FREE
september 2007
discorder
animal collective
daft punk
vancouver pride 07
edmonton folk festival
joe keithley
better friends than lovers
wilco
octoberman
what the heck fest
that twiggy magazine from citr 101.9fm

PRESENTS:

FRIDAY, OCT. 26th

AESOP ROCK

PERFORMING LIVE IN CONCERT WITH:
ROB SONIC AND DJ BIG WIZ
BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW
BLOCKHEAD WITH DJ SIGNIFY

$24.50 Adv. at WWW.TICKETMASTER.CA (604-280-4444), Livestock, Zulu & Beatstreet
COMMODORE BALLROOM (868 Granville St)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29th

MIKE RELM

First ever Commodore Headline show!

$18.50 adv. at www.ticketmaster.ca (604-280-4444), Livestock, Zulu & Beatstreet
COMMODORE BALLROOM (868 Granville St)

THURS, OCT. 4th

PORTISHEAD

DJ SET FEATURING:
ANDY SMITH DYNAMO PRODUCTIONS (Bristol, UK)
PLUS: HEDSPIN & SEAN LA-LA

$10 at the door - Tix also at Clubzone.com, Beatstreet, Livestock & Zulu
SHINE (364 WATER ST.)

SATURDAY, OCT. 6th

DJ VADIM

WITH
ABSTRACT RUDE
AND
YARAH BRAVO

$15 adv. at Clubzone.com, Livestock, Zulu, Dipt, Underworld & Beatstreet
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS (1036 Richards St)

THURS, SEPT. 20th

STPSCHLD - DMC Champ
DJ KLEVER
(Atlanta, GA - myspace.com/kleverbeats)
PAUL DEVRO
(Mad Decent / Salbourg)

$10 at the door - Tix also at Clubzone.com
SHINE (364 Water St.)

spectrum-events.com tigerstone.tv clubzone.com etnies

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MONKEYS! WOLVES! GIANTS! DARK HORSES! GOOD! BAD! EVIL! NIGHTMARES! BRUNETTES!

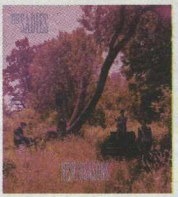
ANIMAL COLLECTIVE
Strawberry Jam (CD / 2LP, out Sept 11)
In concert Sept 15 at the Commodore Ballroom
Peacebone CDEP / 10" / 12" also available

ARCTIC MONKEYS
Favourite Worst Nightmare (CD / LP)
In concert Sept 30 at the PNE Forum

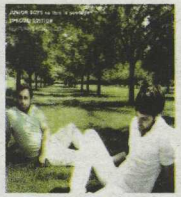
THE BESNARD LAKES
The Besnard Lakes Are The Dark Horse (CD / LP)
In concert Sept 27 at Richard's On Richards
2007 Polaris Music Prize Nominee!
FREE OUTSIDE MUSIC CD SAMPLER WITH PURCHASE

BLACK LIPS
Good Bad Not Evil (CD, out Sept 11)
In concert Oct 11 at Richard's On Richards
AND AN IN-STORE PERFORMANCE AT RED CAT!

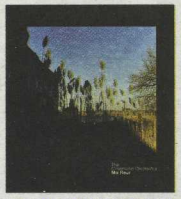
CHAD VANGAALEN
Skellconnection (CD)
In concert Sept 13 at Richard's On Richards
2007 Polaris Music Prize Nominee!



THE SADIES
New Seasons (CD / LP, out Sept 18)
FREE OUTSIDE MUSIC CD SAMPLER WITH PURCHASE



JUNIOR BOYS
So This Is Goodbye (CD / Ltd 2CD / 2LP)
2007 Polaris Music Prize Nominee!



THE CINEMATIC ORCHESTRA
Ma Fleur (CD / 2LP)
In concert Sept 18 at Richard's On Richards

DAN MANGAN
Postcards & Daydreaming (CD)
In concert Sept 6 at UBC

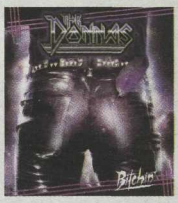
NICK LOWE
At My Age (CD)
In concert Oct 10 at Richard's On Richards

THE BRUNETTES
Structure & Cosmetics (CD)

KINSKI
Down Below It's Chaos (CD / 2LP)

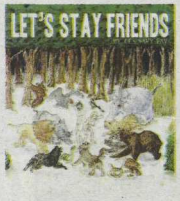
THE GOOD LIFE
Help Wanted Nights (CD / LP, out Sept 11)

KURT COBAIN ABOUT A SON
Music From The Motion Picture (CD, out Sept 11)

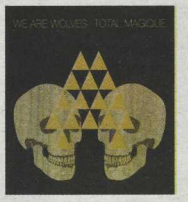


THE DONNAS
Bitchin' (CD / 2LP, out Sept 18)

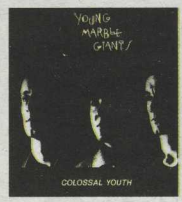
HEAVY TRASH feat. THE SADIES
Going Way Out With Heavy Trash (CD / 2LP with CD)



LES SAVY FAV
Let's Stay Friends (CD, out Sept 18)



WE ARE WOLVES
Total Magique (CD / LP)



YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS
Colossal Youth (3CD)

SIXTOO
Jackals And Vipers In Envy Of Man (CD / LP)

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WITH GUEST
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SEPTEMBER 8
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ERIC COPELAND
(OF BLACK DICE)
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THE DOERS
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THE FUCKING CHAMPS
WITH GUESTS
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BIRDS OF AVALON
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THE PLAZA CLUB

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THE BESNARD LAKES
WITH GUESTS HYLOZOISTS
BOOMPA RECORDING ARTISTS FROM TORONTO – MEMBERS OF CUFF THE DUKE
AND THE MOHAWK LODGE
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Sea Wolf
WITH GUESTS
OCTOBER 7
THE MEDIA CLUB

BONDE DO ROLÊ
FROM BRAZIL
WITH GUESTS
JUICEBOXXX
SEPTEMBER 25
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

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QUI
FEATURING DAVID YOW OF THE JESUS LIZARD
WITH GUESTS
LOZEN
SEPTEMBER 16
THE PLAZA CLUB
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WITH GUESTS
JOHNNY AND THE MOON
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 22
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

THE NATIONAL
WITH GUESTS
ST. VINCENT
OCTOBER 3
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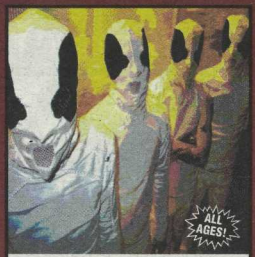

THE LOCUST

WITH GUESTS

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CHILD ABUSE DISCORD OF A FORGOTTEN SKETCH

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3
UBC SUB BALLROOM

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www.thelocust.com

NEW ALBUM NEW ERECTIONS IN STORES NOW

SCRATCH RECORDS 20TH ANNIVERSARY

BLACK MOUNTAIN

WITH GUESTS
CLIMAX GOLDEN TWINS
FROM SEATTLE
MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY
FROM VICTORIA

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

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(FROM LOS ANGELES)
WITH GUESTS OFFICE (FROM CHICAGO)

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PIT PUB, UBC
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FROM ENGLAND

FUJIYA & MIYAGI

WITH GUESTS PROJECT JENNY, PROJECT JAN FROM BROOKLYN

OCTOBER 9
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FROM DENMARK
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FROM AUSTRALIA

FRIDAY
OCTOBER 12
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www.dappledcities.com

DR. DOG

WITH GUESTS
APOLLO SUNSHINE
AND
THE HIGH STRUNG

OCTOBER 16
THE MEDIA CLUB

NEW ALBUM WE ALL BELONG IN STORES NOW
www.drdogmusic.com

AKRON / FAMILY

with guests The Dodos

OCTOBER 18
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NEW ALBUM LOVE IS SIMPLE IN STORES SEPT. 16TH
www.akronfamily.com

MATTHEW DEAR

LIVE SET WITH NEW BAND BIG HANDS
WITH GUESTS
MOBIUS BAND

OCTOBER 21 – THE MEDIA CLUB
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SUB POP RECORDING ARTISTS FROM PORTLAND

the thermals

WITH GUESTS

OCTOBER 16
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
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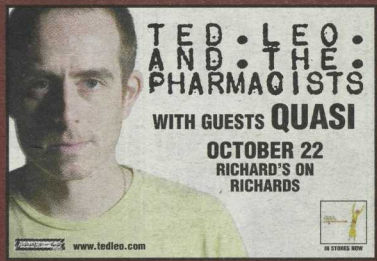

TED · LEO · AND · THE · PHARMACISTS

WITH GUESTS **QUASI**

OCTOBER 22
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

IN STORES NOW

www.tedleo.com

Final Fantasy

AND

GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS

WITH GUEST BASIA BULAT

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www.finalfantasystreet.com
www.greatlakeswimmers.com

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NEW ALBUM ARIGATO IN STORES NOW

ED BANGER RECORDING ARTISTS FROM FRANCE

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RVCA

CARIBOU

WITH GUESTS
BORN RUFFIANS

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OCTOBER 30
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

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OCTOBER 20
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SUNSET RUBDOWN

WITH GUESTS
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AND
MAGIC WEAPON
(FROM MONTREAL)

OCTOBER 25
THE Plaza CLUB

NEW ALBUM SHINING SPIRIT LIVES IN STORES OCT. 4TH
www.jagjaguwar.com

OCTOBER 24 – RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRAPE

UP AND COMING

The Brunettes	Sept 5 – Media Club
Wolf Parade	Sept 7 – Richards **SOLD OUT**
Peter Bjorn and John	Sept 21 – Commodore **SOLD OUT**
Octopus Project	Nov 6 – Media Club
Scratch Records 20th Anniversary Events	Nov 9 and 10 – TBA
Annuals	Nov 11 – Plaza Club
Cuff the Duke	Nov 14 – Richards
Celebration	Nov 14 – Plaza Club
Isis	Nov 15 – Richards

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LIVE NATION

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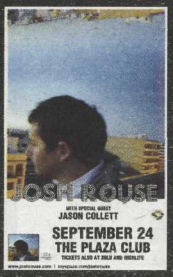

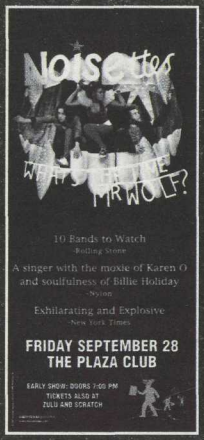

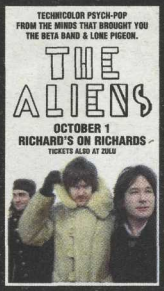

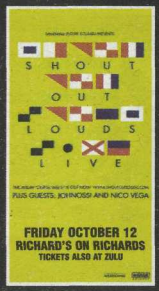

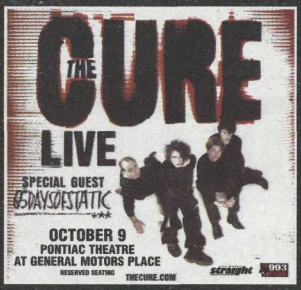

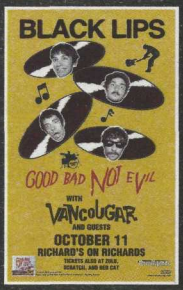

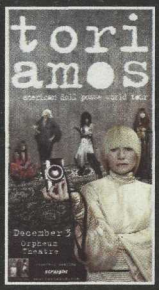

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What the Heck Fest
The cool kids, and a few innocent bystanders, find their way to Anacortes for one of the most laid back and cutting-edge music and arts festivals in the Northwest. Thanks, Phil! ☛ 8

MattyMJ2007 beats It!
Rising local internet lip-syncher and rumpshaker mimics his way through the hits, and attracts fans around the world despite his medium's relative anonymity. ☛ 26

Joe Keithley
The punk icon named "Shithead" is really just a regular-guy-next-door, but that doesn't mean he won't stop rocking the boat, or let moss grow under those worn-out boots. ☛ 27

Octoberman
Local singer-songwriter Marc Morrissette's muse just released its second full-length, *Run from Safety*. He talks about his inspirations and the long musical journey here. ☛ 28

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the Gentle Art of Editing

Watching the UBC campus suddenly pop to life every fall after the suspended animation of the summer months is quite surreal, indeed. Experiencing a campus's post-hiatus rebirth is not unlike traveling abroad for the first time or going to your first-ever concert—you are reminded there is a big world for you to experience and learn from, and that the rigmarole is all preparation for tackling it armed with confidence and knowledge. Life at CITR is a microcosm of the frenzy of renewal and acquaintance-making occurring all over campus.

For example, on Wed., Sept. 5, CITR, in conjunction with AMS Firstweek, will help launch back-to-school-week celebrations by hosting its 2nd annual Open House from 4 to 9 p.m. right here in our good old digs on the top floor of the Student Union Building.

Anyone who has been even slightly curious about what campus-community radio is all about, or how to get involved, can come hang out, meet the CITR staff and volunteers, take a tour of the station, or take a turn behind the mic. Those who are really eager may choose to try their hand at producing a demo, or at learning how spin vinyl, from our talented production and DJ crews, respectively. This will also be your chance to check out the lavish *Discorder Magazine* facilities, meet yours truly (and perhaps some other contributors to our fine mag) and learn how to become involved in the delightful hairiness that is the print arm of the mighty CITR 101.9 FM beast.

The Open House will be just one day in a whole week of awesome events rounding out Firstweek. To find out what else we're doing to celebrate this fall rebirth of UBC for another year, either check out www.citr.ca, contact our fine station promotions team at 604-822-8648, or more info is on page 34.

Speaking of page 34, it's where you'll also find the debut double-shot of our new reglar comic feature, *Zamo the Destroyer*! It is the brainchild of former CITR host Pyra Draculea, and you can find current and new *Zamo* stips on her website, http://members.shaw.ca/zamothedestroyer, which she updates every Wednesday.

Also, in other *Discorder* developments, I must mention last month marked the first time this magazine featured an entirely non-English column, courtesy the Salario Minimo *Hey, DJ!*, column, *Tratado de impaciencia No. 15*. Look for *Hey, DJ!*, and Alex's column (and 8 others), on pages 22 to 24.

If that's not enough to make your bookish heads spin, *Shindig!*, CITRs annual local battle of the bands begins on Sept. 11, and runs every Tuesday at 9 p.m. at the Railway Club. The full line-up can be found at http://shindig.citr.ca/schedule.html very soon...

Finally, a reminder that we're always on the lookout for reader and listener feedback: mailbag.discorder@gmail.com, and include your name and contact info.

Remember to always support your local live music scene, and to keep your campus station classy!

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Friday

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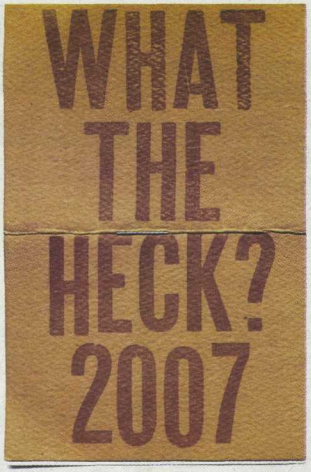

Story and photos by Ryan Dyck and Melanie Coles

WTH

What the heck is What the Heck Fest? It's a collection of Pacific Northwest bands playing outsider, lo-fi, indie rock in a small island town. "We don't have any goals," explains Phil Elvrum, the festival's main organizer this year. Elvrum is also the voice behind popular Anacortes legends the Microphones and solo project Mt. Eerie. "It's kind of a miracle. I don't know how it works. I think it works because it's a beautiful place to visit and it's a good excuse for people to come." And lots of people do come. Festival passes were sold out months in advance and there was an abundance of young people in plaid shirts wandering the town and checking out gigs.

The first Yacht we saw on this island was from Portland, Oregon and it danced and danced and danced like it was your cousin doing Michael Jackson for air band in 1987. This Yacht was Jona Bechtolt, who, until recently, was one half of the Blow. Similar to the Blow, Bechtolt plays solo singing along over preprogrammed beats, giving you your money's worth in the energy and good times department.

Following Yacht, the quirky, acoustic, feel-good band Peace came on. Peace, for some reason, tells everybody that they are from Kamloops, of all places. In between light and fluffy verses of weirdo pop, they take the time to quietly and very creepily remind you that they'll, "fucking kill you." The highlight for me, and what really got the crowd roaring, was an upbeat, almost reggae version of "The Glow Pt.2" from the Microphones last album as Phil Elvrum laughed from the side of the stage.

One of the most noteworthy and recognized artists of the festival was Calvin Johnson of Beat Happening and Dub Narcotic. His powerful stage presence and even stronger voice have enough energy and guts to make his sets interesting, even with sparse (and sometimes non-exisitant) accompaniment. What The Heck seems to carry the same spirit as the now legendary, international Pop Underground festival that Calvin helped organize in 1991, marking the height of the underground music scene at the time.

"There's definitely a lot of similarities in the spirit, but there are differences in the focus and emphasis," he explained. "WTH is more oriented toward Anacortes. Part of it is that people who are creative here have realized that this is a good environment. A lot of towns this size, the creative people are like, 'I can't wait to get out of here' and move to some big city where they immediately get jobs washing dishes and don't have any time to do what they claim they want to do cause they're spending so much time paying the rent. Whereas here, they're like 'I want to do this,' and they actually do it. They don't say, 'Someday I'm going to...' They actually do it."

The shows were held in six different venues, the most unique being the Department of Safety, a converted fire hall that is occupied by artists, a gallery, a zine library, studios and a music venue.

Stand-up comedy should be the Blows MySpace genre. Extensively detailed and embarrassingly personal, Khaela Maricich's between song banter often went longer than the song she was giving the back-story to. The catchy elctro-pop was infectious, though, and the kids appreciated when the songs kicked-in, jiggling to their hearts content.

The festival is planned every year to coincide with Anacortes's annual Shipwreck Day, a town-wide rummage sale that encompasses the whole main street downtown. We weren't disappointed and stocked up on trinkets and knick-knacks like totem pole salt and pepper shakers, Mr. Peanut memorabilia and a phone shaped like a fish. The people throughout Shipwreck Day, and in local shops, all seemed familiar with the festival and some of them had even been to the shows.

Elvrum, as Mount Eerie, headlined in the City Hall Saturday night. To make the what-the-heck-o-meter go through the roof, he set up a giant nine-foot-long metal trough against a wall. He began his set by sending fuzz and hums from his amp through his trough to create a thunderous build up. Meanwhile, atmospheric film clips projected onto to the opposite wall. The crowd sat mesmerized by the films and were silent, even between songs. Elvrum switched to his acoustic guitar after several minutes of build up and played his more familiar Mt. Eerie material. He later confessed the whole idea was thought up at breakfast that morning.

The Coconut Coolouts stopped by the festival on their way home from Vancouver to play a free set in a local book/record/coffee shop downtown. It was a nice break from the stripped down, solo project focus of the festival. Seattle's Coolouts, a five-piece with two drummers and two guitarists, played their garage, beat-pop, punk while we snapped pictures and Calvin Johnson ate a sandwich. That is the beauty of the festival. As Elvrum mentioned, "It's kind of amazing that it works. Get a bunch of obscure bands to play in a weird, small town in strange venues and people will come from all over to see it. You wouldn't think it would work so well." It does work well and hopefully it will inspire people to create similar events and artistic alliances in their own communities. D

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"The only problem with this symphonic daydream is that...it's over far too soon."

-Entertainment Weekly

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Pride in the City

words and photos by Christine Trinh

THERE WAS A DEFINITE SENSE OF COMMUNITY in the air as Vancouver celebrated its 29th annual Pride Parade on August 5, 2007. The Vancouver Pride Society (VPS) intended this year's event, themed "Pride in the City," to showcase the advances the GLBT (Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender) community has made in Vancouver, but also to highlight the many nations around the globe where gay discrimination still runs rampant. To that end, the VPS had promised that this year's Pride would be "the most political Pride in Canadian history."

The event had a rocky beginning as a cavalcade of spectators flooded the parade route–walking in the wrong direction–minutes before the parade started. Volunteers scrambled to herd this crowd off to the side, moving them directly in front of revelers who had been staking claim to their curbside seats in the baking sun for over an hour. At any other event, this might have been cause for a verbal, or even physical, clash. At Pride, however, aside from a few grumbles, the festive atmosphere prevailed as all settled down to enjoy the afternoon.

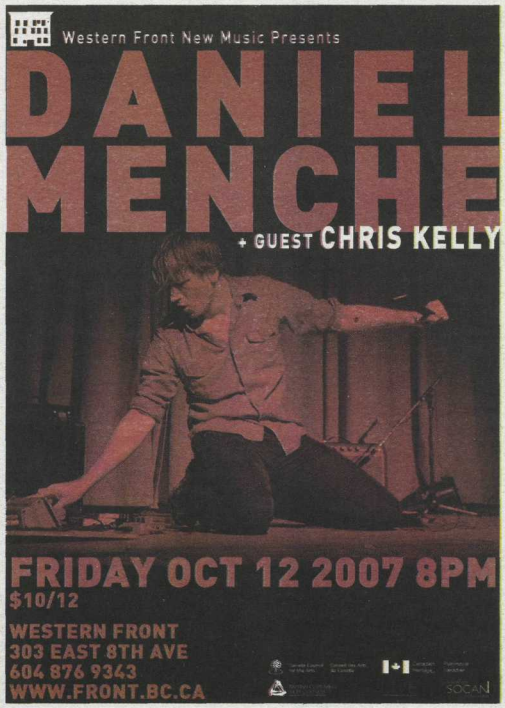
The parade's first political statement came from Amnesty International. A silent procession of masked and gagged men and women served to remind spectators that there are still many countries in the world where the GLBT community is persecuted. There are 13 countries in the world where being gay is punishable by death and 27 countries where being gay means incarceration, and where the ability to marry is forbidden.

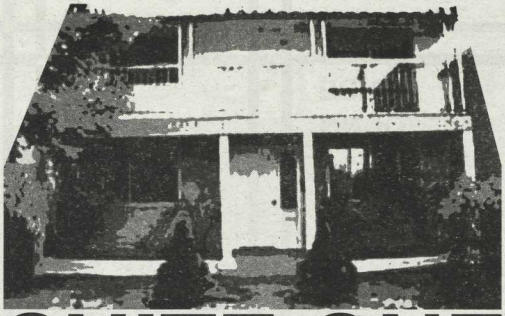
Interspersed with the obligatory hot-guys-dancing-in-their-underwear, the political theme continued: for a moment, in the middle of the parade, the music stopped and the floats all stood at a standstill. "Is that it?" murmured one spectator. Several others in the crowd of 385,000 echoed the sentiment, wondering aloud whether the parade had suddenly ended. A lone boy in the shortest short-shorts known to humankind happily shook his ass for the crowd as they pondered the lull in activity. Most of the parade participants looked slightly confused, as well. Then, as abruptly as it had stopped, disco music once again swelled through the air and half naked men began their gyrations in earnest. Someone announced over a loudspeaker that the parade had just observed a minute of silence for the oppressed and persecuted GLBT communities worldwide. It was a nice sentiment, but poorly executed: perhaps anonymous loudspeaker man could have announced beforehand what was happening. As it was, everyone was just confused about the pause and was speaking over the silence.

