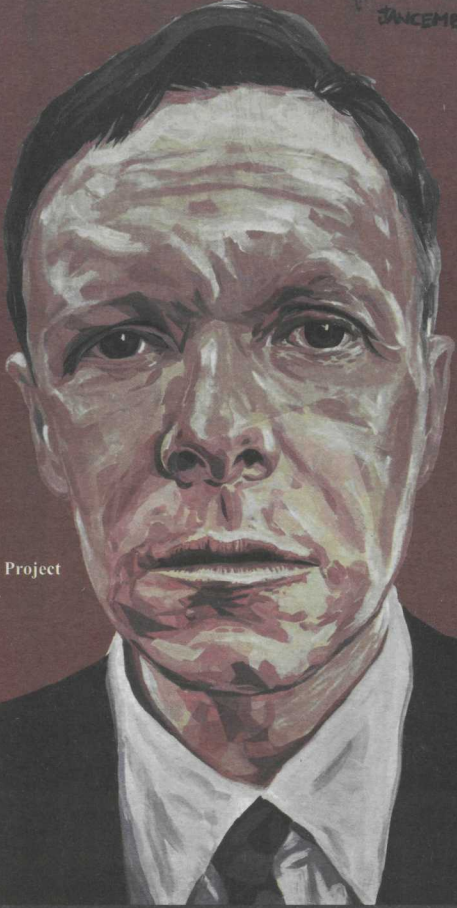


THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9 FM

DISCORDER

JANUARY 2001/2002
FREE



Michael Gira on...
The Angels of Light
Pinback
Hans Fenger on...
The Langley Schools Music Project
William Parker
24 hours of radio art
Ritchie Hawtin on...
The Final Scratch
Wayne Horvitz on...
Ponga

20 Years Of Zulu

TO MARK OUR 20TH ANNIVERSARY, WE'VE picked a record from each of the last 20 years that received some serious turntable/CD action over our store speakers.

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And hey, if you weren't born yet (or were just too damn young!) — still take a stab at it and let us know what you imagine you would have listened to. Points awarded for creativity....!

- 1981: Gun Club- Fire Of Love
- 1982: Rank and File- Sundown
- 1983: The The- Soul Mining
- 1984: R.E.M.- Reckoning
- 1985: Slow- Against The Glass
- 1986: The Smiths- Queen Is Death
- 1987: Redd Kross - Neurotica
- 1988: Pixies- Surfer Rosa
- 1989: Stone Roses- s/t
- 1990: Sonic Youth- Goo
- 1991: My Bloody Valentine- Loveless
- 1992: Liz Phair- Exile In Guyville
- 1993: Jon Spencer Blues Explosion- Extra Width
- 1994: Portishead- Dummy
- 1995: Yo La Tengo- Electro-Pura
- 1996: Tortoise- Millions Now Living Will Never Die
- 1997: Belle and Sebastian- If You're Feeling Sinister
- 1998: Calexico- The Black Light
- 1999: Magnetic Fields- 69 Love Songs
- 2000: Destroyer- Thief
- 2001: The Strokes- Is this it



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DISCORDER

ISSUE 225 • DECEMBER 2001/2 • THAT COLLAPSING HEAP FROM C1TR 101.9FM



DISCORDER'S X-MAS WISH LIST

world peace
an editor
tabloid size printer
five G4s
good, cheap production night food
bigger office
sacks of money

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COVER

This is the best cover we've ever had because when our art director, who had threatened to quit, saw it, she decided to stay. This painting of Michael Gira was done by Simon Henwood and is featured on the back cover of Gira's recent collaborative CD with D Matz of Windsor for the Derby, entitled *What We Did (Young God Records)*. It was laid out by Mike Fayette and some of his friends from Bloodstone Press, all of whom probably live in houses with the names of East Side streets.

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DEADLINES: Final deadline for the February issue is January 16. Ad space is available until 23 and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disk or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, C1TR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock. Call the C1TR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports line at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at: c1trmg@ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at <http://www.c1tr.ca> or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6136 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

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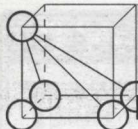
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dear airhead

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TOBIAS IS INSINUATING
Dear Editor,
I am writing to you in response to an art review that was written in the Panarticon section of your magazine.

I am the artist who was opening in the main room of the Helen Pitt Gallery on October 13. While I do not wish to argue the reviewer's position about my work, I do think that the review demands some clarification. When the reviewer states that perhaps the reason that the Pitt Gallery staff stopped Ms. Dawn's performance was because I was not getting the same attention as the performance, he insinuates that I somehow had a hand in the gallery's actions. I can say simply and directly that I did not. I have known Kim Dawn since we were students together at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. I have nothing but respect for Kim and her work and I was pleased to have the opportunity to show my work alongside hers.

As a professional artist myself, I would never ask an

artist to stop their work while it was in process under any circumstances. I made no exceptions to this principle at the opening. Again, I respect Kim Dawn's work and as far as I am concerned the problems that surrounded the evening had nothing whatsoever to do with the artists and was a decision of the Pitt Gallery's staff alone.

Thank you for your attention. I trust that you can appreciate the gravity of this situation and that some clarity needs to be brought to the review. I am, of course, disappointed that the evening has become something other than it was really about: some good art.

Sara Graham,
Calgary, AB

I did not insinuate that you had a hand in it. So the question remains: why did the Pitt stop her? And given your stance—why didn't you do something about it?—Tobias

CHRISTA MIN IS TRYING TO PROVE SOMETHING

Dear Lyndsay (former DISCORDER editor),

Tried calling you but would rather call than leave a message. I really hope you'll get back to me with some form of reply because what I read in the November issue is driving me absolutely batty.

On page 5, there is an article titled "fucking bullshit" and I suppose what I'm desperately hoping for is that it was printed as some kind of joke. If not, then you guys need to seriously address the matter of editing for content and fact checking. Given that I do this for a living and that I used to contribute to *Discorder*, the amount of grievous mistakes in this article shocks me (thus the hoping it's a joke part). Do let me know what the hell Christa Min was trying to prove.

Much appreciated.

Enima

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Tell us that we're ugly. Tell us how much you'd like to square us in the nose. Send us your love. Dear Airhead, #233-6136 SUB Blvd., Vancouver BC V6T 1Z1, <discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca>



fucking bullshit

by christa m.

I get hundreds of fan letters and emails every month. Ninety-nine percent of them are from boys who want to have sex with me. This is very strange, since none of the people know what I look like. Well, let me tell you, I'm hot. Seriously, we're talking boobs like mountains and lips as soft as my ass. Everyone just falls in love with me. Let me give you an example: I. That stands for INSTANT ERECTION. That's what happens when I walk down the street. It's like I'm a wind, and when I pass by, cocks fly up in the air like birds. I try not to look in the mirror because if I see myself, I get all turned on and I can't concentrate on anything. So it's hard to write this column when I keep getting these letters that remind me how super I am.

Some people try to win my love by telling me about the bands they like. Jeff from Calgary, Alberta writes, "I love every band you love! Does this mean that you could love me too?" I see Mulhoney's first seven inch and I'd like to give it to you, but you'd have to come

get it... where can I send a plane ticket? Terrance who lives right here in Vancouver asked me if I would see Jane's Addiction with him. "Meet me at the will call, baby. (I have long blonde hair and I'll be wearing leather shorts and my I LOVE PERRY tee."

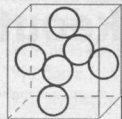
Ben from Seattle sent me a letter that smelled like piss. It

It's like I'm a wind, and when I pass by, cocks fly up in the air like birds.

was doused in some sort of perfume that wasn't supposed to smell like urine, but it did. I tried to read the letter, but he wrote like a six-year-old with three fingers, so I don't know what it said. Yan from Victoria sent me a ring made out of the wires from his stereo and asked if I would be his wife. Killer's letter was post-marked from Bellingham, and he sent me drawings of my name wrapped around his cock and asked me to choose the one I liked best so he could get a tattoo. Dad For

Sasquatch sent me an email about his hand and the song they have with the lyrics, "BULLSHIT! NOTHING BUT BULLSHIT! THE WHITES, 'YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE SINGLE WOULD YOU CAUSE I LIKE THE WAY YOU WRITE... I HAVEN'T BEEN LAYED IN 3 YRS BEEN BABYSITTING 5 LITTLE MONKEYS... AND THAT'S NO FUCKIN BULLSHIT!"

Every letter is nice and wonderfully well written, but my heart belongs to Jimmy Rush who lives in Emerson, Manitoba. "Last night, dressed in black, I convinced an old indian lady that I was a butteite. I put on my best accent + told her I was from 'Turkey Cal!' colony. She ate it up like a dink taco." Jimmy also told me that he was going travelling. "I got my deutch passport the other day so I guess I'm officially eurotrash now. I'll have to parade around all sunburned, with my balls hanging out the sides of some tight shorts." All you have to do to make me fall in love with you is mention your balls. I like it if you have balls. •



culture shock

anthony monday

MR. MONDAY ALWAYS KNOWS BEST.
OR, SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB.

I think I am a straight man trapped inside the body of a gay man. My physical self—and sometimes my mind—can't seem to help being drawn down into the arms of a boy, or two. But culturally I have nothing in common with those stupid faggots I see at the mall. Oh, sure, I occasionally find myself jazzing it up with Nina Simone in the privacy of my own home, wishing I was a black woman lounge singer in a smoky night club, feather boa et al. And, sure I get bizarre gay urges like wanting to wear really big shoes, and those who know me know that I am prone to shaking my saucy booty on the dance floor once in a while. But these are, I feel, minimal gay qualities that can—if a greater attempt were made—be eradicated from my behaviour through rigorous daily regime of self-affirmations, or costly visits to a local geneticist. I am

willing to accept my problem, and that, dear readers, is the first step.

The whole idea got me thinking. Now, I know I have been known to have some

gramme but are captured by a secret underground army of transsexuals that hide surreptitiously outside various expensive clothing outlets.

They are then thrown in a

The idea is this: We start a school dedicated to the eradication of "gay" as a cultural identity. A sort of boot camp for the idiots of homosexuality, minus the (bizarre) eroticism of the military man. ("Ooohh, Bruce, isn't he HOT?! And he kills people. And follows orders blindly. Maybe we can fuck later.")

wacky idea in the past—like that time I thought it'd be fun to drink ethanol (good times... good Kuwatti times)—but I think this idea really could work.

The idea is this: We start a school dedicated to the eradication of "gay" as a cultural identity. A sort of boot camp for the idiots of homosexuality, minus the (bizarre) eroticism of the military man. ("Ooohh, Bruce, isn't he HOT?! And he kills people. And follows orders blindly. Maybe we can fuck later.") The candidates for my school don't so much as apply for the pro-

gramme but are captured by a secret underground army of transsexuals that hide surreptitiously outside various expensive clothing outlets.

On arrival they would be stripped of their Hilfiger shirts and matching pants, given rough blankets and told to go to their cells and have a good long think about what they had done wrong.

The next morning, they could start their year long intensive program. Mornings would be dedicated to the re-programming of "art and culture." Taught by a Large Scary Scotsman With A Stick, he

would spend the hours merely screaming "Jo is not a responsible form of art" or "Hollywood has their own agenda."

Afternoons would be "politics and queer theory" taught by a fatigued MTF with short black hair and the vestiges of her male body in her hands and her upper lip. It would be her job to inspire our whimpering faggots to be pro-active and less vacuous; to care about something more than shoes, and sex, to think about the gaining momentum of the right-wing

and dangerous cock made less pink and veiny and ugly because of the sorrow in his voice. "Please, it hurts so much..." we've heard this much before.)

Anyway, back to "Mr. Monday's School of Social Reprogramming." The nice thing about the school (apart from that I get to kick the shit out of irritating people 'cause I'd be the boss, and bosses are allowed to do that) is that it can apply to straight people as well. Perhaps any number of those uppies that head down to the

they could use a couple months of said Large Scary Scotsman With A Stick screaming at them. There are any number of people who need a good beating... and lately there has been a lot more of them. People who begin their sentences: "Ever since September 11th..." Or Art Students. There's a seriously untapped pool for the giving of abuse. Or people who write letters in "Dear Airhead."

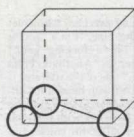
Now, I know most of you are thinking: "Ha ha, isn't this Anthony Monday character a nutcase! What a kiddie!" But, I'm serious... if not a school, then some sort of public society that goes around with a stick... okay, maybe I am getting a little off topic. But still, something should be done.

Especially with the gay ones.

I guess it's all about being on the outside looking in. I sure don't want to be there, but the clones and the boys dancing about with boys and the boys who all look the same and don't seem to do anything productive in this world but spend their money.

But it makes me feel lonely, outside.

Everyone should be just like me. I know exactly how to make this world a better place. No. Really, I do. •



radio free press

zines : bleek

It's about that time of year when the world's people take inventory of their accomplishments or hours mispent. New Year's Eve seems to come earlier every year, the older you get. You wanted to start that zine but just fell on your ass and now it's almost 2002 and all you've done is work for that goddamned motherfucker you call your boss. Oh, what a sad tale. These are hard hard times when we have such little time to take stock of the important things in life. Perhaps this year, with God's help, you'll get that zine up and running again. Life is too short to remain on the wrong track, my friend. I'm here to help.

Let's take a look at what the go-getters have been up to, alright? Some east-side hippy has ambitiously culled some impressive resources and published a new lit-rag named **CRANK**. This one looks like it could really get off the ground, too. Submissions from well-positioned scribes like Michael Turner, Marcus Youssef, Ivan E Coyote and Sheelagh Davis E

Crank's gears in motion like a well-lubricated... crank. The included art, odd diagrams, quizzes, tips and self-indulgent ad space plus pop layout suggest that *Crank* is serious about making this a long-term invest-



ment. In some ways *Crank* flirts with the exclusive, east side intellectual '60s burnout, but thankfully it's no *Common Ground* or any such shit. There is a good amount of talent, a healthy irreverence and plenty of frivolity. Add a bit more snide and you've got a perfect product. (*Crank Magazine*, PO Box 21590, 1850 Commercial

Drive, V5N 1T5)

One very fine and long-running mini that's been leaving skid marks all over the zine community for years is *MOTORCYCHO*, now on issue #16! Highlights from this issue are the interview with *The Demons* and the biker movie poll results. You got it, all motorcycle culture with reviews of all sorts of cycle-related things from movies to music to artists like Manuel Rodriguez, aka Spain (whose biker illustrations range back to the '60s) to motorcycle clubs. I can neither confirm nor deny that editor henchman hosts a show right after mine here at CTR so don't ask. <http://ratbike.com/motorchoycho>.

