

FREE

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WEEKLY

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POLAR PARTY

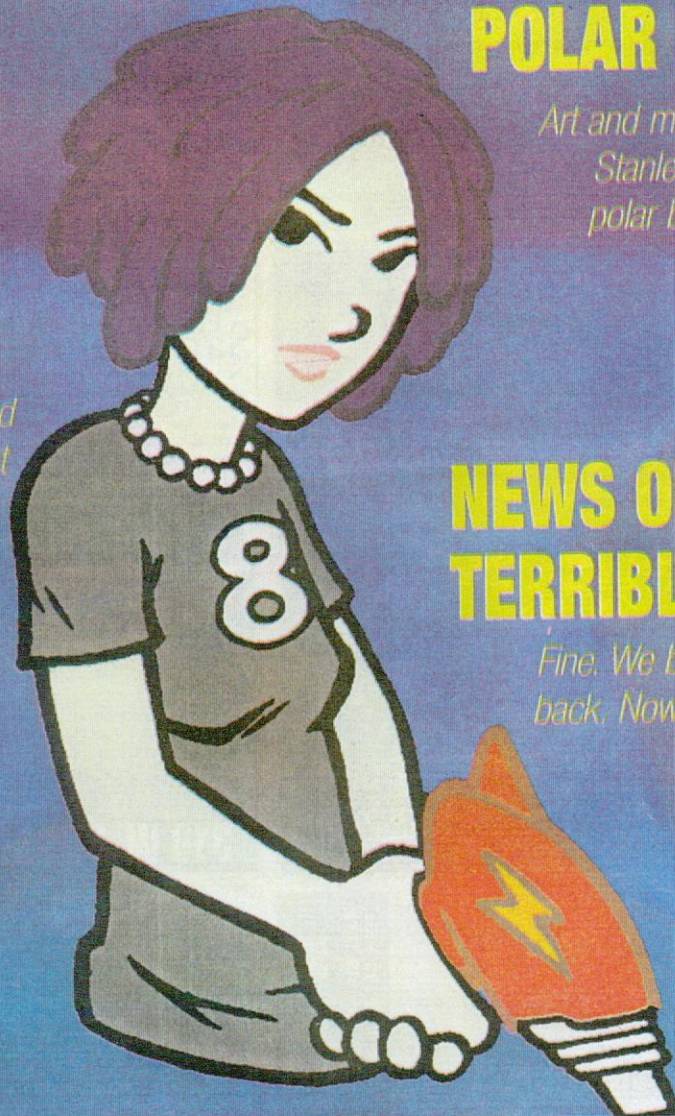
*Art and music at the
Stanley Park
polar bear pit*

DAYTON

*We had joy, we had
fun, we had Soviet
spies in the sun*

NEWS OF THE TERRIBLY ODD

*Fine. We brought it
back. Now shut up.*



SALMI The Downtown Eastside
is so a ghetto

MUSIC New Bomb Turks,
Mississippi All Stars

BEAT Mr. Lif

STAPLES

MUSIC

Polar Bear Party

PREVIEW

The Log Family presents: 25 Suaves, Brian Ruryk, Sinoia Caves, Outhern Acific, Hugh Phukovsky

BY ROBERT DAYTON

HERE IS AN EVENT in the strongest sense of the word coupled with another word, that word being unforgettable thus making for an unforgettable event. Even though this is a preview, I am not a psychic but my powers are sharp and the information I have gathered about this informs that this is a Must See! Or, I should say, a Must Experience!

It's a closing performance of music, etc. Closing for what? For an installation that is entitled "The Log Family." And the space that they have utilized, worked with, texturalized, and altered is a curious space. It's the Polar Bear Pits in Stanley Park. The polar bears are gone so, no element of danger was involved for our four fair artists Jason McLean, Scott Evans, Holly Ward, and Shayne Ehman. Gone for five years. Because of this space it's really a landmark show of public art, possibly the first of its' type (prototype?). A very experimental project, thanks very much to The Or Gallery for presenting. When I talked to Sydney Hermant of the Or Gallery I asked her oodles of questions

and got oodles of answers in return, answers to questions like, "What were the Pits like before the installation?" And she told me that it was really empty, grey, overgrown and innocuous yet "...interesting architecture, some high modernism going on, very angular, which is why I think they kept it."

But what exactly did those four fair ones do to the space? Well, there's two pits. One pit has a pool and the night of the show it'll be filled up with smoke coming out of it! Wicked! Right on! An island of signs locating this as Outside Art (their own raspberry flavoured play on words to the abominable phrase "Outsider Art"). A lot of word play and general play showing the difference between hard work and working hard. They worked hard on this playful space. Jason McLean told me that there is "A lot of signage and communication, signs that say things like "The Downtown Eastside Cola wars." Nearby is "...tinfoil covering rocks like a river. Fake wooly mammoth bones make a lean to with Judas Priest records." The other pit looks like candy/toy hybrids, it contains shrines, a homage to the space and spirit of the polar bears.

Sydney told me that there may be further public art there in the future as it is "the perfect public art venue, works with the element of surprise. Tons of people go through there." Tons of confused yet curious people pass by! Inquisitive people that ask, "What the Hell is happening?" Or, if they are with children, "What in tarnation is happening?" Most people don't swear around children.

But what of the closing performance? What's going on there? As if seeing this installation wasn't enough, we get live entertainment! And it'll be right down in the pit! We, the audience, get to stand around above the pit and watch! Just like the glory days of Rome! But it'll be a full on thumbs up! Everybody survives this time! Maybe some possible reverberation outdoors sound. But hopefully not too loud as Sydney says, "We don't want to shock the spawning salmon." It's true, salmon are spawning behind the pit as we speak.

Who's playing? 25 Suaves are and they are from...Michigan? Maine? U.S.A.? Somewhere around there where their label Bulb Records is, y'know Bulb the label that combines the best and funnest and least hoity-toity elements of noise and rock to make sonic reverberations one can shake their booty or their medulla oblongattini to and, hey, uh, Andrew WK spawned like salmon from there. Annnnd 25 Suaves? I saw them last year and they look so scrawny the two of them, just two, lady on drums by the name of DJ Party Girl and fellla by the name of Mr. Luo Ah Zun on guitar/vocals, scrawny but they create a free rocking din (not too loud, salmon are spawning) of joy and pure energy. A must see! They love Detroit! They

wrote a song about it!

We also have a very rare appearance by Brian Ruryk who replicates rivers of tinfoil on his guitar, he's real good, trust me, and it's been awhile, he doesn't leave his house much anymore and he's got certified skronk! Certified by the Academy of Skronk, he'd hang the certificate on his wall if he wasn't so bashful. The Academy of Distorted Doodly Doodly Whooo gave him a certificate, as well. It's folded up in his back pocket.

Locals Sinoia Caves (oozing keyboards, one thinks) and oh, I can't find the plus sign on this computer but this act starts with a plus sign- outhern Acific, and ends with a plus sign.

And that's not all! Nooooooo! It's hosted by Hugh Phukovsky, the best comedian in Vancouver but that's not saying much because comedy sucks! Ha ha! But he's really good. Really funny. True story: he came over to my house with beers one day and I played him an Albert Brooks record and now, thanks to Albert Brooks, he's even better! He's burning up! And I still drink his beers!

Now, I have to tell you the best part: it's free! Free! But a hat will be passed, please stuff it with cash, 25 Suaves have come all this way from somewhere else!

It only lasts from 8 til 10, fairly punctual, so you have the rest of the night to kick up your heels further!

It's near the aquarium. I'll see you there!
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Polar Bear Caves, Stanley Park
Saturday September 28th, 8-10 PM