Other notable political statements included an effigy of US President George W. Bush as a "bridezilla" married to war and homophobia (complete with Canadian PM Stephen Harper as his "blushing bride"); a group bearing placards declaring "9/11 was an inside job"; and the "fagbug," a Volkswagen Beetle that had been vandalized with the words "fAg" and "u r gay." The fagbug was vandalized in New York in April 2007, and instead of fixing the car immediately, owner Erin Davies decided to drive it on a cross-country trip, in order to increase public awareness about homophobia. According to her website, her mission is to have at least one million people "add fagbug rainbow stickers to their cars so that no one else is targeted like she was." For more information on Davies and her odyssey, visit: *http://www.fagbug.com.*

Ironically, this may have been the most political Pride in Canadian history ultimately due to the actions of the Vancouver Pride Society itself, and not of its participants. The Society became embroiled in a they said/we said debacle with the Georgia Straight over an article it published, entitled "Pride Incorporated," which examined the increasing role of corporate sponsorship in the event.

Despite this, and a few organizational snafus, this year's Pride Parade was the most successful event in their history. In 2008, the parade promises to be even bigger and better as the Vancouver Pride Society celebrates its 30th anniversary. Mark your calendars for August 3, 2008; as over 500,000 spectators are expected to line the parade route to celebrate. A word to the wise: finding parking downtown is a nightmare at the best of times, so for next year's Pride Parade, take public transit or be prepared to walk a few blocks down to the parade route. For more information, visit the Vancouver Pride Society website at: *http://www.vancouverpride.ca.*





VANCOUVER SPECIAL DUPLEX

SUITE ONE

BETTER FRIENDS THAN LOVERS

BY BEN LAI

"Keep it out of the rain, the ink runs…" I remember hearing Better Friends than Lovers' drummer Laura Hatfield telling me as she handed me their self-made EP a year ago. The CD was neatly stored inside a cardboard package featuring printed artwork on the cover, but unfortunately the card stock didn't hold the ink as well as advertised. "We would hope that people don't get their CDs wet in the first place," keyboardist Chloe Gammon recalls with a smile.

Things will be slightly different when their full length comes out this October. The album *Great Loves* is to be released by Global Symphonic, a well-regarded independent label that has put out releases from bands such as Sunset Rubdown, The Book of Lists and Frog Eyes. The CD will be manufactured professionally: say goodbye to messy ink and fingerprints.

"Sean, from the label there, just approached us. [Global Symphonic] is run by two guys, one based in Victoria and one based here," guitarist Mandy Hardwick explains when asked about how it all happened. "Sean basically just came down to our rehearsal space to meet with us and talked about doing an album. It turns out that he's a big fan of our EP. We were all excited and we just went from there. He was really flexible, which was awesome. He was like, 'Do what you normally do' and didn't really influence the album at all."

And the packaging isn't the only thing that's changed. This time around, the songs on the album are described as "less poppy" and "harder" by bassist Jeremy Pelland. Some can attribute it to the natural progression of a young emerging band, but there is another reason. "I think that we just want to make people dance," clarifies Hardwick. "Ultimately, I believe that Vancouver is lacking a dancing kind of culture. People are just more into standing around than moving. That's an inspiration for me, at least."

If their recent show at Jojo's House was any indication, the strategy seems to be working. The crowd was certainly enjoying themselves. "We've had positive feedbacks from the last few live shows," says Gammon.

Having only traveled as far as Alberta once before on a short trip, the friendship of the band will be put to the test this fall when they embark on a month-long tour across Canada to support the release of the album. They will share part of the tour with the People Verses, and part of the tour with the Doers. Hardwick explains what she believes is the most important part of the tour: "For myself, it's just to be comfortable and get along. To get excited and play music." One can hardly argue with that.

Better Friends than Lovers will be at the Media Club September 19 to kick off their cross country tour.

http://www.betterfriendsthanlovers.ca D

PHOTO BY JEN KOVACH

PHOTO BY AMELIE SEGUR

DEUX

SUITE GROSS MISCONDUCT

BY SARAH FISCHER

Today's music scene, local and otherwise, is overrun by bands that could literally be mistaken for one another. It is no less frequent that one will go to a show and see three or four separate bands giving the same performance with a more than similar sound. Just when the search for something new seemed hopeless, enter Gross Misconduct.

This group of Nanaimo natives came onto the scene over ten years ago and have just started to make some major waves locally. Influenced by such acts as Slayer, Sepultura, Pantara and Death, their sound is new and refreshing, yet still hints at their metal roots. They are sure to shut up all the jabbering twits at the bar with their commanding entrance.

At Warped Tour '07, they began their set with maybe 30 people in front of them, but by the end had pulled in at least double that. Kids clad in metal shirts came running from every direction, streaming down the hill beside the stage, pushing everything that was in their way to get to the band. The first row of head-bangers were thrashing so marvelously in-sync with the incessant blast-beats that they were literally rocking the barricade in front of the stage back and forth so hard, it nearly snapped free from its platform. Such a response from a crowd that has not heard of the band they are egging on is almost unheard of.

One thing is for sure, Gross Misconduct are just getting started. They recently completed their first full-length album, *The Process of Indoctrination*. It's heavy hitting, grabbing you from the very beginning of the first track and not releasing you until the very last moment. Since they hadn't done much recording before, it was a huge learning experience. The result is a solid album that they'll be proud of throughout their career.

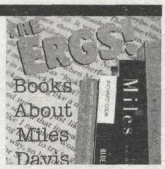
In their years together, the band has gone through several line-up changes, a move from their home town to the city and countless shows in bars that a lot of people wouldn't set foot in. All the boys need now is a good tour to kick everyone into gear.

You can check Gross Misconduct out at *www.myspace.com/grossmisconductmetal*, or at the Cobalt on September 8. Be sure to pick up a copy of their album, you won't regret it. D

RIFF RAFF

BRYCE DUNN

Back to school! Back to rock! That's me, your ever-ready scribe with another installment of ear-worthy vinyl, ready for your amusement. First off, **The Ergs!**, a trio of New Jersey nerds who have just the right amount of book smarts to write a song about "Books About Miles Davis," literally. Yes, their latest seven-inch study waxes whimsically about the legendary jazz man whilst unabashedly aping one of their influences in the similarly bookish Billy Bragg. In fact, the song falls eerily in line with "A New England" until the end nearly knocks you off your seat. "Only Babies Cry" isn't a newfound revelation on the theory of newborn emotions, but instead a trip down memory lane through the eyes of an aging rocker with a vocal and musical delivery akin to Jawbreaker's better material. An album's worth of hook-laden mid-'90s thinking man's punk is already available on Dirtnap Records, but look for this one on Whoa Oh Records. (21-36 43rd St., 3rd Floor, Astoria N.Y. 11105, USA)



Time for a history lesson kids: once upon a time in the dirty South, a garage band was born by the name of **The Black Lips**. Their brand of rock and roll, dubbed "flower-punk" by their peers, quickly became synonymous with frantic, unbridled live shows and they soon became the talk of the town. Not happy being just musicians, they started their own record label to help out other bands just as adventurous and exciting in the scene and hence, Die Slaughterhouse records was born. The very first release was their own four-song EP recorded shortly after they formed. A tour was planned, but before they could embark disaster struck–original guitarist Ben Eberbaugh had been killed by a drunk driver. Shaken but undaunted, the band continued on their musical journey that, to this day, has seen scores more releases and tours (one of which is chronicled on their most recent LP for Vice Records) and rising popularity in the process. To hear what the initial fuss was all about, the aforementioned *Ain't Comin' Back* EP has just been reprinted again for the third (!) time and it demonstrates the influences of this Atlanta foursome to the letter. Blazing three-chord punk, stripped-bare blues and pop-pysch flourishes all intact, there's no mistaking that these guys were on to something from the very beginning and they show no signs of slowing down. This one is for long-time fans and newbies alike–essential. (Die Slaughterhouse Records, P.O. Box 160168, Atlanta, GA 30316, USA)

Economics next, and the boys of **Destroy L.A.** know how to maximize the buying power of the listener with a whopping six song effort etched to vinyl. The *Vandalize* EP comes at you like a rabid wolverine, pissed off and punk as f**k. Songs like "Your Grave," "Waste Of Life" and the title track boast so much machine-gun drumming, slashing guitar and venomous vocals that you'd think you were right there in the pit, barely able to breathe as this stuff hits you fast and hard. If Jerry's Kids were actual kids and Reagan Youth spawned their own, this would be the result. (No Way Records, 3211 Idlewood Ave., Richmond, VA 23211, USA)

Finally, I've come to the conclusion that whatever rock 'n' roll alchemist **Jay Reatard** touches turns to gold and all other musicians should stop making music now. No seriously, I mean now. Case in point, here are two more reasons to cry uncontrollably while shaking your fist in the air at the frustratingly easy way in which Mr. Reatard makes quick work of the pop song formula. Could he finally be finding something nice to sing about after spewing vitriol for most of his teenage years? Not quite, but "I Know A Place" has got shimmery guitar and handclaps galore, while "Don't Let Him Come Back" (a Go-Betweens cover) embodies just enough sweet to match the sour feeling you know Jay gets when singing about a jilted lover. Absolutely awesome. (Goner Records, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104, USA)

Class dismissed! See you next time!

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COPYFIGHT

GREG McMULLEN

Fans are starting to suffer DRM's ill effects.

A nerdy webcomic called xkcd.com offers a pretty sound assessment of public opinion on copyright and digital rights management (DRM). In it, a stick figure sits under a tree on a beautiful summer day saying, "Sometimes I just can't get outraged over copyright law." Sometimes, I'm right there with him. For the most part, copyright law hasn't affected our daily lives and it's very hard to get upset about something that abstract. As long as we can listen to the music and watch the movies we pay for, why should we stress out about legal technicalities? Unfortunately, technical measures meant to restrict copying are starting to interfere with legitimate buyers' use of music and videos they've purchased, and it's not just technophiles and nerds who are outraged.

This isn't our parents' vinyl world anymore. While a few collectors, audiophiles and indie-rock snobs still collect chunks of plastic cut with grooves, most of us have moved on to iTunes, iPods or at least the smaller plastic chunks called CDs. After years of floundering and battling with Napster clones, major record labels have finally started to make the killing they could have made in 1999 by selling music online. Movie studios are doing the same, offering their latest films and TV shows for download. Even the BBC is getting into the act, opening it vaults to downloaders. The volume of choice is staggering, and it should benefit fans and copyright owners alike. That's where DRM comes in.

According to media companies, DRM is designed to keep people from making illegitimate copies of music or films. According to tech-savvy bloggers, who call DRM "digital restriction measures," the technology is designed to prevent "fair use"of the media—backing up purchased materials, making parodies or mashing up songs. Lots of tools have been developed by hackers to break the DRM on media and, in turn, the media industry has had those tools criminalized. If you are big on backing up DVDs or remixing music or video, you know all this.

Obsessive fans think they are the best thing to happen to media companies. They're the kind of people who will buy three copies of remastered Pavement on vinyl—one to listen to, one to keep on the shelf, and one to hide away in a moisture-proof, climate controlled safety deposit box behind two feet of concrete so it'll still be in perfect condition after the bombs fall. They're the types who have bought every single version of *Star Wars* ever released on VHS, laserdisc and DVD, even though they still don't forgive Lucas for having Greedo shoot first.

These obsessives are also the ones most outraged by DRM, and they figure their blog outrage will change things. It won't, and neither will *Copyfight!* The only thing that will change companies' outlook on DRM is if the average customer starts to complain about it or, more importantly, stops buying.

This change might already be happening. You might start to care if you received a letter like this one:

> As a valued Google user, we're contacting you with some important information about the videos you've purchased or rented from Google Video. In an effort to improve all Google services, we will no longer offer the ability to buy or rent videos for download from Google Video, ending the DTO/DTR (download-to-own/rent) program. This change will be effective August 15, 2007.
>
> To fully account for the video purchases you made before July 18, 2007, we are providing you with a Google Checkout bonus for $X.XX. Your bonus expires in 60 days, and you can use it at the stores listed here: http://www.google.com/checkout/signupwelcome.html. The minimum purchase amount must be equal to or greater than your bonus amount, before shipping and tax.
>
> After August 15, 2007, you will no longer be able to view your purchased or rented videos.

In mid-July, Google notified anyone who had purchased videos from their online video store that, after August 15, the DRM restrictions would shut down acccess to that video. In exchange, Google was offering a refund, but it that had to be spent through Google's version of Paypal, and even that limited amount would only be available for 60 days. This would be like Blockbuster showing up and taking all the movies you've bought from them over the years, promising their value in store credit that had to be spent by the end of the month.

Don't you own those movies you've bought? No, you've only got a license to use it. If I've downloaded it, how can it be controlled? Shouldn't I still be able to use it? No, the DRM lets the real owner decide when, how and where you can watch it. The same blogs that often harp on DRM were predictably outraged, but they were joined by hundreds of others who wouldn't normally care. Ordinary people who otherwise wouldn't have cared had a nasty taste of digital restrictions. Suddenly, DRM hit home. Google quickly made good by giving a full credit card refund to their injured customers and allowing them to keep the original credit.

While they admitted their mistake, the wider DRM backlash is just beginning. Customers of the iTunes Music Store who are trying to move songs they purchased to new computers are finding that they're unable to listen to those songs on their new machines or iPods. A tech-savvy friend of mine recently had this experience. Rather than spend the hours of pouring through technical support manuals or reading web forms to crack the DRM or "re-authenticate" the songs, she decided to download the music again—this time as DRM-free MP3s from Soulseek. Her thoughts on the ordeal? "I'll never buy from iTunes again."

This kind of customer reaction should serve as a warning to media companies everywhere. People want to pay for their music and films, but only if it's easier than hunting for MP3s and gives them more enjoyment. If ordinary people pay for something, only to have it broken or taken away by DRM, they'll stop buying. It's that simple. All the ground gained by iTunes and other online services will be lost, and the music and movie industries will be back in 1999, wondering how the hell to turn a profit in this scary digital world. D

Sin City

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Absolutely no street wear, casual wear or plain work clothes! Plain jeans, cargo pants, t-shirts and suits are not permitted unless part of an ensemble costume - jeans under chaps are fine! Lower genital nudity is not permitted. Suggested attire includes: vinyl, pvc, leather, tuxedo, full uniform, fantasy or period costume, armour, cross-dress, rubber, bondage, body paint, kilt, fancy lingerie, or any risque costume your kinky little mind can dream up ... and please ... not "just underwear!" No effort = no entry. We welcome your kinky creativity!

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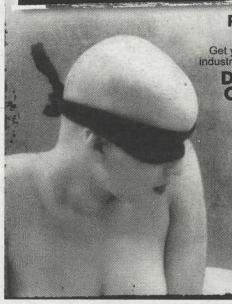

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inkstuds

by
ROBIN McCONNELL

Victoria artist Nick Threndyle is a new guy on the scene, having self-published three distinctly different comics. My favourite out of the stack isn't necessarily a comic, but instead a travelogue of his trip through the backroads of Southern Mexico. In *Gringo*, Threndyle uses a great rough, black and white style that emotes the feeling of his journey through a stark, barren landscape of people struggling with the cards they have been dealt in life. He mixes his drawings with accompanying descriptions, giving a poetic flare to his personal journey. Bookended by imagined conversations with Leonard Cohen and Patti Smith respectively, Threndyle hopes to provide some kind of focus for his trip. These discussions both support and humble him at the same time. He manages to fuse an indigenous style with concrete-looking etchings, showing some potential to further develop a combination of these art styles. While the rest of his work is interesting, it is mostly focused on a mix of poetry within the art to combine to a whole. I have never been a big fan of poetry, so I am not the best to judge, but the art shows some promise. I really enjoy his heavy use of blacks. It shows an artist that is seeing a dark underbelly of society for what it is. If he continues developing his form from where he went with *Gringo*, Threndyle will blow people away. Looking at his learning curve, I see alot of promise. Check out his site for a nice variety of art and poetry.

http://members.shaw.ca/littleblackjar/littleblackjar/

Philip Barrett is one of my most favourite people in the Vancouver comic scene. Not only is he the nicest, most genuine guy I have met, he also does some pretty fine mini-comics. Relocated to my fine home town, from the distant land of leprechauns and Guinness, Barrett's comix reflect his worldly experience. Predominantly featured in the *Matter* series of comix, Barrett's stories are some masterfully-crafted tales of very personal introspection. Just to make it clear, by using that term, I don't mean that it's a bunch of comix about navel-gazing, but instead inspired stories of reflection.

My favourite story from the stacks of goodness that I managed to procure is "A Stagnant Pool," from *Matter # 1*. It consists of a night out at the bar and our voyeuristic experience watching the protagonist through his night. The character doesn't suffer the typical comic pratfalls of patheticness, but instead is naturally unsure of himself. The evening has some great nonlinear intersections between the main characters that are perceived to be interrupting his enjoyment. What Barrett really succeeds at is showing this character's loneliness in a crowd. Even though he is having a great time, there is an unspoken loss that permeates the story.

The rest of Barrett's work covers some similar themes, but does so without being obvious. His work belongs in the same school as King Cat or Kevin Huizenga's work. It seems as though he is trying to perfect something, until he gets to the point when he has a story that belongs in the D and Q school of goodness. I highly recommend checking it out. Order one of his minis from his site and be sure that your hard-earned money has gone to something worthwhile.

http://www.blackshapes.com/comics.htm

I love getting comix in the mail, especially when they are good, and *Extrus Comics* by Mari Naomi is certainly no exception. So far, I have only been exposed to the fourth issue of her ongoing series of autobio comix. Featured in this issue is "Ex-Factor: A Romantic Resume," a collection of short strips reflecting on her history of bumbling interactions with boys over nearly 25 years (she had a young start with a nice, but embarrassing, story of kindergarten heartbreak). While most self-exposing autbio comix can be very embarrassing to read, and somewhat tedious (filled with nauseating navel-gazing), Naomi knows this and pokes fun at her own misfortune, which makes for a really entertaining read. My particular favourite is a nice one about unfortunate menstrual timing and its shock to an unknowing young boy. I hate categorizing a comic being "a good one to show to your girlfriend," but it's kinda true with this one. The strength is how relateable her work is. Naomi has a great minimal cartoony style, making great use of some solid blacks and strong inks. For the skeptical reader looking for some kind of artistic comparison on which to base opinion of her work, I would say there is definitely a flavor of Mary Fleener, which equals goodness to me.

Also included in this collection, is her story from the *Pet Noir* anthology, which was actually my fave from the book, so it's a nice inclusion. Overall, it's a great self-published collection that promises more awesomeness in the future. For a list of where to pick up Naomi's comic, check out her site, which has a list of awesome stores that support her indie goodness.

http://www.marinaomi.com/

Textually Reviewed

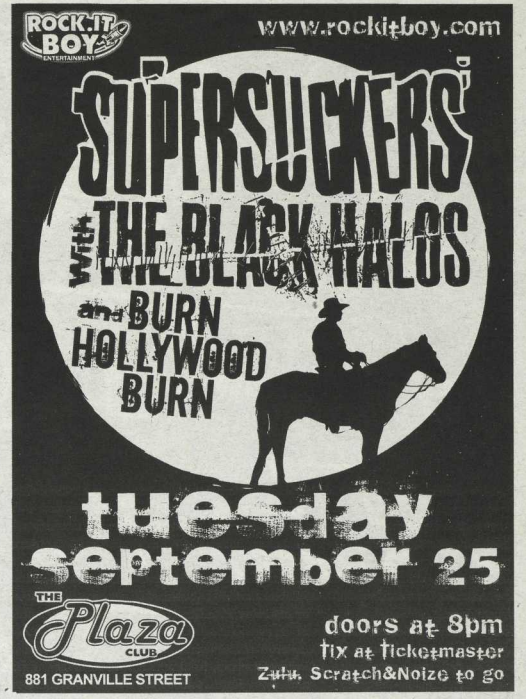
No one belongs here more than you.
stories by miranda july
[Scribner]

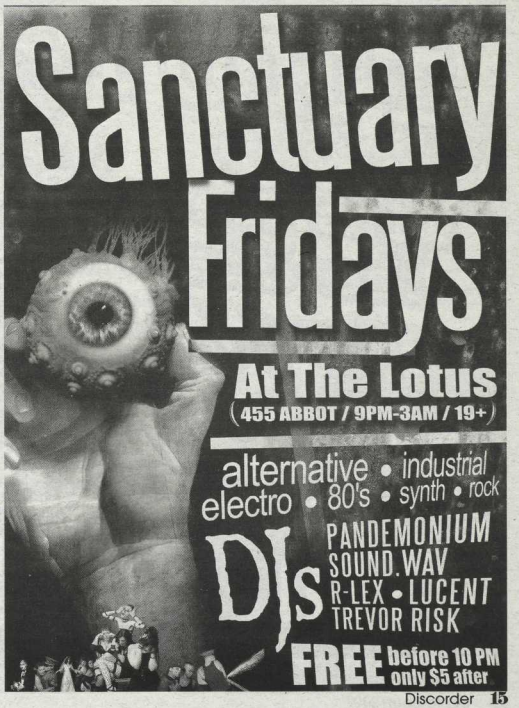
reviewed by c. turions

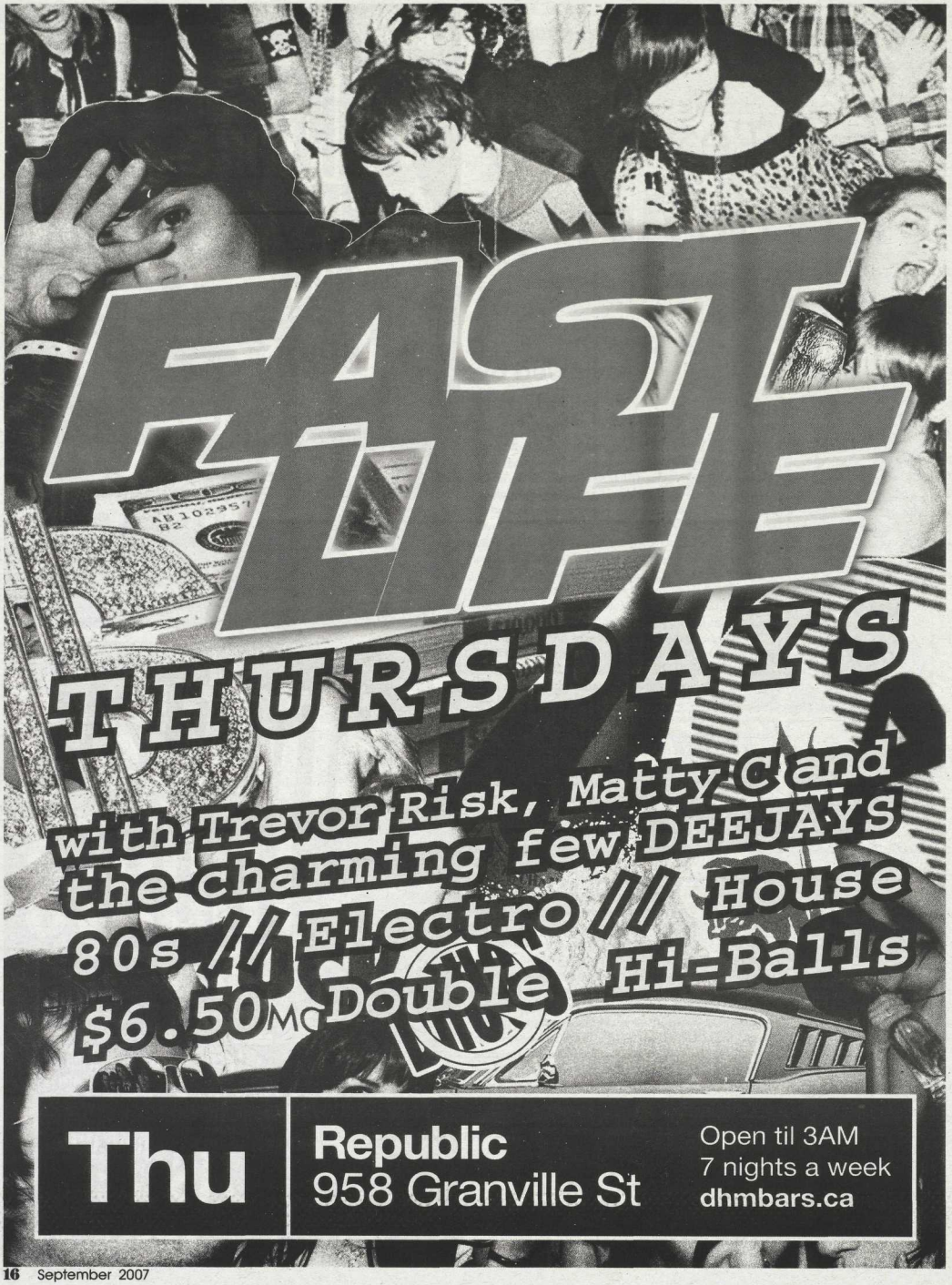
In one of the short stories in her debut collection, Miranda July struggles with the line between fiction and reality, struggles with how to reconcile the world inside our heads with the world outside of it. "Making Love in 2003" is about the narrator's torrid sexual affair with a dark shape named Steve, and the dark places she goes to abate her curiosity about cock in the flesh. "What my college advisor…eventually called a promising piece of fiction had started out as evidence. One day I would hand this manuscript over, and Steve would nod and say yes…you have found me at last, come sit on my lap, sweetness."