For about five years I've been reading *THE THUMB* fanzine and loving it. Mr. E-rock has moved *Thumb* from a general indie-rock focus to the fine experimental electronic publication it is now. It's also part of Portland, Oregon's Audio Dregs label. With issue #12 the humble fanzine moves to digest form and utilizes E-rock's groovy layout themes. So let's begin the list here:

artists covered within are Aravane, B. Fleischmann, Harold "Sack" Ziegler, Iokklot, ISAN, Momus, Mouse on Mars, Mum, Vote Robot, and Wechsel Garland. The music reviews are always to the point and unpretentious and sport hand-drawn album art by the editor himself. Sorta like a miniature *Grooves* magazine for now, *Thumb* shines like a true cult favourite.

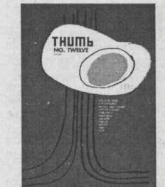
(US\$4.95 from PO Box 40572, Portland, OR 97240-0572 USA) For the type of reader that thinks too much about silly things, we have *THE LOW-BROW READER* (OF BASEMENT BROW COMEDY), in standard zine presentation but with that average witfulness and attention to detail. There's an overboard tribute to *Car-Toons* magazine that really delves into the memorable quirks and antics while offering a great look at the artist Van Dutch. Editor Jay Ruttenberg eloquently encourages shock jock Howard Stern to take a hard look at Paul McCartney and John Lennon and sacrifice his career to gaze into the eyes of his wife instead of splitting. Nice writing and well-explored rants in *Loudbow* make for an exceptional zine. Here's issue #1, don't miss out! (Write to 243 West 15th Street #3RM, New York, NY 10011 USA) *The Loudbow Reader* is seeking a good mascot too, in case you have any ideas.

One of the most bizarre layouts in zineedom has always

come from *(AIN'T NO) THIN' LIKE FUCKIN' MOONSHINE*, whose outputs in the past have been in varying shapes and sizes while containing a confusing array of Asian-American trash pop culture in comics, illustrations, oddball quotes, and a fascination with weird tricks and campy action heroes. The newest *Moonshine* is now in conventional magazine format while offering more accessible material and a much more linear approach. Freakish adolescent pictures and content remain in many ways though but there's more "Control" where there used to be unabashed "Kaos" (*Get Smart* reference there). So in the mish-mashed mayhem of *Moonshine* #15 you'll find features on DJ Q-Bert, Xu Xu Fang, The Boredoms, Japan's Gregory Horner Show, and tons of insane filler. Kinda like a low rent *Giant Robot* Magazine and lots of fun. (Send something to Bwana Spoons at PO Box 6645 Portland, OR 97228 USA or go see www.grasshoppercorp.com.)

Mysteriously a few copies of *NIGNE* issue #3 have been circulating around some of the hipper establishments of Vancouver. Where this little thing is from is unknown (to me anyway), but it seems to be the work of two individuals named Ram and Venus. These shadowy characters do the narcissistic no of interviewing themselves if only to clear up the zine's intentions (which still remain somewhat unclear).

What is evident is *Nigne's* attempt to shake people out of their torpor and view the world through their own eyes rather than the amebic stimulus and response existence so popular. Interesting report on what they call World War 1864, though I'm still confused about its supposed impact and ongoing threat. I guess I'll have to look it up some-



where. Information on the current war to end all wars can be found inside, too. "The War is a Sham" and some naughty Dr. Seuss humour toward the end make *Nigne* a refreshingly different publication in need of further investigation.

<worldwar84@yahoo.com>

There's more stuff to cover, but there's always time and another year to do it in. If you have any questions or news items concerning zines, please write to me at <speckfan44@yahoo.com> and I'll take a look at it. I'm here to help. •

7 inch

bryce dunn

Ho ho ho and no no, your eyes do not deceive you, it's an extra large scoop of '70s surprises waiting to be shoved into stockings around the fire this holiday season and we'll try to satisfy your vinyl cravings 'til we see each other again in February. Starting off with a prezzie too big to fit in the ol' sack, comes a 10" from a New York based group calling themselves *The Detachment Kit*. Emo-like tendencies abound, with sharp guitar bursts and sing-song vocals, they try their hand in recording both in digital and analog formats, the latter being preferred by yours truly, just 'cause it sounds warmer and packs a bit more bang for the buck. *The Self-Starters* Foundation, PO Box 1562, New York, NY 10276 USA)

We love Wendy O Williams! So do seven bands on the EP "I Was A Teenage Plasmatic," which is not covers of *Plasmatic* punk gems, just gushing admiration for a far out woman, who would tell them if she still were alive today that in their monkey suits, they look



just like monkeys. There's drunken debauchery from the likes of *The Loudmouths* and *The Spits*, among others. In fact, three of the bands on this comp also share some wax elsewhere: *The Triggers* pump it up with a four song effort, and *The Nearlydeads* and *The Black*

Rebels prove that less is more on a single of lo-fi slop that leads me to believe that if they spent their money on rock and roll, it was money well spent. (All of the above courtesy of Jonny Cat Records, PO Box 61, Estacada, OR 97023 USA.)

Making our way back up the 'L's, we pause in Bellingham for a musical pit stop by *The Mega Bats*. You'll probably want these guys at your next basement brouhaha, providing that you bring the beer and they bring the tales of living in a backwater "burg set to pussed off rock. (Pool Or Pond, PO Box 2084, Bellingham WA 98227 USA)

Home Sweet Home; greeting us at the door are *The Spin Offs* and *The Ruff Ruffals*. Holy Harmonies, Batman! *The Spin Offs* have certainly paid their respects to *The Ramones* and *The Queens* on their nine(!) song debut, eschewing tunes of love and the quest for it, even if it means accepting imperfections in your "Flippa Boy" just don't "Daisy Millie" her. (Whatever the heck that means.) (Contact the band at

PO Box 31551 Pitt Meadows, BC V3Y 2G7). Our gals *The Ruff Ruffals* (or should I say gals and guys, since there has been a change to the line-up yet again) have caught the attention of Southern California's Lipstick Records, probably due to the fact that Lipstick Records is the home of similarly minded bubble-gum pop from the likes of *The Bobbysteens*, *The Peeps*, and *Candygirl*, also 'cuz they knock off a great version of *Nikki and The Corvettes* "Girls Like Me," but mostly for their greatly improved fun-in-the-sun, cruisin-the-strip, radio-blastin' rock and roll. (Lipstick Records, 1154 Powell Street, Oakland, CA 94608 USA)

With the radio blatin' so much—listening to Hüsker Du and a good chunk of the SST Records' back catalog—*The Ruff Ruffals* decided to write a song about it called "How I Got This Busted Receiver." I could have written a song about it too, but not for the reasons they describe, even more so 'cuz I couldn't handle the monotony of it all. (Hey Frankie Records, PO Box 090629, Brooklyn, NY 11209-0629)

I almost busted a copy of the new *Lollies* single before I managed to slap it on the turntable. Being pressed on 180 gram vinyl, this record should have a warm, laid-back it ain't for the weak-limbed. Luckily, the music contained therein is fairly light organ-

drenched pop, bringing to mind a pastiche of '60s psych and '90s quirky Brit-pop à la *Heavenly or The Beatles*. (Contact the band at www.thelollies.co.uk) Bringing it all to a close this time around will be singer/songwriter Eleni Mandell, and although I'm not really down with the whole solo artist thing, side one of her waxing on *Heart of a Champion Records* is the choice cut, a torchlight downbeat jazz number ("Turn Off The Lights") that will warm the soul on these cold winter days. (Heart of a Champion, PO Box 3861 Minneapolis, MN 55403 USA)

Happy holidays, buy vinyl, and see you in 2002! •

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Happy holidays, buy vinyl, and see you in 2002! •

Speaking of that, bands from Portland seem to understand the meaning of bang quite well, with several entries from our sister city to the south (props to Christeen Aebi of *Backfire* zine and *Runaways* tribute band *Cherry Bomb* for the goods). We love Portland!

Know someone that has been very knotty this year...!

KNOTTY BOY

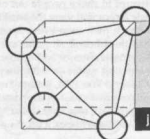
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vancouver special

janis mckenzie

First of all, an apology to *Star Collector*. In September's review of their CD *Black-Eyed Soul*, I referred to a song with a groovy bass riff, but I inexplicably called it by the wrong title. The song is in fact "When the Pill Goes Down." Sorry! And I will try to cut down on the drug use in the future.

I'm no longer surprised to see that just about every band who sends in a CD has its own website, but it still disappoints me to find out how many of these sites are *bad*. I'm not talking about cheaply-produced or simple sites, or even unappealing design. The problem is animated pages with multiple pop-ups, pages that freeze your computer or demand the latest download of something before you can even get into the site. If we're all supposed to believe in the low-budget DIY ethic when it comes to putting out CDs, why can't bands understand that they might have fans with two or even five-year-old computers and a dial-up connection? Grrr. But enough bitching. Here are this month's reviews.

THE PARIAH PROJECT *Desolation* (Skeptik)

The Pariah Project seems to be all about tackling the big issues. The first song of this three on this EP (not first in the track listings, mind you) is about people numbing themselves to the world's problems. The third, I think, is about consumerism. But it's the second song, "Reena," that's been getting the group most media attention. It's about Reena Virk, the 14-

year-old girl who was killed by a gang of kids in suburban Victoria. Her story is horrible, certainly. (It also has a special resonance for all of us who didn't fit in at high school.) And it does say something about The Pariah Project that they felt compelled to address this subject. But you have to ask yourself, what does this song really say about what happened to Reena? The track sounds very atmospheric and emotional, with Taryn Laronge's vocals

somewhat surprisingly pure and sweet on top. She sings things like, "Reena they'll pay," which strikes me as a little creepy. In short, I'm not convinced that the lyrics add much to our understanding of the issues. No one thinks that writing in a fresh and significant way about social injustice is easy, but surely this is the challenge an artist has to face when taking on such a serious topic?

www.pariahproject.com
www.skeptikrecords.com

THE FIRST DAY *Triple Word Score* (Independent)

Here's what I like about this band: they recorded these 14 songs in three days; they sent me a bio that was hammered out on a typewriter; they play sub-two-minute songs at a mile a minute; and they don't mince

words. They also have a song called "All Day I Dream About Punk Rock," which includes the unambiguous lines, "Corporate punk rock sucks!" The frantic quality of their playing is reminiscent of *Suicidal Tendencies*, while the three-piece's sound is remarkably spare, clean, and musically competent, relying on fast bass and guitar runs for its angry energy. And if you want to hear a song that's about 100 times scarier than "Reena," try "Why I Quit Drinking," www.thefirstday.ca

THE SWEATERS *The "Kick Me!" Generation* (Gorge)

As you might have guessed from the CD title, frontman Pete Campbell specializes in a certain bitter/humorous style of songwriting. While his lyrics are often edgy (if not angry) and sometimes overtly political, the music itself is testosterone-soaked clean-crunchy pop, giving the impression that Pete is being stretched in two completely different directions. From one side of the band beckons an idealized pop band paradise, full of irresistible hooks and catchy refrains. The pull from the other side is world-weariness, disgust with current events, and sour self-knowledge (with a big dose of self-deprecation). One result of this tension is a song-story ("The Morons' Song") about witnessing bad behaviour at a long-ago Young Fresh Fellows gig,

including sweet boy harmonies and lines like, "I'm a fucking idiot, I'm a fucking goof." Another "Anything. From Home," where the narrator is pissed off with himself for driving 700 miles to see a girl who won't have sex with him. But it's not all about chicks and bands: there's also a song about working at a soul-destroying job, one called "Thalidomide," and another in which Noam Chomsky's name is dropped. What other pop band would even try?

www.thesweaters.com

SUBMISSION HOLD *Sackcloth and Ashes* (Ebullition)

If you really want political, look no further than *Submission Hold*. Singer Jen Thropow veers between unbelievable sweetness and snarls, covering topics like biotech conglomerates, oppression of women, substance abuse, even the incredibly police (and local) "The Day the Police Stole the Bushes from Grandview Park." The enclosed booklet includes lyrics translated into French and Spanish, woodcuts, and some provocative explanatory notes. More than music, *Sackcloth and Ashes* is a call to revolution.

www.ebullition.com
(PO Box 21533 1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC V5N 4A0) •



This has nothing to do with the column except that these people all play music in Vancouver and each and every one of them is Special.

CiTR DJ PROFILE Chris-A-Riffic Parts Unknown Mondays 1:00PM-3:00PM



Record played most often on your show:

The genius of Dan Destroyer's "Canadian Lover" and everything from the Kindercore Records catalogue except Japanckes.

Record you would save in a fire:

The between Descendents' *Milo Goes to College* and Stereolab's *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*.

Record that should burn in hell:

Is Hell too good for Tenacious D? (Sorry, Eric.)

Book you would save in a fire:

Hostels Canada, a guide to the best youth hostels in Canada.

Worst band you like:

It's time for a national holiday for RATT.

First record you bought:

Def Leppard, *Pyromania*.

Last record you bought:

Iron Maiden, *Best of the Best*.

Musician you'd most like to marry:

Ida Nielsen of The Beans. She's sexy, she's got her Grade 10 in piano, and she is the Sugar Refinery.

Favorite show on CiTR:

World Heat (très exotique), *Girfod* (well versed in all forms of melody), and *The Cute and Cuddly Show* (like eating cookie dough again).

