

Ed's Note: Most of these albums are in the CHSR-FM radio station - give them a ring on 453-4979 and ask them to play a selection.

DEJA VOODOO
Big Pile of Mud
(OS Records)

If you haven't heard of this pair of denizens from the shockabilly primordial soup of the North, I can only assume that your God must have taken a leak when it came to putting the biotic black n' decker to yer lug holes.

Deja Voodoo don't you just luv 'em? Throw Gerard the most mutant bastard scratchy guitar and Tony a couple of pillow padded biscuit tins, some pencils, and they're off! "Be fair to them!" - I think to myself but by golly what can you say? Invariably, Gerard sounds like the ghost of Elvis's evil twin Skippy reincarnated as the cracked engine block of a 58' Studebaker (huh-hur huh-hur huh-hur hur-hur!) Damn it boys; we know you limit to yourself to instruments that can be constructed out of the contents of some body's pockets as a good day, I'm just not prepared to say 'Yeah minimalism!' much longer. Deja Voodoo have been for me the band that fits nicely between a set of records with a wicked little impish grin but a little like repeatedly slamming your todger in the bathroom door when listening to a whole album: except when, for the only time in your life, you are in EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOOD.

If this album doesn't give you complete satisfaction' scribble the boys on the sleeve notes, 'you're a jerk'. From that end then, I guess that points a bit of a digit in my direction, but let me tell you the lyrics are NAFFIN' BRILL! Luckily the album comes with their own little newspaper, in the centre pages of which are the written content of the songs. Laugh? I only wish there was a whole book of this stuff published. It all kinda ponders around a blues-based Springsteen/Mellencamp spastic style with liberal dosage of the Sear's catalogue of trash Americana. And I love it. To dig up Bruce again (who is still my surrogate cultural Father). I only hope to goodness he chooses to cover this song -.

aved up some money and I bought a car. Me and my honey drove it off real far. Out in the country with the cows and pigs. We saw a sign and it was real real big. It said, "Only ten more miles to A Big Pile of Mud."

We drove along and the sign was right. We saw the mud that very same night. My baby climbed it while I had a beer. Called down to me, "You know, I like it here." I lost my baby to A Big Pile of Mud.

You got a honey? Well, listen, bud: Don't take ner near no big pile of mud. If she gets near a pile of that stuff--You'll say you need her and she'll say "tough!" You'll lose your baby to A Big Pile of Mud.

It's been enough albums of the same sound, same style, same limitations lads. Please, please move ahead a little. Be crazy, be wild, be free but for Gawd's sakes get your talent up out of the self-indulgent sludge. The time is now.

NEDDY STEBBINS

TONI CHILDS
Union
(A&M)

Never heard of this woman before but here is an opus which deserves a gandering. Well, side two anyway. You see kids, here is an album of two parts. One is kind of sickly, poppy and slime-ladden (side one), whilst the other is rather ethereal, stirring and, in parts, rather lovely. *Tin Drum* is the piéce de resistance for me - a lithe latino tinged piece of introspection that has Toni sounding as if Peter Gabriel has suddenly leapt into her nostrils. Phew! *Where's the Ocean?* Ms. Childs asks and we desparately want to tell her because she awfully upset. Nevertheless, the song is plaintive enough to lift you out of your armchair and dump you in the goldfish bowl. Worth it just for that. Yowsah!

NEDDY STEBBINS

Dear Uncle Stevie:

I'd like to tell you about this band that Tom, the proprietor of our local independent record store, introduced me to this summer.

The name is *Dag Nasty* and they have a new album out called *Field Day*. Even though they are an American band from



INDEPENDENTLY YOURS

Washington, DC, they are distributed on the independent Canadian label, *Fringe Product*.

They have been around since -@- and have put out two previous albums: *Can I Say* and *Wig Out* at Denko's.

But let me tell you about *Field Day*. The music on this album is raw and lacks the slick production and mixing which is kind of a relief in the commercial wasteland of Top x° music. The singer, Peter Cortner, sometimes tends to sing in the cracks, but his style, in fact the whole band's style, is somewhat reminiscent of post-punk bands combined with the style of mid western bands of the early -°s.

You can really thrash to some of *Dag Nasty's* stuff. In fact, I

think that this album would go down a bomb (that is to say, do quite well) at parties with the volume up loud.

But there are also slow songs and songs that verge on metal. How diverse can a band get?

My favourite cut is "Staring at the Rude Boys" (Again, that throwback to the post-punk era), but *Field Day* is really growing on me, especially in my less sedate moments.

And if you're up for a bargain, there are extra cuts on the cassette and compact disc. A bargain at half the price, wot?

So there you have it, uncle. *Dag Nasty* and their new album *Field Day*.

I'll tell you about another independent band next week.

Independently yours,
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ENTERTAINMENT ON CONTEMPORATION.



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