The uneasy balance between fact and fiction is a problem that this collection–awash with all manner of eccentricity–repeatedly contends with. To judge from the note that closes the aforementioned story, the any-resemblance-to-actual-persons-is-entirely-coincidental move, the outside world is not *de facto* triumphant. These characters may resemble things outside of themselves, but in the fabric of these stories, the characters are blissfully ignorant. The logic of the dream is whatever the dream dictates, and here, in July's collection, swimming lessons happen in the kitchen. Other logical pretensions are similarly discarded, as the opener from "The Moves" makes clear: "Before he died, my father taught me his finger moves. They were movements for getting a woman off." While I never learnt these moves from my father, the inside of my head is no less idiosyncratic than that of any of her characters and this is, perhaps, July's motif. And her motivation, it seems, is to highlight my complicity in the fucked-upedness.

As with other works by July, *No one belongs here more than you* invites the audience to participate in her art. You are the person that belongs here, a consolation prize or damnation, depending on how deeply you feel the loneliness that pervades every single one of these stories. I mean, sure, we are all alone, fundamentally so; it's the third guarantee of existence after death and taxes. Even if we don't acknowledge it, every single one of us passing through greater or lesser phases of denial, we are. There is a small space in the deepest darkness that whispers this fact: you are alone. July has taken it upon herself to remind us of the futility of our endeavours in these acts of denial and I can't help but think that this is a last ditch effort on her own behalf to maybe find that we are there with her, in her words, acknowledging her place in our heads. Like holding hands in the "real" world. D



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animal collective

by Simon Foreman with c. turions

Bonefish. This single, mysterious word ignites a firestorm of warbling auditory static that gradually orders itself into a beat and a musical key, before changing pitch and signalling the beginning of some sort of melodic structure. Thus commences "Peacebone," a track from Animal Collective's latest opus, *Strawberry Jam*. Exploring territory different from that of (though in some ways parallel to) *Feels*, the group's previous full-length release, *Jam* finds a celebratory, almost ecstatic, mood around which to base its sonic concoctions. After years of acclaimed releases, and in the midst of thriving side-projects from Avey Tare (a.k.a. David Portner) and Panda Bear (a.k.a. Noah Lennox), it would seem that Animal Collective have reached a comfortable headspace from which to project their psychedelic effusions.

This is not to say that there is a lazy complacency about this album. The best way to understand Jam is to hearken back to 2003's *Campfire Songs*. Recorded via MiniDisc on a fenced-in, backyard porch in Maryland, the *Campfire* EP finds instruments and vocal parts commingling with the sounds of the natural environment, with the latter shaping the atmosphere of the former into warm songs one might hear around a burning bundle of flames. In that case, the collective found influence in their surroundings. *Strawberry Jam* sees them synthesizing not only the songs themselves, but also the auditory world in which they exist. The result is a complete edifice of nested sounds, complementing one another just as seeds or pieces of fruit in a jam work with the surrounding jelly to create a delicious treat.

The record is full of synthesized elements and electronic sounds, so attendees at Animal Collective's September 15 gig at the Commodore might do well to expect a bevy of technical-looking gizmos to be employed, in addition to more traditional rock instruments. What is certain is that the group will definitely be experimenting with material even newer than *Jam*, following their fashion of honing songs in a live setting before even setting foot in a studio.

Discorder sent off a selection of probing questions to the band, hoping to gain some intimate insight into their music, emotions and creativity. However, actual answers were not received with sufficient time to include in this month's issue. Therefore, we present to you, faithful reader, what we think their answers to our questions might have looked like, pieced together from the actual lyrics of the Animal Collective and its offshoots. The following "interview" finds the band as inscrutable and enigmatic as ever.

Discorder: Hello, Avey Tare and Panda Bear! Thank you for taking the time to talk to us today.

Panda Bear: Are you waiting for me at the end of the airport? I'm off buying our tickets, deterring hibernation. But I'm feeling impatient. We were late for deparature.

D: Oh, I'm sorry. I'll try to make this quick then.

Avey Tare: Slow it down. It's not a race. Death takes time. Do you see it?

D: I suppose…

PB: Let's just talk together, you and me and me and you. And if there's nothing much to say, well, silence is a bore.

D: I'm sure we'll have lots to talk about. Let's begin with what are the characteristics of the artists you want to become? How does *Strawberry Jam* get you closer? What's it like to be alive now?

PB: All those people are busy with things, and here I go crazy, and there I get lazy.

AT: Sometimes all I want is one favourite song, and two to three minutes don't seem so long.

D: How about the other questions? What's it like to be alive?

AT: I feel all right. I found a place that fits tight; it feels small, but I won't get sad about it.

PB: Just a calm and modern day, getting up early every morning, rush to work then rush to bed. Am I a better person?

AT: Take one day at a time. Anything more really hurts your mind.

PB: I know myself, and I know what I want to do. I'm doing my best, and I want to know: is it good for you?

D: You can take it from me, everyone (myself included) just loves your creative output. There's a definite buzz surrounding your upcoming tour, so you should have no worries about your work being accepted and praised.

PB: What are we waiting for? Way uptight?

AT: There's no need to worry.

D: Exactly! Carrying on, in what way do you think music has the ability to change how people live their lives?

AT: Some people's lives awake to itsy-bitsy "I'm so sorrys." The branch breaks, you crack a window, and the wind might say, "The birds are calling for you, please don't follow."

PB: You don't have to go to college.

D: Do you think that rhythm is a universal language? Do we all secretly long for dance music?

AT: Baby in your cradle look at me, baby speak in rhythms now you're three.

PB: We do the dance up on the plains, then I shake your shoulders. You push me down into the grains. Who rubs our noses in the night? We do, we do.

AT: Going crazy, on a free fall, they are dancing, at the wrong maw, with the right girl.

PB: We'll dance to make it rain, and then we'll maybe try to go on taking care of business.

AT: We'll hope you dance to your bad weather.

D: Do you use silence as a compositional tool? How rigid is your role as composer/artist? As a composer, are there parallels between silence and surrender?

PB: I'm a noisy singer singing out a dinner, but dinners are much stranger now.

AT: Words are subtle but that's just a concept.

PB: I changed all your words, but my poltergeist concurs that words aren't even necessary right now.

AT: The sound is dead.

PB: Hearing is an iron offense.

AT: Sometimes you're quiet and sometimes I'm quiet. Hallelujah!

PB: At least I make some wonderful noise.

D: What do you feel leads you in moments when art is at its most pure?

AT: Well, I found new feelings at the feeling store.

PB: You gotta think about the energy.

D: What is courageous about what you do? What is your deeper-level response to *Strawberry Jam*?

PB: Colour people say, "oh no," 'cause they think it's contagious. Marshmallow people say, "oh yeah," 'cause they think it's a masterpiece.

AT: Coolness is having courage, courage to do what's right. I'll try to remember always just to have a good time.

D: I read in an interview with Panda Bear that he sings "almost exclusively about relationships." Also, I read in an interview with Khaela Maricich, of the Blow, that, "maybe by the time I'm 60, I'll be over my love stories." Personally, when I write, it is almost always/exclusively about my relationships, however veiled or poetic. I'm not sure I can imagine my creativity outside of a translation of my love. Can you? Do you think you'll ever get over your love stories?

PB: It's hard to just kiss our child games goodbye.

AT: An obsession with the past is like a dead fly.

PB: It's just like it should be with good love on the outside.

AT: Don't keep my loving on my mind.

PB: And I can't understand when holding her hand…so womanly. I have to go kiss her.

AT: Young love is fine, just please respect the candles as they line

PB: What's the point of pouring it all out, when you guys just wear it on your coat?

AT: I mean no offense to you, but grow up. Can't you just grow up?

D: Ahem. Next question: what will the future of music sound like? What will music be like in 1,000 years?

PB: Spanish bands use all the echo.

AT: A birth in wooded housing will help you live beyond the numbers.

D: Are there thoughts or feelings that cross your mind when performing that do not occur to you otherwise?

PB: I wonder what it must be like to be on fire, and so hot, on fire.

AT: We act in the funniest ways.

PB: As I feel the tour drop out, I can feel the creeps creep in. I've got a big baby that makes my sides burst, and tempura makes it bleed…no question I'm stressed.

D: Panda Bear, remember what I told you before: don't worry about the tour. Everything will be fine. Anyway, what do you think is the most successful thing you have done differently with this release (or, strongest break from the past)? Where are you now that you've moved away from *Feels*?

AT: Just a few things are related to my old times.

PB: I can't keep from changing my brains.

AT: Been hating on my new perspective.

PB: I've been having good days, [and] think we are the right age to start our own peculiar ways.

AT: I'm still writing songs I can play, but my heaven is all around me, and there's zulu in my body.

PB: We're baking bread; that is how we spend our time. So happy baking bread, and all we do is fine. There are no better times.

AT: We're having family time.

D: What are you currently investigating?

AT: I'm working on a sound. I'm walking through the city. Feeling like the city is feeling like a sound.

PB: I don't want for us to take pills because we're stronger, and we don't need them.

AT: And oh, what's pain? And oh, what's sadness anyway? Stop crying like a child.

PB: I figured it out, I think I've figured it out.

D: I've saved this question 'til the last, but I think it should almost always be the first and maybe only question I ask. I think it's the best question for anyone about anything ever. What is your motivation?

PB: I only want the time, to do one thing that I like. I want to get so stoned, and take a walk out in the light drizzle, at the end of the day, when no one's watching.

AT: A very old friend of mine once said, that either way you look at it, you have your fits, I have my fits, but feeling is good.

PB: When my soul starts knowing, I am as I'd want to be; and I know I never never will stop caring.

AT: I believe that for this piece of time, we can really crank us up a lot…get your head out from those mags and websites who try shape your style. Take a risk just for yourself and wade. D

edmonton folk festival

words by val cormier
photos by jim burnett and val cormier

A friend's recent move to Edmonton provided the excuse, but that city's annual folk festival proved a good hook for four days in the River City. I've attended several times over the past decade, many times as a volunteer. It was nice to see that not too much has changed and the Edmonton festival remains as different from Vancouver's version as beef from tofu.

The folk festival takes place in Gallagher Park, one of Edmonton's rare jewels, the longest urban river valley park in North America. The hills provide a natural ampitheatre setting and a workout for the quadriceps. Too bad they don't have the T-bar running during the summer months. The coil-bound, glossy, full-colour $5 program tells us that over the course of the festival about 20,000 people a day converge on the park for music and related activities - beer tent, food and craft vendors, etc.

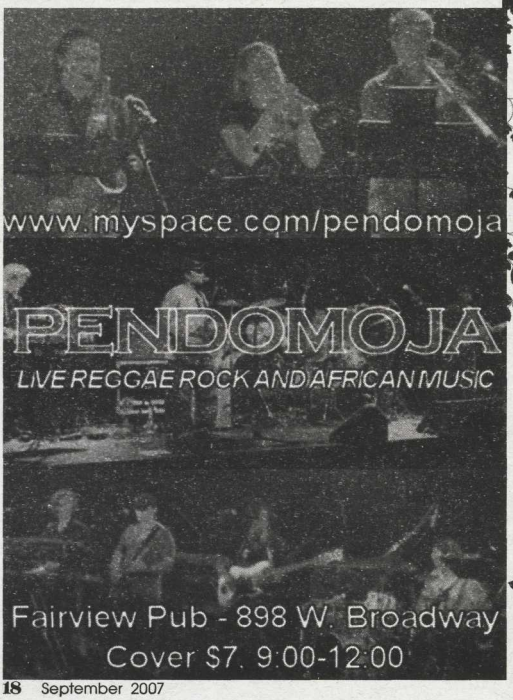
I missed the Thursday night mainstage events, which included City and Colour, and a bluegrass icon I'd really wanted to see–Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys. I arrived late Friday morning to cool and drizzly weather, which necessitated a shopping trip to South Edmonton Common for cheap rubber boots.

Those boots did come in handy when it came time to wander down to the festival site later in the afternoon. While my friend escaped to fulfill her raffle ticket selling duties, I grabbed a Fat Frank's veggie dog and enjoyed a beverage in the massive, but still fairly empty, beer garden. I was impressed with the compostable corn starch beer cups introduced this year. Very folkie! Four stages were open for sessions before the mainstage got underway. I picked the one with the most interesting lineup and parked myself there for the next few hours.

The first session was *Wide Cut Country*, with host Roy Forbes and Nashville string wizards Marty Stuart and Darrell Scott. A whole lotta fast pickin' going on. Roy, a North Van boy, was a great host and singer and, hell, he even bears a slight resemblance to Bubbles of Trailer Park Boys. The sun even appeared briefly. Between sets, I ran into some folkie friends from Toronto who strongly recommended I catch Justin Rutledge later.

Next up was an hour-long concert by Guy Clark, a phenomenal Texas singer-songwriter who's slowed down some from his days wildcatting around with Townes Van Zandt. The old songs "Homegrown Tomatoes" and "LA Freeway" still sound great.

The *New Voices* session featured Dala and Justin Rutledge from Ontario, and Kim Beggs from the Yukon. Justin did indeed live up to the hype and had a pedal steel guitar player with him to milk the maximum twang and heartbreak out of songs like "Too Sober To Sleep."



August 9–12

Dala is a young duo, consisting of Sheila Carabine and Amanda Walther, with a polished and upbeat presentation. They performed one of the best versions of Joni Mitchell's "Both Sides Now" I've heard in ages.

Friday's mainstage entertainment didn't start until 9 p.m., just when the park was starting to get a bit dusky. The threatening rain didn't materialize, but once the sun set it was pretty damn chilly. There were few mosquitoes, though–hurray! I stood over in the dance area to see the first band, Marty Stuart and His Fabulous Superlatives. It was more of a bluegrass, than country, set from this Nashville semi-legend. He told a great story about living next door to Johnny and June Cash, and now Barry Gibb, who bought that property. This led into a killer bluegrass version of "Stayin' Alive."

I moved up the hill to our seats for the next band, Andy Palacio and the Garifuna Collective. Gallagher Park at night from this vantage point is quite spectacular: thousands of lit candles in the crowd, the big stage with massive sound system below, the downtown Edmonton skyline behind and three giant video screens for those in the nosebleed sections. We dug the "joyous Garifuna beat," but the cool of the night and the prospect of yet another Blue Rodeo appearance (lazy programming on this festival's part) drove us off the hill early. We wrapped up the night at the host hotel lobby lounge, where we ran into fellow CiTR programmers Paul Norton and Jim Burnett of *Code Blue*.

Saturday dawned bright, yet not hot–perfect festival weather. The day stages (seven in all) were all well underway. Unlike Vancouver's, this festival has its stages more or less lined up in a row and suffers from intermittent sound bleed, especially if a particularly boisterous band is set up next to a solo singer-songwriter. We wandered by a stage called *Master Class*, an acoustic guitar player's heaven. It featured Harry Manx and Kevin Breit, Vancouver's own Steve Dawson, and UK guitar wizards Tony McManus and Martin Simpson. Dawson played a jazzed-up and almost unrecognizable version of "Red Sand Serenade," a.k.a. the theme song for *Folk Oasis*.

The day sessions were nicely broken up at 2 p.m. by a mainstage breather by bluegrass band Crooked Still. This also provided folks with a mid-day opportunity to quench their thirst, feed the tummy and appease the shopping monster. Once the sessions resumed, I headed with the hordes to the very popular Stage 4 for *Debuts*, starring Buck 65 (always a big draw) and an impressive Irish singer-songwriter, Damien Dempsey. In typical Irish style, Dempsey gave great craic (patter) in an almost unfathomable brogue. Buck 65 did a rap about food, reminding me it was time to start thinking about hunting down some of the festival's famed green onion cakes, which I did on my way to Stage 3.

There, Darrell Scott, Guy Clark and Jackie Greene were about to mix it up. Greene appears to be the latest of the "new Dylans," right down to the Bob-at-age-25 look. Good songs though. Before the set started, a well-meaning, but hand-wringing stage volunteer reminded us at great length about the no-smoking rules. As soon as dude finished, Guy Clark leaned back in his chair and silently, but with great flourish, lit up and enjoyed a smoke. Priceless.

More wandering, some beer and then it was time for mainstage. Seth Lakeman was up first. He's a young guy from UK who's apparently made quite a buzz already on his home turf. His music is an obvious homage to Fairport Convention and their ilk, and I say about bloody time! Lakeman gathered quite a following over the course of weekend. Too bad his CDs never made it across the pond to the merch tent.

Jim Byrnes followed with a rousing gospel-tinged set with the Sojourners, and then Toronto cult fave Mary Margaret O'Hara took the stage. I didn't get her 15 years ago and I don't get her now. I see that I scrawled "flake" next to her name in the program. Can't please everyone, I suppose.

James Hunter washed that bad taste out of my ears with a killer R&B/soul set. I'd been kicking myself for passing on his Vancouver Jazz Festival appearance and it was lovely to finally see what I missed. Sweet! Baka Beyond ended the evening–a mishmash of Celtic, African, everything-but-kitchen-sink that, at times, seemed cluttered. Has world beat jumped the shark?

Sunday morning proved to be another sunny day. Everybody was hurting a bit after a fairly late night of carousing and wine consumption. First stop was a stroll past what Jim Burnett called a "gospel wank" in session. It was over the top, and I'm a bit burned out on the mandatory gospel-on-Sunday-morning thing.

I spent most of the afternoon parked at shade-less Stage 1, the Blues Stage. Edmonton is a big blues town (believe it or not) and this festival is notorious for bringing in one or two about-to-keel-over minor legends per year. This year's crop included Little Willie Littlefield. In his late 70s and now living in Amsterdam, Littlefield was one of the first to record "Kansas City." Still a yodeling fool!

Next up on the same stage was 82-year-old Marie Knight. She sang with gospel pioneer Sister Rosetta Tharpe many decades ago, had a solo career, retired, and is back touring with an album of Rev. Gary Davis covers. I was amazed how the ever-prim, and somewhat preachy, church lady looked and sounded for a gal of her vintage. I had a chance to chat and have my picture taken with her–after the fact, I realized I was wearing my "diabolito"/devil pendant.

Speaking of devilish, wicked and weird Rich Terfry, a.k.a. Buck 65, was holding court several stages down and sporting a cervical collar I didn't recall seeing the previous day. I'm sure there's still a lot of folks out there who think a hip-hop artist is a strange choice for a folk festival, but it turns out ol' Buck is more tuned into pre-Woody Guthrie folk than the majority of us.

As Buck's last scratches faded into the breeze, the mainstage was already firing up for the evening, with Ollabelle up first. Admittedly, I didn't know much about this group other than their hyped "cool New York folk-pop," so I gave them a close listen. There was obviously a lot going on in terms of influences (soul, gospel, bluegrass, celtic), but nothing jumped out and grabbed me.

But boy, oh boy, did Ozomatli (named for an Aztec monkey god) grab me and the entire audience with one of the best sets of this, or any, festival. Their high-energy, ska-tinged set had everyone on their feet mere minutes after taking the stage. Several members of the collective jumped off the stage into the crowd, and even brought up a few young children to help out with percussion. I actually felt a bit sorry for Michael Franti and Spearhead having to follow them!

Franti and crew, of course, had nothing to fear, the true pros that they are. They were up to the challenge and started out strong, slowly dropping into a funky jam groove. Turns out Michael spent a year of high school in Edmonton when his mom was on a teaching exchange. His claim that Edmonton was an important influence on his politics and world view was flattering and quite convincing. The crowd ate it up.

After that big ol' love-in, Buffy Sainte-Marie took the stage as final act of the night. I'd seen her in Vancouver a few months ago, so decided to hit the warmer venue of the hotel lobby, where we caught some impromptu jamming for several hours before calling it a night.