Strangest phone call received while on air:

A guy called me and said, "Nick Gilder just left my house. Can I hear some Nick Gilder?!" •

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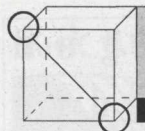
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tobias v

Your world doesn't need people. It becomes a world of words detached from bodies where theory becomes an obsession of thought, where human reactions, emotions and actions are placed neatly into their own sphere of theory. Music, writing, ideas produced by the new gods of thought, revered and uplifted, and in this way detached through seeing connections...
—otac

AND SO HERE WE ARE WHERE WE ALWAYS ARE Feeling the end of the century and it has already passed—meeting people on Quadra Island who also want to move to Montreal—maintaining a sense of decorum in the face of the lockstep—feeling happy that the government will only have fascist powers for five years because of sunset clauses in Bill C-36 instead of for the rest of our lives—not that it matters anyway as the Bill is grandfathered—still drinking and smoking two mock weed—trying to write essays and think about what we should be doing about the whole damn thing—

doing little—doing nothing—doing everything and burning yourself out so you do little or nothing—still drinking and smoking two mock weed—reading Baudrillard—learning that the good ol' boys are now the good ol' girls.

VANCOUVER VIDEOPOEMS Saturday, November 10th. The scene: Pacific Cinéma/theatre. Old poets and Bill bissett and young slick poets with big vocabularies and even bigger sideburns mingle to absorb an evening of "videopems." Ranging from the very good to the not so very good at all, the videopems were by no means a disappointment—yet not incredibly spectacular either. It all comes down to the fact that "videopem" is video+poem, and that if you don't have both you can't get any. (And this was only one night of three, so take this with a grain of salt.) The audience received ballots, with a rating scale of one to five based upon one's "impression." Impressions—some of the poems were simply a voice-

over for imagery, some were teenage projects on the Big Issues, and some were what I came for: "videopems," most notably "Damned Spots" by Julia Burns, featuring mangy and discoloured tripple footage of a dog and a kennel and mumbled poetry about legs—the entire thing was a real mindfuck—and "Elemental Reels" by Gerard Wozek which captured surreal imagery and poetry through an expansive, wistful, emotional aura; "Keeping Her Cool" by Goody B Wiseman was the standout humorous selection with the best use of teddy bears to date, with no sound whatsoever—and was it just me, or was the real hashed turnover that they were lesbians?—and "Re: Solution" by Penn Kemp perfectly portrayed the poet's performance of sound poetry with inventive low-budget camera angles and cuts, sneaking into "videopoesy" through a subtle reconstructive editing of the videopem's elements. Also kudos to Scott Russell's work, using hand shadows, lighting

and the viewing of words to slow down the pace a little. But not all were that lucky. As an emerging genre, videopoesy will have to work hard to distinguish itself from either just video or just poetry or videopoet or new media collage.

JETONE

Was that William Gibson grooving away or was it just me?



FAST FERRIES STILL SUCK Everyone who has ridden a Pacific knows how little space there is. But what sucks worse is the non-stop in-house obtrusive TV system. As the ferry leaves the dock, with the grand majestic trees of Horseshoe Bay on either side, the TVs light up with Coke ads, ads soliciting advertisers, little Knowledge

Network shots of other beautiful places in BC with New Age music running over top, perfectly destroying the real beauty outside (a simulacrum of it: here's the beauty inside, on the TV, nevermind the ever-expanding Horseshoe Bay terminal—afterall, if there are TVs inside, perhaps it justifies the lack of deck space outside). Not only are the TVs everywhere and especially worse in the scenic upper lounge, the speakers are obnoxiously loud, so you just won't miss those Sports Highlights while you watch the bald eagle flitting the breeze as you wind your way through the Gulf Islands. It's like a constant mosquito—not a swarm of mosquitoes—that won't fuck off. Worse, you can't swat them away or load up on Deet. So here's the buzz: Advertisers, I officially implore you to put out the call to jam these damn speakers. I can deal with the TVs, but the speakers, the sound of Coke being slurped, pumped through me, my ears and my consciousness, *annoyed* from the ceiling—it is too much. Enough with obtrusive advertising!

THE SOLUTION TO GORDON CAMPBELL As MLAs see their wages go down, rubbing their hands with miserly Scrooginess, and the public servants wait to see if they lose their jobs just before Christmas, and the kids get to look forward to making an entire six bucks an

hour (and all the corporate costs start cutting the hours of anyone over 500 so they can hire new kids to do it cheaper—and then do the same to them)—not to mention the cutting of one-third of all government regulations, for no other reason than, hey, one-third *sure* golly looks impressive—I propose certain solutions to Mr. Campbell.

1. Campbell and His MLAs should be paid \$6 an hour for their first 500 hours of work. Then they should get minimum wage. Please sign the petition to make this happen: <http://www.petitiononline.com/hwz/petition.html>

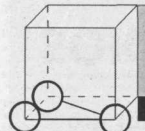
2. All laws regulating what is illegal in regards to harming politicians should be removed.

3. One-third of Gordon Campbell should be physically removed. Start with the heart—he obviously doesn't need it.

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE NET

Culture-jammers and WTO impersonators The Yes Men have been their satirical gag website shut down by WTO lawyers. But they aren't taking it lying down. Go here to get your 'Will I Will' "parodyware" that will mirror any website you want, as long as you got the domain and the space: <http://theyesmen.org/yeswill/>. Viva la web-resistance!

Until the end of Pax Americana! •



over my shoulder

book reviews by doretta lau

I'm in pain. I left my column even later than usual, so I'm not just putting myself in a painful position. I'm also making the lives of *Disorder* staff miserable. Though I read Aislin Hunter's *What's Left Us* and *Nature's Healing Oracle* by Ambika Wauters, I'm in no shape to review them intelligently. I've had half a litre of diet soda and things are still getting blurry. I'm sleepy. Ever get the feeling that reading over my shoulder isn't all that much fun? Some of the time I'm whining and not talking about books at all. This behaviour isn't exclusive to my column. I've just as bad on the air.

This past month a caller told me that each week on my show I "tag on white" (if find the use of this term—"white" is troubling, because it suggests that a large number of people should be relegated into a single, homogenous group. Just as us "yellow" folk have separate cultural identities, those who are branded "white" or "black" possess unique cultural identities that simple "us and them"

racialization doesn't address). It's likely the caller doesn't like my weekly critiques of dominant power structures because

person of slipping into racist/misogynist/homophobic dialogue; I'm part of the colonizing country club. Thus,

Jesus are), but it's pretty insulting to all the people who have religious faith. I don't view December 25th as the one of the most important holy days of the year. For the past two years, my family and I have gone to see Chow Yun Fat movies on Christmas Day. No turkey dinner or songs about baby Jesus for us. But just because I'm not in the spirit of giving, doesn't mean that you aren't, so I am taking your feelings into consideration. I've got four books

and quiet epiphanies here.

MARINE LIFE by Linda Swenden: If you insist on a subtler book with a female protagonist, look no further than *Marine Life*. It's a group of interconnected stories surrounding a character named Adele and her family life. The last story is a tearjerker. By this I mean that it was genuinely moving; there are no lame stories in this well crafted book.

THE TOUGHEST INDIAN IN THE WORLD by Sherman

For the past two years, my family and I have gone to see Chow Yun Fat movies on Christmas Day. No turkey dinner or songs about baby Jesus for us. But just because I'm not in the spirit of giving, doesn't mean that you aren't, so I am taking your feelings into consideration.

he thinks that I'm shouting my bullshit from the margins. Really though, I'm criticizing the world as I live it because I don't think of myself as being on the margins in every situation. I'm North American, I have a degree, I have a place to live and more than enough food to eat. Just because I'm an Asian girl, doesn't mean that I can't be part of the evil establishment. I'm just as guilty as the next

when I'm examining the evils of North American society, I am saying "I, too, am responsible."

Though I just claimed to be part of the North American norm, I must confess that I don't really celebrate Christmas in either the Christian or capitalist sense. I bristle when people refer to the holidays as Christmas holidays. I don't mind so much if I grew up thinking about how great Santa and

to recommend as presents. Be warned, however, that none of them are novels. The upside is that because they were not published this year, they are available in the (cheaper) paperback.

CIVILWARLAND IN BAD DECLINE by George Saunders: a collection of short stories destined for someone who likes satire and theme parks. This book changed the way I view the short story. No housewives

Alexie: these short stories are funny and sad at the same time. When I finished reading this book, I wanted to drive down to Spokane in order to start stalking Sherman Alexie. But because I'm lazy, Alexie doesn't need to get a restraining order against me.

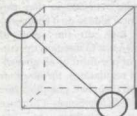
WHITE STONE. THE ALICE POEMS by Stephanie Bolster: this poetry is written in a straightforward manner, but it

produces complex meanings. I endorse the paradox of complex simplicity in poetry. Oh, yeah, this book won a big, big prize. But it is worth reading, because Bolster has an incredible control of words and imagery. Who cares if some uppity judge thought it was great? I think it's great. If that's enough for me, maybe it's enough for you.

If you insist on buying novels, go for Paul Auster. If it's non-fiction you want, try Jan Wong. For children, look no further than *Lemony Snicket and A Series of Unfortunate Events*. *Harry Potter* (the books, not the movie or the million other Harry products) isn't cool this Christmas because Rowling is holding out on us. Where is that fifth book? I've read the first four books three times already. Maybe I should ask for a life outside of my apartment for Christmas.

I feel a little guilty recommending famous writers and their big publishing houses. It's not like they need my help or your money. But the mega-tories and go to your neighbourhood bookseller. •

Remember too that the independent booksellers need your money. So if the mega-tories and go to your neighbourhood bookseller. •



strut and fret

penelope mulligan

YELLOW DIABLO

Friday, November 2

Access Artist Run Centre

David Yonge, the man behind the *Yellowboy* alias, made his singular contribution to the LIVE Biennial when he took on the persona of an historic 1970s Mexican wrestler and went flesh to metal with a car outside of an art gallery.

finally yielded to muscle and the hood cracked free. The testosterone team was in extremis. Unable to contain themselves, the lads rushed the Camaro and had to be "boored" off.

This wasn't contemporary art practice—it was extreme vaudeville, bending back to shake hands with Harry

ple—the third art-damaged whatnot had drawn a capacity crowd. I snagged a perch on a coffee table next to some friends while an act called *Of Sex, Your Body* was on. Although the frontwoman used a microphone, I could barely decipher a word she was saying, but it could have been something like: "I'm so strange and arty that I

He slid to the ground, microphones shrieking, and attempted to wrench off one of the doors, but the Camaro was stubborn. Testosterone simmered, car-buffs whimpered and tactical matters were debated.

Well before start time, a twitchy crowd swelled onto Carrall Street, where a Camaro was lowered defiantly at the curb. Fresh from a showdown with a washing machine in a Seattle cinema the night before, Yonge spotted a deep 3" gash in his right palm but otherwise looked to be in fine shape—all lean, muscular and menacing in flared jeans and a glitter-encrusted balacava.

He and a handler taped eight microphones to his body before he jumped onto the car, ripped off his t-shirt and struck a victory pose. The crowd cheered—eager to play along like trailer trash at a WWF match. But in the first of several contextual shifts that the 45-minute performance would make, audience engagement became seriously real the moment "Diablo" leapt into the air and came down in a full body-slam onto the roof as he slid to the ground, microphones shrieking, and attempted to wrench off one of the doors of the stubborn Camaro. Testosterone simmered, car-buffs whimpered and tactical matters were debated as a couple of rumble-ready lads who probably thought they'd died and gone to heaven kept offering to help.

When a very high stepladder was brought onto the scene, the crowd groaned, its own endurance already fraying. By this time, the style-cramping body mics had been jettisoned. Besides, the arty embellishment of a sound collage seemed unnecessary here. Floating from the top platform like a diver, Yonge twisted in the air to land with a sickening thud on his side, barely making a dent in the metal. As he repeated the dive, I thought of mythic figures like Sisyphus and Willy 5. Coyote. Then he was under the hood, trying to shoulder it off its hinges, his back becoming smeared with the soot of a thousand road trips. Muscle car

Houdini. The early 20th century escape master was, after all, a performance artist who set himself high-stakes challenges in real time, giving onlookers some nail-gripping entertainment in the process. And hanging in the air now, as it must have been then, was the beautiful heroic pointlessness of the act itself.

After the show ended, there seemed to be a lengthy period of audience disorientation. It was as if in the heat of pure spectacle, Art had melted down and slunk away unnoticed, leaving everyone to mill around aimlessly in front of a floodlit gallery.

And me? I just wanted to give Diablo a massage.

ART DAMAGED CABARET #3
Saturday, November 17
Ms T's Cabaret

By 10:30, the bowels of 339 West Pender were heaving with peo-

don't bother about mic technique. I'll just make my voice arty and seductive and talk into my collarbone and keep running my hand over my brush-cut because that will give a sexy touch to my deep artiness." Came with two very serious-looking sidemen on musical instruments, Cabaret was horribly damaged by this. Shame on art!

Things perked up with The 3 Bitches—old-school drag queens who have suddenly found themselves part of the neo-cabaret scene. With every show, they're a little more polished and theatrical with their material. However, these gals turn into raging workaholics as soon as they get near a stage, and reappeared so often throughout the evening that they risked diluting themselves. A few less numbers would have kept us wanting more!

Art Damaged regular, Evil

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Stevil, is developing a nice bit of comedy shuck as a slack-clad, heavily-pierced gambler who disapproves of panhandlers, squeegee kids and bus transfer hawkers. At the end of his set, he strapped on an axe and sang his catchy little grunge ode to Kraft Dinner. Man of many aliases, David Yonge, played lion tamer to a friend's beast in a chaotic circus

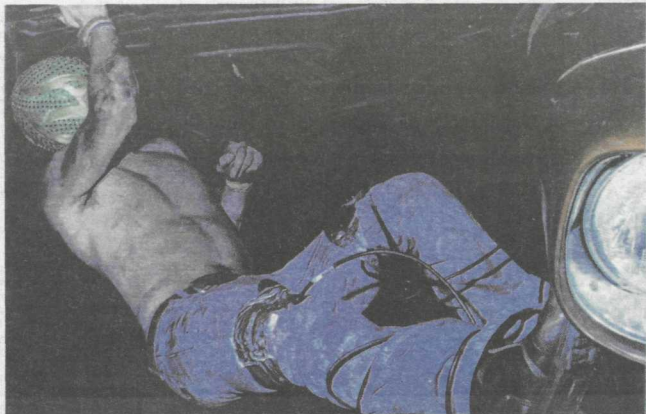
vignette as De Suza and De Paula. Yonge's sinister, boxy face mask nibbled at the edges of Dada and the audience visibly recoiled as the act raged against the front tables.

