic laugh, "that there is still a lot of human feeling in electronic music."

In late 1982, two Kevins, Ogilvie and Crompton, got together in Vancouver and started making tapes. As a reaction against the effervescent electrobeat music of the day, the sound they sought was intended to seem scary, sickly and unlovable by comparison — they called it Skinny Puppy. To save

The death of Skinny Puppy

By Perry Stern

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confusion (and, initially at least, to conceal the fact that Crompton was still playing drums with technopoppers Images In Vogue) pseudonyms were created — Nivek Ogre for Ogilvie and cEVIN

Key (for the keyboards Crompton now played). Devoted to mind-numbing, metal pounding percussiveness and cryptic, caterwauled messages, Skinny Puppy's first effort, a now-legendary cassette called *Back and Forth*, won them the attention of Vancouver's fledgling Nettwerk label. The subsequent international success of the band would help finance the launching of several more commercially viable acts including Sarah McLachlan and Grapes of Wrath.

Personal relations between Ogre and Key were never smooth and when Goettel joined the band in 1986 (replacing Wilhelm Schroeder) an Us-vs.-Him dynamic was forged pitting Key and Goettel, who wrote and recorded the music, against Ogre, who handled lyrics. In a separate interview with Key, he acknowledges that there had always been "heated debates" between himself and Ogre — "usually about deeply personal topics like, 'I can't live with how you are!' There were emotions that were just as strongly positive, too, but the negative outweighs the positive in the end." The two no longer speak.

The divisiveness between band members often centered around drugs. Not so much whether, but which. As long as everyone was just smoking pot (allusions to "Green Guy" can be found amid early album credits) things were fine. Whenever things got harder, and they invariably did, life became tense. Oddly, though, only one member of the band was ever messed up on heroin at a time, while the other two would temporarily bond in an effort to reclaim the third. Dwayne was the last member to go through a heroin phase.

Trouble in making *The Process* started early. The band almost broke up after the *Last Rights* tour ended in 1992, but Key interceded. "Kevin wanted to shop a new deal for Skinny Puppy," Ogre explains. "He was really into turning the roots over and exposing the tree for what it is... tearing it down to build it up again. That seemed logical to me at the time." The group signed to American Recordings the prestigious label headed by producer Rick Rubin. Eventually the label would sink a reported \$700,000 into the project.

The first problem came naturally, literally so. In November '93 the band had to quickly pack up and flee from a house in Zuma Beach (near Malibu) before raging fires in the neighborhood consumed it. In February '94, with the album ostensibly finished, Key took a part in a film, ominously called *Doom Generation*, and managed to seriously injure himself (fractured kneecap and left arm, 30 stitches to face and legs) while performing a stunt. But American wasn't satisfied with the initial tapes and set back the release date indefinitely. After producer Roli Mossiman left the picture a second version of the album started taking shape, but since Ogre had already written and recorded his lyrics he became more and more isolated from the other two.

By early 1995 a second version on the album was completed and still American was dissatisfied. In March, Ogre had moved from L.A. to Seattle where he started working with Mark Walk (an early engineer on *The Process*) on a project called W.E.L.T. On June 12, according to Ogre, the singer informed Key that he was quitting Skinny Puppy. "I had to take a look at my life as Kevin Ogilvie, as a person, and ask what am I doing with these people?" he recalls. With Ogre ostensibly out of the picture, Key and Goettel took the tapes back to Vancouver and started work on the third version of the album, this time returning to work with Dave "Rave" Ogilvie who had produced all their previous releases.

Relations remained tough within the band. Key felt betrayed by American because they stopped financing the project once the tapes left L.A. and he learned that, though Skinny Puppy would be dropped from the label (negating a three record deal), they were going to release Ogre's W.E.L.T. CD. Even still, work continued on the album. It was all but complete when Dwayne died. A week-and-a-half later Key delivered the final mix of *The Process* to American.

We haven't heard the last of the Skinny Puppy sound, though. In May, Nettwerk will release *Brap: Back and Forth Series 3 and 4*, a 2-CD compilation of early, unreleased songs and alternate versions dating back to the original Ogilvie/Crompton collaborations of 1982. Key will also continue working on *Download*, a side project he worked on with Goettel while Puppy was in disarray. As for Ogre, he describes W.E.L.T. as "dark, brooding record that doesn't have the layers on it that Skinny Puppy albums do. It's not less angry, just more focused."

If those words had described the last days of Skinny Puppy, perhaps *The Process* wouldn't be their swan song after all. **N**

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Of 'Friends,' the Beatles and the Barenaked Ladies

BARENAKED FAMILY VALUES

Network: Define BNL in terms of the traditional family dynamic?

Page: Ed's definitely the father, Tyler is the funny son, I wonder if Jim is the mother

Robertson: Jim is his own mother! Steve could be the serious son ...

Page: Yeah, definitely ...

Every member of every Canadian family has probably heard at least one Barenaked Ladies song. By selling over 85,000 copies of a basement tape and then going on to sell over 800,000 copies of their major label debut, *Gordon*, they became a phenomenon. College kids love 'em. Old ladies love 'em. Heck, even the cast of *Friends* love 'em. Part of their appeal is the inherent schizophrenia of their sound. Are they earnest post-mod-

ernists or are they just wacky? *Born On A Pirate Ship*, their most earnest and wacky album yet, reinforces this split vision.