Monday's recovery included tending to sunburns and hangovers–and shopping! Woohoo, lack of PST! All in all, it was a great festival, enhanced by that famous Edmonton spirit and hospitality. I look forward to returning next year. D

september 2007

calendar by
cole johnston

1		Andrew Bird + Dosh @ *Richard's* Devendra Banhart + Noah Georgeson *@ Commodore* A Crow's Glory + Born for Battle + Needles + Crusades @ *Sweatshop*	16	sunday	Qui + Lozen @ *Plaza* Steve Vai + Zack Wiesinger *@ Commodore*
2		Gogol Bordello @ *Commodore* Tokyo Police Club + Immaculate Machine @ *Plaza*	17	monday	Editors + Ra Ra Riot @ *Richard's* Mute Math + Piolet Speed *@ Commodore* City and Colour + Attack in Black *@ Orpheum*
3	monday	Crowded House + Pete Yorn @ *Orpheum* Art Brut @ *Richard's*	18	tuesday	Flaming Lips + Black Moth Super Rainbow @ *Orpheum* Cinematic Orchestra @ *Richard's* Hot Hot Heat @ *Commodore* Blitzen Trapper @ *Media Club*
4	tuesday	Beyonce +Robin Thicke @ *GM Place* Slow Down, Molasses @ *Lamplighter* Octoberman @ *UBC SUB Patio*	19	wednesday	Ruins @ *Pat's* The Paperbacks @ *Pub 340* Boys Noize @ *Plaza*
5	wednesday	The Brunettes + Bella + Ferraby Lionheart @ *Media Club* Justin Timberlake @ *GM Place*	20	thursday	Cannibal Corpse + Black Dhalia Murder @ *Croatian Cultural Centre* The Deep Dark Woods @ *Media Club* The Pack + The Paperbacks @ *Railway* Ill Scarlett + Whitfield @ *Plaza*
6	thursday	The Blow @ *Pit Pub* Chris Nelson Farwell w/ TV Heart Attack + The Smears + Nardwuar *@ Plaza*	21	friday	Peter Bjorn and John + The Clientele *@ Commodore* Canaaries + Go Ghetto Tiger @ *Pub 340* China Syndrome + The Flaneurs + Deadfilmstars @ *Royal Unicorn*
7	friday	Wolf Parade + Holy Fuck @ *Richard's* Bobby Conn + Canned Hamm *@ Media Club* Spoon @ *Commodore* Elizabeth + FSRZ @ Library Square	22		Handsome Furs + Johnny and the Moon @ *Richard's* Hot Little Rocket @ *Anza* No Age @ Pat's The Toasters + The Peacocks @ *Plaza*
8		Brian Jonestown Massacre + The Hugs *@ Commodore* Transylvanian Polka + Parlour Steps + Orphans and Dogs + Soressa Gardner & Friends Budd + Jazz Holes @ *Railway*	23		Perry Farrell's Satellite Party *@ Commodore* Boy's Night Out + Sick City @ *Plaza* Mink + Satellite Party @ *Commodore* Diplo @ *Plush*
9		The Fucking Champs + Bison @ *Plaza* Okkervil River @ *Richard's* Pride Tiger @ *Plaza* Cara Luft w/ the Gentle Infidels *@ Media Club*	24	monday	Resist the Right @ *ALF House* Paolo Nutini @ *Commodore* Jason Collett + Josh Rouse @ *Plaza*
10	monday	Bonobo + Paul Devro @ *Pit Pub* Shiny Toy Guns @ *Croatian* *Cultural Centre*	25	tuesday	Bonde Do Role + Juiceboxxx *@ Richard's* They Might Be Giants @ *Commodore* Supersuckers + The Black Halos + Burn Hollywood Burn @ *Plaza*
11	tuesday	VHS or Beta + Walter Meego *@ Media Club*	26	wednesday	Chevelle + Fair to Midland + Tyler Read @ *Commodore*
12	wednesday	Scorpions @ *Orpheum* Richard Thompson @ *Commodore*	27	thursday	The Besnard Lakes + Hylozoists + Mohawk Lodge @ *Richard's* The Jolts + D.O.A @ *Plaza*
13	thursday	Chad Vangaalen + Fond of Tigers + The Doers @ *Richard's* Medeski Scofield Martin & Wood *@ Commodore*	28	friday	The New Pornographers + Lavender Diamond + Fancey @ *Commodore* Rumsfeld + Facepullers @ *Pub 340* Champion @ *Richard's* The Noisettes @ *Plaza*
14	friday	Boy's Club + Fe Fi Fo Fums @ *Pub 340* Honeymoon Suite + Prism + Blue Voodoo @ Bell Performing Arts Centre The Nervous Breakdowns + What's Wrong Tohel? *@ Royal Unicorn*	29		Earliment + Office @ *Pit Pub* The Subhumans + Motorama + I, Braineater @ *Pub 340* The Big Bad + The Killer Saints *@ Balmoral*
15	saturday	Animal Collective + Wizard Prison + Eric Copeland @ *Commodore* Bison + Taxes + Cobra @ *Balmoral* Parto @ *Vancouver East* *Cultural Centre*	30		Loreena McKennitt @ *Orpheum* Artic Monkeys + The Coral @ *PNE*

send your event listings to calendar.discorder@gmail.com

Hey D

Folk Oasis: 10 Years After

by Val Cormier

I've been chugging along with this show for about 10 years now. Before that, I apprenticed with Steve Edge on *Edge On Folk*. Much of my technical training came from Nardwuar, back when he was the station's Volunteer Coordinator. This might explain my fluency (or lack of) with the console!

The show's format has morphed somewhat over the years, according to my listening whims and audience feedback. Overall, it's remained eclectic: singer-songwriter, old-timey and bluegrass, Celtic, Cajun and much more. If there's a polka set to be found on this station, it's more than likely to be heard on Wednesdays!

It's been gratifying to see the development of the local roots music scene this last decade. I still remember having the Be Good Tanyas live in the studio shortly after the release of their first CD, *Blue Horse*. It was close to Christmas and a sympathetic security guard let us sneak Sam Parton's aging dog into the studio. The first pressing of their CD had just sold out and I overheard a discussion about how many more copies they should order. They didn't want to print too many and be stuck with them. Little did we know...

Although I don't do it often enough, I always enjoy having local musicians play live in the studio. Standouts this year have included Tarkin and Linda McRae. There's certainly no shortage of amazing roots artists in our fair city, most of them sadly underappreciated by the listening public outside our fabulous Folk Festival. Get out and support your local live scene!

A newer, semi-regular feature are live phone interviews, usually around 8:30 p.m. This has proven a great way to get the word out about CD release parties by local artists, as well as shows by touring musicians. There should be a few good ones in September, including James Keelaghan on September 5.

I am always appreciative and somewhat surprised at the size of the audience this show has developed. Thanks to all of you who have helped get the word out. Podcasting has been a real boon, especially for listeners in other time zones, but nothing beats word-of-mouth. If you haven't tuned in yet, please do–I'm sure you'll be pleasantly surprised. You don't even need a pair of Birkenstocks to hang out in this oasis.

Thanks, Spike, for this opportunity to get the word out!

Val Cormier hosts Folk Oasis *Wednesday evenings, 8 to 10 p.m. – two hours of eclectic roots music on CiTR 101.9 FM and can be reached at* folkoasis@gmail.com.

Stereoscopic Redoubt

by Darren Gawle

Okay, so why devote a show to psychedelic music? I'm sure some of you have images of me spinning discs in the lotus position with 15 sticks of Nag Champa going while my spirit guide, "Raven," lunches down on a bowl of certified organic Honduran granola. Well, that's exactly why actually.

I'd be hard-pressed to think of a more wronglylampooned genre of music than psychedelia. Sure, some of it is high camp, but at its best, psychedelia was a seachange in popular music that bridged the gap between the disciplined format of the 3-minute pop single and the looser, heavier sound that became known as rock at the end of the '60s. The golden era of psych being 1966-67, it's surprising to note how pervasive its influence was. For a time, it seemed like everyone from the Kinks to the Bee Gees to...well, Cilla Black were lining up to goose their tracks with stereo panning, tape echo, and lyrics which referred to Abyssinia and peppermints. As HRH Queen Elizabeth II is alleged to have remarked, even the Beatles seemed to be "acting a bit peculiar lately.".

But, whither Vancouver in all this nonsense? For what essentially was, as late as the 1960s, still a colonial harbour town, Vancouver had a surprisingly focused counterculture scene and it attracted the right kind of attention. Jefferson Airplane played the Kits Theatre in January 1966, some 18 months before they played Toronto or New York City. In June 1966, Vancouver was the first place the Grateful Dead played outside of the Bay area at the Trips Festival (held at the PNE's Garden Auditorium) along with Big Brother & the Holding Company. Even author Ken Kesey and the merry pranksters made the journey. Vancouver was where Country Joe & the Fish first developed the theory that smoking banana peels could get you high (which they apparently don't), and despite their infrequent appearances on the West Coast, the Velvet Underground played Vancouver no fewer than three times, twice at the Retinal Circus (now Celebrities on Davie Street).

Vancouver bands of the era ran the gamut, from the folk-rock of the Tom Northcott Trio and the Self-Portrait, to the legendary garage-punk of the Painted Ship and the Seeds Of Time. Some bands rose to varying degrees of prominence–the Collectors recorded extensively in Los Angeles and even played the Fillmore with Buffalo Springfield, eventually morphing into Chilliwack. Too many others, however, never recorded at all–what of Paisley Rain? Three's A Crowd? My Indole Ring seemed destined for oblivion until 2000, when at last a CD of collected studio and live recordings saw the light of day and more than made up for the wait.

So, that's why I finally got off my ass earlier this year and decided to audition for a program on CiTR that would focus on psych, acid punk, freak beat and progressive music from 1965, to the bands of today who are re-exploring and re-evaluating the sounds that switched on a generation some 40 years ago. *Stereoscopic Redoubt* setlists and suchlike can be found at *http://www.myspace.com/stereoscopicredoubt*, and I can be reached somewhat directly at armeniacity@hotmail.com.

Darren Gawle hosts Stereoscopic Redoubt *Thursdays from 6 to 7:30 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

Rebirthing Soul Music: A Brief History of

Shake a Tail Feather

by Jason Colantonio

Hosting *Shake a Tail Feather* for a year now (first Anniversary show on Friday, September 14) has been nothing short of a gift and a privilige. The stars were clearly in the right position when, in January of 2006, I decided I had accumulated enough classic rhythm and blues (not R&B, as in contemporary styles) and soul music to pitch an idea for a show to the folks at CiTR. This was not my first venture into radioland; way back in the early-1990s I hosted a literary talk show at CKUT in Montreal and volunteered in their production department. But music, particularly classic soul and rhythm and blues from its golden era (late 1950s to early 1970s), has always been an undercurrent in my life.

Originally, I had had another show title in mind, but one night my fiancé and I went to a party and someone stepping out for fresh air uttered, "Shake a tail feather!" in celebratory fashion. By the time I signed up for training sessions at CiTR, the idea for *Shake a Tail Feather* had been stewing in my mind for nearly two years. It started off as an idea for a vintage Jamaican music show ('60s rocksteady and early reggae) and morphed into a soul music program. "Shake a Tail Feather," of course, is the name of a soul song originally by the Five Du-Tones, but famously covered by the likes of Chuck Jackson, James and Bobby Purify, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, Ray Charles in the first *Blues Brothers* film and Taj Mahal on a children's music CD called *Shakin' a Tail Feather*. The rest … well you know.

Over the past year, *Shake a Tail Feather* has featured shows on many things and people: big labels like Stax, Motown, Chess and Atlantic; small ones like Sue, Old Town, Deep City and Twinight; legends like James Brown, Otis Redding and Irma Thomas and obscure folks like Dorothy Ashby, Candi Staton and the Mad Lads. I've also done shows on regional styles like Philly, Chicago, Memphis, Miami, Muscle Shoals, Northern Soul, Southern Soul and Psychedelic Soul. And we've only just begun.

A soul music rebirth has been in the works for a few years now. The resuscitation of Stax Records, courtesy of the Concord Music Group, on the eve of its 50th anniversary this year, has already produced a wave of anniversary compilations, reissues and new artists' material, as well as a two-hour PBS documentary called *Respect Yourself* (out on DVD this month!) But the rebirthing of soul has even appeared in that most mainstream of institutions, *American Idol*; last year's winner was clearly competing on the authentic soul ticket, as was this year's and many runners-up in the past few seasons. The UK's Amy Winehouse is still riding the success of last year's *Back to Black*, an album in which her Holliday-esque vocals reverberate within often upbeat Holland-Dozier-Holland-era Motown melodies.

More so, the growing cult following for Sharon Jones and the Dap-Kings, on Brooklyn-based Daptone Records (*www.daptonerecords.com*), over the past two years has been nothing short of phenomenal. Their 2006 album, *Naturally*, as well as countless performances at festivals the world over (they'll be back in town this December), have made them the soul revue to see. 2007-08 may well be remembered as their year of ascendancy: the Dap-Kings backing up Amy Winehouse, Booker T and MGs backing up Sharon Jones, an appearance on the *Conan O'Brien Show*, the release of a new album, *100 Days and 100 Nights*, on October 2 and an appearance in the forthcoming Denzel Washington film, *The Great Debaters*. Get 'em while they're hot!

With all this in mind, I definitely have my work cut out for me, making *Shake a Tail Feather* a local conduit for this soul renaissance. Then again, I can't think of a better definition of a labour of love than that.

Jason Colantonio hosts Shake a Tail Feather *Fridays on CiTR from 10:30 p.m. to midnight. The show will have a web presence soon, promise! In the meantime, feedback or classic rhythm and blues/soul requests can be emailed to:* moresoulmusic@yahoo.ca. *Shake a tail feather!*

Mondo Trasho
by Maxwell Maxwell

Every generation has its Barry White. After all, something needs to cover up the sound of meat slapping against meat. Whether in a Yaletown condo or a UBC dorm room, your neighbours would rather hear anything (ANYTHING!) than the sound of you fucking. You and your lover, whether supermodels or corpulent ham-beasts, are unpleasant to listen to at 4 a.m. Your moans, cries and wet smacking sounds carry through the walls in a way that other noises simply cannot, and when I am kept awake at night by your breathy exclamations of ecstasy, rest assured I am wishing death and ruin on the both of you. This is what gentle music is for: not to communicate mushy feelings when your own words won't suffice, but to cover up the disgusting noises when ten drinks have worked wonders. Of course, much like Febreeze replaces the smell of vomit and Jagermeister with Citrus Mountain Breeze (TM), Barry White albums, and their ilk, not only get rid of something horrifying, they replace it with something pleasant.

For young hipsters homos like myself, Barry White has largely been replaced by the soundtrack to John Cameron Mitchell's excellent *Shortbus*. I initally thought I was alone in this. My friends all enjoy the movie and its soundtrack, but somehow I never realized that we were all having sex to the same 18 songs. When a friend showed me *Xtube.com*, however, I began to realize something: every amateur, gay, sexy home-movie made in the past several months has the *Shortbus* soundtrack blaring in the background. I try and point this out to my friends, but they just think I'm weird (guys with matching asymetrical haircuts are kissing naked in their Manhattan studio apartments and I'm waiting for the Hidden Cameras to fade into Scott Matthew).

This is a problem. We use our taste in music to express our originality, so what does it say about us if we bring a date home for the first pants-free experience and pop on the same album he hears every time he's had sex since November of 2006? Luckily, readers, *Mondo Trasho*, with your host Maxwell Maxwell (that would be me, so tune in 9 p.m. Sundays on CiTR), has put together this mix. It will not only guarantee you get laid, but also that the sounds of your pasty flesh banging around is masked with some of the grooviest, most sensual music around. If you're reading this and you're cute, my number is (510) 761-2261.

Here is my mixtape to have gay sex to:

Herman Dune - "Smalltown Boy" ...because the Bronski Beat classic sounds much better on ukelele.

The Boy Least Likely To - "Faith" ...because George Michael's songs are awesome but you don't really want to be thinking about George Michael when you're trying to get it on. That gross stubble combined with all the cruising for sex with fugly dudes in public parks and toilets... ick.

Patrick Wolf - "Bluebells" ...because it has fireworks as percussion, and nothing is more conducive to romance than fireworks. Except maybe two-for-one highballs.

TV On The Radio - "Modern Romance" ...because TV On The Radio are much hipper than the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, but "Modern Romance" is a great song.

The Adolescents - "I Hate Children" ...because although it's pretty difficult to get another dude pregnant, you still want to be careful.

The Magnetic Fields - "Papa Was A Rodeo" ...because although Stephin Merritt could use some Botox, a facelift, and a personality transplant, there's still something about his deep, glum, sonorous voice which causes a shiver to go down most people's necks straight to their nasty bits when they hear this gorgeous ode to dysfunction.

CocoRosie - "By Your Side" ...because anything lo-fi and weird is automatically chic, and this is important when getting into someone's pants, especially if you're trying to get into their heart as well.

Belle & Sebastian - "Like Dylan In The Movies" ...or really anything else on *If You're Feeling Sinister*. The album is great for effing gently to, but switch to something louder if you like it rough.

Final Fantasy - "Your Light Is Spent" ...because Owen Pallett is wicked hot and I would hit that so fast it would make your head spin.

Maxwell Maxwell hosts Mondo Trasho *Sundays 9 to 10 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

Flex Your Head
by Steveston Mike

In my last column, I told you about myself and how I got here. I forgot to mention one thing. I am also one half of No Sense Productions. My good friend Shaun "Citrus" Cowan and I run this production company that sets up and promotes all-ages hardcore and punk shows.

Shaun moved to Vancouver from Montreal just over a year ago, and since then he has become the man to go to if you are a punk or hardcore band looking to play here. He has been doing shows, in one form or another, for over a decade. He started No Sense to make sure bands that were touring around the Northwest could have somewhere to play in Vancouver.

At the time, there weren't a lot of people stepping up to fill this void. Since he started booking shows, he has done shows for such bands as Fucked Up, Go It Alone, Fired Up, Pulling Teeth, Dangers, Modern Life Is War, Tranzmitors, Carpenter, In Stride, Wait In Vain, Shook Ones, The First Step, Shipwreck, Have Heart, Rise And Fall, and Sinking Ships. By the time you read this, we will also have done two shows for Career Suicide and Regulations.

After his first couple of shows, he asked me if I would be interested in helping him run things. I used to do shows years ago and knew how I liked to have things run. Shaun and I saw eye-to-eye on these issues and I jumped at the chance to help him out.

Since then, I have seen how hard this guy works for this scene and how much credit he deserves. He makes sure that American bands have the proper paperwork to get across the border if they are coming from the States. He also spends countless hours walking around Vancouver putting up fliers for the shows. When the show time comes around, he is always in action making sure everything is set up and ready to go.

I pitch-in when I can be of help, but all the credit for the shows in the last couple of months goes to Shaun. Without him here, I don't think we would have had as great a summer of shows as we've had these past few months. So, next time you go to a show run by No Sense, go up to Shaun and let him know how much you appreciate him and all the work he does for this scene. He definitely deserves it.

Top ten for August

1. Broken Needle – *s/t* LP (Leguna Armada)
2. Look Back And laugh – *State Of Illusion* EP (LBAL)
3. Alternate Action – *Tough Times* 10" (Narayan)
4. China Creeps – *s/t* 7" (self released)
5. Cross Examination / Spring Break – *Super Party Brothers* (Deep Six)
6. Soul Control – *s/t* 7" (Rivalry)
7. Jaws – demo
8. Needles – demo
9. The Filthies – *Your Turn* (Fallen Angel)
10. Walls – upcoming full length (Painkiller)

Stevenston Mike hosts Flex Your Head *Tuesdays 6 to 8 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

Ashes, Ashes
by Marielle Kho

I used to think that I was so punk rock when I was 14 years old. I wanted to dye my hair and get my lip pierced. I wanted to listen to the most obscure punk bands that no one else had ever heard of, just so that I could feel like I was "different" from everybody else. I planned on running away from home so that I could live alone as a skid and skateboard wherever I wanted, without someone getting on my case. I bought a bass guitar, in hopes of starting up a band that would somewhat take off, so that I could leave home and school, and just play music for the rest of my life. At that time, nothing was more important to me than the music that I was into.

I am now 22 years old and glad that I was not stupid enough to follow my severely shortsighted, poorly planned teenage dreams. My radio show, *We All Fall Down*, is my way of holding onto the memories I have of my misguided youth.

When I was 14, during one of my regular bouts of insomnia, I decided to scan the radio dial. I was not expecting to find anything particularly stimulating, let alone anything that would be punk rock enough to meet my expectations. But at about 1 a.m., that fateful Monday evening, I came across a radio station that was playing the Descendents, the Bouncing Souls, and Randy. And what? No commercials? Did I suddenly hack the Lord Almighty's personal radio feed? This radio station sounded too good to be true. I kept listening, and after a few songs, the radio host, who I later learned to be a certain Trevor Fielding, announced that I was listening to a show called *Vengeance is Mine*. It was a weekly radio show on the local college radio station, 101.9FM CiTR. Finally, I had found the source of that untapped punk rock gold vein. I continued to listen every week, eager to eat up whatever Trevor had to throw in my direction.

When I graduated from high school and began classes at UBC, I stumbled upon CiTR's main headquarters. By this time I had been listening to Trevor's show for years, and now I had the opportunity to do for someone else what Trevor had done for me. I immediately signed up for a tour of the station, volunteered my time, put together a demo and applied for my own radio show. Secretly, I hoped that if I spent a lot of time at the station, I would eventually meet the man that, probably unknowingly, taught me so much about a genre of music.

Now, here I am, still hosting *We All Fall Down* and it's been just over two years. To have this column as another outlet for my show is just as exciting for me as it was when I first started to put my show on the air. In the following months, you, fair reader, will come to learn more about me and the shitty punk rock that I still loyally listen to. I hope you'll eventually feel as informed as I do when I listen to Trevor's show!

Marielle Kho hosts We All Fall Down *Thursdays 1 to 2 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

Tratado de impaciencia
por Alex Tornillo

La semana pasada tuve la oportunidad de entrevistar a Luis Gerardo Salas, creador y productor de una de las estaciones de radio más influyentes en la Ciudad de México durante la década de los 80 y 90, llamada Rock 101. Esta estación revolucionó la manera de hacer radio en una de las ciudades más grandes del mundo y la fórmula en realidad era bastante fácil de aplicar: ofrecer un nuevo concepto de radio para gente joven con música que no era accesible en ninguna otra estación. Funcionó a la perfección.

En una ciudad (o más bien zona metropolitana) donde, según Wikipedia, habitan más de 19 millones de personas, haciéndola la más poblada en el emisferio oeste, y, sin temor a equivocarme, de este gentío el 30% pertenece al grupo de edad entre los 16 y 35 años, automáticamente

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arroja una audiencia potencial de 5 millones. Claro que no todos son del mismo gusto, ni del mismo poder adquisitivo, ni tampoco del mismo interés, pero esta es una de las grandes ventajas que existe en una urbe tan grande en donde las posibilidades de que alguien escuche un programa de radio a la hora que sea son muchísimas más a las que hay en una ciudad de menor población. Por supuesto que Luis G. Salas tuvo una fuerte competencia con otras estaciones que querían parte del pastel y de esas otras emisoras saliéron Alejandro Gonzáles Iñarritu (director de Babel, Amores Perros) o Martín Hernández (Director de sonido de El laberinto del Fauno) que es gente bastante capáz y talentosa, pero que caminaron en un estrecho ya pavimentado.

Regresando a la entrevista, Salas comentaba que en su iPod había grabado una sección que se intitulaba 'jazz' y en ese momento la mente me dio vueltas a mil por hora. "La música es como los colores" pensé – como los colores – es decir, no todos percibimos los colores de la misma manera. El rojo carmín es eso precisamente: rojo carmín. No cambia, ahí esta, lo que cambia es cómo cada uno de nosotros lo percibimos. Y no me refiero al daltonismo, que ignoro si es una enfermedad o una deficiencia visual, porque eso sería comparable con la sordera, ni tampoco me refiero a los gustos, sino a la percepción. Vaya, lo que quiero decir es que para unos ese color puede ser intenso, o atrevido, o cálido, o simplemente se percibe como algo relacionado al amor, o que sé yo.