Still, I didn't see anything that made my mind slip sideways until Nico Orgasmico took the stage. Then I knew we were onto something. She's a great, zäftige young woman,

furthest voluminized by two big balloons under her pullover. Nico and her two sidemen all wore helmets and she carried a red phallus on a stand. As she slowly limped around with a cane, her black-suited males followed solicitously, providing backup to her salacious little yelps. This was tilted, perverse and outrageous. I really liked it.

Adding an MC to these evenings was a wise choice, and T Paul St. Marie was definitely in command as he kept things moving like a rockabilly Joel Grey. He was also ready to slam the audience with his own potent spoken word when a misplaced dildo or sudden wig crisis caused a slight delay.

The producer of the series is deeply buried within the persona of Satina Satumina (or is it the other way around?). This unit is always intense, compelling and hilariously deadpan about it. Their costumes are works of art in their own right and tonight, in the ultimate act of frontwoman narcissism, the boys in the band wore prosthetic headcovers moulded after Satina's own face and hair-do. Ms. Satumina herself was packing a plush strap-on. Their sound is slowed-down, old-school punk with vocals which suggest Siouxsie, but listen to the hypnotical repetitive lyrics and you'll know that Satina's got her own fantasies going. The band won many new fans on this night, so get ready for #4. ■

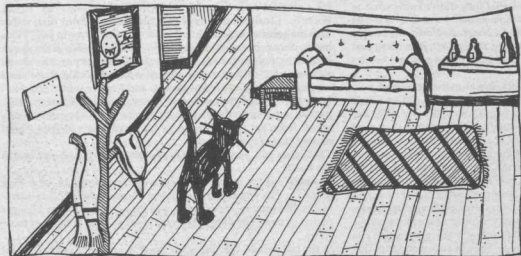
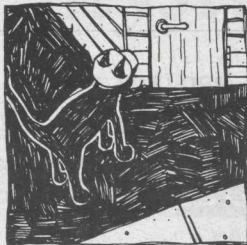


David Yonge in *Yellow Diablo*. Photo by Cedric Bomford.

Kick around

• december 2001 • scott malin

1



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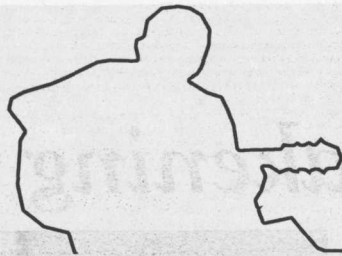
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Epitaph



THE LANGLEY SCHOOLS MUSIC PROJECT

AN INTERVIEW WITH

HANS FENGER

"This is beauty. This is truth. This is music that touches the heart in a way no other music ever has, or ever could." - John Zorn, on the Langley Schools Music Project

In 1976, music teacher Hans Fenger recorded two albums by his three elementary school classes in Langley, BC. While releasing albums by 5 to 12 year-old students was itself an ambitious project for the time, it was the music Fenger chose that was truly revolutionary. Rather than traditional elementary school fare like "Frère Jacques" or Raffi tunes, he had the children singing "Good Vibrations" by the Beach Boys, "Rhapsody" by Fleetwood Mac, "Desperado" by the Eagles, "Saturday Night" by the Bay City Rollers—even "Space Oddity" by David Bowie!

Originally pressed exclusively for the children's families and classmates, these albums were "discovered" this year by music archivist Irwin Chusid and re-released as The Langley Schools Music Project: Innocence and Despair. This album has become an unprecedented phenomenon, obtaining immense popularity, rare reviews, and incredibly diverse airplay. Original pressings are now selling as collectors' items for obscene amounts of money. More than just a novelty album, Innocence and Despair has now even spawned hits.

Accompanied somewhat haphazardly by the children on standard elementary school instruments like xylophones and woodblocks, and sung enthusiastically by the clearly overjoyed kids, the songs project pleasure and pathos the originals could only hope to have captured.

Luke Meat had the pleasure of speaking to music teacher Hans Fenger about how he got away with it.

DISCORDER: I know you're getting sick of this question, but how did this wonderful album come to be?

Hans Fenger: I was hired by the Langley school district to teach music; at that time I was playing in a band, The Psychophonics. Great name! All do any recordings exist?

There are a few... We did a version of "Telstar," and I was also in a band called Blood on the Saddle.

That's the name of one of our programs here on CITR! I realized that a few years later! Anyway, we were playing kind of early "cowboy punk" or whatever.

That stuff is kinda popular right now...

Oh well, I guess I was 25 years too late for that too [laughs]. I needed to get a steadier income—we were expecting our first child—so I went back to university to complete a year of teacher training. I had gone to SFU previously... and before I was able to complete my teacher training, I was offered a job in Langley. I had NO experience with teaching music. My first year was teaching music to grade one students; my second year, I was at three schools! Rather than teach "public domain" songs, which is what a lot of music teachers consider them, and instead of looking for small choir arrangements, because I had never sung in one before, I fell back on what I knew how to do—play in a band. I wanted to teach in a way in which children could communicate musically with each other. "Jamming," you might call it. I thought it was really important that they could create spaces for each other, that they could make music where they felt like a whole, and that hopefully gave them a feeling that they were musical. Essentially, Luke, I wanted to teach these kids to have the same feeling of music that I did, and it didn't matter to me whether they sounded good—I just thought, "It's just little kids..."

They're havin' a blast!

[Laughs] They did have a blast, but they also took it very seriously, and that's where the nature of the material came in.

Did any of the kids know the original versions of the songs?

No, I taught them. I played it on the guitar. They wound up performing the songs the way I heard them in my head. We jammed around as far as the arrangements were concerned. We would try several ways of playing, and then the kids themselves would jam, and every lunchtime we would get together and play music. After while it got difficult to get them to go to any other classes because they wanted to play music all day!

Did you have any models in terms of convincing (what I assume are) the small town, Christian and rural values of the Langley school board and, more importantly, the parents who funded the

production of the albums, to sing popular rock and roll songs? Well, after the first album, I think that they didn't know what to make of me [laughs]. It's just as simple as that! I was in a rural part of an already rural community. I had a smart administrator, though. He realized that the kids were doing really well; they liked and enjoyed it. I can truthfully say, Luke, I never had any real hassles from administration or parents.

If I ever received any negativity, it was more from the music-teaching establishment. They tended to see what I did as a little weird, and tended to be condescending. Y'know: This is "nice," but it's not "normal." I think "not normal" was the phrase they used the most! The second album I made, I had Danny Ross as an administrator. I can't say enough good things about him; he was great at dealing with offbeat teachers like me, the kids loved him, and he understood counter-culture. You have to understand that Langley was going through a tremendous teacher shortage at that time, and basically hired a lot of people, but they were also founding fundamental schools out there, so there was the conservative movement... But the school system itself also had many, many progressive elements to it, which Langley still does. They have a wonderful fine arts program. Langley has always had those two conflicting elements, but the two seem to co-exist for some reason. I think what I had at the time was progressive people; I'm not so sure about the system, though. I was very lucky that way.

Can you explain what Orff Percussion is, and why you chose that type of instrumentation to teach and record?

When I was in university, I was briefly exposed to the Orff Music Method. Carl Orff was a composer who invented a music method to teach children, in which he used xylophones with different kinds of voicing, so you could have altos, tenors, basses, and sopranos creating ensembles of xylophones. The beauty about a xylophone is that you can remove any note that doesn't fit into a pentatonic scale; it's impossible to hit a note that doesn't fit. For example, I had five-year-old children playing very, very simple two-note tunes so they could correspond with whatever else was being played at the time. It's a very ingenious music method. Carl Orff himself was a brilliant composer, his most famous work being "Carmine Burana." When I started at Langley, the school already had those types of instruments! Now, I knew almost nothing about the method—I just thought they sounded kinda cool, and that I could use them with the band. So we didn't use the Orff method, we just used the Orff instruments, and I can say that the Orff people are still not happy about that. But that says a lot more about them than it does [about] me. Music education here is very upright folks. [It] is very evident that the Orff instruments were not used as they would be used in the Orff-Schulwerk approach. ACSA has no desire to be connected with this recording... Thank you for your interest in the American Orff-Schulwerk Association.]

In choosing which songs to teach the kids, were lyrics a consideration? I must admit, it is quite ominous hearing children's voices enthusiastically sing in "God Only Knows," "so what good would living do me..."

[Laughs] Like *Children of the Damned*! I taught every song for a musical reason. "God Only Knows" is technically a "round." When I did "Space Oddity," I taught it as an opera. It was a dramatic form. You had characters: Major Tom, Ground Control, the counting, even—that was a character. "Band On the Run" I taught as a symphony, in the sense that the song is in three different parts, like some symphonies are. I always tried to teach that music is music and that genres are irrelevant. If it's from the heart and soul, who cares whether it's jazz or punk or... martial!

Speaking of "Space Oddity," what makes that beautifully piercing sound when Major Tom takes off?

It's a steel guitar being played with a bottle by a nine-year-old through a Marshall amp—cranked on 10, might I add! It's a sound

you could never digitalize; it's so raw. Every song that I taught was for a musical reason. Lyrics like "God Only Knows" or "In My Room"... I realized that most kids like singing about that, rather than the generic "kids' song" which is usually, "I love to sing, I love music, if we could all hold hands there would be peace in the world, I would be a happy person, and I would fly in the sky and we would all be equal..." After a certain age, most kids don't like those kinds of songs. I taught to all age groups, and I never said: "You don't know how to sing! You can't play!" It never occurred to me that ability was important—these are eight or nine-year-olds we're talking about! If the kid couldn't play the bass with four strings, I would remove two or three of them!

That being said, was there a way of deciding each student's role in the band?

I usually did the instrumentation with the older kids, who were about 11 or 12, who could manipulate the more complicated instruments, like guitars, for example, and they could focus for a longer period of time. The little kids really loved to sing, to belt out those songs.

In the last decade, the "indie" or "lo-fi" sound received quite a lot of attention. Have you always had a "do-it-yourself" ethic, and is the movement still relevant?

I've always had that ethic. The point is if you're going to make your own album with your own material, you have to know that you're not going to sell a million copies. You're always going to be uncommercial. You don't have distribution, etc. The Pointed Sticks and DOA were releasing albums on their own labels and doing very well locally, but I had made our albums a year prior to when that scene took off.

Did you go see those hands play live?

Oh yeah! We went to the Buddha all the time. Joe Keithley ran for the Green Party in my riding, actually...

Did you vote for him?

Of course [laughs]! Anyway, when we made the albums, it was still the height of Fleetwood Mac and disco and the whole industry that rock 'n' roll was. I basically thought making this record was a project. Luke, you have to remember—back then, making a record was a complete mystery to a kid. If you made a record, and it was released, to these kids it was no different than *The Bay City Rollers* or *Ramones*. To them, it made no difference. They were on a record, and so was Fleetwood Mac, so that made them just as good as Fleetwood Mac, as far as they were concerned. The beautiful irony of this entire thing is that the success of the record now is just the second part of the project. The first being that they recorded a record, the second being that they recorded a successful record, and they're old enough to understand it all!

Are you still in touch with any of the students on the album?

Since the re-issue, yes. Lots!

How were you approached by Irwin Chusid to re-release the album?

Irwin received the record from Brian Lums who has a radio show at UVC. He found it in a thrift shop. Irwin played it on WFMU radio in New York, where he has his own program. He received an amazing response to it, and through some Internet sleuthing, he contacted me.

One final question. Looking back, which of the following two songs would you choose to teach: "Why Don't We Do It In The Road" by The Beatles, or "Tusk" by Fleetwood Mac?

[Pause, then tumultuous laughter] I would choose "Tusk." "Why Don't We Do It In The Road" has too much of an ambiguous meaning, even though they would probably love singing it!

How would you teach "Tusk"?

I would teach it in itty-bitty parts. Preferably with a marching band... *

by LUKE MEAT

mysticism and musical (re)awakening

a conversation with William Parker

By Mark Fernandes

The great musical dance had ended for the Fred Anderson Trio. The audience filed out of the Norman Rothstein Theatre after the show's final piece. I stood on stage as the musicians packed up their instruments and prepared themselves for the chilly autumn night after playing a blistering two hours of improvised music on October 28th. Reeds player Fred Anderson stood in the foreground wearing his thick leather coat. Percussionist Hamid Drake was nowhere to be seen, while William Parker and I chatted centre stage. Parker was hunched over his bass when he looked up and explained to me: "Fred likes to keep warm. I like to keep Fred happy."

I whipped around and looked in Fred Anderson's direction and sprayed out, "Fred, come on! You're from Chicago, how many layers do you need? It's only fall."

Fred just stared blankly at me. Parker gestured at him and laughingly told me that he wasn't talking about that Fred, he was talking about his bass—about Fred, probably in reverence of the late, great bassist Fred Hopkins from Chicago. However, Parker's playing is its own statement, devoid of any overt reference to Hopkins or any jazz idiom. Names like Charles Mingus, Charles Hayden and Jimmy Garrison will get banded about when critics review his playing, but he's beyond idioms. If you were to let your ears open up, if you let your eyes see his notes emanate, you would realize that his music is not reexamining jazz history—he is acting as a medium to reach other worlds.

His eyes close, his hands speed up; he is conscious of the other musicians yet he sees the bigger picture, the greener pasture that lies ahead. Parker pounds and pricks his fingers across the fretboard in a walk pulse form. His arco work is all broad strokes of brilliant opaque colours. His bass playing is a frenetic landscape of textures and tonal shading of an undiscovered reality that he taps into and reveals for all.

Parker's bass playing is very much his own style, cultivated many moons ago under the influence of avant jazz pianist Cecil Taylor. In the '70s, when the two first worked together, Parker found that if he used more percussive techniques with the instrument, he could achieve a more tonally rich sound. It was from those early Taylor sessions that Parker developed the theory and technique called the horizontal and vertical continuum of flow. After about 30 years of performing and 150 recorded appearances William Parker discussed his art aesthetic with DISORDER.