"We've always thought that wackiness and earnestness coexisted," declares singer/guitarist and new Dad, Ed Robertson (the rest of the band consists of bassist Jim Creeggan, singer Steven Page and drummer Tyler Stewart). "We never had a big focus on humour, we just liked funny things and said funny things."

And, says Steven Page, "The Beatles could get away with putting 'Yellow Submarine' on *Revolver* alongside 'Tomorrow Never Knows.' That doesn't make them a 'novelty' band, it just makes it a great record with lots of breadth to it."

BARENAKED BEATLES

Network: Using the Beatle family

role model, break down the Barenaked Ladies?

Page: Geez, that's hard ... I think I'm the John, Ed's the Paul, Jim's the George and Tyler is Ringo.

Born On A Pirate Ship (pull the corners of your mouth with your fingers and try to say the title) is the first BNL album to be recorded since the departure of keyboardist Andy Creeggan. It is also a return to the live-off-the-floor sound of their first album. To "get back" to this sound, the Ladies re-enlisted *Gordon* producer Michael Phillip Wojewoda and cut most of it live, and, well, off the floor.

"It's taken me up until recently to realize that I sing best when I'm on stage, so that's what I wanted to do on this record, and do it all in the same room. If Michael would say 'I definitely want you to do the vocals separately,' because he wanted a great acoustic

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sound or whatever, then we did the vocals separate," explains Page.

BARENAKED STONE

Network: If Oliver Stone were to make a movie about the *Barenaked Ladies*, who would play you?

Page: James Woods would play me.

Robertson: And Brian Dennehy would play me.

Robertson's earnest troubadour voice has never been stronger and songs like "When I Fall" and "Same Thing" demonstrate an increased confidence with the recording process. He credits Page for helping him overcome stadiophobia.

"Steve's helped me to be a lot more comfortable singing in the studio. Even on *Gordon*, I just felt uncomfortable in front of a mic. On *Maybe You Should Drive*, I did the vocal for "Great Provider" every night for a week and I was flat, sharp or just terrible. By the time we got it in tune, I felt so distanced from the song. But with this album we did everything so live and relaxed that everything worked," says Robertson.

The last song (and first single) on the

new record, "Shoobox," might just be the first BNL song that mainstream U.S. listeners get to hear — it already appears on the *Friends* soundtrack album. "I've only watched it once," says Page, proudly. "The week before the soundtrack came out I thought I better watch because people are gonna ask me about it."

BARENAKED "FRIENDS"

Network: Which members of the 'Friends' cast would play you in the *Barenaked Ladies* movie?

Page: Lisa Kudrow would be Jim.

Robertson: Jennifer Aniston would be me, because of my perky hands and famous haircut.

Page: I would be the monkey.

With so much information flying around on television and the Net, and movies like *Heat* and *Casino* weighing in at three hours a piece, what made them put out a lengthy, 14 song album now?

"I think most records are too long," Page agrees. "You don't even end up hearing the whole record. We put "Shoobox" at the end of this record, so you can leave it out if you want to. Our

second record was 12 songs very consciously; this record was intended to be 12 as well but we just ended up saying, 'oh, we can't get rid of this one or that one ...'"

As for the amount of information on *Pirate Ship*, Robertson says, "There's always a sense of change and growth with us. We often feel that once we're at a new stage, we're no longer where we were. It's like a journal, documenting where we are at a time. We said, 'let's take snapshots of where we are now.'"

Page concurs, saying, "It just happens to be this year's photo album ... rather than this year's *Farmer's Almanac*."

BARENAKED BEATLES ANTHOLOGY

Network: Finally, after all the reunion rumours over the past 30 years why did you choose this year to do the *Barenaked Six Hour Anthology*?

Page: "It was about 15 years since I died, I figured it was about time for a comeback. The question is really 'why didn't we do it for charity?'"



DEAR SAM

DEAR SAM:

It's my understanding that Rory Gallagher's Irish Tour, 1974, which has now been released on CD, was committed to film. Do you know if there is a VHS version of the film, import or otherwise?

I'm also looking for a CD version of *Raw Velvet* (1972 Dunhill 50131) by Bobby Whitlock of Derek & the Dominos fame.

Thanks,
GARY ROBERTS,
Burnaby, B.C.

1/ Rory Gallagher — *Live in Cork* (1990) is available through Sony Music Imports as Griffin Video GVGR 110 V.
2/ Bobby Whitlock's "Raw Velvet" is not available on CD at present.

DEAR SAM:

I am looking for recordings by The Brady Bunch Kids on CD. Either, recordings by the group as a whole or recordings done individually by each of them as solo artists. I think they recorded on the Paramount or MCA label.

Yours,
FRAN HUTCHISON
Toronto, Ont.

The Brady Bunch have a compilation CD, "It's A Sunshine Day," which includes material from their solo albums. (Order as MCA MCAMD 10764). A newer release is "Christmas With The Brady Bunch." (MCA MCBBD 20890).