Hace tiempo fui a un viaje de varios días a la playa y en un atardecer maravilloso justo después de comer, alguien preguntó qué música sería de la elección de los ahí presentes. La tarde era tranquila y cálida, con un vientecito delicioso y lo primero que se me ocurrió decir fue: "Shine on you crazy diamond de Pink Floyd" mi respuesta fue automática y uno de ellos dijo "pero ¿Cómo se te ocurriría escuchar heavy metal en esta tranquilidad? "Y para mis adentros pensé: "¿Heavy metal? Este imbécil no tiene la menor idea de lo que está diciendo" pero en mi conflicto mental de la semana pasada con la entrevista caí en la conclusión de que aquel imbécil jamás pudo percibir a Pink Floyd de la misma manera que yo. Y no es que yo sea superior a él, ni mucho más, sino que la guitarra de Gilmour es la guitarra de Gilmour, lo que cambia es nuestra percepción. Entonces, si yo me calzara el iPod de Luis G. Salas, con las mismas canciones, en el mismo orden, rodeado del mismo ambiente, etcétera, etcétera, estoy seguro que no las percibiría de la misma manera que él lo hace. Y no es que Salas sea superior o mucho más, sino que su rojo carmín puede ser más intenso que el mío, o visceversa.

Cómo percibe la música Paul Simon? ¿O Sting? ¿O Gabriel? ¿O Taupin? ¿O alguna de esas bestias musicales? Definitivamente diferente que el resto de nosotros. Y cabe hacer notar que esto no tiene nada que ver con los gustos, ni con factores ajenos a la percepción (porque habrá quien me rete diciendo que el rojo carmín se ve diferente a la luz de la luna o dentro de la habitacíon de su novia), ni con el conocimiento de todos los colores porque la percepción viene mucho después que el gusto o conocimiento. Así que ¿De qué color es tu música?

Alex Tornillo es productor y locutor del programa de radio Salario Minimo *que se transmite los Martes de 8 a 10 de la noche por media del 101.9 FM.*

photo by alex tornillo

>>>>> Hey!

Aural Tentacles

by Pierre Huish

Hi there. My name is DJ Pierre and every Tuesday night at 12 midnight, until 6 a.m. Wednesday morning, I host *Aural Tentacles*. Running six hours in length, it is CiTR's longest show. It is also one of the oldest.

I've always had a passion for radio. When I was very young and first started listening to the radio, I had to listen to whatever my parents had on. I used to envision the musicians arriving at the station, setting up, singing their song and then leaving. It wasn't until later that I found out that a DJ at the station was only playing a copy of their songs.

When I was around 11 years old, I was finally given an old AM radio to call my own. I remember the very first song that I ever heard on it. It was "Uncle Albert, Admiral Halsey" by Wings. Wow! After my parents had gone to bed, I'd quietly listen to the radio before going to sleep and twiddle the dial up and down while playing with the antenna. A few years later, we began renting this house every summer on Pender Island. It was perched right on the cliffs and inside was an old wooden AM radio from the 1920s. It still worked, but you would have to wait about five minutes for the tubes to warm up. Once warmed, on clear and starry nights whilst everyone else slept, I'd twiddle the dial up and down, snagging airwaves from as far away as Portland, Sacremento, San Fransisco and even further. The reception from these Gulf Islands was incredible. I was hooked.

I can still remember the song that was on the radio in the car that picked me up the very first time that I hitchhiked a few years later. It was "Hand Me Down World" by the Guess Who. A few years later, while French kissing a girl for the very first time, the radio was on. I remember that it was playing *Rumours* by Fleetwood Mac. Alas, when I lost my virginity even later, the radio was not on. Damn! The TV was on instead and I can remember the TV movie that we weren't watching. It was called *Stock Car 500*. I can also remember the first time, while twiddling up and down the dial, that I discovered CiTR radio. "Tour de France" by Kraftwerk was playing. The twiddling stopped. I had found a station that I liked.

Although I have been a DJ at other places during the past 21 years, CiTR, even though it doesn't pay, is by far my favourite gig of the week. I have no idea what people are doing while they are listening to the songs I play, but I do hope they are enjoying it as much as I am.

Aural Tentacles began broadcasting on the air way back in the spring of 1987. Twenty years and over one thousand shows later, I'm still doing what I love to do–staying up all night listening to music.

DJ Pierre hosts Aural Tentacles *Tuesdays from midnight to 6 a.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

Shadow Jugglers

by Pierre Huish

Downtempo, Dubstep/Grime, Dub, Reggae, Dancehall, Soca, Reggaeton, Soul, Hip Hop, Beatboxing, Funk, Rock, Electro, Klezmer, Break Beats and Jungle/Drum'n'Bass (JDB) are some of the genres and sub-genres embraced by the disc jugglers residents Soo, Socool, MP & Bias. For now, let's focus in on JDB, due to its importance in the evolution of the *Shadow Jugglers* radio show.

Shadow Jugglers was conceived in Montreal in 2001 under the name *Jongleurs d'ombres*, moving to CiTR in 2003. At first, DJs and producers of all electronic music styles were invited to contribute, but *Jongleurs d'ombres* became mainly a place where junglists gathered to share music and ideas. The radio show quickly focused in on JDB due to MP's willingness to explore, support and promote this rapid and complex music.

Since Jungle was so closely related to the Jamaican Reggae-influenced sound, DJs and producers who did not incorporate Reggae elements began to adopt the term Drum and Bass to differentiate themselves and their musical styles. The move to Intelligent Drum and Bass, as they named it, was also a conscious and concerted reaction by top DJs and producers against a culture associated with violent elements.

JDB began in the United Kingdom in the late 1980s. Over the first decade and a half of its existence there have been many permutations in its style, incorporating elements from Dancehall, Electro, Funk, Hiphop, House, Jazz, Metal, Pop, Reggae, Rock, Techno and Trance. The mid-1990s saw the splintering of the JDB scene into stylistically similar sub-genres which would tend to be known by its name as opposed to either Jungle, or Drum and Bass. Today all sub-genres are usually grouped by the umbrella term Drum and Bass to simplify the promotion of it.

Since the beginning of the second millenium, Canadian producers such as Krinjah, Sixteenarmedjack and KGB Kid, alongside Americans such as Soundmurderer, Tester and RAW, have been gaining popularity with their updated version of Jungle that features intricate, rolling drum patterns and a fresh Reggae sound. The promotion of this music is made largely through the online networks of Web 2.0, sparking a small but dedicated international interest. Producers of this new-school sound are continuing to build bridges in revoicing classic reggae singers to produce new works.

While JDB's mainstream success occurred in the UK, there has been a strong underground presence in clubs and after-hours venues in North America. This music often scores video game and film soundtracks, and is used as background music in television commercials due to its fast and catchy pace. You can find out about this musical genre in magazines and books, but mainly on-line through dedicated portals, forums, communities and internet radio stations. If you're interested in knowing more about JDB in Vancouver, visit the *nwdnb.bc.ca* forum.

JDB is at the forefront of Shadow Jugglers. *Rest assured that this form of dance music is a style you will often hear every Saturday from 7 to 9 p.m. on CiTR 101.9 FM.*

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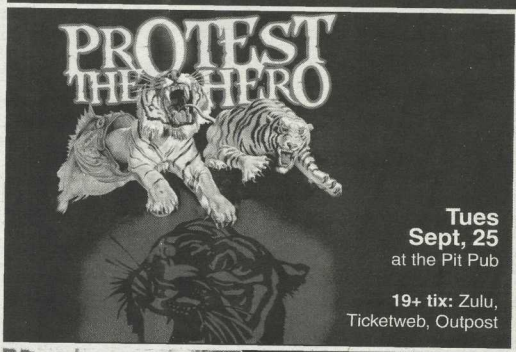
Wednesday: The FIRSTWEEK Pool Party @ The Aquatic Centre w/ DJ Maxwell Maxwell from 9pm to 12am

Thursday: CiTR DJs @ Brock Hall (times TBA)

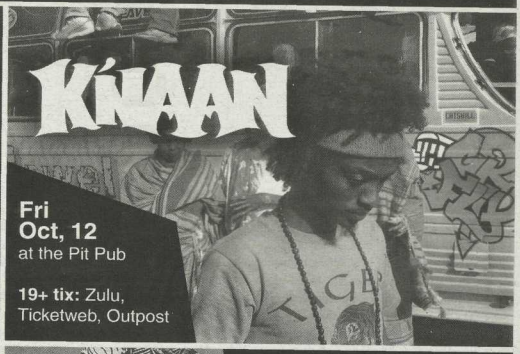
Friday: CiTR at the FIRSTWEEK Skating Party @ the UBC Wintersports Centre w/ DJ Brendan Butter from 9:45pm to 11:15pm

AMS EVENTS 07 fall Schedule



Tues Sept, 25
at the Pit Pub

19+ tix: Zulu, Ticketweb, Outpost



Fri Oct, 12
at the Pit Pub

19+ tix: Zulu, Ticketweb, Outpost

TPB
Randy & Mr.Lahey

Thurs Oct, 18
at the Pit Pub

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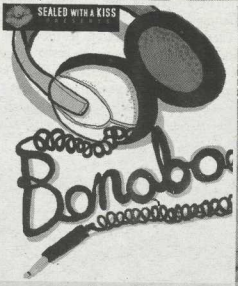
Russian Futurists

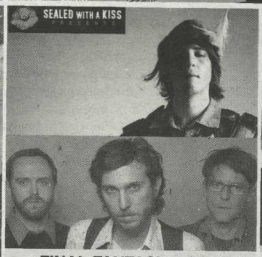
Tues Oct, 23
at the Pit Pub

19+ tix: Zulu, Ticketweb, Outpost



Bonobo w/ Paul Devro
Mon 10.09.07 - PIT PUB

EARLIMART W/ OFFICE
Sat 29.09.07 - PIT PUB



FINAL FANTASY W/ GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS
Sat 20.10.07
RICHARDS ON RICHARDS

FEAT. THE LOCUST W/ GUESTS
Sat 03.11.07 -
SUB BALLROOM, UBC

ALPHA YAYA DIALLO
Thu 27.09.07 - TELUS STUDIO THEATRE

MOTHER MOTHER
Thu 04.10.07 - TELUS STUDIO THEATRE

JEREMY FISHER
Thu 11.10.07 - TELUS STUDIO THEATRE

L. GEN HON. ROMEO DALLAIRE (RET.)
Sun 04.11.07 - CHAN CENTRE

STEPHEN LEWIS & MICHELE LANDSBERG - IN LECTURE
Sun 25.11.07 - CHAN CENTRE

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MattyMJ2007 Examined

Mimics

by chris dryden

screen caps by mattymj

THE INTERNET has changed our lives in so many ways that, for some of us, it's hard to imagine what life was like before it. Back in the days when getting porn or selling your old G.I. Joes required leaving the house, there were traditional celebrities like Prince or Madonna, or the Queen of England. These celebrities are still found in the tabloids of today, of course, but the Internet has made it possible for the common man to rise up into their ranks as well. Witness Paris Hilton, the Numa Numa Kid and the disembodied hand that gropes the women of the BangBus movies. These are people that the Net has brought into our lives. The ubiquity of the Net and the accessibility of digital cameras has been the great equalizer of the last decade, and at the forefront of this movement has been YouTube, the site where you are just as likely to find some self-centered blogger as you are to find a drunken David Hasselhoff eating a cheeseburger.

While Hasselhoff may not appreciate the ease in which a video can be shared over the Internet, others are taking full advantage of the audience. Meet MattyMJ2007.

I still remember seeing him dance for the first time: I was killing time at work browsing *offtopic.com*, a popular forum with thousands of people online at any moment, when I came across a thread about a funny video on YouTube. The post had a link to a kid dancing to "Thriller" in his kitchen. Initially, I was relieved that I wasn't the only one who had tried to dance like Michael. While I had quickly realized that I was unable to do more than a crude imitation of the King of Pop, the guy in the video kept on practising. The dancer was, of course, MattyMJ2007, and his performance was the result of many years of watching Michael dancing in slow-mo and many years performing for friends and family.

This doesn't mean that his performance was stage quality, or even Ian Ziering of *Dancing With The Stars* quality. Matty looks at the camera too much and his "stage" is far too small. Then there's MattyMJ himself: Matty is to Michael Jackson what William Hung is to Pavarotti. MattyMJ is even paler than Michael, slightly chubby, and he has none of the grace or finesse of Michael. He has obviously practiced these moves a thousand times before, but it's physically impossible for him to move like the King of Pop. (Well, he comes close to the old-white-guy-that-didn't-like-Michael in *Ghosts*, a role played by Michael Jackson in a fat suit.) When I saw this video MattyMJ had posted of himself in tear-away track pants and socks dancing in his kitchen, I had to find out more about the guy. I looked at his other videos and found "Thiller" wasn't his only contribution. He has also done "Dangerous," "Bad," "Billy Jean," and even "The Way You Make Me Feel" (as performed at the 1983 Grammy Awards). When I saw that he was local–the videos are all filmed in and around his Surrey house–I was hooked.

It wasn't until I saw all the names scrolling past in his 100-subscribers shout-out video that I realized I wasn't the only one who had been captivated by this guy. They say the Net is the great equalizer, and I have to agree. Here's a guy from Surrey who has people all over the world watching his videos. It used to be that being famous meant you were a movie star or a politician, but now that's all changed. The Internet is not just a "series of tubes" moving emails and porn about. There's something else moving through those tubes, something called "freedom."

You Can't Hear People Laugh At You On The Internet

MattyMJ is one of those people who isn't afraid to share the intimate details of his life. His videos include a montage of photos from his latest trip to Disneyland, and he's even got an agonizingly long monologue called "My Life Story." When it comes to their personal lives, traditional celebrities shy from the public eye, but MattyMJ bares all.

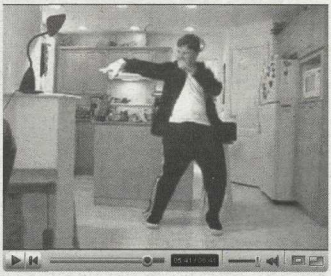
I think that's what makes Internet "celebrities" like MattyMJ more authentic than the Queen or Cher: they're real people. They're not any different than you or me (no, the same cannot be said for either the Queen or Cher), which means that we could be famous, too. There's nothing stopping us from putting our own quirky talents on display–apart from the fear of being mercilessly taunted by anonymous e-thugs.

Strangely enough, though, this fear seems to be, for the most part, unfounded. The viewer response to all of MattyMJ's videos has been overwhelmingly positive. So positive, in fact, that I wonder about some of the people making them (in response to MattyMJ2007's "Billy Jean," user Presley Jackson said, "Haha!! My fav song!! I love the music...and the way how MJ sings just blow me off!! ^^ Ur so sexy!!" [sic]), but I have yet to see a negative comment on any of his videos. Of course, you can erase comments that you don't like on YouTube, but to this day, I've only heard him mention someone saying something negative about him once. He is good at what he does, but if I were a chubby white guy that uploaded a video of myself doing pelvic thrusts to "Billy Jean," I would expect the Internet to humble me. Some comments even mention this (user Symbioteofadiety said, "You dance like, magic! I tried that once and got a comment that I suck! Aww I wish I could dance like that!"), but it appears that MattyMJ doesn't have many haters. I'm glad that the flamers and trolls have passed him by because I'd hate for him to get discouraged and stop making videos.

If Matty's popularity proves anything, it's that you don't need to be rich or arrogant or have a symbol instead of a name to be famous anymore. You don't even need to be particularly talented. You just need to let the world into your living room and dance like no one is watching.

Chris is the host of I Like The Scribbles *Friday nights at midnight until early Saturday morning on CiTR 101.9 FM. Chris interviewed MattyMJ earlier this year and the entire unedited interview is available for download at* www.ilikethescribbles.com

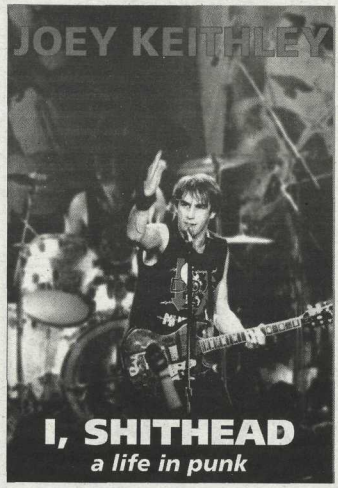
Billie Jean



Punk it'll make you rock, puke

An afternoon social with the artist commonly known as SHITHEAD

BY jACKIE WOng



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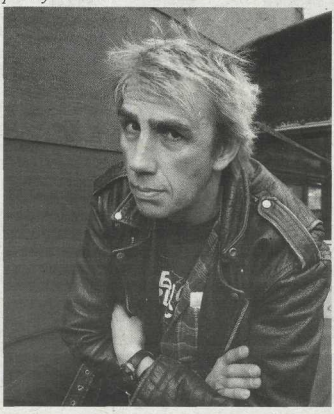

DISTURBING SHIT FOR A LIVING IS NO EASY TASK.

Joe Keithley is one of the hardest-working punk advocates in Vancouver, pioneering the city's underground and hardcore scene for almost 30 years.

Keithley is the longest-standing member of Vancouver punk icons D.O.A., the founder of Sudden Death Records, author of *I, Shithead: A Life in Punk*, the leader of recently-formed Joey Shithead and his Band of Rebels, and an avid political activist. He's also run in two B.C. provincial elections as a Green Party candidate.

In short, life's busy. Although his individual projects exceed what others might accomplish in a lifetime, Keithley shows no signs of slowing down.

"It's been a real busy summer with lots of little shows, stuff with family," he says on the phone from his Burnaby home. He's recently returned from a family road trip through Washington, where he caught a Seattle Mariners baseball game. "We've had some good days camping up in Cultus Lake. With what I do, I kind of pick out any day I want to go, so it's, 'Okay, the weather's good, let's go.' I guess it's one of the reasons I've worked so hard over the years, so I can do stuff like that."

For a man popularly known as "Shithead," Keithley talks like a friendly neighbour. He speaks of fucking the system with a warm fondness one might reserve for talking about the Canucks. He lives by do-it-yourself values, and it's obvious that much personal satisfaction has come from actualizing his own success.

"My philosophy is you should be your own boss, think for yourself and try to affect some sort of positive change in this world," he says. "It doesn't have to be punk rock. I don't care about punk rock, *per se*, I just care about making people act and do things that make a better world, and make some exciting, interesting music. I don't really care what it sounds like."

Aside from pointed disdain for Celine Dion and Beyonce, most music, in Keithley's mind, holds something of merit. "Almost every type has something creative or interesting about it," he says. "I don't really have a real box around the way it should be."

Keithley maintains music today still needs a kick in the pants: the current scene lacks the revolutionary fervor he recalls from the start of his career with D.O.A. in the late seventies. "In '77, it was a funny period that was pretty experimental," he says. "We had only just heard of punk rock, and a poster on the street said something like 'Punk rock: it'll make you puke.' I looked at it—and you know, I was about 18—and I was like, 'Wow, that sounds cool.'

"In those days, there was a perception amongst us that it was a revolutionary thing that we were doing. There were lots of changes to the system and fucking with the system. A lot of that was represented by bands like The Clash and The Sex Pistols because they were messing with the system, which, to me, is what I always think is part of rock music and what's part of being punk rock," he says.

Now, with the accessibility of online rock stardom via MySpace Music and easy digital recording technologies, Keithley thinks new kids on the block should hit the road before hitting their modems. "[Musicians today] can get by with just a minimal amount of working at it," he says. "If you use all the stuff on the Internet—we're talking about MySpace and people can download the songs—that's good, but [touring and playing live] is probably more important. You gotta get out there and inspire people, and people can be inspired when they see that. Let's really put some fucking piss and vinegar back into the whole thing."

Despite the prolific success of D.O.A., Keithley is no stranger to the dirty work involved in getting a band off the ground. "We didn't have any money," Keithley recalls. One of their first San Francisco shows involved sneaking across the border from Vancouver, hitchhiking into the city and scavenging borrowed gear on the night of the show. "We decided, let's take a chance and get down there, and if we're sleeping in an alley, we're sleeping in an alley," he says. "I still try to get out there and raise hell and get people to think—that's a big part of what I try to do, and why I still do this."

Keithley remains optimistic about new generations of musicians. While a lifetime of experience makes for enough scene cred to kill a horse, he's the last one to think the good old days of punk rock were the only ones worth living. "You can't stay the same," he says. "There's always a sense of nostalgia about D.O.A., but I don't believe we're considered a nostalgia act because there's new stuff involved and new ideas."

"I've run into lots of people who all just totally go, 'Oh Joe, don't you just hate all this new punk?' Well, I don't like it all. Some of it I can't stand. But there's some new stuff that's good and it's a new generation. Things have to move on and people change. Sounds and music and culture change as you go along," he says.

Keithley's advice to aspiring musicians: strive for originality. "If you try and follow a trend of what's popular now, the big record companies have already figured this out. They've already figured out how to sell it to punk people and so you're already a couple years behind. If people want to be successful in music, find something original, do it and stick to that style."

As Keithley keeps on keeping on, critics will keep trying to put in their two cents about him and the future of Canadian punk. Meanwhile, his children—aged 20, 18, and 11—are perhaps his most neutral audience. "None of them are really punk rock fans. It's not that unique for them," he says. "My daughter says stuff like, 'You know, Dad, I thought D.O.A. was cool. Except for the fact you're in it.'"

Joey Shithead and His Band of Rebels have a CD release party scheduled for November 22nd at the Plaza. D.O.A. play a Vancouver show at the Plaza on September 27th.

Octoberman

RUNS TO SAFETY

"Don't be a chicken turned musician. Don't be a cow, rock now!" Although Octoberman's Marc Morrissette didn't write this lyrical gem himself (the honour goes to ex-Royal City guitarist, Jim Guthrie), he certainly embraces it. Both personally and musically, he has always been a man willing to take a chance on the path less-travelled, never looking back and never second-guessing. Last year, Morrissette grabbed a guitar, quit his cozy day job and left everything behind to embark on a four-month-long solo tour that took him all across North America and Europe. Not many people are committed enough about their craft to take such a risk into the unknown.

"There were many highlights, but the shows opening for my friend, Barzin, in Spain were pretty insane." Marc recalls when asked about the trip, "The venues were these amazing churches and theatres, and the promoters would take us out for a massive traditional Spanish meal that we would finish ten minutes before my set-time. One of those meals was called black rice, which I didn't realize until afterwards was black from squid ink!"

Morrissette started his first project, kids these days, mostly as a solo bedroom recording venture, playing shows sparingly and randomly, here and there. It didn't get serious until he convinced some friends to play with him at SHiNDiG in 2002. Shortly afterwards, kids these days switched from being his project to more of a songwriters' collective. Morrissette was excited about this, but he still needed another outlet for his more narrative, mellower songs. It was then that Octoberman began to take shape and very shortly afterward a solo tour ensued.

