

POOR COPY

Bound Vol.

CHSR fm

presents...

...on Saturday, March 27, tune in bright and early at 9:05 a.m. for Mr. New Music himself, Tim White, on "SUB-WAVES," three hours of the latest in new music. Following this, at 11:20, "LIVING SCIENCE," with host Dr. Alan Sharpe, entertains and informs you with the latest science happenings in town and around the world. ...

...and at 8:00 p.m. on Saturday, "IN CONCERT" presents the music of two bands this week, Bad Finger and Thin Lizzy. It's live! It's authentic! ...

...on Sunday at 6:00 p.m., "CULTURES" brings you east Indian music, with your host Yadu Moharir. And at 8:30 on Sunday, "THE GOON SHOW" presents this week's comedy offering, enigmatically entitled fear of wages. Want a good laugh? Well, tune in. ...

...and at 9:00 p.m. on Sunday, Mark Bartlett and returning special guest Dave Macaulay take a look at the music and life of John Coltrane. That's on "JAZZ ON RECORD" ...

...on Monday at 6:00 p.m., why not get informed with "LET'S DISCUSS IT", our weekly interview talk show with newsmakers from around the world. ... It's right before the SRC broadcast, so don't miss it. ...

...on Tuesday at 2:00 p.m. join the knowledgeable Signe Gurholt for a classical afternoon with the master, on "A TOUCH OF CLASS" ...

...and on Wednesday at 9:00 p.m., mellow out to the sounds of your host Hutch on "THIS IS JAZZ." Wondering how vegetables relate to the world of jazz? Well, tune in. ...

...on Thursday at 6:00 p.m. "SCIENCE MAGAZINE" discusses salt and hypertension, and how to fight fuel fungus. ...

...and to finish off the week, join your "HAPPENINGS" crew at 6 p.m. on Friday to find out what's happening around town and on campus. You're not with it unless you're with us. ...

Another great week on CHSR-FM. ... 97.9 Stereo. ... We're yours. ... Use us!

CHSR Alternative Top 20

For the week beginning March 26, 1982

1. Mesopotamia--The B-52's--(3 last week)
2. Nick the Knife--Nick Lowe--(4)
3. English Settlement--XTC--(9)
4. I Love Rock 'n Roli--Joan Jett--(1)
5. Decomposing--Nash the Slash--(2)
6. Wilder--The Teardrop Explodes--(8)
7. Radio Clash--The Clash--(10)
8. Sons and Fascination--Simple Minds--(5)
9. Renegade--Thin Lizzy--(6)
10. Swords of A Thousand Men--Tenpole Tudor--(14)
11. Reactor--Neil Young--(7)
12. The Church--The Church--(15)
13. Aldo Nova--Aldo Nova--(16)
14. Business as Usual--The Men At Work--(20)
15. Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret--Soft Cell--(11)
16. Beauty and the Beat--The Go Go's--(12)
17. From the Lion's Mouth--The Sound--(13)
18. Once Upon A Time--Siouxsie and the Banshees--(18)
19. Pop Goes The Brain--Gruppo Sportivo--(25)
20. Primitive Guitars--Phil Manzanera--(27)

Based on listener response, requis received and CHSR-FM staff preferences.

Streetheart in quicksand

By DARYL BARTON  
Brunswickan Staff

Streetheart, the self-titled sixth album from one of Canada's leading rock bands, is an insipid product of sloppy production, juvenile songwriting, and mediocre musicianship. Its first cut, "Without Your Love," is an uncharacteristically strong tune, unfolding a sense of direction and desperation. Even so, the gutsy guitar bursts of Jeff Neill retain only a measure of the potency of what is blistering rock-and-roll thunder on the stage.

Molding Streetheart into a neat little package of even-tempered pop-rock, Streetheart and their coproducer, George Semkih, have drained all the intensity (the band's greatest strength) out of every song. The music is too pitifully complacent, for instance, to match Kenny Shields' wails of "I'm Mad As Hell." Often the scratching and whining of Neill's guitar is coupled with trite keyboard work (by Daryl Guthell) that sounds like it's trying to escape from a mousehole; the result is unbearably flaccid (e.g. "Snow White"). Shields' wild

screeches in "Wired" foster ferocity, but by the time he gets himself coiled up, he has no vigor to spring to climax. Instead, he wheezes, gasps, and the song crumbles to lifelessness.

A large part of Streetheart's problem is their uncultured sense of melody or melodic wholeness. Except for the two side-opening cuts, "Without

Your Love" and "What Kind of Love Is This", every song is concordant unity. Also, there are no indulgent solos of any kind, never a departure from normality. Refusing to let their guard and throw a punch, Streetheart desire to stay right where they are, quicksand, kicking the madmen but sinking lower into the atrophic mi-

Chatterbox

Does G.M. have an aversion to voodoo-dolls? What's so special about Moncton, Darlene L.? P.W. What's this about drinking Grenadine? Geoff M., Law I, Jones House, you should have learned by now that law number one is never pour beer on sweet, innocent girls! Terry Sullivan, you sure are a different man when you have a few beer! "Playboy". G.W. it is true Pizza's stick to the wall? Rick W. - Three's company last week eh? Brent B., was last week really a dry one for the honey moon? Well Wayne S., tell us "is your DSB really taken care of? Yes, Pippin there really is a cupid! Cläre T, did you survive Tuesday Nights meeting with J.B. Louise M, have you had any boat rides lately? (Sorry T. DW. Wayne, I can think of better places to throw popcorn! Congratulations to the social chairman of Aitken on the successful pub last Saturday night. Les G. - Sorry we missed I.R. day (luv A and C) T. Kovacs, I heard your mouth is so big that you fell in it!

Poetry

Un Matin

La pluie frappait sur la fenetre  
Au loin, les rayons de soleil  
dansaient sur l'horizon  
Les vagues, en reprise, touchaient  
doucelement le rivage  
Seul dans un chalet sur le bord  
de cap lumiere -  
J'ai vu la naissance d'un matin.

BLINK #1

the little girl  
stretches out her arms  
and tries to reach her finger tips  
and the bones rattle  
hollow in her chest

a shadow smaller than her self  
she is  
breathing hard to climb  
the ladder to the top of her head  
where sunlight breaks  
hair combed and shining  
and long and every strand  
aches

M.J. Corbett  
08-12-81

BLINK #2

Among the cars parked empty  
in the parking lot  
The wingless bird prick grains  
sand and bits of dust

The wide eyed little children  
hear their mothers sigh  
And stare out on the sidewalk  
as the next bird moves

Swooping  
elegantly grittily scrapingly  
into the asphalt  
leaving no skid marks  
and both white lines  
are broken