

SLIME LADEN SPROCKETS

Stop Using My Head as a Pincushion

(Pumpy Records)

True, the first time I heard the Sprockets I had my head stuck in a toilet basin but my girlfriend always carried a pound of butter and a polecat in her hold-all so it wasn't too long before I realized the total brilliance of this 7 1/2 inch EP.

Wow! When you get Eddie on lead electric toe-nail clippers it kind of like blows my nose you know? "Clip - Clip - Clippity - Clip" snips "the Whippet" at one point and introducing my hamster to Chirelles piranha, I know what he means.

Congregational stomach pumping is certainly the dominant theme on this opus, especially on tracks like "Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just mentally deranged?" "If you are fond of jamming fresh fruit in

your ears and bouncing up and down in bus line-ups then surely the Nietzschean strains of "Good golly Miss Cadaver" is for you. Or not. Get my meaning?

Many talented souls contribute to this feast of total misunderstanding including the late Toby "Raisin Face" Toadhead who when unleashed on acoustic haddock gives new meaning to the term "no thank you I've had quite enough potatoes". Since the release of "Pin Cushion" Toby unfortunately mistook no. 9 bus for a hairdryer and after a lengthy illness succumbed to an overdose of smarties in late '75.

It's vital! It's still NOW! Jeez how much more do you selfish bastards need? Why I even cut off my own (That's enough about the Sprockets - Ed.).

NEDDY STEBBINS

CHSR-FM PLAYLIST FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 7 89

TW	LW	WO	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL	CC
1	2	8	THE WATERBOYS	Fisherman's Blues	Ensign	
2	9	10	OVERSOUL SEVEN	Oversoul Seven	Edge	*
3	13	7	VIOLENT FEMMES	3	Slash	*
4	12	5	TOO MANY COOKS	Too many Cooks	Og	*
5	19	6	ELVIS COSTELLO	Spike	WEA	*
6	21	7	BAMBI SLAM	Bambi Slam	WEA	*
7	22	9	DEAD MILKMEN	eezebubba	Enigma	*
8	27	5	NO MEANS NO	Small Parts Isolated and destroyed	All Tent	*
9	6	7	NITZER EBB	Belief	Geffen	*
10	25	3	THE POGUS	Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah	Yea (EP)	*
11	26	2	XTC	Oranges and Lemons	Virgin	*
12	17	5	EUGENE RIPPER	Eugene Ripper The North	Amok	*
13	1	5	MASTERS OF REALITY	Masters of Reality	Def America	*
14	3	8	THE GRUESOMES	Hey!	Og	*
15	15	6	SIMPLE MINDS	Ballad of the Streets	Virgin	*
16	16	6	PILI PILI	Be in to Minds	Amok	*
17	-	1	THE HUMAN TRIODS	The Human Tripods	Lowerton	*
18	4	6	YELLO	Flag	Vertigo	*
19	re	13	LLOYD HANSON	The Great Debate	DTK	*
20	5	5	THE REPLACE	Don't tell a Soul	Sire	*
21	-	1	SIUXIE AND THE WOLFGANG PRESS	Killing Jar (EP)	Polydor	*
22	24	7	LOU REED	Birdwood cage	4AD	*
23	-	1	SNFU	New York	Sire	*
24	8	4	KREWEN	Better Than a Stick in the eye	Cargo	*
25	-	1	SCRUFFY THE CAT	Curse of the Graveyard Skyclad	Demon	*
26	7	10	BILLY BRAGG	Moons of Jupiter	Relativity	*
27	10	5	THE LILAC TIME	She's Got a New Spell	GO	*
28	14	5	SPLIT SECOND	The Lilac Time	Fontana	*
29	-	1	DREAM LANDSCAPE	Lolosseum Crash	Antler	*
30	-	1		Pictures and People	SDE	*

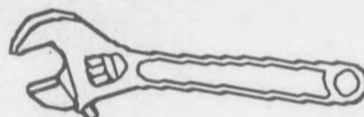


MEAT

THE DIK VAN DYKES

Waste More Vinyl

(Og Records)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Searching My Body For the Mark of the Beast

(Obituary Music)

It is noon. I am feeling slightly detached from the planet due to the fact that over the last twenty-four hours I have consumed rather more cold medicine than is strictly recommended.

But reviews have to be done and here is something from the local doom n' gloom merchants Obituary Music. 'Play it on headphones' my pal Steve Staples and member of Dresden

45 suggests. So I do. If the contac-C had started something, being mobile (i.e. walkman prumed) with Dresden 45 completed the effect. All forms of sensory perception other than the glorious apocalyptic drone oozing into my tortured skull, trickled in over a scratchy telephone wire. 'Killifloor' is more ambience than dance, but it is done rather well. Baby Sugarbag sounds distinctly like Rick Thornley talking to Alex Harvey through a Ouija device. Unsettling and minimalist - this will take some time to grow on me I'm afraid. The Choke have always entertained me when seen live, and their inclusion on this tape comes as a pleasant surprise. Two offerings from the boys then, one of which (contaminant) could well be the incidental music to a situation where several hundred lobotomised Pee-Wee Herman clones are jacked up with Benzedrine and shot into a massive pinball machine.

Industrial moodists Anglicate make up the quartet of bands on the sampler, and this is where we all get off if, like me, you like to transport yourself into a cathedral-sized subterranean production line where small slithery things are constantly darting between those long lengths of dripping chains.... just out of vision at the corner of your eye.

Overall recommended, now back to bed.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

Wafting from the "armpit of Canada", this Hamilton band has gone a long way towards redefining the city's (non-bacterial-type) culture. The Dik Van Dykes are paralyzingly funny, especially to those who live in, or are familiar with Hamilton, as their material draws heavily on local idiosyncrasies. That's not to say the album is an extended inside joke - many of the songs depict life in Canada in a manner that may convince you we live in one of the strangest and funniest cultures on the planet. *Cubic Zirconia* focuses on one of the worst aspects of Canadian television, while *Beachcombers* is an hilarious look at a Canadian institution that has been a CBC mainstay for as long as even Bruno can remember.

When they aren't exploring Canada as it is (?), The DVD's envision a future where even Aerobocop parks his metallic butt at the local donut establishment while on duty, and Adult Gumby moves to Ottawa (where else?). This proficiency in comic music seems only natural coming from a city that would dearly love to shed its current industrial image for the title of comic capital of Canada.

Musically, the band displays a remarkable consistency in its sound insofar as the frantic lyrics are supported by equally frantic drumming, vocals, water pipes, etc. The DVDs are not a monotonous full throttle experience, though. Through effective changes in rhythm and tempo within many of the songs, their

music avoids overstimulating your nerve endings with a constant pounding so you can keep it up longer. You'll want to, too. Definitely a band to expect more from, but why wait 'til then.

PETER FERGUSON

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