WHAT TO ASK FOR

Recorded music and videos can be traced based on current files. Maximum is two requests per letter. Please be patient, you will receive a reply.

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An Album for the Ages

Cold Snap
WEeping TILE

Warner

Kingston, Ontario's Weeping Tile stakes out its territory as one of the best new bands in the nation with this epic, extraordinary album that, like the Trans-Canada Highway, snakes its way through a variety of emotional landscapes, cutting a wide swath and offering a panoramic, if sometimes unsettling, view along the way.

Compelling, impressionistic lyrics, set against a musical background that alternates between aggressive, sometimes jangly, sometimes ragged, rock and more moody, acoustic material, make *Cold Snap* a thought-provoking listen. And with enough hooks to satisfy any fan of good pop music, you don't even have to "get" the lyrics to enjoy the disc. And like another notable Kingston band, Weeping Tile are proud Hosers who weave references to The Canadian Shield, Parry Sound (home of Bobby Orr), the Westray mining disaster, as well as weather and our geography, into their songs with great ease. Standout songs include "Westray," "Good Fortune," "In The Road" and the title track. — s.h.



Democracy
KILLING JOKE

BMG

Back with their second release featuring original members Jaz Coleman, Geordie, and Youth (as well as drummer John Dunsmore, who appeared on 1994's *Pandemonium*) Killing Joke — one of the original early-'80s bands who merged punk and industrial — offers another intense collection of songs that burn with passion, anger, and defiant optimism.

From the first throbbing notes of "Savage Freedom" to the political manifesto that lies at the heart of the title track, this is an album about confronting demons — whether physical or spiritual — and destroying them, lest they destroy you. What a minute, Killing Joke happy, what the hell? No, that's not it. This doesn't represent the band's first foray into new age, but rather, an

aggressive, raggedly-hopeful, but still pissed off, attempt to make sense of things.

Coleman's anguished vocals are, as usual, the defining characteristic of the album, and *Democracy's* sound is more punk than industrial ... albeit a chunky, keyboard-tinged, swirling version of punk, making it an album that long-time fans of the band will like. While retaining some of the melodious qualities of its mid to late-'80s sound — there are definite hooks buried beneath the wonderful musical sludge — there's an anthemic urgency to this album that keeps it from straying too far into the pop-punk/industrial realm currently occupied by the Filter's of the world. Sure, those hoping for a more industrial treatment might be disappointed, but

this is what Killing Joke is *meant* to sound like, so get over it. — w.p.

Extra
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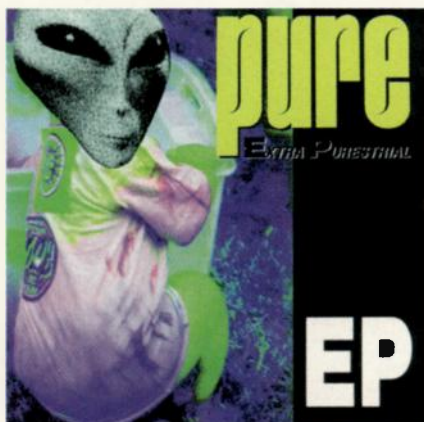
Undaunted by Reprise-Warner giving

them the proverbial heave last year, Vancouver's Pure have self-produced their most seductively evolved and commanding work to date. The 7-track EP is a magnetic soundscape that introduces an atypical subtlety and hope lyrically, while it also maintains the band's signature grind.

Vocalist and primary lyricist Jordy Birch now paints narratives that translate as surface stark, but are far more sophisticated and introspective than any historical efforts. His songs offer the discerning listener multi-layered significance, by expertly braiding metaphor, irony and a unique choreography of words. Fortunately, however, Pure's increased depth of content has not at all compromised their libido-driven dynamic.

Ravenous fans who gyrated deliriously to "Blast" and "Anna's A Speed Freak" will find parallel pleasure (without preachiness) in ear candy treats like "Top," "Lilac" and "Lemonade." Additionally, the carefully crafted "God Intended For Me To Surf" underlines Pure's pleasing tendency to create songs that rip brilliantly and articulate universals in tandem.

Extra Purestrial, balancing integrity with charm, is a distinct audio-statement that serves as an appetizer to further artistic achievement. —n-r.f.



The Naked Soul

WHY

Indie

Miserly on the creative end and weighty on the borrowing, Winnipeg-based WHY have chosen an appropriate tag for their sound that attempts to clone and merge the incongruous stylings of (vintage) U2 and Queensryche.

The Naked Soul, admittedly, is sporadically engaging in a nostalgic sense, but WHY seem to have a warped concept of their place in the musical universe. Among other dangerously inflated claims, WHY's press kit states that "... never have lyrics been quite as dark and intense ..." However, WHY's lyrics communicate as sophomoric and are peppered heavily with pseudo-intellectual drivel.

The five members of WHY share responsibility for a showcase of sonic mediocrity, but it is frontman Brian Cook who truly misguides the project. Cook, a local DJ, pens the forgettable lyrics and delivers them in a manner so contrived that he often sounds more constipated than angst-ridden. To be fair, his vocals are not impossibly bad and may improve, but his potential is clearly finite.