"Y'know, it's like in last section of this last piece we played, y'know, I was visualizing a rice field, people working in a rice field, on this last piece. And it kept cutting across from China to Cuba to Africa and Japan—it's like four different countries in that section," says the Bronx-native Parker.

What makes Parker's playing so superlative is that this vertical and horizontal takes place on the bass, in that he simultaneously bows across and fingers up and down, creating a continuous flow of music. Parker describes the musician's visualization in terms of a conceptual image that replaces the structural rigors of notes, scale and time signatures. It is this sense of musical freedom that Parker strives for.

"I could see, if you look at the way a note is written on paper, you know it has a stem and then a head, and if you look at a tree, a tree has got a stem and it's got some branches—that's a vertical. If you look at the way the horizon goes and look at the way things build on the horizon, whether its buildings, whether it's clouds, you know that's a horizontal visualization," says Parker. "If you

look at the way a body lies when it's actually dead or when it's sleeping then that's a horizontal. When we stand up then that's a vertical. So all these are symbolic images, but you project on the sound."

When Parker is projecting on the sound, he is infusing the note with a spontaneous vitality, a spirit. The note can be looked at as a microcosm of the universe; a starting point like an atom or a star, an evolution of ideas and form. His spontaneous arrangements are a highly ordered and complex system of emerging variants that are reflective of his constant musical (re)awakening.

"It's like when you get into shamanism, you have to project that when [you're] that note, you're saying 'Be healed,' you're saying 'Rise up.' You're saying 'Feel this, feel this.' You're doing a mantra. You're really plucking and feeling. You don't worry about whether it works or not, this is your intent. This is your intent and when music stops it stops 'til tomorrow night when we get into Seattle and we see what happens there."

There is an apparent mysticism that abounds not only in the musical work of Parker but in his thoughts as well. He's hide-bound by pseudo-Buddhist ideas of compassion. Through music, he seeks to ritually understand human suffering.

"I think that's the point of not just musicians, I think that if we feel for our neighbors and we feel for other people, we feel for other people in their pain and not just share their joy, we share in their pain and in their suffering, then we can give them more," says Parker.

"I mean in a sense, monks pray everyday, and people pray everyday for peace, and you look and say the world is getting worse and worse, but, if one day those monks didn't pray then you'd really see the effect that the prayer has within... I mean, like, one day if you say to everybody in the world don't pray, don't do any good deeds, don't play any music. I believe if that happened you'd see dark clouds over the earth because that's what's keeping it, I said it a million times, I sound like a broken record, but that's what is keeping the earth balanced: is the prayer. Is the good deeds. Is the good vibrations we're putting out there."

Those "good vibrations" Parker refers to are similar to the thoughts of the great jazz pianist, Sun Ra, who claimed his music revealed equations that re-established the linkage between all metaphysical worlds. Parker could be considered a part of what Ra called the Angel Race—those artistically inclined beings that can directly communicate with other realms.

"We speak about the tone world but there are also worlds of lots of different kinds of spirit worlds. All kinds of strange and terrible characters coming and invading people's spirits," says Parker.

In 1998, Parker released a solo bass work entitled *Lifting the Sanctions*. While it seemed apparent to me that he was referring to the sanctions placed on Iraq, Parker described the album as an act of liberation, not limited to those affected by the UN sanction in Iraq, but for all people.

"It was about a call to lift the sanctions on creativity; to lift the sanctions on poetic and personal freedoms; to lift the sanction on the truth that had been laid down in America all these years. It's still against the law to really tell the truth and to speak the truth you'll be, and nowadays especially, you'd be considered unpatriotic if you speak the truth," says Parker.

However, Parker is not a musician concerned with escapism from those sanctions placed by Earth-bound forces like politics



and economics. He says humanity needs to work on its spiritual element. There is no better way to rebuild than by involving oneself in the arts.

A decade ago Parker and his wife, dancer Patricia Nicholson, founded Arts for Art, a foundation that sponsors community art events from Manhattan's Lower East Side to Washington, DC. Parker sees an opportunity for healing through art.

"I think that the true self, I think the true calling of people is to try to seek the spirit from where we came from, and what really guides us. I mean it's almost like that's what we were spun off of. Y'know we're a piece of clay spun off this other piece of clay and so it's in us," recounts Parker.

"Y'know the strength and spirit is in us. It's just that we choose to develop other areas in life all the time so we don't develop our higher selves—what you call your third ears your third eyes—you're higher perceptions are closed off because we are not taught to develop them. And that is simply what music is supposed to do is to help develop. And that's all music is for, all art is for—to feed our soul." •

William Parker's new album as a leader, *Piercing the Veil* (AUM Fidelity) is a duet with Hamid Drake.

Other notable appearances by William Parker:

1973 Frank Lowe Quintet (ESP Records): Black Beings (ESP/BASE)

1981 Cecil Taylor: The Eighth (hat ART)

1993 William Parker: In Order To Survive (Black Saint)

1996 David S Wire Quartet: Wisdom of Uncertainty (AUM Fidelity)

1997 Multiplication Table (hat/LOGY 516)

1997 Other Dimensions in Music: Time is of the Essence, The Essence is Beyond Time (Aum Fidelity)

1997 Die Like a Dog Quartet (FMP)

Pinback



I feel really awful for bugging a sick man. I asked this sick man a bunch of tech nerd questions, in his quite tired and confused state. Thankfully he was a nice sick man. This man's name was Rob Crow, one half of Pinback. The poor man, he passed out after the interview.

DISORDER: Could you tell me your name, age, and hometown?

Rob Crow: Hometown? New Jersey.

What previous bands have you been in?

Heavy Vegetable, Physics, Johnny Super Bad and the Bullet Catchers, Optigonically Yours, Fantasy Mission Force, Your Best Loved Melodies, Optigonically Yours, did I say that already? Thingy. Did I say that already? Pinback, uh... Snotnose and probably some others I forget.

You recorded your album entirely on a computer? Was it a Mac or a PC?

PC! Screw Mac, you can't play good games on those!

What kind of software did you use?

Acid, Vegas, and Nuendo.

How do you like Nuendo? I've heard it is hot shit.

I don't like Nuendo as much, I like Vegas. But Zach loves it.

But there is a new Nuendo and it's supposedly easier to use.

I've heard it may replace Protools as a new standard in recording.

We don't use Protools because that is just kinda confusing.

What were some of your favourite microphones during the recording?

Abhh, God. It all depended on what for. Usually we use the trusty Rode NT-1 on the first album. For the new album we used the NT-2 mostly.

What were the rooms like that you recorded in?

What's Zach's room like?

Ton Zinser: Two story ceilings, all concrete cinderblock.

Mine is just your average bedroom.

I noticed that you experimented with different spaces on the new album.

Yeah, we recorded some of the drums in our friend's garage, and some of the drums were recorded in a real studio, just to try it out.

What kind of soundcards do you use?

I have a Gadgetlabs 8-in, and Zach has... what does Zach have these days? He upgraded from the Gadgetlabs.

I don't know, some crazy thing. But we just bought a 24 track 2" reel-to-reel and we are going to try and build our own studio in this new place.

Are you just going to record yourselves or other bands?

Oh, of course other bands. So far it is split up between me and Zach and Paul from the Black Heart Procession and Three Mile Pilot. We will mostly be recording the things that the three of us do.

Which is a lot of projects.

We did all the drums for the next Thingy album using it at Paul's house. And hopefully they will be doing a lot more [Three Mile Pilot stuff, in the nearest future.

What kind of board is going in the studio?

I forget what the latest board that Zach has is.

Do you have a favourite piece of outboard gear?

At home I kinda like the [ee]lock [Compressor]. Zach did a lot of buying equipment that he couldn't really afford, and seeing that it didn't really do what we wanted... [we tried] to trade it back. So there was a lot of eBay going on during this record.

Do you create your songs in the studio?

It all depends. Sometimes one of us gets a part, and we go with that. Or sometimes we just build a drum loop in Fruityloops and go from there. Sometimes it just happens at once.

Do one of you create an idea for an entire song? Or is it always a collaboration?

No. Neither of us make an entire song. We always try to collaborate as much as possible.

You're from San Diego, which has an active music scene. Any notable projects right now?

Not really, nothing very interesting. It is pretty boring down there. There isn't any good bands around right now. Well Boilemaker got back together, and that is the only thing I'd go see around town. I used to like No Knife but they broke up. Three Mile Pilot hasn't played in a while but they are still together.

Is Boilemaker putting out a new album?

They just put out a compilation album, we have been touring with them all the way except for these two shows in Canada. It has been fun to hang out with those guys and I watch them every night and have a really good time.

As am I! What's up with Gravity records?

It all depends. The guy that runs it is an on-again-off-again heroin addict. So depending on how well he is doing he puts stuff out. So I don't usually have anything to do with that guy. I'm not a big fan of heroin addicts. But he as put out some great records.

Sort of a document of the San Diego scene?

Not really. I like the first two Antioch Arrow records. I liked those. And Klikitat [Ikitowi].

You were on the Urban Outfitters playlist?

I'm bummed that everyone mentions that! Because I didn't have anything to do with it. I don't know anything about it. I don't go to Urban Outfitters. We don't get any money from it. It means nothing to the two of us, except that I guess it is cool that people get to hear music that we do. [Sarcastic voice] It is not like we are so excited about our Urban Outfitters deal. What a great market! We're more concerned with writing music and playing shows.

Do you take the live performance into account when you write a song?

Every once in a while, we realize that there is no way we can play this live. But for some reason it has turned out that we can play every single song off the new album live now.

Do you know if there is a story behind Armisted Burwell Smith IV's name?

He is just the fourth in a line of Armisteds. He has got a strong family togetherness thing.

Any hidden meaning behind your band name?

No.

It just sounds good?

No, it is from a character in a film called Darkstar.

On the photographs on the new album, there is a very eerie theme. Where did they come from?

They are a small shelf of a bunch of slides that I found in a thrift store next to my house.

Is it the same woman driving that car all over the place?

Yeah it is this old couple. That just traveled all around together. They are really sweet pictures. I have ton of them.

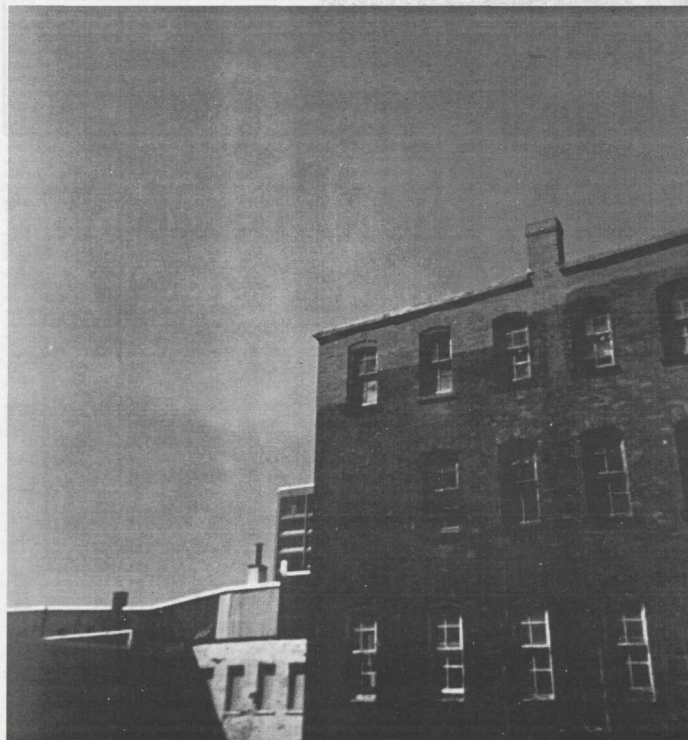
Anything you want to say?

I'm tired!

Well thank you then. I'll let you sleep. •

By Jay Douillard

Photos Lori Kiessling





CiTR DJ PROFILE Eric Flexyourhead *Flex Your Head* Tuesdays 6:00PM-8:00PM

Record played most often on your show:

Seriously? Over close to 13 broadcast years it would have to be *Out of Step* by Minor Threat.

Record you would save in a fire:

Gonna' go with *Out of Step* on this one too. It's like, what?... 17 years since it came out and it still gets me stoked every time I listen to it.

Record that should burn in hell:

I'm not opposed to the mullet-moron masses moshing, so whatever. I'll go with any of the horrible, mindless boy bands or teen stars that the mainstream passes off as "music."

Book you would save in a fire:

Don't have the attention span for books. Too many years of one minute long hardcore songs.

Worst band you like:

Worst hardcore band? Madball. People might think Matt Monro sucks, but I think he's it.

First record you bought:

It was either KISS, *Alive* or Aerosmith, *Rocks*, but I can't remember. I know my first punk record was DOA's "Triumph of the Ignoroids" 12".

Last record you bought: It was actually two:

No Warning CD EP, Cops and Robbers *Execution Style*. I'm a sucker for the Bridge Nine stuff...

Musician you'd most like to marry:

None. Musicians are nothing but trouble.

Favourite show on CiTR:

Evil vs Good.

Strangest phone call received while on air:

Probably the "We're listening to you in Cali... South Bay, play Minor Threat" phone call. The area code even matched up. Of course it was actually Pennywise in Vancouver with a digital cell phone fucking with me. *

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DJING: RITCHIE HAWTIN A N D F I N A L S C R A T C H B Y T O B I A S V

The art of DJing maintains a quaint nostalgia in the face of rapid technological advancement. As Palms and cellphones SMS your lunch date and cancel your doctor's appointment—and Microsoft gets set up to control not only your computer but your toaster—the world of vinyl, turntables, and needles continues its steady course. Until now, that is—for the next step has arrived and it is called "Final Scratch." Unlike DJ able CD players and computer MP3 mix programs, Final Scratch (FS) uses all of the existing equipment—Technics 1200 turntables, needles, and a mixer—to allow you to DJ MP3s supplied by a laptop. Two special FS records sit on the platters with USB connections that go from the mixer to the laptop; then you can do all of the things—I closely questioned Hawtin about this, and this is what he claims—you can do with a normal record: scratch, cue, backspin, lift up the needle to skip through the track, slow down and speed up the record, accidentally knock it off, etc. Simply, you can spin MP3s.

