

Punk: Vancouver and the home front

The Villains
Dinwoodie Lounge
Saturday

review by Patricia Just

Saturday night, the SU finally managed a sellout performance at Dinwoodie. At six o'clock that evening, there were people lined up to get the last fifty tickets to see the Villains and their warm-up band, The Informer.

There were a few false starts to the occasion as The Informer tried to adjust to using somebody else's sound system. After adjusting their instruments to eliminate the problem of mid-range echo, they provided a solid start for The Villains. As anyone who has seen The Informer knows, they have an uncanny ability to match their music to the band they are backing up. The crowd, though, took their time in warming to the familiar and well-established New Wave music they played.

What was lacking in crowd reaction materialized as The Villains walked onto the stage. From the opener to the finish, three-quarters of the crowd was on their feet dancing. It was not a "classic" Dinwoodie, though, because the crowd was not, in most cases, wading in beer.

The Villains themselves were obviously enjoying their popularity. From the pieces they played, which included classics like "Woolly Bully" and cover versions of songs by Madness, as well as others, they proved that they are not the typical, insecure new band who plays all their material simply because it's theirs, strong or not. They floated through to two encores.

There were a few fights in the cabaret, but they were so slight that some did not even seem to notice them. Some damage was done outside of the building, but the matter was already out of organisers' hands and into that of Edmonton City Police. Campus Security, curiously, seemed to be non-existent. Other than this, which could not even mar performance of this calibre in Dinwoodie, a good time was had by most.



The Destroyers
Pacific Coliseum, Vancouver
Aug. 33

review courtesy The Peak (CUP)

Warm puke lay steaming on the cold floor of the Pacific Coliseum after the concert. Semi-conscious teenagers dragged their unconscious friends through the mire toward the doorway, blood and vomit smeared on their designer jeans.

Outside wide-tired Camaros with large soft dice hanging from rear view mirrors squealed their way out of the parking lots and onto the semi-deserted Vancouver streets. The roar shattering the

quiet of the night was punctuated by the crash of a beer bottle on the road.

Another successful Destroyers concert.

Earlier the warm-up band Smashface had churned up the crowd with their hit single "Let's Drive Fast and Fuck."

The crowd chanted with lead singer Buzz Snorter:

"My motor is my penis/When I let it rev/Let nothing come between us/Why don't you give me head?"

By the second song the roar was so great that I had blood dribbling out of my ear drums. Great clouds of smoke obscured the band as amps blew up on stage. The

crowd roared. Flames shot out of speaker boxes in one of the best shows of this year. Finally bassist Bill (Ogre) Hemmelwiesz yanked the cord from his instrument out of the amp, in the process clutching the ends of two live wires, and was thrown thirty feet backwards across the stage.

Roadies who attacked the fire with fire extinguishers were pelted with beer cans from the audience. The band played on.

Activation of the coliseum sprinkler system to stop the growing fire dampened the spirits of some, but in true Hollywood style the show went on.

Between sets the bands were being treated by ambulance crews so I managed to get interviews with two of the Destroyers most loyal fans. Sandy Glick is in Grade 11 at Vancouver Tech, and her boyfriend Jiff Cretin is a dropout from the same school, now working in a Surrey autoparts yard.

"It's like, you know, the Destroyers are, you know, like, you know," Sandy says. She says they made her feel all 'tingly all over.' "They're really really super. They're so profound."

Biff agrees. "Well fuck, they're fucking great. Why don't you write that in your fucking paper." He takes a long draw on his wine skin.

"Here, have some fucking rye," he offers. I decline. He sucks again on the wine skin, and speaks to me after wiping the saliva off his lips with the back of his hand.

"This fucking band is great. They're fucking loud, and they're fucking proud and..." he pauses to consider the poeti significance of what he has said.

Suddenly a raunchy guitar chord echoes through the hall, Biff clutches his stomach and a green look crosses his face. He takes a deep breath and another pull on the skin. It goes down the wrong way.

"Fuck," he mumbles, pushing me out of the way in a dash for the men's room. Sandy giggles.

"I guess I'll have to drive his car home again," she says.

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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

ANN MORTIFEE



"Swept to their feet by Anne Mortifee. I have never seen such a dynamic performer."

Graham Hicks, *Edmonton Journal*

Echoes of Discovery, Sounds of the World.

Edmonton Sun

Tuesday, October 27 and Wednesday, October 28 — 8:00 p.m. — S.U. Concerts present ANN MORTIFEE in concert. Tickets: \$9.00/\$11.00. Available: All Bass outlets & S.U. Box Office (HUB Mail)

The Nylons

A SHEER DELIGHT

The Nylons well-staged "a cappella" revue is destined for Playboy Club appearances. Playboy October, 1981

November 3, 4, 5 (6 shows). S.U. Concerts & Perryscope Concert Productions present The Nylons. Tickets available S.U. Box Office & BASS

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ALTERED STATES

Tuesday, October 6 — 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. — ALTERED STATES — 1980, USA, 103 min. Dir. Ken Russell. Cast: William Hurt, Blair Brown, Bob Balaban, Charles Hall. Restricted Adult

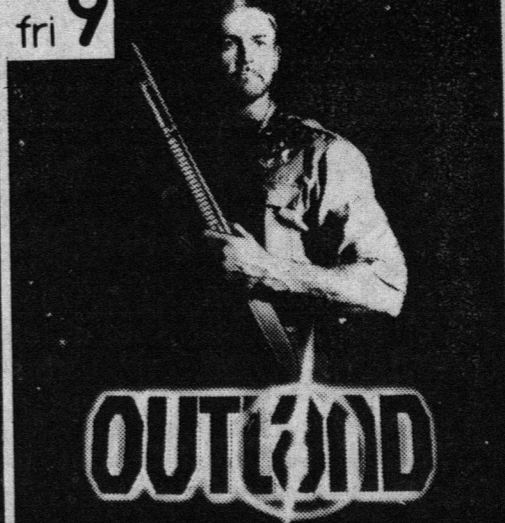
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PRIVATE BENJAMIN

Thursday, October 8 — 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. — PRIVATE BENJAMIN — 1980, USA, 109-min. Dir. Howard Zieff. Cast: Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante. Adult

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Friday, October 9 — 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. — OUTLAND — 1981, USA, 113 min. Dir. Peter Hyams. Cast: Sean Connery, Peter Boyle. Adult