WHY should consider promoting themselves as a tribute band. At least in that context they might be admired for such an overt commitment to plagiarism. — n-r.f.

Thirteen Songs

DAVID WILCOX

EMI

One of the staples of the Canadian party-rock circuit, David Wilcox built a loyal following for his blue-collar, blues-inspired rockers during the 1980s but has been laying low for most of this decade (his only release having been 1993's box set, which included three new songs).

On *Thirteen Songs*, Wilcox breaks with his rocking past, opting for more relaxed, acoustically-based songs, that, while possessing his trademark humour and fine command of his instrument, are definitely not the stuff of frat house legend. Of course, this isn't necessarily a bad thing, and, in fact, there are some fine moments on *Thirteen Songs*. Opening track "Crazy Blue" is a lazy, bittersweet, acoustic-blues ballad featuring Wilcox's gentle strumming, an aching harmonica and a melody that somehow provokes thoughts of intense longing on a hot summer night.

But the real gem is "O Freedom," the album's most upbeat, rock-oriented track. Over a series of bouncy chord progressions, Wilcox sings of making the most of life's possibilities, and being true to oneself, avoiding the bullshit, new age philosophy that could have made the song an embarrassing joke. By acknowledging that trying to be positive isn't always easy and sometimes results in pain, Wilcox's joyful words can be taken at face value. "... O freedom, you've got to take it where you find it/ Love the light shining inside/ All around us, doors we open for ourselves/ In the moment, fully alive/ Maybe everybody's truth is different, just like grains of sand/ I'll tell mine no matter what you say, I will stand/ Even if nobody listens, or they laugh at me/ I've come too far to give up now, I will stay ..."

But the question remains: Will his fans get over the fact that he's moved beyond his crazy, boozy roots and accept a kinder, gentler Wilcox? — s.b.

Songs Of Convenience

HÄSSENPFEFFER

MaGaDa

This may be the National Velvet album fans have been waiting for. Well, not really, but former National Velvet singer Maria Del Mar— who fronts and writes all the lyrics for this five-piece all-female hard rock outfit — sounds better than she has since her former band's debut release.

And while most of *Songs Of Convenience* burn with hard rock intensity, what makes this album a cut above the rest is its variety. Rather than offering 12 wankin', break-out-the-leather tunes, *Songs Of Convenience* contains a few welcome surprises that hint at a musical depth not always exhibited by bands belonging to the riff-happy school of music.

On songs like "Breathe," "Body Bag," "Life" and, most notably, "Vampire," the band shows a flair for dynamics and clearly recognizes the value in occasionally adhering to the principle that less is more.

"Body Bag," the harrowing tale of a woman being stalked, benefits greatly from the scary tone of its ominous, atmospheric arrangement that starts with a simple bassline and gradually builds up to a frenetic climax in which the scum-sucking attacker is iced by our terrified narrator.

Some will undoubtedly blow this album off and, with accusatory glances, complain that Del Mar has forsaken her quasi-punk roots, but, truth be told, Hassenpfeffer's rock-o-rama is a perfect fit for Del Mar — National Velvet was never *really* punk, nor was it goth, it was a rock band with a few punk elements tossed in and a whole lot of attitude. And free of the restrictions of working with her old mates, Del Mar sounds refreshed and revitalized. — s.h.

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Decadence: 10 Years of Nettwerk

VARIOUS ARTISTS Nettwerk

Based in Vancouver, but operating with a global perspective, Nettwerk Records recently released a retrospective to celebrate a major anniversary. *Decadence: 10 Years of Nettwerk* offers a captivating, 5-disc overview of the label's multiple personalities.

Nettwerk's roots lie in leading-edge electro-pop and techno-rock, although it has also nurtured a talented line-up of semi-acoustic-based singer-songwriter types, led by introspective thrush (and label profit centre) Sarah McLachlan. The combination works because the acoustic contingent isn't American-style granola-folkie stuff, but a sophisticated, Euro-artsy variety that shares compatible reference points with its more wired division.

And so on Disc 1 (1985-87), early electro tracks by Moev, Skinny Puppy, SPK and Severed Heads tend to overwhelm The Water Walk's languid, shoe-gazing; by Disc 2 (1988-89), reinforcements arrive in the persons of McLachlan, Bill Pritchard and Lava Hay. As you move through the chronology, the dense, intense Consolidated and MC 900 Ft. Jesus, for example, are offset by Rose Chronicles and Ginger. Disc 5 focuses on the future, including new artists (Cam, Tara McLean) who will release debut albums this year.

One huge gap is the complete absence of another of Nettwerk's more commercial mainstays, The Grapes of Wrath. It's unfortunate that continued "sour grapes" between Kevin Cane and his three former bandmates (who now record as Ginger) contrived to keep the late, lamented group out of the *Decadence* history books.

All five discs contain enhanced-CD multimedia, appropriate as Nettwerk was an early pioneer in merging music discs with computer-readable data. Here, an inviting interface guides to video clips, bios and slide shows for most of the performers. Unfortunately, the label hasn't kept up with technology on one front — you still have to manually skip over the lead data track to play the discs in a regular disc player, even though several solutions now exist to solve this "track 1" problem.