I am really suspicious of gadgets. I started learning violin years ago, and as everyone knows, a Stradivarius violin, a couple hundred of years old, sounds and plays better than practically anything made today. And so I approach the art of DJing, as a DJ, with the same feelings: that perhaps it doesn't need to technologically advance because essentially what we have is an instrument that has somewhat reached its holistic peak. And as much as I have o/h'd and a/h't'd over my many gimmicks and gadgets out there, from EXF processors to built in samplers on mixers, when it comes down to it, either you can DJ smooth and hard with the knowledge of the tricks of a turntablist or you can't. So with that said, I remain cautiously suspicious over Final Scratch, perhaps because I am inherently suspicious of technology, despite the fact that I often embrace it—perhaps a little too quickly. Hawtin is somewhat of a futurist, and as a stakeholder in the company that makes FS, he is avowedly suspicious about the possibilities that FS opens.

Ritchie Hawtin: "...it really is helping to redefine things. Once you have control over digital music files, you have much more of a greater possibility for interacting with those files—when you're playing CDs or vinyl, you're playing a physical form, it's locked into that physical form. You really can't change the sequencing or the arrangement. Now, because you are already using digital files, they are sitting right there in front of you, ready for manipulation. And I think... that at this moment, this is one of the key advances because you don't have to use the system to play back music the way it was originally recorded."

So it makes the whole medium much more pliable, plastic...

"Exactly, and I think that's what... artists have been doing a lot more steadily over the years is trying to manipulate music as much as possible, whether with two turntables or two copies of the record or, like myself, drum machines or EXF boxes. Now, you can really get into each piece, you can start to reinterpret it: extend breaks, take out sections, so it's more of your own personal version. And then have that physical interaction with it because of the vinyl interface."

Now, as somewhat of a musical anarchist myself, I can understand Hawtin's sentiment. By introducing the ability to DJ MP3s, we are also inherently introducing the ability to easily DJ one's own music, but beyond that, to DJ one's remixes of others. This will, no doubt, lead to all sorts of good and bad developments. Obviously, this will allow a creative and deeper exploration of the music on behalf of the DJ. But what about DJs who take a soulful, underground techno track—say, oh, "Knights of the Jaguar," and then add a thumping, cheesy trance beat in behind with a big and lame breakdown in the middle? This is exactly what happened two years ago, and the entire electronic underground rallied behind the maker of the original track—DJ Rolando—and his crew Underground Resistance, who pursued first Sony and then BMG, who distributed a cheese-milk 12" and compilation vinyl with permission (they were denied it). We are, in many ways, resurrecting an age-old artistic debate focusing upon the artist's intentions and intellectual rights to his/her work, a sense of "the track is the way it is because that is the way the artist wanted it," and a subsequent respect for the artist's integrity in making those decisions. The digital revolution is anarchic.

The same can be said for DJing one's own music. Unlike the

There are already too many records: now we have too much sound, period. It's like the musical equivalent of Baudrillard's information syndrome, where the more information there is, the less we know, and the stupider we get. This will also have major consequences on the labels when combined with the power of internet distribution: MP3.com will become the new place to get music for DJing, and not your friendly, local, independent record store, thereby once again distancing communities through technology, possibly bringing down the labels and the distributors, and hurting dedicated artists, as fewer and fewer buy their records, or possibly, even their online MP3s.

Perhaps I am elucidating a worse-case scenario. It would take many people with FS to have this sort of impact, and with a price of \$2999 US (albeit including the laptop!), on top of the cost of turntables and a mixer, this won't happen anytime soon (although, given that one no longer has to buy records at \$15 a 12", this is essentially the equivalent of two year's records for the average DJ). Not to mention that the end user must MP3 all of their records—as this is unlikely, I predict the majority will simply play their own music or material from the Net—and be a DJ playing-out on a regular basis (prediction 2: the majority of users will split into two camps: rich white kids and professional club DJs, i.e. the Paul Oakes of the world, who can hire people to MP3 the music/hunt it down for them). As for distribution and labels, if you want to get your music out to people, you will still need to press records, as I believe that people will still want an actual art object in their hands, be it a CD or a record, despite the influence of the nominalist Net—the packaging and the presentation is part of the mystique of vinyl, be it the minimalist German colours or the white label of an underground techno producer. Buying an MP3 just won't have the same feeling... which again leads me to think that what will happen is a glut of free, crappy music on the Net being Dled; this is perhaps the scenario of this generation of DJs. But the next, the kids right now. As Hawtin recognizes, it's a love/hate relationship:

"A lot of artists aren't looking forwards to digital distribution. I think this will start to pose more questions. A lot of distributors and labels are a bit scared of final scratch, they love it and hate it at the same time. But the floodgates were open before FS... I am a little bit scared of digital distribution, I am a little bit weary of exactly what is going to happen, but it is going to offer so much more potential, so much more possibilities for people to hear new and unheard music. I think I would much rather have greater accessibility to my music and a little more bootlegging than the way it is now."

What is also necessary? According to Hawtin, nothing short of a shift in the way we think about owning things—property and possession. "Now, to own a piece of music, you have to have a physical form... I actually don't really care if I own the new Herbert CD anymore. If I could really, just pay for the times that I was going to listen to it, on a subscription method, and know that when I wanted to listen to it, I could do it—driving or chilling situations—I would. But none of these kinds of infrastructures are there yet"—i.e. the point where we can have wireless broadband connections in our cars, PDAs, and toasters, with built in credit card microchips so we can pay on the spot. And, instead of the careful design of record sleeves and covers, Hawtin sees the future of design in Flash, allowing a deeper and more immersive format for the artist to present their message. Well? What does it all come down to? It sounds to me like the turntables are getting more and more lost in the increasing attention paid to the *how*, the screen; no longer, as I noted to Hawtin, will we feel the raised Plastikman logo on the *Muzik* album; now, I will watch the Flash vid on my glaring radiation array and be happy I only paid 50 cents for this track that I will never listen to again. Disposable culture: disposable, transient, virtual *muzik*. Will we still feel any value, any emotion, for such a transient, virtual "product"? Or, are we truly entering the realm of music itself, which in all reality has no object, is purely only sound waves? Welcome to the postmodern: as music becomes more and more virtual and omnipresent, it also becomes more and more inaccessible, with more and more technology needed to hear it. Baudrillard, you were right. Me. I think I will hang onto my records a little bit longer... •

More information on Final Scratch at: <http://www.finalscratch.com>.

major labels, the electronic underground is often operated as a break-even (at best) venture; only the lucky few like Hawtin had the right combination of timing, luck, and talent to make a living out of it and still stay on the underground side of the fence. (i.e. not sell out—witness the UK, Ibiza, etc.) Final Scratch will open the doors for DJs to no longer have to go through all that hassle of submitting demos or starting up their own labels. Voila, they can play it immediately... and we are facing similar questions: on the one hand, certainly a proliferation of excellent DJs putting out their own excellent music; on the other hand, however, the majority will probably be 303 cheese Rebirth-made crap 24/7. General result? Music overload.

Back in the 1870s, British professor **James Clerk Maxwell** had mathematically proven that electric waves could be sent over distance. After Maxwell's studies, one German scientist set out to prove Maxwell's theories. In experiments that transmitted waves over a five-foot distance, **Heinrich Heine** proved that waves travel in a straight line across space and that they can be reflected. Radio was born.

Guglielmo Marconi's Wireless Telegraph was born in 1874 in Bologna, Italy. In 1896, Marconi created what amounted to an antenna to send and receive signals and, within a few years, he transmitted signals across the English Channel and eventually across the Atlantic in 1901. During this remarkably significant period in history some wildly influential art movements were flourishing not far from radio's birthplace. Post-Impressionists were giving way to Cubism, then Futurism and Non-Objectivism among others.

During and after WWI an unsettling pessimism (Nihilism) set in throughout Europe and to some extent North America, resulting in the glory days of Dada and Surrealism. By this time radio's potential was realized and utilized for military, hobby, and emergency purposes and, of course, it wouldn't take long for its commercial aspects to be exploited. The time and the place were right for these painters, poets and musicians to use this new medium, but access and availability was reserved for business and marketers.

Luigi Russolo drafted his "Art of Noise" Manifesto (seems like everyone had to have a goddamn manifesto back then) in 1913. He obsessed over the wonder of noise and discovery of sounds, which led to his inventing several original instruments called "*Intonarumori*." While Russolo seemed to vacillate over how musical the experiments should be manifest, the *Intonarumori* concerts were witnessed by many and were held in high regard by composers (Ravel, Stravinsky) who were even influenced by these sounds. None of the *Intonarumori* survives today. Once again, the desire existed to redefine or re-organize the way we hear sound but suppression lurked around each corner. Russolo was frustrated by the novel use of his instruments as mere sound effects.

Let us cross a great modern capital with our ears more alert than our eyes and we will get enjoyment from distinguishing the eddying of water, air and gas in metal pipes, the grumbling noises that breathe and pulse with indisputable animality, the palpitation of waves, the coming and going of pistons, the howl of mechanical saws, the jolting of the tram on its rails, the cracking of whips, the flapping of curtains and flags.

"We enjoy creating mental orchestrations of crashing down of metal shop blinds, slamming doors, the hubbub and shuffle of crowds, the variety of din from the stations, railways, iron foundries, spinning mills, printing works, electric power stations and underground railways"

— Luigi Russolo, 1914

Germany's anti-fascist Weimar Republic arose in opposition to the political right in the 1920s, when radio was experiencing its initial popularity boom. The well-known egalitarian musician **Kurt Weill** identified the groundbreaking potential of the new medium stating, "...there could be no doubt that the preconditions for the development of an independent artistic genre of equal stature [with the other arts] are present." Weill argued that radio should avoid the inevitable broadcasting of pre-existing arts and dramas like film, but should raise its own child, an autonomous "radio art." Unfortunately radio was controlled by the political right. Some things never change.

While it is not quite fair to say that art completely escaped radio, given the massive amounts of radio dramas from the '30s, '40s, '50s, most radio has been as experimental or as groundbreaking as the Big Mac. Imagine, though, broadcasts from the Dadaist events—such as evenings at the Cabaret Voltaire! It seems obvious, given **Cocteau**, **Bunuel** and **Man Ray's** interest in film and **Breton** or **Tzara** and **Eluard's** interest in avant-garde writing, that radio, if readily available, would have been used to wonderful effect by the Surrealists, other performance-art pioneers—and Lord knows who else—if the instruments had only been in the hands of creative visionaries. According to **Tristan Tzara**, for instance, Dada was capable of an "elegant and unprejudiced leap from a harmony to the other sphere; trajectory of a word tossed like a screeching phonograph record." Eventually the Surrealists adopted a healthy disdain for radio and its content, specifically music.

"And ever since I have had a great desire to show forbearance to scientific musing, however unbecoming, in the final analysis, from every point of view: Radio? Fine. Syphilis? If you like. Photography? I don't see any reason why not. The cinema? Three cheers for darkened years. War? Gave us a good laugh. The telephone? Hello, Youth? Charming white hair. Try to make me say thank you: 'Thank you.' Thank you."

—Andre Breton, *Manifesto of Surrealism*

RADIO ART

By Bleek



Dziga Vertov, known as a Russian filmmaker, intended to create art through sound until moving on to film as sound recording techniques were far too primitive in 1916. Vertov envisioned a "Laboratory of Hearing," and was compelled to record and edit non-musical sounds for editing. "I had the original idea of the need to enlarge our ability to organize sound, to listen not only to singing or violin, the usual repertoire of gramophone disks, but to transcend the limits of ordinary music. I decided that the concept of sound included all the audible world. As part of my experiments, I set out to record a sawmill."

The Examples, theories, stories of pioneers, etc., go on for miles, but we get a glimpse here of the rich tradition of art through sound and vice versa. Through "24 Hours of Radio Art" we celebrate these ideas and remember the visionaries. In a way I think we could feel a sense of obligation to use the equipment available to us today in order to realize and further these dreams and visions.

"Poetic modernism, Italian Futurism, English Vorticism, French Dadaism, American Precisionism, all the avant-gardisms of the early century, were obsessed with the representation of noise."

—CBC's Lister Sinclair's IDEAS: "TICK TOCK BANG: NOISE IN MODERN ART" first broadcast January 27, 1999

Every year, for some time now, a few independent and college radio stations around the globe have worked to finally give modern art a transmitter. The concept of giving art a birthday was introduced by French born artist/peacenik **Robert Filliou** (associate of **John Cage**, by the way) who in 1963 asserted that 1,000,000 years ago, there was no art. But one day—on the 17th of January to be precise—Art was born when someone dropped a dry sponge into a bucket of water. Filliou had lofty ideas floating around inside his skull about "relative permanent creation," an exercise in inner peace to be directed outward and into world peace. A continuing playful anarchy as a way of rejecting "the fascism of the square world," the world which refuses to break free of conventional wisdom and the inevitable war it falls into again and again. Interestingly, through pain or coincidence, war and the horrors of fascism tend to be recurrent themes in many of the 24 Hours of Radio Art's sound collages.

These audio-art projects bring to mind other vividly surrealist elements, namely the interactive game known as "Exquisite Corpse." This was an activity that usually involved three or more artists (generally visual types) that would start a drawing or montage on a piece of paper. When that artist was finished the paper was folded back or covered so that the next participant could not see what image came before. When the entire piece is finished, an amazingly bizarre picture is presented for the enjoyment of the group. When several stations (or even multiple people in the radio studio) are involved in radio-art and sharing audio over the internet, we have in essence, an audio version of an "Exquisite Corpse." Combined with the Surrealist's interest in random or spontaneous creations... well, I'm sure the tie-in is all too obvious.

Not to say that 24 Hours of Radio Art is all about noise. The day is about art and other arts have been known to broadcast. Poets and live musicians have graced the studio with their original contributions. The familial links of the creative arts are concrete and incontrovertible.

CITR's involvement in 24 Hours of Radio Art has its roots primarily in the sound experimentations of **Peter Courtemanche**. Peter hosted the weekly program *The Absolute Value of Noise* from 1988 to 1992. This program featured a wide variety of radio-art and experimental audio—often generated live on the air. This radio show developed into the annual 24 Hours of Radio/ART program (1992-96)—a collaborative event that explored the concept of a "radio-art" station; an event that posed the question: What would happen if your local FM pop-rock station suddenly decided to go to an all audio-art format? The answer may be available on January 17th again. Then again, 24 Hours of Radio Art may also be the answer to the question of "What do space aliens listen to at home?"

