

Pop Records

By Graham's Dick



Being a rock critic is sure hard work! A letter-writer this week has accused me of being an "ass-kiss pansy ass rocker sucking up to every fourteen year old pseudo-punk in town by writing a glowing review of a bunch of deadhead deadend punkers called The Dishrags."

Whew, strong words for someone who doesn't know a thing about responsible and artistic rock criticism. The thing is, I'm the person in Edmonton personally responsible for the growth of new wave in this city. I brought you the Smarties, (personal friends of mine, though I suppose it's not a good idea to admit it in a column of objective criticism).

Furthermore, let's look at what I've done for local music in town. Take One Horse Blue for example. Here's a band with virtually zero talent. They stole their name, their image, their style and their songwriting ideas from Poco, and have made a mint by keeping all that a secret. But I still flogged their name in my column, because, damn it, I'm concerned. They're a local band, they're inspiring other local musicians, and they've got me on a PR contract.

I suppose I might be criticized for writing an entire column based on another critic's opinions a few weeks ago, or for slamming The Clash a while back and then jumping on the band wagon with *London Calling*, but look, a young guy like me makes a few mistakes here and there, and you rats out there deserve me!

Okay, now that that is out of my system, let's review some albums. Last week, I looked at some albums that were about ten years old, knowing that the average reader of this column was born about the same day that *Thick as a Brick* was released. Time now to cast a look at some new singles. Let's remain myopic shall we, and stick to local bands again.

The Ozones *Sick My Duck* (NA 2739) Brilliant, and a startling revelation of what broods deep inside the hearts of this magnificent band.

One Horse Blue *Riding in My Electric Saddle* (POCO 876) The best single for this band since "I'm Mired In Your Lovepie" and it proves that even with their new lineup, they can't be beat.

Tommy Banks *The Tinkling Ivories of Love* (CB 5439) A top notch performer with a new, top notch single. Hey, I love jazz too!

Punk from the heights

By GAIL MUCOUS

Hard-core urban punk rock in Alberta? Impossible!! At least that is the opinion of certain elitist aficionados who think only working class kids from Great Britain and New York have a right to express adolescent alienation in the nihilistic netherworld of power pop.

Well, The Oysters, four local lads who also happen to be the sons of some of Edmonton's most prominent businessmen, have a message for these purist snobs. On the hyperkinetic title track of their debut album, *Rub Your Nose In This*, lead singer and rhythm guitar player Post Nasal Drip howls, *We're rich and bored with piss all to say but you bastards can listen anyway. Did I listen.*

These little snots are Talking Noses injecting fresh, venomous and banal lyrics into a honeycomb of dissonant playing. They could like nose nuggets embedding themselves into black and grey toilet paper and the result is a delightful grey-green viscous mess that sums up the ennui of Alberta's rich kids.

Drip's vocals wail over the clash of major and minor chords, grating chromatic intervals and klaxon-like noseblowing. That's right, noseblowing. The nose is a motif that runs through every song on the album. Lyrically, "My Nose Is Like An Oilrig" sounds inane on the surface. But send some feelers in and you will detect a smug indictment of the oil industry. Nasal Vein, the band's lead guitarist, holds one lick (guitar, that is) for the entire song thereby mirroring the relentless revolution of the "diamond fingernail."

Indeed, repetition is the group's forte. Arrangements are exquisitely immobile and progressions seductively stalemated. On "Suck It Up Your Sinuses" a single stomach-churning guitar riff is unleashed against a concussive bass note and then deliciously reiterated and reiterated. It's like a recurring winter cold that can't be shaken. Perfect, since the song is a smug attack on the cold remedy industry.

Violence is the theme of "My Dad's Nose is Bigger Than Your Dad's." Here songwriter and drummer, Bloody Nostrils, pokes his way into a song about the adolescent rivalry of two friends whose fathers are competitors in the tanning salon business. The climax is a head on collision that results when the two play chicken, one in a TR-7 and the other in a Toyota Land



Post Nasal Drip, lead nose for The Oysters, Edmonton's latest punk group.