Decadence also maintains Nettwerk's reputation for investing in presentation and packaging in a manner that does justice to the music. The vintage, flip-book portfolio that graces the initial 10,000 pressings is a work of art in itself. — r. p.



Dead Man

NEIL YOUNG

Vapor/Warner

There's a story, and maybe it's apocryphal, that a journalist once asked Jim Hendrix what it was like being the greatest guitarist alive. "I don't know," Hendrix allegedly replied. "You have to ask Neil Young that."

Young may have inspired a zillion bands to copy his lumbering, feedback-blurred riffs, but it's the emotive solos that sets him apart; unlike many a pyrotechnician, he has his say, puts it simply, and gets the hell out of Dodge. This instrumental soundtrack to an upcoming Jim Jarmusch film is all solo, Young having recorded it himself live to tape as he watched a rough cut. Ignore the useless overlapping dialogue: What we get is an incredibly pure vision of a great artist creating before our very ears, sculpting canyons and carving oceans across his vast expanse of sound. — c.s



Shadows Wake Me DAMHNAIT DOYLE

Latitude/EMI

"A List Of Things," the lead-off single from 20-year-old St. John's native Damhnait (pronounced Dav-en-net) Doyle's debut release, sounds like any number of recent radio songs by "new" female artists currently clogging up the airwaves

(from Joan Osborne to Heather Nova, et al) and, as such, doesn't reveal much about the rest of the music on *Shadows Wake Me*.

In fact, what's stunning about this album is the breadth of Doyle's work, the range of her strong, emotive vocals and the quality of her writing. From uptempo songs like "Whatever You Need" and "Jumping The Shadows" to remarkable ballads like "Sunday Mornings" and the transcendent "Shoreline" to the reggae-lilt of "Roved Out," *Shadows Wake Me* showcases an exciting, versatile young performer who is soon to be considered among the first rank of great Canadian female artists. — c.m.

Wayward

CATE FRIESEN

Wide-Eyed Music

Straight Line

KATHERINE WHEATLEY

Entrophy

As if further evidence of our status as one of the most fertile places on earth for singer-songwriters were necessary, here are yet another pair of releases demonstrating, in stirring fashion, the wealth of songwriting talent in our midst.

On *Wayward*, Toronto (via Manitoba)-based Cate Friesen offers a disparate group of songs, ranging from the folk-pop of "Weight Of The World," "I'm Floored" and "Early Quiet Morning" to the bouncy, rock-flavoured "She Walks Lightly," and "River" to the old-time, Dixieland jazz of "Passionately Fond Of ..." — all linked by her rich, detailed, story-telling and strong, mellifluous vocals. *Wayward* also includes two choices covers: "Trains," by Ron Sexsmith and Sam Larkin's beautiful "Mirabeau Bridge."

Like Friesen, Katherine Wheatley (also based in T.O.), is an exciting, masterful, storyteller whose songs burn with passion, wit and intelligence.

Straight Line features 10 tracks that alternate between hook-filled pop gems like "Bicycle," "Main Street" and "Straight Line" and gorgeous folk ballads like "Beating Heart," "Fishing" and "Water Moves Me," never straying too far from the folk-pop idiom in which she operates.

In a way, these are companion albums, both worthy of attention by anyone who loves old-fashioned storytelling in a thoroughly contemporary setting; each revealing much about its author, and, through its revelations, something about this land, and therefore, all of us. — s.h.



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WORDS	TONY RICH PROJECT	BMG
POWER OF A WOMAN	ETERNAL	EMI
ORIGINAL FLAVA	BRAND NEW HEAVIES	PGS
EXCURSIONS:REMIXES	BRAND NEW HEAVIES	EMI
SPEECH	SPEECH	VIRGIN
I AM L.V.	L.V.	DENON
A MAP OF THE UNIVERSE	BLINK	EMI
POP/ROCK		
TERRATOLOGY	TERRY WATKINSON	SLIP DISC
ALL OF OUR SATURDAYS	RATIONAL YOUTH	EMI
SHADOWS WAKE ME	DAMHNAIT DOYLE	EMI
THE BIRDS & B-SIDES	SHONEN KNIFE	EMI
GETTING PRETTY GOOD...	THE FOUR HORSEMEN	PGS
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ETHER	BABBLE	WARNER
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TROIANO TRIPLE PLAY	DOMENIC TROIANO	EMI
BEST OF COLUMBIA/VOL. 2	VARIOUS	SONY
TO SEE THE LIGHTS	GENE	PGS
SELLING THE SIZZLE	THE SMUGGLERS	MINT
HOME ALIVE	VARIOUS	SONY
GREEN BOTTLE THURSDAY	THE CUSTOMERS	WARNER
DRESSED IN GENTLE DAYS	IMAGINARYHEAVEN	EMI
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I FEEL ALRIGHT	STEVE EARLE	WARNER
LOOKING EAST	JACKSON BROWNE	WARNER
NAUGHTY LITTLE DOGGIE	IGGY POP	VIRGIN
THE SPEED OF CATTLE	ARCHERS OF LOAF	CARGO
DANGEROUS MADNESS	WAYNE KRAMER	CARGO
WISH I'D TAKEN PICTURES	PANSY DIVISION	MINT
TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER	NEWSBOYS	EMI
NEW DISEASE	1,000 MONA LISAS	BMG
BEST! THE SINGLES	LONDONBEAT	BMG
THE PROCESS	SKINNY PUPPY	WARNER
MURDER BALLADS	NICK CAVE	WARNER
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TENNESSEE MOON	NEIL DIAMOND	SONY
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CAPITALISTA	VARIOUS	WARNER
GLOBAL HOUSE CULTURE/2	VARIOUS	MCA

