

PSYCHE
Mystery Hotel
(Amok)

There's an element in all of us which likes to affect a very serious dramatic air, adopting grim expressions and taking a very pessimistic stance on life. When Porky was nowt but a wee kitten and I was but a fat spotty agent provocateur in the school tuck-shop, there was nothing we liked better after a rigorous afternoon of roping next door's Dobermans to the train tracks than to come home, put on our black T-shirts, and pretend to be Ian Curtis or Peter Murphy. With a dejected whine Porky would fling himself in a bean bag while attempting to smoke a cigarette and pretend to read some Goethe.

Funny, but Psyche bring it all out again in the both of us, perhaps even more pronounced than before. Psyche are from Waterloo Ontario, but took off a couple of years back, finding it necessary to plant themselves in Paris, France. This made it almost impossible to get hold of their very special moody morbid synth-pop that had such huge claws that trying to shake a tune out of your bonce was rather like trying to get Porky out of the biscuit tin just after the chokkie fingers have been put in. Only by doing something slightly illegal while listening to CBC was it possible to get our hands on the stuff, and I don't mean force feeding the land lord with polliwogs either!

Now comes a domestic release that thankfully means we no longer have to bribe Krowellia arch-fiend of the Eastern Swamp people (our Mum) with good behaviour so we can stay up and listen to Brent Bumface on Break New Wind. And its a corker!

Porky says the music makes him want to move around like Gary Numan did on Top of The Pops about nine years ago and there certainly is a rather dated feel to the music. This however does not detract from the fact that Mystery Hotel is so naffin' brill that the ear wax fairly spatters the wall with frightening regularity when played at Stebbins Towers (basement apartment).

Hot spots are the bubbling incessant magic of *Insatiable* which has to be one of the best dance pieces you'll get yer lug-oles around this year) even if it does have a lot of peculiar star wars noises on it, the delightfully probing uncivilised and the cinematic excess of *Dream Street*. The latter is a fab instrumental that is great walkman accompaniment for a stroll across a barren wasteland, say for example The Blue Lounge. They've got it up at the radio station so go and bite them until they play it. Porky does this quite frequently and it appears to work.

Neddy Stebbins

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INDEPENDENTLY YOURS

'DEMON NADINE' CHECKS IN WITH SOME STREET NIK NEWS

Dear Uncle Stevie:

I'd like to introduce you to the hipper side of Canadian culture via a band called The Shuffle Demons.

"Introduce" isn't really a good way of putting it since the Shuffle Demons have been around since 1984. They developed as a street band in Toronto. And if you haven't already heard about them, you must have been locked away in some dark closet with some top 40 radio station blasting at full volume on your beat box.

This jazz quintet released their first album, *Streetniks*, on the independent Stubby Label in 1986. It spawned their first monster hit "Spadina Bus,"

and the album has sold over 10,000 copies. Pretty impressive for an independent release.

This year The Shuffle Demons have released *Bop Rap* on the Stony Plain label. It includes a jazz version of "Hockey Night in Canada" theme. How Canadian can you get?

But as the title of their new album suggests, they also incorporate rap, rock, etc in their music, too.

Three of the Demons, Mike Morley, Dave Parker and Jim Vivian, are from the Atlantic Provinces (a little Atlantic pride there), and the other two, Rich Underhill and Stich

Wynston are from somewhere west of N.B.

The Shuffle Demons are fun, funny, colourful, great musicians and a hell of a lot of fun to see live. And if you want to join *The Society of Streetniks* (I have!), Dearest Uncle, you can request a fan club card from:

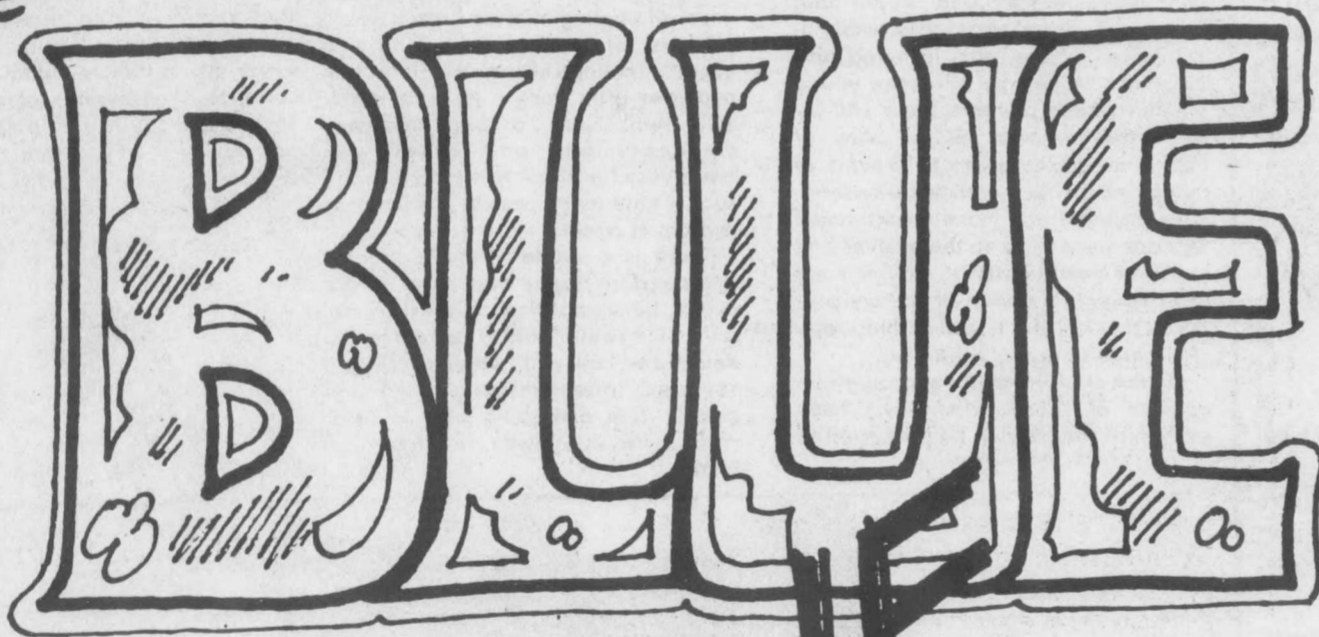
The Shuffle Demons

Box 314
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Independently yours,

Demon Nadine
(Yeah! That's right! I'm bad).

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