Things sometimes go full circle, however, and with kids these days now on an extended hiatus, it would seem that Morrissette is turning Octoberman up a notch, musically. This is especially evident with a careful listen of *Run from Safety*, the second full-length album.

"The main reason for the mellow sparseness on the first [Octoberman album] was that I wanted it to sound completely opposite of what kids these days was doing. For the latest one, we'd been playing as a four-piece for a while, so the sound naturally got bigger and more urgent, with the odd quiet ditty thrown in there during recordings." Marc notes, "(For Octoberman) I write most of the songs on acoustic guitar and then bring them to the guys to work out as a band. The music usually comes first, except for "Impossible Way," where the words were written in advance. I have always written a lot on the road, but for this record, everything was written at home."

As for origin of the album name, *Run from Safety* (which is also the name of a song), Marc explains, "My brother recommended a Richard Bach book to me called *Running from Safety*. I wasn't really a big fan of the book but I loved the title. I believe the theme is captured well in the album artwork, which were ideas that I sent to Jeffry Lee that he really brought to life. The imagery of buffaloes and businessmen jumping off a cliff, only to grow small, imaginary wings."

Currently, a live Octoberman show consists of Morrissette along with Rob Josephson on drums, Graham Christofferson on bass, Chris L. McLaughlin on guitar and Leah Abramson on keyboards. McLaughlin and Abramson are the newest additions. "C.L. (from National Shield, Panurge) and I had been talking about playing together for years, but the timing never worked out. He even played and sang on the first Octoberman record. So when he agreed to join, it was high-fives all around," says Morrissette. "As for Leah, we played a charity show together and I was blown away by her voice and immediately asked her to sing on the new record. Strangely enough, the first time we performed together was at the Commodore, opening for Hawksley Workman. We had one night to rehearse and were shitting bricks in the green room for two hours."

The entire cast of Octoberman will be going on tour in October. A very fitting month for a band named as such, but the month selection was purely a lucky coincidence. They will be travelling to Montreal and back with their longtime White Whale Records labelmates, the Mohawk Lodge.

"I always prefer playing with a band, but I do enjoy the challenges of performing solo and trying to win over the crowd," Morrissette says, when asked about the difference between playing solo versus playing with a full band. "It's just very difficult, logistically, to fly a band all over the place to tour, especially when it's your first time playing any of these places and you don't know what to expect."

As for what will happen after the tour, Morrissette hints, "We've got a batch of new songs that we're hoping to record in November. The new stuff is different than anything we've ever done. Some of it is kind of slack Sabbath. No joke."

Octoberman starts their cross Canada tour October 4 in Vancouver, at the Ukrainian Hall.

http://octoberman.ca

Words by Ben Lai
Photos by Tobie Marie Bannister

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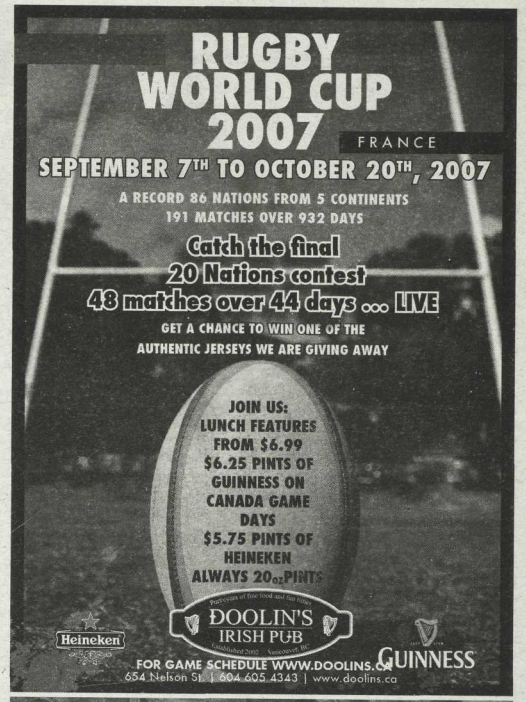

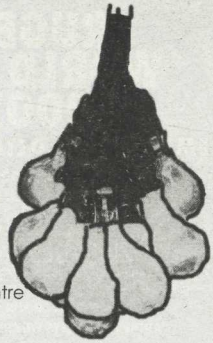

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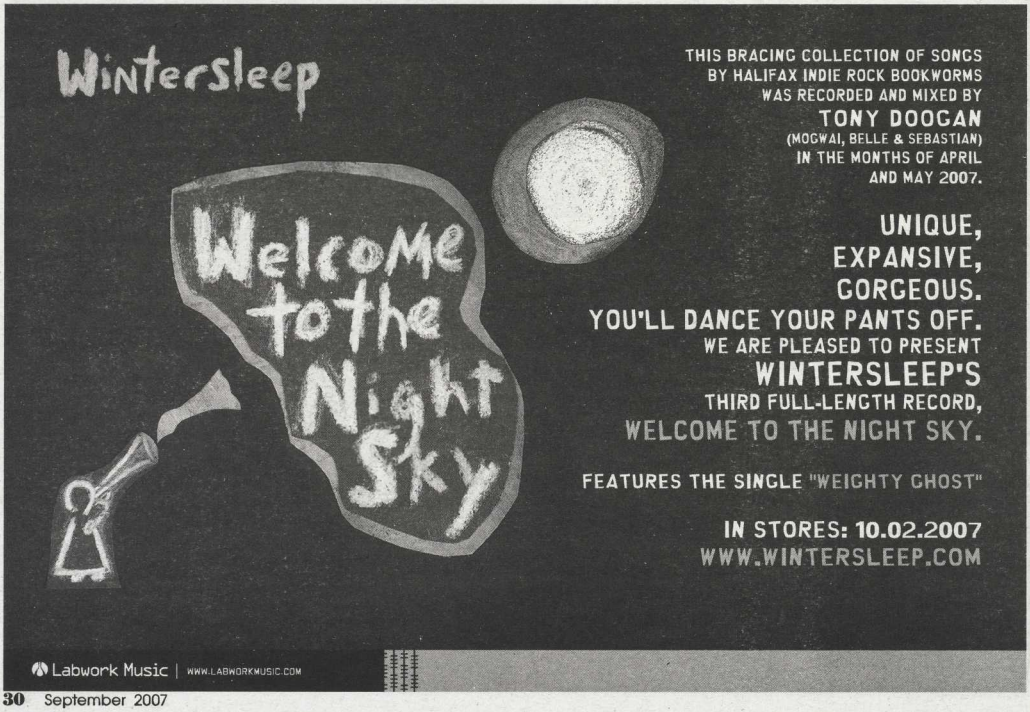

wilco photo by meg bourne

daft punk photo by cole johnston

subtle photo by adam koebel

REAL LIVE ACTION

Wilco

+ Richard Swift
Malkin Bowl
August 20

The Vancouverites who got to see Wilco's Malkin Bowl performance were lucky and lucky for two reasons. One, unlike in poor Winnipeg, this show wasn't cancelled due to guitarist Nels Cline's chicken pox. Two, and more importantly, Vancouver got to witness Wilco at the top of their game with a technically flawless set.

But before concertgoers could see how lucky they were, they had to endure a rather dull performance by Richard Swift, which was unfortunate, to say the least. While this songwriter may lay down some exceptional tunes on record, he failed to make much of an impression live with his stripped-down set. Without all his inventive production touches, his folk-inspired songs got dangerously close to adult-contemporary territory, making you wish there was more than simply a voice, piano and guitar coming out of the PA. Disappointing? Yes. But thankfully, the same could not be said of the headliners.

With three men up front, two to the side and one at the back, Wilco quickly made it known why they are one of the most successful bands out there. From the opening chords of "Side with the Seeds" to the thundering applause that greeted the encore's close, Wilco never missed a beat—literally. The sound and precision of their set was outstanding, with the band playing in perfect unison and at complete ease with one another. It's a rare feat for a group to play so technically well, yet continue to have a loose, relaxed feel, but this is exactly what Wilco did. It was almost as if you could have recorded the sound from the monitors, put it to tape and packaged it up as a proper album; no studio required.

And with a set list ranging from *A.M.*'s "Too Far Apart" to *Yankee Hotel*'s "Jesus, etc." to *Sky Blue Sky*'s "Impossible Germany," fans got a taste of everything. They also got a taste of Nels Cline's impressive guitar antics, which proved the art of shredding is far from dead.

At one point, Jeff Tweedy said, "We don't do so much talkin' sometimes. Trust me. You're better off." And the audience was. When you have songs these strong, stage banter only gets in the way.

If you missed it, sorry. Don't worry too much, though. Wilco is the band who loves you and never stays away for long.

Brock Thiessen

Daft Punk

+ The Rapture, SebastiAn & Kavinsky
Wamu Theatre, Seattle
July 29

A large portion of Vancouver's music fans trekked it down to Seattle to see Daft Punk play in what was many people's first opportunity to see the electronica legends stupendous live show.

While the Rapture opened for an impatient crowd eager to bust a move, unfortunately, the size of Qwest Field's Wamu Theatre made it difficult for the band. Having seen them blow crowds away with their bass-driven, cowbell-dinging, booty-shake-inducing, indie dance parties in smaller venues, it was not a question of their ability to perform that made this performance underwhelming.

Nevertheless, their set lacked the emotional bond formed between the audience and the band in a more intimate setting. Bigger venues need bigger performances and the Rapture had a hard time footing this bill. Also, they were about to be blown away by one of the greatest electronic acts our world has ever seen, not only as musicians, but as performers.

A number of you may have heard of Daft Punk's appearance at Coachella in the summer of 2005. This is now a near-legendary performance—at least legendary among people who think things like specific performances can be legendary. It was a testament to Daft Punk's ability to rock a party and keep it rocking. And so, too, was this Seattle show.

While the bodies on stage don't work the crowd much, they didn't have to: they had a giant pyramid to do it for them. Tweaking knobs on top of their pyramid, Thomas Bangalter and Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo sat surveying the crowd dressed in their shiny robot costumes. And despite their show not dramatically changing since their Coachella show, they still just sat astride their pyramid like electronic kings before a swaying sea of humanity.

Playing a set that completely indulged the crowd's desires, they flowed seamlessly between new mixes of their best from *Homework*, *Discovery* and *Human After All*. With their extensive catalog of songs, they pretty much played hit after hit. They even played "One More Time": one more time in a new mix and then remixed one more time for their encore.

As this happened, the audience reduced to a vibrating mass of human flesh rippling to the beat, your senses were assailed by the gradually more complex imagery of the lights. At first, Daft Punk simply flashed white light to the beat the images, but they soon developed them with colour, structure and detail, until the finale of human faces flashed along to "Human After All."

Leaving the audience with huge drunken grins, Daft Punk walked away from an incredible robot rock show, causing us to drool and await their return.

Jordie Sparkle

Sly & Robbie

+ Taxi Gang Pendomojah Band
Commodore Ballroom
August 17

The legendary Sly Dunbar & Robbie Shakespeare are no strangers to Vancouver, passing through town at least once a year with various guests for consistently well-attended shows. Affectionately known as the Riddim Twins, the duo are regarded as pioneers of Jamaican music, having performed as the drummer (Dunbar) and bassist (Shakespeare) on an estimated 200,000 tracks for the likes of Peter Tosh, Black Uhuru and Gregory Issacs. Also, their work as a production team has influenced the development of modern dub and dancehall, and the pair have collaborated with prominent artists outside the reggae scene, including Serge Gainsbourg, the Rolling Stones and, more recently, Howie B.

Unlike many of their fellow countrymen who tour relentlessly yet often rely on past glory to sell tickets, Sly & Robbie have always made an effort to keep their concerts fresh by featuring a number of different vocalists and new material from their Taxi label. Their current North American tour was planned no differently, with beloved tenor Horace Andy scheduled to make his first Vancouver appearance in several years alongside "Dancehall Queen" Cherine Anderson. Disappointingly, a makeshift sign greeted the audience, stating that Andy—introduced to a new generation of fans through his mid-'90s work with Massive Attack—would not be performing. The absence of his influential presence and distinct voice set the tone for the evening, although once Sly, Robbie and their band hit the stage, the mood was no less cheerful as a result.

The next hour and a half drifted by as it would at any reggae show, full of smiles, spliffs, drinking and dancing. There were moments of genuine excitement as Sly & Robbie would launch into extended dub excursions, but these were often tempered by the interminable length of the drum-and-bass solos, which made it clear that Jamaican music was not built on a foundation of instrumental virtuosity in the vein of American jazz. To say that Andy's talents were missed during this portion of the set would be an understatement, as it looked at times like the headliners and the three-man Taxi Gang had lost their direction.

Finally, the emergence of Anderson for the final 40 minutes of the show took the spotlight away from Sly & Robbie and their guitar player/ad-hoc vocalist. Young, beautiful and assertive, the multi-talented performer commanded the stage with her powerful voice, inviting more than one comparison to a young Lauryn Hill. After impressing the crowd by singing over classic reggae rhythms like the Soul Vendors' "Real Rock," she ended the night with an entertaining rendition of her Jamaican chart hit "Coming Over Tonight," proving that the fusion of classic and modern sounds championed by the tour could be a formula for continued success.

As for the opening act Pendomojah Band, the less said about them the better. However, if you're interested in watching an all-white group of musicians perform soulless covers of Bob Marley hits and reggae-fied versions of Van Morrison classics, then say hello to your new favourite band.

Chris Little

Subtle

+ Thee More Shallows
Richard's On Richards
August 8

Prior to this show, I had never even heard of Subtle before; I am not sure how I let such a creative and artistically driven band slip under my radar. This is most probably because I only learned to appreciate this group after witnessing the intensity, creativity and general uncomfortable nature of their live performance. I will admit, upon arrival, I was skeptical. I had never seen so few people at Richard's, and the way that the stage was set up made me immediately assume that these bands consisted of pretentious indie music bastards. Chock full of props, decorations and accessories, the stage looked like it was about to host an art show instead of a music gig.

Since my total exposure time to this band prior to the show remained steadily at zero, I was quite befuddled to find small, hand-painted objects and displays, plastic forks, and a skeletal bust sitting atop a fluted column all already set in their proper places on stage.

Opening act, Thee More Shallows, performed a mellow set, which, in my opinion, was not an adequate choice for the opening slot of this show. It was a good performance, but maybe for a different crowd.

Any pre-existing notions that Subtle was just really gimicky were soon dispelled when they began to play. Apparently, white people that are not Eminem can rap like an eccentric professor on speed, as well. As it turns out, Subtle is not as pretentious as I originally perceived them to be. It turns out that their lead singer is legitimately messed-up in the membrane. He can get away with pulling a handful of red plastic forks from his pocket only to immediately let them go because he's crazy like that. And if he wants to stick his hand into the skeletal bust, only to pull out two dice, no one is going to stop him. I was awed and slightly disturbed. Only a truly crazy person could have come up with such excellently composed music to rival, and at the same time complement, the sheer absurdity of their on-stage performance.

Marielle Kho

Azeda Booth

The Lamplighter
July 23

Bands may come onstage at ungodly hours, but at the Lamplighter, the wait for a performance can test the most patient of punters. As much fun as it is to watch musical instruments being rearranged as if they were pieces of furniture, by the time the bands get to play, most of the concert goers have let their beards grow a little longer. In fact, Azeda Booth stood around shouting about the monitor levels for ages before anything resembling a concert took place.

Curiously, while laboriously setting up, the drums are placed at the front right of the stage and soon a circle of five is formed, which contracts and divides as figures move between their collective spaces. By the time the band begins, it becomes apparent why they move around each other in such an unorthodox way. The drums are shared by at least three of the band members and the instruments are in a constant rotation. If Azeda Booth is a many-headed beast, it uses its five interchangeable limbs in a fluid and cohesive way.

As this year's *Mysterious Body* EP demonstrated, Azeda Booth offers an interesting mix of glitchy electronics and post-rock dynamics; but in a live setting—as a newly expanded five-piece with extra guitars and drums—the band has a fuller and more exhilarating sound, which expands on what the EP sketched out.

The singer still sings like a fragile little girl. The guitars still clang together in ascending and repeated patterns. And the electronics still churn away in the background like the misunderstood tweets of an angry robot; but as a bigger unit, Azeda Booth is reaching towards new horizons. As if to indicate how far the band has come since its first release, the band barely touches any of the material on its new EP.

For Azeda Booth, being bigger may be better, but so could the possibility of playing for a little longer. Many of the songs have the potential of going off into further uncharted areas of experimentation and discovery. Nevertheless, there is a lot of promise in this incarnation and they are band to watch for the future. But naturally, in a Lamplighter setting, the sets are short and the stage is meant for testing instruments, not playing them.

Christian Martius

Pelican

+ Clouds
Richard's On Richards
August 15

Metal has always been a fascinating genre to me. It has so many subgenres that span so many different tempos, distortions and noises. To go from an over-the-top speed-metal band like Dragonforce to a death-metal band like Necrophagist and also have a sludge-metal band like sunn0))) in there, that's worth hours of exploration to me. I wish there was an encyclopedia of metal; I'd sit down for hours with that book. I'd flip through each blood-stained, information-laden page with full attention, so gingerly and lovingly. And when I reach the section on instro-metal bands, I'd be sure to come across Pelican. It will remind me of that time that I saw them live, and how, even though I had no prior knowledge of the band, I left amazed and in love.

True to form, I had arrived just in time to miss the opening act, but right in time to catch the headliners. If it counts for anything, I overheard a few people mention that the opening band, Clouds, were "fucking sick" and "so heavy that my nuts shook." I kid you not.

If I had nuts, I'm pretty sure they would have been shaking as I watched Pelican. As the band set up, I noticed that there weren't any fancy stage props or banners, and as I soon found out, there wouldn't be any need for such things. The four-piece from Chicago just jumped straight into their set, and straight into my face. I'm pretty sure the dumbstruck expression of my visage did not look at all flattering, but the band's natural movements and synchronicity complemented their music so well that I suddenly only knew how to stand still and watch the moving art in front of me. It felt like a beautifully directed film, but with an awesome metal soundtrack. Pelican did not just play and mosh; it felt like they were honestly sharing a true performance of their music. It made me think, this is what a live performance should be like. The next time I go to a show, I hope that I feel as affected as I did by Pelican. Man, I love metal.

Marielle Kho

St. Vincent

+ Death Vessel
The Lamplighter
July 31

The last time St. Vincent, a.k.a. Annie Clark, was in Vancouver, she played for thousands of people. She was opening for the Arcade Fire; an enviable opportunity for a young artist for sure, but undoubtedly a daunting one—a fact she alluded to during her recent show at the Lamplighter. These intimate digs were certainly more in her comfort zone and she treated all in attendance to a lovely performance.

However, there was a significant delay before Clark could take the stage. Joel Thibodeau of Death Vessel was still running through his soundcheck when the doors finally opened an hour late. He reappeared 40 minutes later, meekly approached the mic and delved into a set of cooing, acoustic, folk-rock.

And the reports are true: he does sound remarkably like a woman. It seemed as if there was a woman singing behind the curtains, and he was up front lip-syncing and playing guitar—you know, like in the *Wizard of Oz*.

Although he was an adept guitar player and the songs were rustic and passionate, much of crowd didn't pay him much attention. It was the kind of performance that would be startling at an open-mic night, but here, it was a bit too unassuming for its own good. Nevertheless, if you looked around, you could see a few audience members enjoying it thoroughly.

St. Vincent's set was also charming. More often than not, she and her band recreated her record *Marry Me* as faithfully as possible—a tall task considering its complex orchestration. Much of the record's lush intricacy was inevitably lost in a live setting, notably the jazzy piano adornments added by Bowie collaborator and general virtuoso Mike Garson.

However, the heavier, art-rock pieces fared quite well, as she and her band had more leeway to improvise and generally rock out. For example, the second song, "Now, Now," climaxed with an effective—if slightly put-on—guitar freak-out, after which she dropped her guitar at the corner of the stage like it was getting too hot and then shyly uttered into the mic, "Thank you. It's very nice to be here." A bit of a shtick perhaps, but one well suited to her wunderkind talents.

It was an opportune time to see St. Vincent, as she is an indie pop-star in the making and won't likely play a room like the Lamplighter again any time soon. Her blend of Sufjan Stevens orchestration (likely picked up from her tenure in his band) and Feist-style, jazzy torch songs couldn't be more a la mode; not to suggest that her hipness is a means to an end in itself.

Indeed, she is the real article, weaving her jazz and pop influences with grace and maturity well beyond her 24 years. Perhaps, she has yet to truly come of age as a performer, but otherwise she is way ahead of the curve.

Michael Fodor

Frosted Tipz

The Lamplighter
July 21

Having taken on a new singer, Frosted Tipz exude a more serious approach to rock 'n' roll. Lost are the synthesizers, but Amy Van Keeken can shake a tambourine like your grandmother can shake carpets: furiously and fucking seriously. In fact, it brings her to her knees. And it brings the strings—Curtis Ross on guitar and Alan Hildebrandt on bass—to her sides, almost like a big brother protection move, but really more the posturing that all photographers yearn for from their subjects. And what do you know? A click-click of the shutter, and they are immortalized as such.

Overheard in the audience: "No one is into Slayer for a summer. It's a lifetime commitment." While Frosted Tipz aren't courting such a serious commitment from their adoring freaks, they do play at the fervor that can inspire such devotion. They perform with the gentlemen up front and centre—their guitar necks standing straight up at vertical attention, wailing in-sync through the air above their heads. Keeken's sing-song is cut with metal, and Darren Chewka's drumming calls both his fellow players and the audience into tough-guy dance steps. They are sort of like a doting host, aiming to ensure entertainment.

The abundance of sex-guitar face, at the very least, communicates how much fun they are having, and it is nearly impossible not to surrender to it. Shake your bloody hips! In the end, they will reward you with the most spectacular, surprise cover you can rock 'n' roll cover imagine.

c. turions

How Many Times Have I Heard "Revolution" Today?

Under The Volcano Festival 2007

by Simon Foreman

A warm summer's day marked the 17th Under the Volcano festival in North Vancouver's Cates Park. The event was christened after Malcolm Lowry's 1947 novel, which he wrote while squatting in a shack in what is now the festival site. Under the Volcano is radically countercultural—a hotbed of activist groups and protest music that gathers everyone, from hippies to hipsters, under its banner of "art and social change."

Travel far enough back from the main stage and you found booths representing an assortment of politically-minded operators, including socialist and communist organizations, anti-Olympics groups and sellers of medicinal cannabis remedies. One booth even encouraged festivalgoers to throw pinecones at cardboard cutouts of several conservative politicians.

This is where my two companions and I began our festival experience. We stopped to hear out the folks from InSite, representing the safe-injection site in the Downtown Eastside, because they had an innovative proposition. With the site coming under threat of a government shutdown, they were inviting individuals to write a short note to the prime minister about why the site should stay open; each of these notes would be mailed separately, forcing the receivers to open each envelope by hand. After handing in our completed letters, we ambled over to one of the many communist booths where I bought a sticker featuring Karl Marx crossing his arms alongside a "Say NO to Capitalism!" slogan.