d i s c

TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
TOTALLY RE-WIRED 1		
THIS IS DANCE	VARIOUS	PGS
STRICTLY DANCE	VARIOUS	QUALITY
GREATEST HITS	JODY WATLEY	MCA
AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE	AKWAABA	PGS
FEELS SO GOOD	LINA SANTIAGO	MCA
COUNTRY		
LISA BROKOP	LISA BROKOP	EMI
REVELATIONS	WYNONNA	MCA
BRENT HOWARD	BRENT HOWARD	EMI
IV	DIAMOND RIO	BMG
RICOCHET	RICOCHET	SONY
MANDY BARNETT	MANDY BARNETT	WARNER
EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU	FRAZIER RIVER	MCA
WHAT I LIVE TO DO	JAMES BONAMY	SONY
DRESSED IN BLACK	SUZANNE GITZI	INDIE
DIFFERENT TRAILS	JAMIE WAITING	INDIE
RAP		
2PAC	ALL EYEZ ON ME	PGS
1990-SICK	SPICE 1	BMG
GAME RELATED	THE CLICK	BMG
DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME	DANGEROUS CREW	BMG
LIVIN' PROOF	GROUP HOME	PGS
JAZZ		
OLD MOON, NEW LOVE	CLAIRE RODGER	INDIE
LOVE SCARS	BILL PERRY	EMI
ANCESTORS	RENEE ROSNES	EMI
NEW MOON DAUGHTER	CASSANDRA WILSON	EMI
BENNY CARTER SONGBOOK	VARIOUS	BMG
PASSION FLOWER	FRED HERSH	WARNER
LOTTO LAND	THE HOLMES BROTHERS	WARNER
HISTORY OF CHESS JAZZ	VARIOUS	MCA
THE NEW STANDARD	HERBIE HANCOCK	PGS
MY GENERATION	TEODROSS AVERY	MCA
THRILLED AGAINST MY WILL	GREG LOWE	MCA
LOSE THE SUIT	MIKE STERN	WARNER
ALONE IN HIS PRESENCE	CECE WINANS	EMI
BEYOND A DREAM	TWILA PARIS	EMI
OH LADY BE GOOD/BEST OF	ELLA FITZGERALD	PGS
AFTER HOURS	JOHN PIZZARELLI	BMG
SOUNDTRACK/SHOWS		
MR. WRONG	VARIOUS	PGS
BEFORE & AFTER	HOWARD SHORE	PGS
MR. HOLLAND'S OPUS	VARIOUS	PGS
1995 BROADWAY CAST CO.	VARIOUS	EMI
CINEMA CLASSICS	VARIOUS	EMI
DEAD MAN	VARIOUS	WARNER
MUPPET TREASURE ISLAND	VARIOUS	EMI
FILM CUTS	THE CHIEFTANS	BMG
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'	POINTER SISTERS	BMG
DON'T BE AMENACE ...	VARIOUS	PGS
WHITE SQUALL	MAURICE JARRE	PGS
OTHELLO	CHARLIE MOLE	DENON
CLASSICAL PERFORMER		
TAFELMUSICK/LAMON/JEANNE	HANDEL: WATER MUSIC	SONY
SAINT JOHN STRING QUAR.	SAINT JOHN STRING QUAR.	INDIE
REGGAE		
BEST OF	ALPHA BLONDY	EMI
PRIVATE LESSON	GREGORY ISAACS	PGS
CLASSICAL COMPOSER		
THE PHASE FOUR EXPERIENCE	VARIOUS	PGS

SamTheRecordMan

IF WE ARE TEMPORARILY OUT OF STOCK, THE ABOVE RECORDINGS (OR ANY IN THIS MAGAZINE!) CAN BE ORDERED THROUGH OUR SPECIAL REQUEST SERVICE. OR CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-265-SAMS (7267), TO ORDER BY MAIL. IN TORONTO, 416-977-6277.

