

ENTERTAINMENT

With backward look we see...

by A Bunch of Us

That might be Nat King Cole blazing colours of autumn across your stereo. Or, if you aren't that sentimental, perhaps you're listening to Marc Riley and the Fall. At any speed, the season is the same. It is that time, oh frisky friends, when one yearns to go back into warmer climes, easier rhymes. Maybe. On this page, envision one last gasp back at the summer that was, that went.

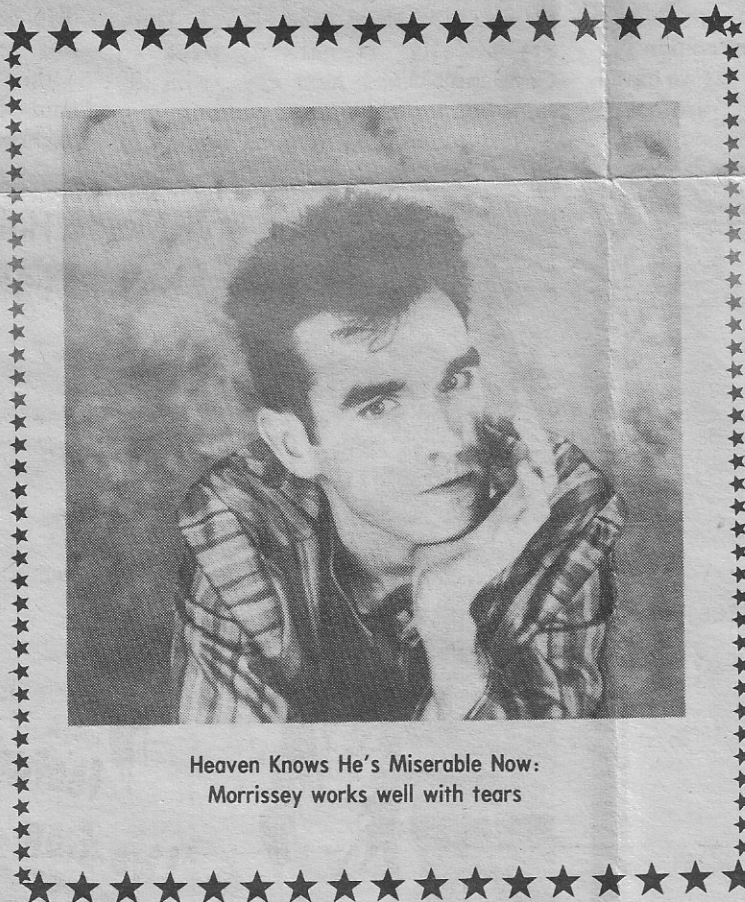
The Jazz Butcher and his Sikkorskis from Hell (known by various other monikers too) had many a delightful axe to grind in the mainstream pool. Their two gigs at Guelph's Loft in late July were received by the sweaty throngs with cries of "more, more." Purveyors of these poppets, CFRU-FM had a fortifying chat with the core of the band, Pat Fish and Maxie. All the while management eyed the clock nervously and counted down to sound checks. With gallant bow and famished tummy, Pat devoured a sucker and Maxie strove to stave off his own hunger. During the chat we heard of Pat's early days among his p's and q's at Oxford. The band was formed in 1983 and almost immediately he and Maxie began releasing several eps. and lps.

not financially
preoccupied

Their first domestic lp. "Bloody Nonsense" was released only recently because they didn't want to compromise creativity. Pat noted that they can afford this freedom precisely because they are not financially preoccupied. Idealistic as it is, these blokes prefer to play for a crowd rather than at them. In-

deed their two sets showed that the multitudes gathered for tasty fare and came away licking their lips.

Some of their intoxicating inspirations are penned by Maxie himself such as the sultry "Party Time" and child-like "Water." But the J.B. are much more than a noble plunge into soap opera'n suds. In concert, they featured the painfully jealous "Girlfriend," the sprightly psyche trip through "The Human Jungle," the gruesome "Death Dentist" and the Richman nugget "Roadrunner." Their acoustic flair and jazz-bop give their songs a lightheadedness which prevents subtlety from being stolen. Even an angry snarl on the sins of excess like "Caroline Wheeler's Birthday Present" or the evil incarnate of "Walk With the Devil" succeed for these reasons.