Cruiser with mags. Here guitars collide in a nightmare of chromaticism and this is enhanced by Pinnocchio's dull-edged production.

The Oysters do have a light side as well. "Your Love Is Like A Wet, Wet Nose" sends up traditional poetry and music while "Chapped Upper Lip" slaps the shnozzolas of their own class. And of course disco is brilliantly parodied in "Eat Your Boogies."

"Rub Your Nose In This" is totally moronic and inspires boredom right from the opening guitar hook. For these reasons it is also one of the best albums around. The musical chaos is beautifully static - the ends of entropy itself. No tension is built up and so none can be resolved. These guys bring pure uncalculated crudeness to power pop although they sometimes pay more than just token obeisance to melody (the unfortunate result of music lessons). These affluent punks have the cheek to say exactly what is in between their ears - next to nothing. And none of it is said "tongue in nose."

Gail Mucous is a free-lance writer.

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Minister plans hospital move

Hospitals' Minister Dave Mussell today announced plans for the relocation of the Berwyn hospital to a site in Western Calgary.

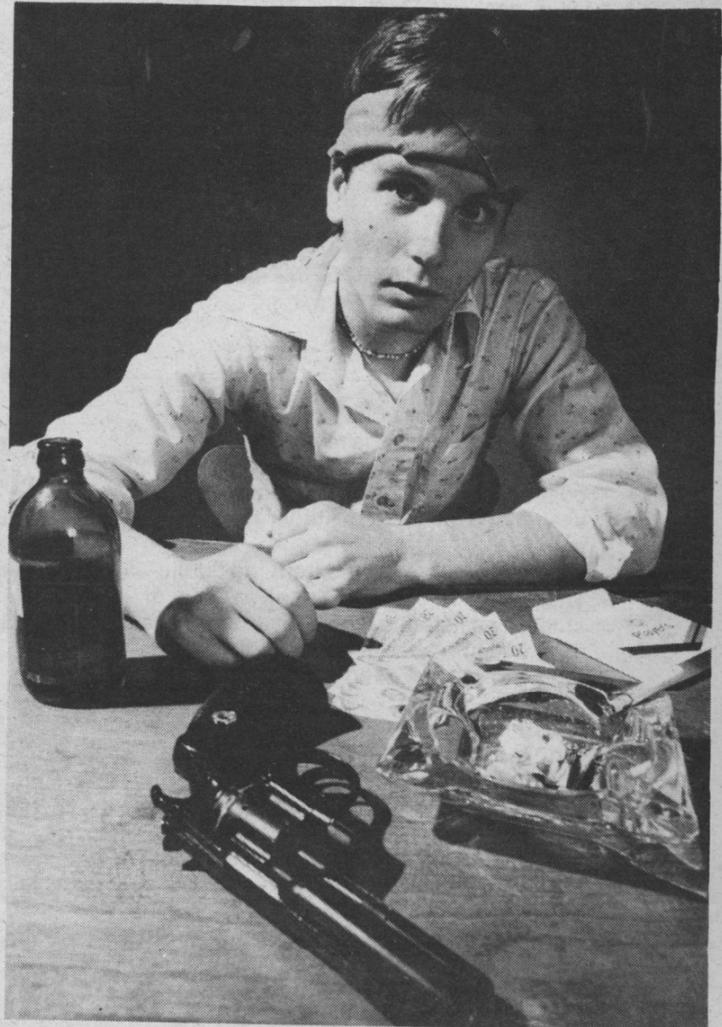
The proposed move has come under severe criticism by opposition members as being of a political nature.

Mussell denied these allegations as being false and completely unfounded. "The decision to relocate came about as the result of the findings of a study to examine methods of improving the overall service to the community," he said.

Long range plans for the

area include the transferral of the entire population of the town to Western Calgary.

Mussell stated the relocation "is not a political move." "We just feel they would enjoy the weather in Calgary better," he said.



The Alberta Fish and Wildlife Association are hosting their annual shoot-em up and blow-out bash. All keen deerhunters are urged to attend.

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