CHARTS

POP

1. **OASIS**
What's The Story Morning Glory Sony
2. **ALANIS MORISSETTE**
Jagged Little Pill Warner
3. **SMASHING PUMPKINS**
Mellon Collie ... EMI
4. **JOAN OSBOURNE**
Relish PGS
5. **BUSH X**
Sixteen Stone Warner
6. **ASHLEY MACISAAC**
Hi How Are You Today PGS
7. **RADIOHEAD**
The Bends MCA
8. **COWBOY JUNKIES**
Lay It Down MCA
9. **EVERCLEAR**
Sparkle And Fade EMI
10. **2PAC**
All Eyez On Me PGS
11. **PRESIDENTS OF THE USA**
Presidents of the USA Sony
12. **STING**
Mercury Falling PGS
13. **MINISTRY**
Filth Pig Warner
14. **VARIOUS**
Massive Dance Warner
15. **BARENAKED LADIES**
Born On A Pirate Ship Warner
16. **GOO GOO DOLLS**
A Boy Named Goo Warner
17. **GIN BLOSSOMS**
Congratulations I'm Sorry PGS
18. **WYNONNA**
Revelations MCA
19. **TORI AMOS**
Boys For Pele Warner
20. **MAX-A-MILLION**
Take Your Time BMG

COUNTRY

1. **VARIOUS**
Not Fade Away, Remembering Buddy Holly MCA
2. **WYNONNA**
Revelations MCA
3. **SHANIA TWAIN**
The Woman In Me PGS
4. **MAVERICKS**
Music For All Occasions MCA
5. **FAITH HILL**
It Matters To Me Warner
6. **GARTH BROOKS**
The Hits EMI
7. **TERRI CLARK**
Terri Clark PGS
8. **ALAN JACKSON**
Greatest Hits BMG
9. **REBA MCENTYRE**
Starting Over MCA
10. **ALISON KRAUSS**
A Collection Denon

R&B/DANCE

1. **2PAC**
All Eyez On Me PGS
2. **VARIOUS**
Club Cutz 7 BMG
3. **MARIAH CAREY**
Daydream Sony
4. **VARIOUS**
Euromix Vol. 2 BMG
5. **2UNLIMITED**
Hits Unlimited Warner

6. **VARIOUS**
Waiting To Exhale BMG
7. **R. KELLY**
R. Kelly BMG
8. **CHRIS SHEPPARD**
Destination Dance Floor Quality
9. **VARIOUS**
Dance Mix 95 Quality
10. **MAX-A-MILLION**
Take Your Time BMG

JAZZ

1. **GEORGE BENSON**
Best Of Warner
2. **NAJEE**
Songs In The Key Of Life EMI
3. **DUKE ELLINGTON/D.COLTRANE**
D. Ellington/J. Coltrane MCA
4. **VARIOUS**
Move To The Groove Best/70s PGS
5. **MEL TORME/R. McCONNELL**
Velvet & Brass PGS
6. **KEITH JARRETT**
At The Blue Note (Sat. Night) BMG
7. **ORNETTE COLEMAN**
Tone Dialing PGS
8. **OLIVER JONES**
From Lush To Lively Justin Time
9. **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY**
Sophisticated Swing PGS
10. **VARIOUS**
All That Jazz Sony

ALTERNATIVE

1. **BUSH X**
Sixteen Stone Warner
2. **EVERCLEAR**
Sparkle And Fade EMI
3. **POE**
Hello Warner
4. **MINISTRY**
Filth Pig Warner
5. **TORI AMOS**
Boys For Pele Warner
6. **SEVEN MARY THREE**
American Standard MCA
7. **SPACE HOG**
Resident Alien Warner
8. **TOADIES**
Rubberneck Warner
9. **GREEN DAY**
Insomniac Warner
10. **VARIOUS**
Kids Soundtrack PGS

INDIE

1. **HAYDEN**
Everything I Long For
2. **TREBLE CHARGER**
NC17
3. **SUNFISH**
Mola Mola
4. **TREBLE CHARGER**
Self = Title
5. **BIG RUDE JAKE**
Butane Fumes
6. **GRATEFUL DEAD**
Grayfolded
7. **THE MONOXIDES**
Out Of The Marsh
8. **GLUELEG**
Heroic Doses
9. **D.B.S.**
Tales From The Crib
10. **DOUG AND THE SLUGS**
Slugology

MOVIE SALES

1. **Immortal Beloved** Columbia
2. **Coronation Street** Warner
3. **Indian In The Cupboard** Columbia
4. **The Big Green** Disney
5. **Circle Of Friends** HBO
6. **Caesar & Cleopatra** Hallmark
7. **Before Sunrise** Columbia
8. **The Quick & The Dead** Columbia
9. **The Dolly Sisters** Fox
10. **Murder In The First** Warner

SAM THE INTERACTIVE MAN'S TOP 10

1. **Doom** PSX
2. **Donkey Kong Country 2** SNES
3. **Rebel Assault II** PC-CD
4. **Loaded** PSX
5. **11th Hour** PC-CD
6. **NHL 96** Genesis
7. **FIFA 96** PSX
8. **FIFA 96** Saturn
9. **Wipeout** PSX
10. **Le Louvre** MAC/MPC

SamTheRecordMan

BEYOND MAINSTREAM

Selling The Sizzle THE SMUGGLERS

Mint

Vancouver's The Smugglers delight in cutting across musical barriers. Mixing '60s garage rock, '70s power-pop and '90s punk-pop, they manage to create a sound akin to The Ramones playing Beach Boys



covers while sipping those fancy drinks with little umbrellas in them.

Ragged harmonies, great hooks, and most importantly, an incredible sense of fun, permeate every track of *Selling The Sizzle*. And The Smugglers delight in tossing in the occasional nod to surf, country and whatever else they can think of — as long as it's catchy and energetic.