Heaven Knows He's Miserable Now:
Morrissey works well with tears

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Through several versions of itself, J.B. has continued to involve and evolve with the audience. Former band mates include David J. and Kevin Haskins of Bauhaus and beyond. Their acoustic leanings greatly added depth to the band. The current line-up including Pat and Maxie on strings also has Felix on bass and the dreamily divine Jones on drums offering refuge from the norm.

Elvis meets
The Cramps

Opening for the Jazz Butcher was Toronto's own son of scum Chris Baby Jesus looks like Elvis Houston (whew! imagine the marquee). Formerly

of punkdom's The Forgotten Rebels, Houston in flared bell bottoms with twangy guitar preaches a kind of anti-gospel on racism, capitalism, and other vices. His re-worked version of the Rebels' "Surfin' on Heroin" benefits from a swing beat. Other tracks like the swoony "Girls Are Swell" were a hybrid of Elvis meets the Cramps. N.R.K.K. most suitably showcased his whine against racism in the form of the cloaked cruelty of the Ku Klux Klan.

Some hecklers disturbed Houston's bravado, momentarily. Grabbing the collar of one spitting snit, Houston urged him to tell the audience what he really thought of the show. Then just like a cunning

brat, Houston announced that he was going to perform even longer while the rowdymen squirmed. Houston later stated in conversation that he thrives on such hostility. It seems to be a valuable conduit for the nasty energy of his songs. Unfortunately, his set tended to drag. Perhaps Houston's brilliant bluster is something best experienced in precious gulps. Like moonshine. If you get too much, it can make you heave.

Morrissey
performed
lovely yoga

Sitting in the mud as I waited for the huge entourage of people to fill the Kingswood Music Theater was probably the highlight of my July 31st evening.

I can not honestly say I was terribly impressed with the Smiths performance that night. I feel that a band such as the Smiths might be a bit more comfortable in a smaller setting such as a bar, not a huge music theater, such as the Kingswood, which is needed to accommodate their large Canadian audience. The reason I say this stems from Morrissey's nonchalant attitude towards security. It seemed at first he was inviting just one very young girl to jump on top of him to make the rest of them scream even louder. But as it happened, the audience flooded the stage and the band was forced to stop playing as the security brutally dismissed the dancing distractions.

The management turned on the house lights in order to give us a warning, but we knew the concert was not over. The band, even after two encores, had yet to play "How Soon is Now." I think that this was quite conceited and pretty presumptuous of them. To think the audience was supposed to invite them back for a final time to do a song that



Toronto's Chris Houston: son of scum.

Photo by Mark Silverstein

they were expected to play anyway.

Over all, the vegetarian and Monarch hating group put on a good reproduction of their albums, (which I much preferred to their boring stage show). And Morrissey performed lovely yoga for us as he lay sprawled upsidedown across monitors and other stage equipment while he sang entire choruses of songs.

The rain was nice enough to hold off for us until the band left the stage, then a split second later poured down to create a conversation piece as we exited the theater.



MISSING IN ACTION

Due to nasty old space or reporters lost in combat, we missed some summer acts. So in memory: Guelph's Maggot Fodder were ghoulishly good at various concerts, and have a song on *It Came From Canada* No. 2. The Weathermen bid adieu (briefly) at Timers in late August and plan to regroup in '87 when singer Seth finishes with gondolas. Minnesota's Soul Asylum sounded both Husker-du-ish and countryish at Goldies Mill in August. They were aided in their imp. prov. delivery by Ricky Gee, fiddler of wonders at large. The Cure were brilliant and long at Kingswood in July. The Pogues impressed in Toronto while Elvis Costello listened at the stage door. England's Industrial music was given contemporary cunning by Test Department. Lou Reed took a tamer walk on the wild side at Kingswood. And our own Love's Ugly Children continued to be both good, bad and ugly.

Contributors: Rob Bell, Lilly Walsh, Portia P., Ray Tee and fate.



Photo by Mark Silverstein

Pat Fish of the Jazz Butcher grinds musical axe.