On hiatus in 2006 for financial reasons, the festival has thankfully returned in basically the same form but with one notable exception: the customary experimental/wacked-out DJ tent was absent. Mourning this loss with a sigh, my friends and I headed to the waterfront stage to take in some tunes.

Blackie LeBlanc & the Kytami Revolution

It was in this duo that we first saw Kytami, a violin virtuoso who was performing with several acts that day. Her vaguely Celtic-sounding strains accompanied Blackie LeBlanc's guitar in songs that were slow and rocking by turns. After a tune about how pounding back wine isn't a crime, a common theme of drinking became apparent; the remaining songs were all taken from the duo's latest album, *Thinkin' About Drinkin'*. However, they have enough talent to warrant more than merely being tagged as a good-times bar act. The next time I hear from them, I'll have high expectations.

Cascabella

Their bio cited comparisons to the Mars Volta and Refused, but all I found in Cascabella was frat-boy-type nu-metal, like early Deftones but with zero artistic sensibility. We tolerated them for a few songs, but then their tunes grew too generic for our tastes. Soon, we decided to investigate the other stage.

Delhi 2 Dublin

Later in the day, Delhi 2 Dublin injected Bhangra and traditional Indian music with some contemporary beats and Kytami's fiddle work, whipping the crowd into a dance frenzy. The electric sitar (!) and the man on the dhol (a double-sided barrel drum) were both amazing, but keeping an eye on the dancers in front of the stage was just as much fun. (A highlight was the guy in pink pants and rainbow-coloured puffy sleeves—only at Under the Volcano, folks.)

Swan Island

These five ladies from Oregon played moody-but-poppy indie rock and were actually rather enjoyable. They came off like a dumbed-down Interpol or the Organ, with some distant cues taken from the Smiths or the Police. If they could only infuse a bit more complexity into their work, they could be winners someday. But for now, they'll be honing their skills on side stages.

Keynote Speaker: Dorothy Stowe

In the founder of Greenpeace's keynote address, she described in maddening detail the genesis of the "Don't Make A Wave Committee" and its protests against the nuclear testing taking place on Amchitka Island in the early '70s. Dorothy Stowe is getting on in years nowadays, and as a result, she tended to be a bit doddering in her anecdotes. However, many in the crowd still appreciated what an impact this lady has had on the world of environmental activism for the last three decades.

Pura Fé w/ Danny Godinez

Accompanied by the astounding guitar playing of Seattle's Danny Godinez, First Nations songstress Pura Fé sang grizzled, folky numbers. In a way, she came off like some kind of Bob Dylan figure, telling her stories of people and places with wisdom and a keen eye. Fé's gravelly vocals and lap-style guitar spun some fine folk songs, but Godinez stole the show with lightning-fast solos and a mastery of his instrument. The duo's stylings were a nice complement to the setting sun and calming atmosphere it brought.

No One Is Illegal

A member of an organization called No One Is Illegal spoke about the Security and Prosperity Partnership (SPP), an alliance of "shared values" between Canada, the United States and Mexico. The SPP is set to expand North American free trade and allegedly enable greater exploitation of cheap, inhumane labour. What came after was a skit by the speaker and several of her fellow members about security and personal information. It implied that the SPP would result in a fascist "Fortress North America," which will persecute virtually every citizen within its borders.

This is the main problem I and many others have with Under the Volcano: its politics. They tend to be so radical that they obscure any cause it endorses beneath raucous rah-rah protests and absurd exaggeration. The SPP is something the thinking public needs to be aware of, for sure, but blowing it up into a totalitarian conspiracy that threatens the entire population's freedoms results in nothing but eye rolling and dismissal from the average person. What NOII and several of Under the Volcano's other pet groups need to understand is that shock tactics hurt their causes, not advance them. When one of my friends turned to me and asked, "How many times have I heard 'revolution' today?" his disdain was the perfect example of how the festival continues to flounder in its quest for social change.

Black Mountain

Politics thankfully faded into non-existence as Stephen McBean and his scruffy rock-n-roll army began to play. I sensed some new material, but it was tough to tell through the thick layer of distortion and mesmerizing grooves. Guitar troubles for McBean saw "No Hits" stretched into a huge, Moog-driven jam while he worked out the kinks in his equipment. However, the malfunction was handled so smoothly by the rest of the band that the song still swept everyone away to a psychedelic dreamland. Elsewhere, "Druganaut" carried all the swagger it should. The final song of the night, another colossal jam (this time intentional), shrank down to almost nothing before building up into the kind of epic rock-out this day needed to come to a perfect end.

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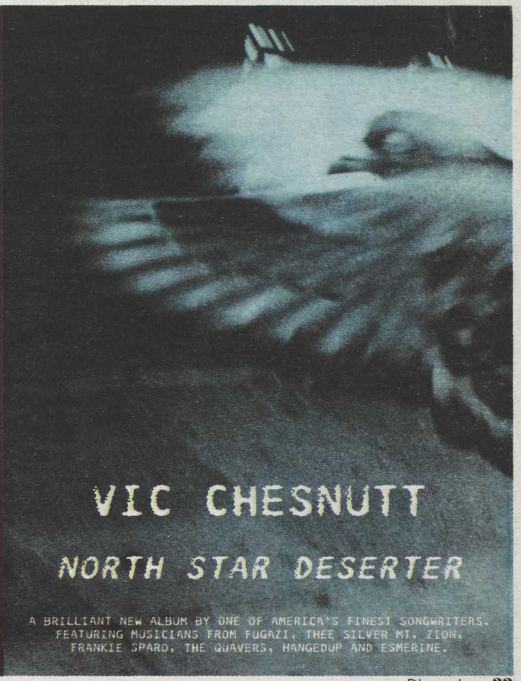

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Underreview

Bishop Allen

The Broken String

(Dead Oceans)

The indie-pop buzzes tunefully with glockenspiel and mildly distorted guitars on Bishop Allen's latest, *The Broken String*. There is a loose story or theme that holds throughout the album of perhaps a bohemian traveller, ideas of movement and social coincidence occuring repeatedly. The lyrics recall the cadence of **Leonard Cohen**, and are accompanied by instrumentation halfway between **The Mountain Goats** and **Sufjan Stevens**. The instrumental breaks, with flute, horn, guitar, drums and glockenspiel end up sounding pretty and well-placed. Whereas this album is not as intensely cathartic as one by **Sunset Rubdown**, the joyful pop of "Click, Click, Click, Click" induces smiles nonetheless.

In 2006, Bishop Allen undertook the incredible project of making an album for every month of the year. These albums (for example: *June*, *April*, et cetera) have given the band time to become extremely adept at crafting a well-written song. The somewhat prosaic content of the lyrics is effectively offset by smart, dramatic musical accompaniment with virtually no moments of excess or filler, allowing the music to progress organically from orchestral pop to folky jams. In the end, a variety of moods and levels of intensity are the album's greatest strength. This is pretty folky music, with a cosmopolitan edge to it. I look forward to the direction Bishop Allen's music will take in the future, as there is still room for further development of their already promising sound.

Arthur K.

Baby Control

Best War

(Ache Records)

Hard and riffy. Dirty and noisy. Baby Control, the newest band from Ache Records, venture into noise-punk with erratic guitar riffs crashing around them. Fronted by Zoe Verkuylen, who wails, screams and occasionally sings, their songs contain only slightly more pop structure than Ache Records anti-music group, **Winning**. They piece together abrasive, crashing protests to pop music with just enough song structure to make the album pleasant to listen to. Spilling angry, erratic sounds out all over the floor, you're left realizing this is exactly what you wanted–a mess of sound hitting you in the face. The four piece is unified best by what appears to be a barely controlled direction in the dynamic style of their musicianship. Just because Baby Control plays music that doesn't sound much like the music you'd normally listen to does not mean they are not talented musicians. What do I know about you anyways? Maybe you listen to agressive noise-punk all day, everyday. Maybe you're in the **Mutators**. That would explain it. Either way, you might notice similiarities between the two bands.

While the album barely clocks in at 22 minutes, it doesn't feel like it's missing anything in the 11 tracks that compose it. Verkuylen screams, "I don't want to sit and wait" on opener "Gun Face," warning you to expect the constant impatience of their dynamic music that rarely keeps a beat for more than 30 seconds before switching it up. "Young Love/Youth Troll" is a gritty, relentless two minutes of musical chaos that sets the tone for the rest of the album that follows. Baby Control have managed to successfully record a sound that Vancouver's scene has been honing for the last year or so. Noise-punk is here to stay and Baby Control is bringing it home.

Jordie Sparkle

Frank Black

93-03

(Cooking Vinyl)

Kurt Cobain once said that "Smells Like Teen Spirit" was an attempt to rip off the **Pixies**. Such was his admiration for the fellow grunge band at the time, along with his imitation vocals of Pixies leader Black Francis: the screechy, raspy voice sung with a yowling yet melodic rhythm.

On Frank Black's latest solo release, 93-03, the Boston native's screams are heard on 22 of his greatest hits, along with a bonus live disc that features performances with his post-Pixies group, the **Catholics**. The album is a decade-long retrospective that does not feature songs from his last five albums, yet clearly shows just how Black can alter his sound and still sound modern, paving the way of what's to come with his soon-to-be-released 16th album, *Bluefinger*. The album is a long journey through his career and notably begins with the heavy-riffed "Los Angeles," and ends with the melancholy Irish nostalgia of "Manitoba," having a similar feel to that of the famous Christmas song by the **Pogues** and the late **Kirsty MacColl**, "Fairytale of New York," such is the warmth of the tune with its jolly orchestra. The album evolves just like his sound has–softer yet keeping its edge.

Hearing Frank Black for the first time in a long while reminded me of listening to a Seattle-based radio station while driving through the city where, in the early '90s, all they played was **Nirvana** and Frank Black. Black's was a refreshingly different sound at the time and each song was unique. *Teenager of the Year*'s "Speedy Marie" came straight from the '80s and, because of its alternative baritone, gave the track a novel feel, persuading the listener to stay where they were and see the album out. The song that has stuck out for me, however, is "Hermaphroditos"; a bluesy groove that, minus the vocals, would have fooled into thinking it was the sound of the **Rolling Stones**.

The collection of songs on the two discs that make up this album alternate between hard rock and space rock, giving a glimpse of the many '90s garage-rock bands that followed Black's and the Pixies' lead–and they are so obvious to pick out here. "Massif Centrale" can be mistaken for the **Offspring**, while "Bad Harmony" and "Western Star" surely helped guide **Weezer** to their recent commercial success. Other tunes, such as the lyrically brilliant "Czar," could be forgiven for being mistook as **Billy Corgan** tracks. And if you hadn't noticed the indistinguishable Cobain-like hooks, then simply refer back to the quote at the start of this piece. For he, and many other followers, all know just who the original is.

Sarshar Hosseinnia

King Khan & His Shrines

What Is?!

(Hazelwood)

Often, bands that are intent on faithfully recreating music from another era, bubble over with self-importance, and mythologize their history to an extent that varies from playful to outright fallacious. (See: **The Black Lips**, **The Hives**, **The Brain Jonestown Massacre**, **The White Stripes**.) King Khan & His Shrines are no different, as the transcript of any interview will attest. In the case of their brethren, part of this image cultivation stems from a steadfast belief in the superiority of their influences, coming to pass in the form of a sly wink before they let their music do the talking. A more pragmatic reason for all the bravado may be that their histories aren't nearly as exciting as the music they make. But in the case of King Khan & His Shrines, truth is more compelling than fiction.

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continued from page 35

Khan is from Montreal, born into a religious (Christian) Indian family. He pursued music from a young age, eventually leaving the city to tour with **the Spaceshits** in 1995. After a European tour in 1999, Khan opted to stay in Germany where the motley crew that is the Shrines would form around him. In the mix was famous soul percussionist Ron Streeter (who worked with **Curtis Mayfield** and **Stevie Wonder** among others), an organ player from Bordeaux and "a horn section of rowdy teenagers." Not exactly the typical two friends who met in college and shared an affinity for '60s rock.

What Is?!, King Khan & His Shrines third platter, is their best yet, cruising to that distinction on unbridled vivacity alone. The compositions, though, are what truly distinguish it. The main point of reference is American, '60s garage-rock, specifically of the soul-inflected, acid-damaged variety that is peppered throughout Rhino's expanded *Nuggets* box set. Gritty, Stax horns, funk rhythms and British psychedelia are overt influences as well, adding, in the case of the former, a bit of muscle, and in the latter, some nostalgic mysticality. The opener, "(How Can I Keep You) Outta Harms Way," rides a killer riff, an invigorating descending horn part, and segues into verses buoyed by vintage Hammond organ and Khan's parched, youthful vocals. **The Wilson Pickett** rehash "Land of the Freak" is equally exhilarating, and it stretches Khan's raspy abandon to its absolute limit.

It's not a perfect record, however. It's a bit long and when the tempo wanes, interest may follow suit. The sighing horns of "Cosmic Serenade" sound like the band winding down after a hard day, and while it's not totally weak, it's an unwelcome intermission. Additionally, the closer, "The Ballad of Lady Godiva," loses the plot a bit, trading energy for a languid folk drone. And while it appears to be a noble ode to Vancouver's downtrodden women of the Eastside, (a nod to Khan's being Canadian) it doesn't play to the band's strengths.

These are exceptions, however, and most of the record is choice. The garage-rock ravers are fantastic and Khan and Co.'s ability to recreate a '60s sounds is remarkable. The fuzz guitar, Khan's strained, reckless vocals and the mystical proselytising are all pitch-perfect. The best tracks here could be sprinkled into a playlist of premier garage-rock and not be distinguished from their ancestors. They should be amazing live. Hopefully they'll tour Canada soon.

Michael Fodor

The Budos Band

Budos Band II

(Daptone Records)

Staten Island-based soul-jazz/afrobeat ensemble the Budos Band released their second album, Budos Band II, last month. Their 2005 eponymous debut album was described as "unbridled, psychedelic, innovative and soulful." Budos Band II is all that and more. Think of a collaboration between the **Art Ensemble of Chicago** and the **Memphis Horns**: free-form, soulful and funky as evidenced on tracks like "Budos Rising" and "Deep in the Sand." The Budos are like the avant-garde versions of their label mates **The Sugarman 3**.

Part of Daptone Records great stable of talent, the eight-member band are Brian Profilio on drums, Daniel Foder on bass guitar, Thomas Brenneck on electric guitar, Mike Deller on organ, Jared Tankel on baritone sax, Andrew Greene and Dave Guy on trumpet, and Cochemea Gastellum on tenor sax and flute. Guesting with them are three percussionists on shekere, congas and bongos. All of them make Budos Band II a joyful listen, an aural trip to the antipodes. As **Kool and the Gang** once said, "Let the music take your mind!"

Jason Colantonio

The Dirty Tricks

Sauve Qui Peut!

(Blue Skies)

Personally, I love a good punk-rock album, with all its hard and fast instrumentals and heavy vocals that, at times, can be difficult to understand. *Sauve Qui Peut!*, the second album by the Dirty Tricks, falls right into this category. On this album, the instrumentals have a rich sound created by a perfect blending of Jonathan Beauregard and Lucas Rupnik's two guitars, drumming by Alexandre d'Anjou, the bass playing of David Laplante, and Patrick-Paul Michon's synth.

When I first listened to this album, I had a difficult time understanding the lyrics–I could only pick out maybe 50 per cent of them because lead vocalist Beauregard didn't seem to annunciate clearly. This really didn't bother me too badly because I know that punk, at times, can be hard to understand. So you just look up the lyrics and then they are perfectly understandable. However, I tried to find the lyrics in the liner notes, on their website or on their MySpace page, but I could not find any, and without knowing any of the songs' lyrics, I couldn't really relate. Entire songs' meanings were lost. Yet, the lyrics eventually yielded and after listening to the album a few times, I was able to understand most.

My biggest problem with the album is that just about every song starts out nicely but then goes on repetativly, quickly becoming boring. Every song starts uniquely, yet after a while they all seem to just blur into a mess, the one and the same song. However, on the bright side, I did find a few of the songs to be quite catchy. I also thought, even though the vocals were hard to understand at times, that they did fit in quite well with the instrumentation. All and all, this band is okay, just so long as you don't listen to more than four songs at a time.

Sarah Hollis

Hot Little Rocket

How to Lose Everything

(File Under: Music)

Hot Little Rocket are a rock band. They have two guitars, a bass and a drumset, with one of the guitar players hollerin' a lot. They jump around a bit and push pedals when the songs start to get exciting. They begin every album off with a drumbeat. Singer Andrew Wedderburn even wrote a book (*The Milk Chicken Bomb*, out on Coach House Books). There are few towns in Canada they haven't played at least once and they are heroes to ex-pat Calgarians all over the country.

For this album, they went to Chicago to record with Steve Albini. This really makes sense from a stylistic view, as Albini is pretty much the go-to guy for a solid, stripped-down recording, and Hot Little Rocket really deserved to be produced in a place that doesn't sound like a mouldy bathroom. After the standard blitz of recording, they returned with a disc that highlights the tones and nuances of their playing. Yeah, and the drums sound great, as would be expected.

The presence of Albini's name in the credits is not this album's only selling point by any means. These are well developed pop songs that, while pretty much using the definition of rock orchestration, still manage to not sound tired or clichéd. Part of this is due to the excellent lyrics that have always been the band's major strength. Respect is due to whoever can incorporate the lyric "counting for quorum" and insurance strategies into such catchy compositions.

Besides the lyrics, the songs are refreshing to hear in today's musical climate. There are no hyphens in their genre classification. They mash their fingers down on their fretboards, turn their amps up and go at it. A very good end of summer album to keep you going while the sunlight is waning.

Spencer Davis

Kids on TV

Mixing Business With Pleasure

(Blocksblocksblocks)

Growing up in Montreal , it was common knowledge that Toronto was a cultureless, monotonous city populated by CN-tower-loving, grey-skinned ouppies (old urban professionals), snug in their flying piggies pjs by 9 p.m. every night. But Toronto-based Kids on TV are here to slap around my prejudices with their purple plastic strap-on cocks and their super-werewolf gloves. Ouch. Oh, slap some more, I like it.

Labeling KOTV as musicians is, I believe, a mistake. They are true performance artists. I was thrilled when I looked at the CD booklet photography: it's innovative, bizarre, they look ridiculous and they don't care. After first listening to *Mixing Business With Pleasure*, the album proceeded to collect dust on my shelf for a couple weeks. I couldn't convince myself to listen to this retro-futuristic robot-robot music again. But once I fed it to my computer, I understood what it was all about. One of their many videos literally blew up my screen as the song started. (Check out *www.kidsontv.biz* for more.) Roxanne Luchak, who's working on their video projects, is a full band member, even though she doesn't play music. They are not limited to music and music videos, KOTV also make films, rock opera collaborations, graffiti, crafts, live "sleep-ins" in classy Toronto bars and acts that don't have a name yet. They're breaking rules, they're inappropriate, they're having a fucking blast and it's contagious.

The album is only a little part of the performance, therefore it doesn't seem complete to me. But if you like neo-'80s electro-trash with awful lyrics about good ol' paid sex, chemical drugs, filthy rock 'n' roll and dirty moolah, this is for you. They even scored Boy George on the "Breakdance Hunx" remix. They also worked on Lesbian on Ecstacy remixes and are publishing under LOE record label abroad. C'mon, let's get down and dirtay.

Maude Lachaine

Minus Story

My Ion Truss

(Jagjaguwar)

They may have called their musical arrangements "a wall of shit" and a new producer may have polished away the charms of a former shambolic sound. The vocals are strained and cracked, and the noise behind them is crowded, but this new album by Minus Story rises above such cursory considerations. On this release the pleasure is in the episodes, the key changes, or the bricks in the wall of shit.

It's the disarray here that is responsible for the misconception that this album is a mess of jumbled prattles, and the crammed aural attack of "Aaron" throws the listener straight into the muddle from the start, but it's a beautiful muddle if the ears are willing to stay and listen. The wailing guitar at the end of "Battle of Our Lives," the entrance of the piano in "Mama Mama" and the rising climax in the "Beast at My Side" are examples of the more obvious, attention-catching moments. Along with the awkward flutes, clomping handclaps, slinky pianos and clickety-clack of toy-like electronics, there are some rather captivating musical passages contained therein.

The instrumental busyness and, particularly, the uneasy waver of the vocals furnish the tracks with a misleading fragility. These songs are robust despite the veneer of delicacy. Where the voice is flimsy, it is vulnerable and affecting, and the diverse transition of the flutes, guitars, pianos, saxophones, keyboards and drums become, in the end, just different ingredients on an album that is remarkably accomplished. *My Ion Truss* is one of those albums that sounds like shit if you only play it a couple of times. But if it stays in your stereo it could eventually make those other more immediate and organized records in your collection sound even worse.

Christian Martius

Ulrich Schnauss

Goodbye

(Domino)

At the heart of every electronic artist, there's a songwriter—a songwriter aching to pen some lyrics, step to the mic and sing the world a love song. Okay, not every electronic artist, but many do choose this risky path, including Ulrich Schnauss. According to this German shoegazer, he's tried to "take all the ideas to the maximum" with his third full-length, *Goodbye*. And by "maximum" he apparently means taking a more structured, song-based approach, which comes with mixed results.

Like **M83** did a few years ago, Schnauss injects more guitars and vocals into his blips, bleeps and beats, making many of these tracks his most standard shoegaze offerings and the most like the **Cocteau Twins**. While Schnauss on the vocal front is not entirely new, he now often makes his voice, as well as collaborator Judith Beck's, the centrepoint, and shapes it less with effects than in previous work. And it's the vocal-driven songs, such as "Never Be the Same" and "Shine," that fail to hit their mark on *Goodbye*, sounding bland and monotonous, with little emotional payoff.

Thankfully, only a third of the record follows this voice-guided approach. The rest delves deeper into Schnauss's more electronic side, where the voice is only a texturing tool—a line of attack that produces significantly better results. Here, he adds more layers to his already dense sonic atmospheres and relies on structures that twist and turn, rather than ones that revolve around repetition (a defect that plagued some songs on previous albums). Tracks such as "A Song About Hope" and "Goodbye" become high-water marks, demonstrating a great deal of growth as they shift from one complex construction to the next. Even the few bare, ambient songs like "Einfeld" hold their own, displaying Schnauss has learned a thing or two about the use of space.

So, yes, *Goodbye* comes with mixed results: it finds Schnauss writing some of the best songs of his career and a few of the worst. But despite the occasional misstep, *Goodbye* will likely be welcomed into this artist's impressive catalog.

Brock Thiessen

Okkervil River

The Stage Names

(Jagjaguwar)

This review started out as a list of things that we've come to expect from an Okkervil River record, and then I realized it wasn't nearly enough to do this album any sort of justice.

Like *Black Sheep Boy* before it, *The Stage Names* is a narrative connected more thematically than in any sort of linear fashion, but moves away from the wanderlust of the previous record and into a quasi-autobiographical look at the musician's lifestyle. Opening track, "Our Life is Not a Movie, or Maybe," punctuates the point. Bemoaning the lack of a climax in a life story, it extolls the listener to put the IMAX away, reminding us that "No fade in: begin film on a kid in the big city."