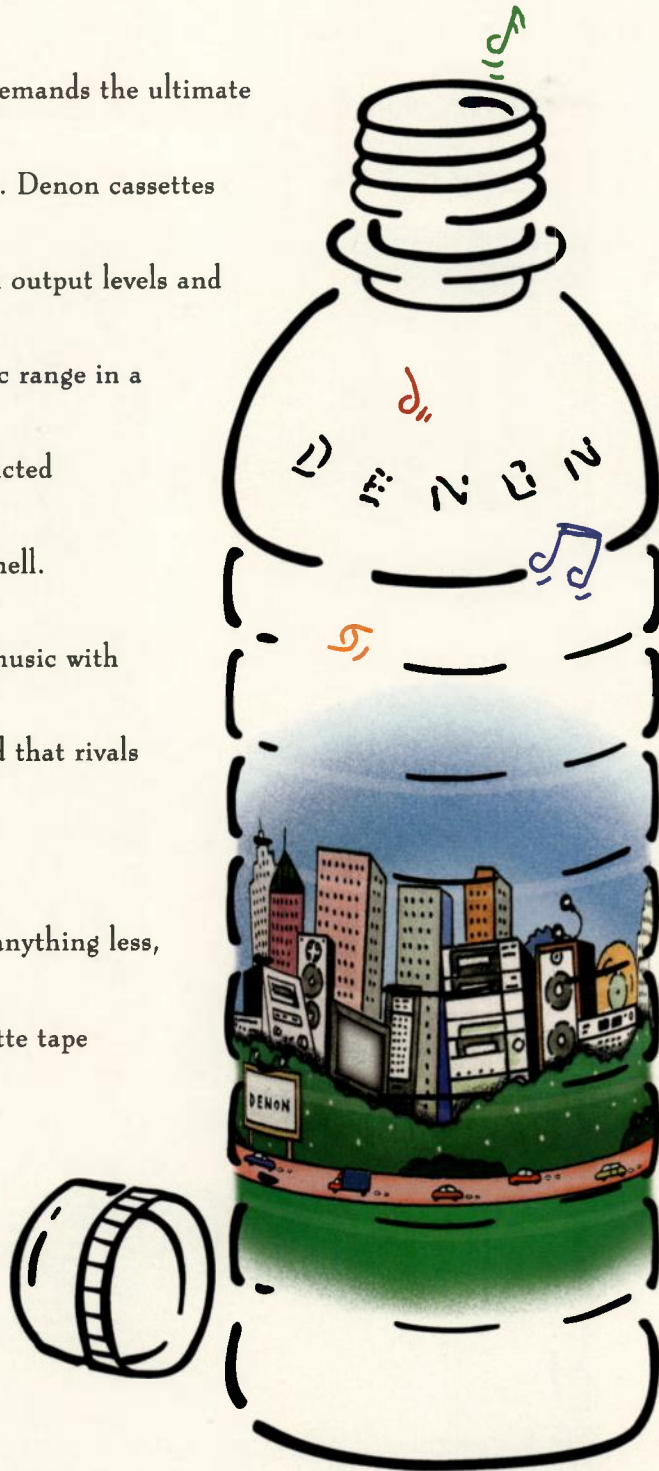
Destined to be a party classic, *Selling The Sizzle* contains a bunch of alternative-pop gems, most notably "To Serve, Protect And Entertain," "Death Of A Romantic," "I Need A Vacation," "Especially You" and "Big Trouble" — all of which are worthy candidates for inclusion on any party tape this summer.

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YOU SAID YOU'D BE THERE. BUT STUFF HAPPENS. THINGS CHANGE. AND YOU'RE HELD UP. SO WHAT DO YOU DO? NOT SHOW? NOT LIKELY. YOU DO WHAT YOU SAID YOU'D DO, EVEN IF IT MEANS DRIVING ALL NIGHT. YOU CAN BE DEPENDED ON. AND FOR A LOT OF WHAT YOU DO, THAT MEANS HAVING A CAR THAT CAN BE DEPENDED ON. A CAR LIKE THE CHEVROLET CAVALIER Z24. YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE CONTROL OF THE STANDARD 4-WHEEL ANTI-LOCK BRAKES. ON THE PERFORMANCE OF THE 2.4L 150 H.P. ENGINE, THE SEQUENTIAL-PORT FUEL INJECTION AND THE POWER RACK AND PINION STEERING. THE SAFETY OF THE STANDARD DUAL FRONT AIR BAGS, RIGID SAFETY CAGE CONSTRUCTION AND SIDE-GUARD DOOR BEAMS. YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE COMFORT AND STYLE OF THE WELL THOUGHT-OUT DESIGN. YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE SECURITY OF 24-HOUR ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE. IN FACT, THE CAVALIER IS THE CAR MORE AND MORE CANADIANS DEPEND ON. AS THE BEST SELLING CAR IN THE COUNTRY FOR SIX YEARS RUNNING, THE CAVALIER CAN RIGHTFULLY CLAIM TO BE

TRIED, TESTED & TRUE.