Our dear and former CITR Programme Coordinator **Anna Friz** acted as curator for the 24 Hours of Radio Art project. Her enthusiasm was evident and she continues to work in the field as a sound artist, performer, producer, and curator. Since moving to Montreal, Anna has curated and performed in sonic events for Studio XX, The Silophone, and Winnipeg's Send + Receive festival of sound—and she is the founder of *The Theminions* theremin orchestra. Much of Peter and Anna's experiments in sound can be found archived at <http://www.kunstradio.at>.

Thanks to these fore-runners the Celebrations have continued each year and past broadcasts have had contacts in Japan, Austria, Holland, France and Australia. Listen in from noon, January 17th till noon the next day as CITR's audio artists bring you the festivities, commercial free. Happy birthday to Art! •



"I feel what you want me to feel. I don't feel myself when you feel me. Wrap your mouth around my mouth. I close my eyes. I don't feel myself when you hold me down." -Swans, "Sealed In Skin" (1984)

"You put your eyes in my head, you put your voice in my mouth, you put your mind in my mind, you put your blood in my blood." -Angels of Light, "Two Women" (2001)

Maybe I was wrong to contemplate a feminist analysis of Mr. Michael Gira. As I stepped into the impersonal and awkward process of initiating an email interview with the man behind the Swans et cetera, I felt a surge of righteous applicability—I could stick my undergraduate theories all over him, and he wouldn't even care! The day after I sent my questions off, I felt the first tremors of uncertainty. My careful wording and double-doublethink self-repression notwithstanding, I thought that for sure he would spot me for what I am:

a) a university student

b) a very big fan

c) a woman who has trouble with men, and who finds interviews extremely intimidating. As it goes, I never really asked him anything remotely approaching my real questions, which were all about bodies and the things humans communicate through them: love, power, powerlessness, hate. Bodies are what we are, after all. Bodies, real and imaginary, have been the singular fixation of Gira's lyrical universe in everything I've ever heard by him. I really wanted to dig up these bodies and talk about them, cuz most people who write love songs talk about togetherness in terms of "feelings." How's this for togetherness: you put your eyes in my head, wrap your mouth around my mouth, I'm sealed in your skin. It's violent, and maybe that's why many writers of love songs don't like dealing with bodies (except in terms of aesthetic appreciation and genital bliss): they don't want to admit that humans are corporal and mortal, because they want their love to last forever.

But still, listening to Holy Money, Swans' 1986 album, hearing deadly-serious lines like "Your body's private. Your body's sacred. You should be violated. You should be raped. Someone weaker than you should rape you," made me think. His music and writing has always dealt with the intersection of sex and violence. Even the Angels of Light's most recent release, the spectacular How I Loved You (released on Gira's own Young God record label), while more tender than usual, opens up this wound. "My True Body" documents the young Gira's experience in an Israeli jail, where he listened, night after night, to the sounds of a young Palestinian boy being raped repeatedly by his captors. I saw in these fragments a hint of the insight that codes so many people: that power has many outlets, many courses of action. Our bodies are not private at all. This is an insight shared by feminists, and I wanted Gira's opinion on it. Ultimately, though, I chickened out. The following interview has no bodies in it, only words.

I've been listening to the Swans and the Angels of Light and the Body Lovers way too much lately. I'm afraid I've become one of those religious people who is always talking about Jesus and tries to get other people to hang out with him. Well, the Angels of Light are coming to Vancouver on Sunday, December 9th at the Piccadilly Pub. You heard me right. Miss it at your own peril.

DISCORDER: The band you're bringing on tour with the Angels of Light is quite pared-down, compared to the ensembles on the albums. What does this do to the songs and the way they are performed live?

Michael Gira: Well I think the songs are good, so it'll work in any context. I guess it's more emotive and raw than with a large group because the energy is more concentrated. Our instrumentation is really odd for this tour—whatever we can all play, really. So Larry Mullins is playing a Farfisa organ, electronic vibes, and a drum kit, all at once. Thor Harris is playing a piano, hammer dulcimer, auto harp, acoustic vibes, singing, and percussion, again sometimes all at once. Dana Schechter is playing bass and piano and melodic and singing. I'm playing my guitar and singing. It's like Pink Floyd as performed by a traditional American mountain music group!

On "New York Girls," you seem to be addressing an audience—from the stage—but it's one of the most intimate songs on How I Loved You. Have you performed it in New York yet? Does the song work differently there than in other cities?

The first time we played it there was really surprising. The response was like at a football game. It's loud. There is a certain archetype to whom it's addressed, as well as specific memories, but maybe Sheboigan Girls to diffuse the specificity.

A lot of early Swans strikes me as distinctly political. You often focussed, lyrically, on power inating or abusing another—and on economic and sexual exploitation. At the same time, you were not interested in "preaching" to your audience about politics. Have your views changed over the years, like the kind the Angels of Light specialize in, can be political?

In the past I might have addressed certain themes as you described, that might be interspersed away from being polemical in any way. I'm selfish enough to not want to kill a so associating myself with any doctrine—I don't like crowds! I suppose a love song could have computers changed the way you compose or produce music?

They haven't changed a thing as far as Angels of Light is concerned, as it's based on more possibilities in terms of setting. As for other projects such as the Body Lovers' fade and collage had a great deal to do with the final piece. On both those projects recordings that had a distance of 15 years in their origination, then coexisted simultaneously would overload and make the most violent feedback imaginable, as if about it him let it go, then incorporated it into the piece. It seemed like the computer was that the core of a piece have a sense of being made by human hands. I never!

Maybe I dream it, but I seem to remember your finger being up for sale. I Hah hah! I suppose that was ironic, but actually I would have cut off my right I think it would look great, pickled in a jar and on a nice mantle piece. Not sold his excrement in cans and charged artwork prices for it.

The past couple of years have seen Young God Records more productivity. Since the label is somewhat stable now in terms of distribution, I just the different types of music from various artists, I thought it was time to go done, I suppose.

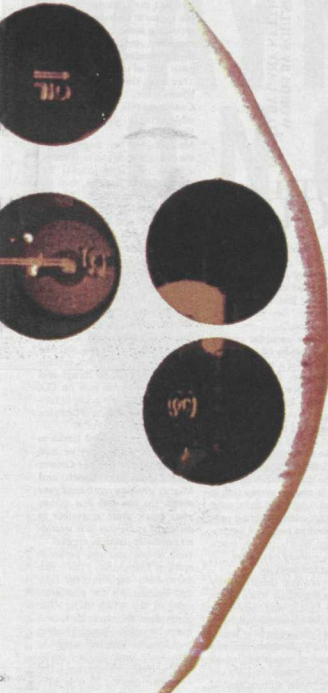
On your website, it states that you will be doing "reworkings of Sw couple of years ago?"

Probably not, but in this instance there's enough distance so that I feel love songs of the material anyway. It's just a source.

Soundtracks for the Blind and the Body Lovers/Body Haters releases it a phase that has passed, or is that kind of sound manipulation s I intend, when time and money allow, to do another installment of for sale.

BARBARA'S YOUNG GOD MIX TAPE

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. SWANS | "STUPID CHILD" | GREED/HOLY MONEY |
| 2. SWANS | "SEALED IN SKIN" | KILL THE CHILD (LIVE) |
| 3. SWANS | "SEX, GOD, SEX" | CHILDREN OF GOD |
| 4. ANGELS OF LIGHT | "SHAME" | NEW MOTHER |
| 5. BODY LOVERS | "I" | PART ONE OF THREE |
| 6. SWANS | "THE FINAL SACRIFICE" | SOUNDTRACKS FOR THE BLIND |
| 7. ANGELS OF LIGHT | "PUBLIC EMBARRASSMENT BLUES" | HOW I LOVED YOU |
| 8. SWANS | "WHORE" | BODY TO BODY, JOB TO JOB |
| 9. ANGELS OF LIGHT | "INNER FEMALE" | NEW MOTHER |
| 10. SWANS | "I SEE THEM ALL LINED UP" | SWANS ARE DEAD (LIVE) |



MICHAEL GIRA ON THE ANGELS OF LIGHT AND OTHER LUMINOUS MAGICAL THINGS.

kind of ridiculous.
I should change it to

and control—one person dominated in a 1984 interview that you
tinged over the years? Do you think that

ted as political by extension, though I've always
ng by limiting its scope. Also, I'm extremely leery of
le political, but don't consider mine to be so.

irely on the performance of the song, though of course there's
or even Swans circa *Soundtracks for the Blind*, the ability to cross-
tates some of the sound sources were culled from performances or
ultaneously in a new "performance." Also, on occasion, the comput-
er explode—the engineer would leap at the controls to stop it, but I had
es showing "personality" at that point. It's still important to me though
program rhythms for that reason.
is the finger still for sale, and if so, why?
it hand pinkie if someone had come up with the money—\$250,000, to be exact.
that it's an entirely original idea—see the work of Mario Merz, for example. He

e than ever. To what do you attribute this?
night it vain to only release my own music, and since I'm enthusiastic about many
ve their music a venue. I do what I can with no money, which is what I've always

ans material" on tour. Is this something you would have felt comfortable doing a

el comfortable with it. The interpretations will have very little to do with the original

used a lot of taped/sampled material. The two *Angels of Light* albums use none. Was
something you still engage in?

ie Body Lovers. I don't have an agenda in terms of sound or approach. For instance, I can

listen to Gorecki's *Symphony Number Two* (which is quite violent and expressionist), then easily
listen to Dylan's *Nashville Skyline* the next moment, and neither one takes on any more relevance
or importance musically, but both contain a core of commitment to the passion of the perform-
ance, which is the essential thing, in the end, to me.

You've said elsewhere that "Inner Female" [from the *Angels of Light's New Mother*] is writ-
ten from the point of view of Francis Bacon. Could you elaborate on this? (It's one of my
favourites, and I had a completely different interpretation...)

Well, I've always been a huge fan of his work, as well as the amazing, almost superhuman
ability he exhibited in living both a sybaritic, extremely debauched life, coupled with an unflag-
ging dedication to his work. I don't know how he did it: drinking and other sensual pursuits
until four AM, then working in the studio until noon or so, then sleeping a few hours, then
repeating the process. It's really heroic, in a way. Anyway, I was reading several different biog-
raphies and interviews with him, and the song came out from the sensibility I gleaned from
that, and of course his work. It's not a specific account by any means, though.

What does the name the *Angels of Light* signify to you?

It's just a name. Right now it signifies hard work, as we get ready for the tour!

**There's been a strong visual component to the packaging of Young God releases. Who are
your favourite visual artists?**

A few years ago I was visiting some friends in Madrid, Spain, and I ended up going to the Prado
museum every day, 8 hours, for a week, wandering aimlessly, taking my time. I came across an
Adoration of the Magi by Van Eyck, and sat staring at that for a few hours—luminous, magical,
the definition of the word "beauty." At that moment I thought I was finished with modern art.
It just seemed like a sham by comparison. Then, as it happened, there was a retrospective of the
installation/light artist Dan Flavin in the same city. I was similarly floored. So I give up trying to
choose favorites.

Visit www.younggodrecords.com

BY BARBARA

And now, for something completely different, we go to The Side Door, where Vancouverites are actually having fun.

Tuesdays Legless

Some people prefer drinking to dancing. And, honestly, is there any more pathetic sight in the world than someone who can't dance getting legless drunk and stumbling out on to the dance floor to bust a move?

Legless is for people who love music but can't dance/won't dance. As is always the case at the Side Door, the music will be an incredibly eclectic mix. We'll go from Tool to Wagner, from Tori Amos to Tom Waits, from Eminem to Johnny Cash. We'll throw in a couple dance tracks for those of you who just want to shake it but, for the most part, Legless is for people who just want to listen to great tunes and get ripped.

Wednesdays Alchemy

Alchemy = magic. In medieval times, curious minds attempted to turn lead into gold. Others tried to distill the elixir of life. At the Side Door we're performing a different experiment. We're dabbling with social alchemy. We want to know what happens when all the different musical tribes gather in one place to dance.

Alchemy is about dancing. We'll hit you with 6 packs of disco, trip hop, calypso, Motown, funk, reggae, ska, trance, bangra, industrial, poka, drum and bass... we'll throw everything at you - you show us what you got.

Thursdays Drunk and Horny

There are only two things you need to know about Drunk and Horny:

Orgasms are fun.
Drinking is fun.

People go to bars hoping that they'll find someone who can make them wail like the Sirens of Odysseus and we're not going to pretend otherwise. We'll do everything we can think of to aid all in their efforts to taste the fruit the Bible forbids. The music will be subtly erotic to blatantly sexual. A visual cornucopia of artistic eroticism will wash over the room. The rest is up to you.

Fridays and Saturdays PT Barnum

There is no bar in Vancouver where you can, in the same night, be entertained by a 12 piece marching band, a fire eating, juggling comedian and a half dozen professional go-go dancers. Not your taste? How bout a plate throwing Klezmer band, an obnoxious and lewd down and a sultry troupe of hula dancers? You'll never know exactly what you'll find at the greatest show on earth, but that's the point.

DJs and performers wanted - call (604) 871 3335

Side Door Bar 2291 W. Broadway (@ Vine

SIDE DOOR BAR NO POSERS

20 January 2001



WORDS BY SOULSISTAH
PHOTO BY GARY KETTLERSON

INTERVIEW WITH YABBY YOU

Note: "ie" translates into "to" or "for" in Patois, depending on what it is used for. "Likkie" means "little," "haffi" means "have to," "dem" means "them," "inna" means "in."

The influence of Jamaican music and culture on contemporary music has been broad and far-reaching, deeply rooted in a tradition that is as much rooted in it as it is misunderstood. Any reggae fan who truly has been listening over the years will be aware of the musical contribution of Vinton Jackson. The legendary Yabby You has worked with an endless roster including King Tubby, Lee "Scratch" Perry, Mad Professor, Scientist, King Jammy, Augustus Pablo, Michael Prophet, Tommy McCook, Sly & Robbie, Diana King, Tony Tuff, and Patrick Andy.