The instrumentation has grown louder and looser, filling in the spaces left by slightly roomier production. There's even a guitar solo and trumpets on "A Hand to Take Hold of the Scene," which also features handclaps that could be described as almost cheery–until you listen to the lyrics and realize that they're viciously deconstructing reality TV. "Plus Ones" is equal parts post-relationship and sly-eyed wink. It's packed so full of references that every new listen seems to reveal another, all altered by the addition of one more–Nena gets a hundredth luftballoon and **REM** has an eighth Chinese brother. Sheff retains his capacity for more obscure references, as well; album closer "John Allyn Smith Sails" starts out as an autobiographical piece about John Berryman, who couldn't even kill himself properly (and who also was referenced in the **Hold Steady**'s "Stuck Between Stations"), and then moving seamlessly into a cover of the old folk song "Sloop John B," turning a song popularized by the **Beach Boys** into a stunningly black joke.

The verdict? Buy the album, and see the show on September 9. You won't regret it.

Gerald Deo

Spoon

Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga

(Jagjaguwar)

Spoon has risen to the upper echelon of indie rock in an odd and unassuming way. Since 1998's **A Series of Sneaks**, they have been refining their trademark sound: Britt Daniel's straightforward pop songwriting, pristine post-punk arrangements and adroit experimental flourishes that set everything slightly askew. Each album since then has absorbed and progressed upon the sonic and structural breakthroughs of its predecessor. But it would be difficult to mark a point at which they made a "great leap forward," when the majority of their sound coalesced into what it is today. Their evolution has been steady and subtle. Likewise, the progression of their popularity has followed a similar arc. No single album can be accredited with creating the lion's share of their fanbase.

Perhaps not surprisingly, Spoon's sixth full-length, the bizarrely titled *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*, continues these trends, being a further refinement of their polished sound. Many new elements are introduced, including Motown horns, strings, kotos and, um, flamenco guitar, but these additions aren't as brash as they sound in writing. This expanded palate never overwhelms the songs as each new element is employed organically, adding different textures to familiar structures. The opener, "Don't Make Me a Target," is the most Spoon-by-numbers, boasting a thunderous and propulsive piano that fights for space with spindly guitars and hand claps. Things branch out quickly from there, however. The hypnotic "The Ghost of You Lingers" is unapologetically experimental and is unlike anything in their catalog, being little more than an elliptical staccato piano riff overlaid with distant and ghostly vocals from Daniel. "You Got Yr. Cherry Bomb" is their take on pure Motown pop, complete with sprightly tambourine, xylophone and deft horns. The lead single, the infectious "The Underdog," is a sunny guitar stomp-romp featuring party horns lifted from a mid-1970s **Springsteen** record. And closer "Black Like Me" flirts with balladry and is as plaintive as anything they've recorded.

But through all these seemingly left turns, Spoon never loses sight of their framework, executing their experiments with judicious clarity. Their experimental and pop instincts have never been as in sync as on this release. Also, the arrangements and production somehow top previous efforts. A clearer-sounding record won't be heard all year. Every note and every timbre is in perfect harmony with its surroundings. It's almost as if they come up with the musical parts individually and then set them into motion to become brilliant pop music. Perhaps it's just a better than average Spoon record, but considering the remarkable consistency of their output this decade, it's a minor triumph. It is, however, their most consistent offering, and their most inspired since 2001's *Girls Can Tell*.

Mike Fodor

Von Sudenfed

Tromatic Reflexxions

(Domino)

Generally, before I sit down to review an album I give it many listens. I like to get into its mood, let first impressions mix with later ones and really get a feel of what the album's all about. However, when it came to Von Sudenfed's *Tromatic Reflexxions*, I was unable to give it quite the care I would have liked. This is not because I'm lazy and behind on deadlines, but merely due to the fact that this disc is damn near unlistenable. For the most part, it sounds like a mad street-preacher exercising the demons out of mismatched electronic equipment. Let me tell you, these demons don't give a damn about human sonic aesthetics.

The sleeve describes Von Sudenfed as "a free-flowing collectivist dance generator," and this, admittedly, sounds pretty good. Being a sucker for fine linguistic arrangements, I thought, "Yeah, lets give it another chance," only to throw off the headphones and clutch my aching head where visions of manic, electric buzzsaws danced before my eyes. No matter how "free flowing," I would still expect a "dance generator" to make music that you could, I don't know, dance to. Here, on the other hand, one encounters merely electronic cacophony. The beats feel stilted and get lost far too quickly. In fact, Von Sudenfed rarely give any sound time to develop, preferring instead to bash the listener over the head with yet more beeps and whistles. This is definitely quantity over quality. Sometimes this sinking Martian ship is kept afloat by interesting vocals, wavering between manic and droney, but giving the music something to hold onto––some kind of constant in the buzzing, bumping blur. Even this comfort, however, doesn't last long as after a few tracks the monotony of the vocals gets as grating as the "music."

Von Sudenfed is at their best when they abandon dance-party pretensions and get just plain silly. The ninth track, "Chicken Yiamas," shows this off well, and its mix of bluesy guitar and lyrics about "boiling the chicken" is almost pleasing, yet it's not quite reward enough for the pain one has to go through to get that far. The second-to-last track, which is mostly a garbled conversation, starts off with the words "When will it be over?" My thoughts exactly. I check the time, six more minutes. God help me.

Jack Prus

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca or on the air at 101.9 FM

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	RACHEL'S SONG (REBROADCAST)	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CUTE BAND ALERT!	THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am	TANA RADIO						
10am	SHOOKSHOOKTA		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	PLANET LOVETRON	DEMOCRACY NOW	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am	KOL NODEDI	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...			ALTERNATIVE RADIO		
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALTERNATIVE RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	GIVE 'EM THE BOOT	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
2pm			CIRO RADIO OKANAGAN / REEL TO REAL	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE / RE-BROADCAST	LET'S GET BAKED	CAREER FAST TRACK	RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO	CRIMES & TREASONS	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
4pm		NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE				
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYYTHING / SAINT TROPEZ	EUROQUEST	WENER'S BBQ	RACHEL'S SONG	MY SCIENCE PROJECT / PEDAL REVOLUTION	NEWS 101 / W.I.N.G.S.	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm	QUEER FM	RADIO RADIO! / RE-BROADCAST	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY / SAMSQUANCHES HIDEAWAY	STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT	THE CANADIAN WAY	NASHA VOLNA
7pm							SHADOW JUGGLERS
8pm	RHYTHMSINDA	KARASU	SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	EXCUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	
9pm	MONDO TRASHO	THE JAZZ SHOW			LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SWEET AND HOT	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
10pm	TRANCENDANCE		CAUGHT IN THE RED	JUICEBOX		SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER	
11pm				HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	LAUGH TRACKS		BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
12am	DISASTERPIECE THEATRE	VENGEANCE IS MINE	AURAL TENTACLES		RAW RADIO	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	
1am							PASSING BINARY
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO (World) 9-10am

SHOOKSHOOKTA (World) 10-11am

KOL NODEDI (World) 11am-12pm
Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae) 12-3pm
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) 3-5pm
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop) 5-6pm
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!
Alternates with:
SAINT TROPEZ (Pop) 5-6pm

QUEER FM (Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transexual com-munities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World) 8-9pm
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic) 9-10pm

TRANCENDANCE (Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.
trancendance@hotmail.com

DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk) 12-2am An odyssey into time and space in audio.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...(Eclectic) 11-12pm
A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Talk) 12-1pm
Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop) 1-3pm
Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MATT & DAVE (Eclectic) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peek, The Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, The Superfantastics and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk) 4-5pm
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

EUROQUEST (Eclectic) 5-6pm

RADIO! RADIO! (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm (alt.)

KARUSU (World) 7:30-9pm
Vancouver's longest running primetime Jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.
Sept. 3: Tonight, a recently re-released album by underrated tenox saxophonist/compose/arranger Frank Foster. Foster is a monster player who was buried (quite happily) in the Basie Band, but always scored when he did his own dates like this one, called "Manhattan Fever."
Sept. 10: The music of bassist/composer/firebrand/innovator Charles Mingus is our subject tonight with an extended feature starting at 10PM. A concert by this great sextet with Eric Dolphy, Jacki Byard and others. Tapes at Cornell University in March of 1964. Powerful stuff!!!
Sept. 17: The first of our annual two-part education series beginning with the great Leonard Bernstein's dissection of jazz featuring the maestro at the piano and singing(?) and arrating with warmth and humour on the mysteries of the thing called "jazz." "What Is Jazz" is worth your attention.
Sept. 24: Part 2 of our Back to School series. This time a history of jazz narrated by the late alto saxophone master Julian "Cannonball" Adderley. Adderley takes us only up to 1960, but it still has relevance for today's ears. Educational and fun.

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz) 9pm-12am

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk) 12-2am
All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 8-9:30am
(Rebroadcast from previous Wednesday, 5-6:30pm) Currently airing Necessary Voices lecture series.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock) 9:30-11:30am
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!
bornsinsixtynine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World) 1-2pm
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

CIRO SYNDICATED (Talk) 2-2:30pm
Syndicated programming from Okanagan's CIRO.
(Replaces Besneric Rhyme)

REEL TO REAL (Talk) 2:30-3pm
Movie reviews and criticism.

CAREER FAST TRACK (Talk) 3-3:30pm

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (French) 3:30-4:30pm
En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le métissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports) 4:30-6pm
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore) 6-8pm
Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

SALARIO MINIMO (World) 8-10pm
Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock) 10pm-12am
Trawling the trash heap of over

50 years' worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic) 8-10am

PLANET LOVETRON (Electronic) 10-11:30am
With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonicmixnmatch. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy. planetlovetron@gmail.com

ANOIZE (Noise) 11:30am-1pm
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 2-3pm
Independent news hosted by award-winning jounalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

RUMBLETONE RADIO (Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG (Talk) 5-6:30pm

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
First Wednesday of every month.

Alternates with:
SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic) 6:30-8pm

FOLK OASIS (Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

JUICEBOX (Talk) 10-11PM
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic) 8-10am

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk) 10-11am

ALTERNATIVE RADIO (Eclectic) 11am-12pm

DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic) 12-1pm
Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

INK STUDS (Talk) 2-3pm

CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop) 3-5pm

MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk) 5-6pm
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome). myscienceprojectradio@yahoo.ca

Alternates with:
PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk) 5-6pm

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT (Rock) 6-7:30pm
Psychadelic, Garage, Freakbeat and Progressive music from 1965 to today: underground, above ground and homeground.

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental) 7:30-9pm
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music) 9-11pm
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk) 11pm-12am

RAW RADIO (Hip Hop) 12-2am

FRIDAY

CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic) 8-10am

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska) 10am-12pm
Email requests to: djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop) 12-2pm
Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO (Eclectic) 2-3:30pm

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS (Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm

NEWS 101 (Talk) 5-5:30pm

W.I.N.G.S. (Eclectic) 5:30-6pm

THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
All types of Canadian independent music from all across our massive and talented country, with your host, Spike. www.myspace.com/canadianway

AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World) 7:30-9pm
David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world. www.africanrhythmsradio.com

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS
needed for our 24 Hour Rape Crisis Line and Transition House for battered women
For an interview, please call
604-872-8212
Vancouver Rape Relief & Women's Shelter
www.rapereliefshelter.bc.ca

SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz) 9-10:30pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s and 40s.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B) 10:30pm-12am
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits, lost sould gems and contemporary artists recording in that classic soul style.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Eclectic) 12-2am
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots) 8am-12pm
Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

GENERATION ANNILHILATION (Punk) 12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWERCHORD (Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

CODE BLUE (Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World) 5-6pm
The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NASHA VOLNA (World) 6-7pm

SHADOW JUGGLERS 7-9PM (Dance/Electronic)
An exciting chow of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimungle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic) 9-11pm

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop) 11pm-1am

PASSING BINARY (Electronica) 1-3am

CITR CHARTS!

Strictly the dopest hits of August 2007

CiTR charts reflect airplay for the previous month. Artistes with stars alongside their names (*) are from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them there, give our Music Director a shout at 604-822-8733. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	The Doers*	*Gaiety*	Reluctant
2	Wintermitts*	*The Cascadia Fault*	Independent
3	Mirah + Spectratone International	*Share This Place*	K
4	cub*	*Betti-Cola (Reissue)*	Mint
5	Architecture In Helsinki	*Places Like This*	Polyvinyl
6	The Tranzmitors*	*The Tranzmitors*	Deranged
7	Yeah Yeah Yeahs	*Is Is*	Interscope
8	Mary Timony Band	*The Shapes We Make*	Kill Rock Stars
9	Black Moth Super Rainbow	*Dandelion Gum*	Graveface
10	The Mohawk Lodge*	*Wildfires*	White Whale
11	Imperial Teen	*The Hair The TV The Baby The Band*	Merge
12	Emily Haines and the Soft Skeleton*	*What Is Free To A Good Home?*	Last Gang
13	Okkervil River	*The Stage Names*	Jagjaguwar
14	Caribou*	*Melody Day*	Merge
15	Ghost House*	*These Are Ghost House*	Reluctant
16	Common	*Finding Forever*	Geffen
17	Ulrich Schnauss	*Goodbye*	Domino
18	AWOL One, Josh Martinez + Moves*	*Splitsville*	Camobear
19	Sunn O)))	*Oracle*	Southern Lord
20	Lightning Dust*	*Lightning Dust*	Jagjaguwar
21	Turbonegro	*Retox*	Cooking Vinyl
22	Various	*Ska Is Dead*	Stomp
23	Tokyo Police Club*	*Smith EP + Remixes*	Paper Bag
24	Octoberman*	*Run From Safety*	White Whale
25	Hot Little Rocket*	*How To Lose Everything*	File Under: Music
26	The Hylozoists*	*La Nouvelle Gauche*	Boompa
27	They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*	*Pick Up Sticks*	Kill Rock Stars
28	Billie Holiday	*Remixed And Reimagined*	Sony Legacy
29	Interpol	*Our Love To Admire*	Capitol
30	Boats!*	*International Champion*	Independent
31	Liars	*Liars*	Mute
32	Montag*	*Going Places*	CarPark
33	The Editors	*An End Has A Start*	Epic
34	Colleen	*Les Ondes Silencieuses*	Leaf
35	Ohbijou*	*Swift Feet For Troubling Times*	Independent
36	Nonloc	*Between Hemispheres*	Strange Attractors Audio House
37	Various*	*Wanna Be Your Friend: A Tribute To The Inbrads*	Gooseberry
38	The Brunettes	*Structure And Cosmetics*	Sub Pop
39	Spoon	*Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*	Merge
40	The Brains*	*Hell N' Back*	Stumble
41	3 Inches of Blood*	*Fire Up The Blades*	Roadrunner
42	Legion of Green Men*	*Baqontraq*	Post Contemporary
43	Parlour Steps*	*Ambiguoso*	Figment
44	The Pointed Sticks*	*My Japanese Fan/Found Another Boy 7"*	Sudden Death
45	The Shimmys	*Drive You Wild!*	Off The Hip
46	Octoberman*	*Run From Safety*	White Whale
47	The Crabs	*Sand And Sea*	Independent
48	Fucked Up*	*Year Of The Pig*	What's Your Rapture
49	Various*	*Manoeuvres 1: A Collection Of Vancouver Electronica*	So Called
50	Metric*	*Grow Up & Blow Away*	Last Gang

HOT FOR TEACHER FALL TOUR
Back to Classy with Zulu

ARCHITECTURE IN HELSINKI PLACES LIKE THIS CD

Having failed geography, Oswald takes his claim in the field of **Architecture**. The school of **Helsinki** is controversial and divisive, its projects lauded for their ingenious esotericism and freewheeling synthesis of disparate elements (experts cite ska structuralism, kiwi populism, and glam pomp) just as they are criticized for their preciousness, their outlandishness, and their indiscriminate use of cowbell and steel drums. Oswald, however, is not dismayed by the long and dour faces of naysayers, having long been an enthusiast of ornament and exuberance. Indeed, Oswald thought, the **Helsinki** franchise belongs in the Polyvinyl stable, cozy next to like-minded showmen like **Of Montreal** and, as Oswald pondered, he might belong there himself.

CD 16.98

ANGELS OF LIGHT WE ARE HIM CD

Modernism is over, as are Oswald's deep meditations on white. Perhaps the time has come to consider a career in faith. For such ambitions, what instructor could be more apropos than the indefagitable **Michael Gira**, the sinister ex-**Swans** sage of self-annihilation and violent rebirth? Under the ministrations of **Gira**'s newest curriculum and aided by such guests and disciples as **Akron/Family** and **Larkin Grimm**, Oswald will walk through the thick black mud, he will walk with his brother's blood, he will see with his brother's eye, and he will scream at his brother's sky. Tasting the salted earth of the apocalypse, he will be made new. And so will you.

CD 16.98

THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS CHALLENGERS CD

The semester had barely begun before Oswald became distracted by the new gospel of all things carnal, but having met under the cover of night with **The New Pornographers**, he found the pleasures of the flesh to be less illicit than previously assumed. Call it an orgy or call it a supergroup, but Oswald's **Pornographers** were as comfortable in broad daylight as they were under the sunny spotlights of the nightlife. **Challengers** and champions, there was no audience that **Carl Newman**, **Dan Bejar**, and **Neko Case** couldn't charm. For a blissful hour, Oswald was converted to the doctrine of multiple partners.

CD 14.98

CARIBOU ANDORRA CD

With an eye to brushing up on foreign languages, Oswald planned a tour of minor European nations for the holiday break. On arrival, however, he found the Pyrenees different than he'd expected. The currency was indeed the Euro, but the official language turned out to be electronic folk pop. But isn't music the universal language? Keen to fit in with the locals, Oswald took instruction from **Dan Snaith**, a Canadian expat whose experience in geographical redefinition and international law (calling himself "**Manitoba**" while living in London and ducking lawsuits from jealous Dicks) makes him the perfect guide to new forms of speech that can use electronic washes and digital blips to translate **Brian Wilson** and **The Zombies** for a universal audience.

CD 16.98

AESOP ROCK NONE SHALL PASS CD

Poetry ain't what it used to be, as Oswald discovered not long into his English major. A keen kid with a love for all things Beat, Oswald was in for a rude wake up when his beloved **Kerouac**, **Ginsberg** and **Burroughs** had all been replaced by the lyrical prowess of one **Aesop Rock**. **Professor D.J. Blockhead** also blew young Oswald's mind forcing him to dig deeper into the indie hip-hop scripture. **Aesop Rock**'s first experience with long meditative poetics, **None Shall Pass** stands next to **Milton**'s **Paradise Lost** as an epic reflection on personal potential. Was Oswald up to it? Are you?

CD 16.98

HOT HOT HEAT HAPPINESS LTD CD

Cooking school was the next departure for our hero Oswald, who knew that mastering the culinary arts would certainly spice up his social skills. Of course this choice would too prove disastrous as while perfecting his pan seared sockeye salmon Oswald managed to set his pants on fire and left the room screaming **Hot Hot Heat**. Outside on the busy street a gaggle of Vancouverites all reached for the cameras hoping Oswald,s scream was none other than a sighting of our favourite local rock band with the same name. If only Oswald could have sung a few bars from one of the numerous anthems that make their latest release **Happiness** such a rousing success!! Sadly Oswald was incapable of cooking up such glorious **Stones**-esque melodies and yet again found himself on the outside looking in. **AVAILABLE SEPT 11TH**

CD 16.98

M.I.A KALA CD

My oh my, this record is amazing... Oswald is lying on the floor of his friend Beatrice s dorm. She just did the right thing and took her student loan cash down to Zulu Records and exchanged some of it for some darn cool records. Bea knows her stuff alright as she reads pitchfork daily and was championing this platter for weeks. Rarely do records live up to their hype or full potential, however with **M.I.A.** it seems that we are dealing with the real thing — an artist who calls the shots, puts out the records that they f**king really want to listen to rather than those that might pad their pocketbook, and most importantly don't shy away from engaging the turncoats. Here is a record for the ages — vote with confidence.

CD 12.98

SHOUT OUT LOUDS OUR ILL WILL CD

Our Ill Wills is the sophomore album from Sweden's **Shout Out Louds**, and their debut for Merge Records. It is the follow-up to 2005's critically acclaimed **Howl Howl Gaff Gaff**. While on the road over these past two years, the band had plenty of time to think; to drink; to reminisce; to miss loved ones; to get lost in new towns; to misbehave; to get their priorities in order. All of these experiences went into **Our Ill Wills**, a collaborative effort between the band and producer **Bjorn Yttling**, of **Peter Bjorn and John**. This band is all about the rush, the emotion, the infectious melodies that along with youth, good hair and the endless pursuit of love make up the foundation of all great pop music. **AVAILABLE SEPT 11TH**

CD 16.98

RILO KILEY UNDER THE BLACKLIGHT CD

Oswald oh Oswald. What are you thinking taking to the stage with aspirations to be a thespian! You never can hold a candle to **Rilo Kiley**'s vocalist **Jenny Lewis** (herself a child star) nor can you act normal under the black light. Acting is a difficult trade, but true stars do shine. Such is definitely the case on this latest installment of intelligent indie-rock from **Lewis** and her debonair pals! Blessed with a angelic voice, **Lewis**, over the course of these eleven numbers take Oswald and you on a trip into Hollywood heartbreak. The result is a fine set of tasty melodies, hooks and digs on your significant other. Oswald... do you have a significant other?

CD 14.98

VIC CHESNUTT NORTH STAR DESERTER CD

The final scene of Oswald's storied education takes place in Montreal's notorious hipster zone Mile End. Exiled from Vancouver Oswald took up residence in an old warehouse — next to the railroad tracks. All sorts of bohemian types frequented the spot and slowly an economy of art and ideas took root. Civilization in the utopian sense flourished. One day in a café Oswald met a very soft spoken soul named **Vic Chesnutt** who was in town recording a very elegiac record with his friends in **A Silver Mt. Zion**. Invited into the studio, Oswald witnessed firsthand the transformative powers of **Chesnutt**'s plaintive words. Sitting comfortably in an old armchair, he drifted on the soaring strings and gentle piano flourishes. Simply put, it was heaven! **AVAILABLE SEPT 9TH**

CD 14.98

Prerequisite Sonic Supplies...

OAKLEY HALL – I'll Follow You CD
MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO. – Sojourner 4CD+DVD
OKKERVIL RIVER – The Stage Names LP/CD
MIRAH AND SPECTRATONE INTERNATIONAL – Share This Place: Stories and Observations CD
TARENTEL – Ghetto Beats on the Surface of the Sun 2CD
COMMON – Cool Common Collected CD
THE BUDOS BAND – The Budos Band II CD
THE BLACK LIPS – Wildmen In Action DVD
THE BESNARD LAKES – Volume 1 CD
GANG GANG DANCE – Rawwar CDEP
MONO – Gone CD
C.O.C.O. – Play Drums + Bass CD
DIRTY PROJECTORS – Rise Above CD
STEREO TOTAL – Paris-Berlin CD
U-ZIQ – Duntisbourne Abbots Soulmate Devastation CD
THE HOWLING HEX – XI CD
CIRCLE – Catapult CD

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