

Making Waves



by **Dragos Ruiu**

This is an obituary. An obituary to the late Muchmusic.

What? You didn't know they died? Well, watch it lately. It all started when they moved into a new building...

Muchmusic used to be the little hip station that could. They broadcasted from their chaotic little (old) office with a tiny production crew. They used to screw up a lot, but that was half the fun. (He let's see what Erica can munge next!)

They played no song twice in the same day, and kept the top forty stuff to a tolerable level. Then... (dum dum) they started to make some bucks. Their crew increased and they started growing. They moved into a new spacious studio, where the set was not the office too. It lost something in the transition.

Erica, our favorite little bimblette, has cut down on doing live shows as much, and has gone to taped interviews, where she doesn't screw up as much. She now specializes in showing us the latest trendy, ugly, fashions of the Toronto scene. (This little number, the shinsless purple and orange, denim/leather overall was done by Michici, a darling little designer.)

Christopher Ward, when he's not busy ruining tape with his voice, it giving us tours of Graceland. Yes, that was the chair where Elvis sat down to tie his shoelace before he was drafted...ooohhhh...aaahhh. Michael Williams now limits himself to a show named *Soul in the City*, in which the definition of soul seems to be "black". Yeah sure. Nona Hendrix and Whitney Houston have soul

— just like Hee Haw.

They got a run down kiddie show host from Vancouver, Terry David Mulligan, to start doing segments by satellite feed. Their old VJs started migrating away, which was sometimes good. (We knew Christopher Ward couldn't sing, but at least you don't have to see him much as a singer.)

Love and Rockets
Earth, Sun, Moon
Beggar's Banquet Productions

review by **Christopher J. Cook**

Bauhaus was a noteworthy (if nearly unlistenable) British band that egressed from the mound of post-punk musical smegma that was 1981. They vaulted into a spotlight of their own by producing a sound somewhere between Joy Division and Skinny Puppy that appealed to a sizeable portion of the disoriented music audience of the time. Today, Bauhaus' members have long since diffused into eternal nothingness — with the exception of Daniel Ash and David J., the founders of Love and Rockets.

Love and Rockets burst onto the alternative charts with the smash single "Ball of Confusion" from their first album that everybody liked but nobody bought. Their second effort on vinyl, *Express*, contained at least three equally fine songs but sold even fewer copies. Now, the latest record is *Earth, Sun,*

Most importantly, sometime over the summer, the secret handful of people who decide what gets played (one of which is undoubtedly Moses Zzaimer, the big man at Muchmusic), decided to ELIMINATE THE PLAY ONLY ONCE RULE. This means we get Belinda Carlisle and John Cougar once every two hours. It means we get subjected to the B.A.D. daily, or twice daily.

Probably the only thing that has improved is the commercials. They make more money now, and have a better variety. But even that isn't nearly enough to compensate for the fact that they now do top ten countdowns from radio stations around Canada.

Oh well, it was nice while it lasted. They got some new VJs, including an acid-wash clad trendoid, Steve, who is the stereotypical FM deejay. He's glib, he's slick, and he's annoying. (Minimum, one acid-wash comment/day). Unfortunately, he seems to



be doing 80% of the broadcasting now.

There must be a conspiracy afoot. First Bloom County went on strike over cartoon sizes, and now we get snide remarks from Calvin and Hobbes. When the two hippest cartoons start bitching, watch out...

Love and Rockets take off and fly

analogy because after a recent experience of similar magnitude I found the disc to be particularly stimulating. The tunes soothe you enough to restrain you from biting the head off your hamster, yet through the music you can retain that fantastic high that accompanies ultimate fury. I found this effect particularly exhilarating with myself completely isolated from the universe via cranked-to-the-gills headphones.

Much as I enjoy this album, I still know that people won't buy it because: 1. *Love and Moon*, and it remains to be seen how it will fare in the record stores.

I am of the opinion that it will do very poorly in terms of sales. This does not, however, imply that it is a poor album — it is in fact outstanding. *Earth, Sun, Moon* is Love and Rockets in their psychedelic prime — definitely not music to hum in the shower. This is the album to listen to right after you've been shamelessly and merclessly scammed by some smooth-talker who's just sold you three acres of the Sahara desert. I give this

Rockets do not bring a large fan following into this album from the previous one, and 2. *Earth, Sun, Moon* does not have the single potential (which obviously entices buyers) that either of their first two albums had. If nobody liked "Kurdalinn Express" or "All in My Mind" from *Express*, then none of the songs on the new album are going to have instant appeal.

Their sound is entirely unique, possibly describable as a modernized and acousticed Velvet Underground. They're that smooth, yet they rock — and rock hard. They sound absolutely nothing like Bauhaus now. Through three albums, they've regressed in single potential but progressed enormously in terms of overall listenability.

Earth, Sun, Moon has, after repeated listenings, firmly established itself as one of my favorite albums of the year. More importantly though, it has given Love and Rockets true credibility as an important band in this musically apathetic era.

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