The new millennium brings the launch of Intity Music, founded recently with the purpose of distributing as yet unrecorded classic productions spanning four decades from one of the island's most prolific producers/singers. While he was in Vancouver, he finalized the formation of this latest musical venture. Busy working with Daniel Elmes of Dubwise Productions, Yabby You has been adding the final touches to some of his most recent recordings, featuring a host of fine reggae vocalists. In between giving spiritual advice to local youth in the kitchen of a Point Grey home and working downstairs at the mixing console, Vinton Jackson managed to take some time out to answer some questions.

DISORDER: Could you begin by telling our readers how your career in music began and what inspired your initial involvement?

Yabby You: My music started in 1972 and was mainly inspired me, in those days you have a lot of different religion, different religious group and 'ting. You have the church congregation and you have the Rasta congregation, so I now wanted to establish my idea and my way of thinking towards the whole of here, both amongst the Rastas and the Christian congregation. So that was when I decided to try and do the record because by doing the record I could reach a lot of people. I didn't want to sound too do it for a producer or for, just anybody or feds Marley's. So that was when I started. The first [album] was *Conquering Lion* and when I did it, I do it for myself. So when it came out, I was like singer, producer,

arranger, writer and it changed the very name my parents gave me. *Conquering Lion* is from the same song that they began calling me Yabby You. At the beginning me say "Bee-You, Yabby Yabby Yousouan."

What do you consider constitutes a well produced song?

Well to me [it's] a song where I deal with love. The creator of love, not the love that man make, like the make love, but the creator love. A song that deal with love, peace and harmony. I look at that as a good song. Anytime you make a song with that idea, like the inside of your thoughts, that is the thing you're trying to portray. It always comes out to be a good song. I call those song good songs, where it bring people together in love and harmony. Songs which preach peace and love, without hypocrisy. It's about the message.

Yves, I always listen to my thoughts, especially when all the rain [is] falling and lightning and thunder and earthquake and dem tings. I always hear music inside of my thoughts like you hear a host of angels singing all the heavenly songs. So I always listen to those things and it inspires me to try and bring out the tings that me hear inside of me thoughts, [ulpan music]. Sometimes you find that the lightning will flash and give me idea. The thunder will roll and give me a heavenly idea. Those sounds that me hear, me always try to bring it out physically. When me go to studio now, the bass man, me suggest to him the bass note according to how me hear it inside of me thoughts. The riddim, the horns and even the way they must sing. It make dem feel inspired and think [ulpan religious ideas and dem thing].

You're very deeply rooted in spirituality.
Yes.

How does this inform your music and your way of living?

Daughter, to tell you the truth, everyone bracket me off. Me is like a lonely sparrow up on a housetop. But watch. Because of the things that I believe in and the things that I stand for, people always bracket me off. People don't want dem kind of things, you know? Them don't want people who really try to be true to the heavenly, the heavenly kingdom and you find the Rasta dem against me. The Christian people against me and it just

make me like me alone. The few companies me have now [is just] a few likkle brethren, seen?

I've had the opportunity to listen to you at Dubwise last week recording some tracks and hearing some songs. When I heard the harmonies, they expressed a great deal of joy.

Yeah! Most of it, it is life. Spiritual life.

Could you talk a little bit about what you're doing here in Vancouver?

Me do a set of records. There's the old time style and now me do a set of new style [tracks]. Me start it first in Jamaica, then me come up here now to Dubwise and me finish it. We put in other instruments and horns and dem mixed it down in order for the CD to be released. Me come and decide that we're getting into partnership and then make this new label that you heard me telling you about, Intity Music. All the mixing, the new instruments and the horns are now [being] completed at Dubwise. The foundation music and the backing were in Jamaica, including a portion of new things, like me be available now on CD. So this new label is going to control all of dem tings, and Dubwise now becomes a part of it.

When you've licensed tracks to *Blood and Fire*, they've had modern groups like the *Groove Corporation* and *Smith and Mighty* produce remixes of your songs.

Do you feel that makes your music more accessible to different audiences that wouldn't normally listen to reggae?

Well I tell you my personal opinion. I would say I don't like the modern ting inn it, but I say that because for the youthfulness of the whole thing. The youth dem, they have dem own spaces. Dem rules [must] be for dem own time, so dem have a right to dem own music if they really want and dem decide that is the way dem choose. That is dem love. Me can't dispute it, but through my use of the old thing, me go to say me prefer the old thing. But me haffi face the fact, just like when we were younger and we hear the modern ting. We then come up with our own idea. [It's] the same thing with them now, you know? So it wouldn't be fair if me try and condemn it, but it's quite logical I'm going to love what I do.

What can we expect from you in the future?

Well as me say, we haven't really completed the work yet, but we have seven CDs that we're working on, you know? We are working with different artists. You have me, Tony Tuff, Pat Kelly, Patrick Andy, Rasta MacDonald, Kingstone, and Ce'cile. Each one is a message of this time, in our own way.

Thank you so much for your time.
Yes daughter. Blessed. It's always a pleasure to talk about music and the goodness of God with my brothers and sisters because we are children of the universe, aren't we?

• You can find out more about the full version of this interview or tune into CTR's Soulsistah Radio on Saturday, December 22nd at noon for a special feature on Vinton Jackson.

WAYNE HORWITZ PONGA ABBY LUCAS TDS



I fired off a convoluted list of questions by email to keyboardist Wayne Horvitz the other day and asked him if he might be able to answer them by the copy deadline for this paper. Wayne Horvitz is a prompt guy though, and he responded the next day. This gave me time to fire off another list of questions. He responded to those a couple of hours later. What follows is a reconstructed version of an email conversation. I didn't change any of Mr. Horvitz's words, but I did change some of mine. Why, you ask? Firstly, I did it to make the text feel a little more like a natural conversation. Secondly, I am embarrassed about my lack of spelling facility. And to think that people give me their school essays to proofread...

DISORDER: Where exactly, do you get your band names? "Zony Mash," "Ponga"/... where do they come from? Wayne Horvitz: You can blame me for Zony Mash (in fact it is the title of a Meters tune) but Ponga is entirely Skerik's fault. Skerik is the sax player for Ponga. About that group—I read that your first Ponga album was gleaned from around 20 hours of recorded material. Is that the case? What was the process like in selecting what material you would be releasing? Was it a conscious decision to make a lot of the songs short (as compared to, say, some 22-minute jam), or is that just the way it turned out?

The way I look at it, [studio] records and live [recordings] are two very different experiences. We grabbed sections that we felt made "a piece." We also

focused on the sections with heavier grooves because it made sense for our first record. On your most recent Ponga album, Skerik is credited with playing "Saxophonics." What exactly does that mean? I ask this because I noticed occasionally it sounded like Skerik was playing and then I'd hear another saxophone and I'd ask myself if you had a cool saxophone keyboard setting on your keyboard or if Skerik is activating samples as he's playing...

Skerik uses a lot of electronics on his saxophone—and samples a bit. As a bit of a jazz buff, I've noticed that in some "jazz circles" there are often some negative attitudes towards electronics in general—samples and DJs and stuff. Now, obviously, your group [Ponga] doesn't carry these attitudes because you're heavily electronic in instrumentation and because your first album was remixed by a group of DJs, but I was wondering what sort of decision was reached in terms of letting your music be remixed? How much of a say did you guys have in what the mixes would sound like, or did you just, for example, hand your music over to Amon Tobin and tell him to "Do what you will..."

Absolutely... the re-mixer is the artist—I, for one, didn't hear a note of it until it was released. Speaking of Amon Tobin, I was reading a review of the Ponga Remixes CD, and the reviewer said that he enjoyed the remix of "Pieces of Saturn" by Mr. Tobin more than the

original version. How does that make you feel? I've thought about this really hard, and I realize that I feel exactly the same as I did 10 minutes ago.

That's interesting. In general, how much does the media influence you? I'm assuming you've probably been criticized at some point in your career, how do you deal with it? Do you just ignore it? Honestly, I try not to read reviews—although I need to from time to time. Criticism can be unpleasant, and often misdirected. I never minded that someone didn't like my music, I do mind when they need to rationalize it in terms that don't have anything to do with what I do. But good reviews are the worse. Any artist that starts believing their press is in real trouble.

I should say there are some writers I really love. Peter Guralnick. Ralph J. Gleason, who really understood jazz history, loved the avant-garde, wrote the liner notes to the Jefferson Airplanes' first record, and loved Levon Helm! [Also, Witney Balliet, who I rarely agreed with but really understood music and musicians, and was an elegant writer.

With Ponga divided in half in terms of ages, two from the younger generation and two from the older generation, do you ever notice a clash of ideas?

Hey watch it—who you calling "older generation"?

You're living in Seattle now. As I understand it, [drummer] Bobby Previte is living in NYC. What's it like to have band mates living on all corners of the continent? I see Bobby more than I see Skerik!

Besides Ponga, what's some stuff you're working on that you're excited about? Just finished the Zony Mash Live in Seattle CD. [There's a] film score CD for Tzadik I am wrapping up. Our new acoustic CD, *Sweeter Than The Day*, will be out on Vancouver's own Songlines label this January. Etc. What sort of stuff do you listen to when you're not playing? What's in your record player now?

I think you mean what's on your record player, or what's in

your CD player.

(I meant "record" in the "album" sense of the word...anyways.)

On my turntable—Michael Hurley. In my CD player—a copy of Ponga's *Psychological* because I just got new copies and I was checking that the pressing sounded decent.

You mentioned the Meters earlier. I personally love the Meters. I was wondering, in terms of your own personal journey in music, how did you come to play the stuff you are playing today? What stuff did you listen to early on in your playing years? I ask because you hear bands like Medeski Martin and Wood, who are obviously funk-influenced, and then you hear bands like Metalwood, where all the members say they play groove music but are all from a jazz background. What was your journey?

Sorry—but I could write a book. Just like everyone else I listened to a lot of music and certain things just stuck. I get asked this a lot, and usually some of the people I mention are The Band, Dylan, all the San Francisco bands like Quicksilver and the Dead and Jefferson Airplane. Pharoah Sanders moved me into a whole other area of music including Coltrane, Cecil Taylor who was a major influence, and especially the AACM and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Bartok and Stravinsky opened the doors for me to a lot of classical music. Just like in jazz I tended to start with the more modern

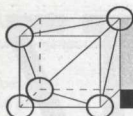
music and work my way backwards. For example Charlie Parker led me to Lester Young and soon I was listening to Teddy Wilson and then stuff from the '20s. A Merce Cunningham show I went to had John Cage and David Berman and David Tudor all making a bunch of noise which was incredible and quite beautiful. I'm a big fan of Captain Beefheart and Sly Stone and all the greats The Waiters and the Stones. I like Chic and still pull out their record once in a while. Just like most of America, Nirvana sounded killing to me—Kurt Cobain seemed to find that same place emotionally that Billie Holiday and Al Green seem to find. I like Yo La Tengo. Honestly probably even more important than all the above were people like Otis Spann and Muddy Waters and when I was young The New Lost City Ramblers and plenty of Mountain Music. My wife, Robin Holcomb, has influenced me profoundly, she can really write a melody. A friend of mine said to me once, "You know how you listen to Korean music and you hear a John Lee Hooker lick." It seems to me people are always talking about how different music is, and I don't really get that. There are a lot of blurs between music genres. An comment that stuck out at me when I was researching was one CD reviewer who wrote "There is not as much of a gap between Ponga and modern popular music as there was between electro-period Miles

and the tunes of that time, indicating that the erosion of barriers between 'jazz' and other forms is increasingly accelerating." Do you think this is true? Or more generally, what do you think about the usefulness of "categories" in music?

I think the reviewer in the above statement is both right and also should find more interesting things to think about! I heard through the grapevine that there were some problems with you calling your last album "American Bandstand." What happened? Did you get the old cease and desist from Dick Clark? Is there anything you can tell me about that or is all legal stuff our readers wouldn't care about?

Exactly right. Dick Clark claimed copyright infringement. We did not agree and frankly we felt we could win but it would be too costly and time consuming. I decided life was too short to worry about it, so we agreed to re-release it with a new title, as long as they agreed to a few details we felt strongly about. The ironic thing was that the title was meant in such an iconic way. American Bandstand to me was just paying homage to popular music in general—and a whole period of history. Unfortunately, now when I hear the phrase I just think of this sorry legal hassle. Frankly I wonder if Dick Clark ever listened to the music. Somehow I doubt it. > See Wayne Horvitz and Ponga live December 13 and 14 at the Anza Club.





under review

recorded media

APPLESEED CAST

Low Level Volume One
(Deep Elm)

Of course the local music scene only ordered in *Volume One* so that now I have to specially order *Volume Two* at an over-inflated price. Damn their only hides! Personal vendettas aside, *Applesseed* Cast released *Volume One* and *Two* separately, but they're meant to go together as one album. That said, *Volume One* is terrific. Their previous album, *Mare Vitalis*, saw them take great strides to rise above the ranks of being just another emo band.

Low Level Owl sees them make more and less the realm of emo so far behind that you can barely see it in the rear-view mirror. Alternating between quiet songs, rockin' songs, and instrumental songs, *Volume One* is, as stated in the liner notes, a headphones album. The production by Ed Rose is amazing as the band uses a variety of different instruments to create an altogether unique album. They make use of everything from organs, to xylophones, to synthesizers and even leaves blowing outside the studio. This is a lush, dense album that requires repeated listening. And as soon as I hear *Volume Two*, I'll recommend that as well. Wait a minute. "Low Level Owl" backwards is... "Low Level Owl." Ha, I get it now. No, wait. "Low Level Owl" backwards is actually "Two Level Owl." I guess I don't get it after all.

Caley

KIM BARLOW

Gingerbread
(Caribou)

Some time back, the Council of the Arts gave Veda Hille a grant to go up to the Yukon with a group of Canadian artists. The goal was to record life in the Yukon musically. Veda Hille's *Field Study*, released last summer, was the first of the group's work to see the limelight. Kim Barlow's *Gingerbread* is the second. Barlow paints a vivid picture of life in the Yukon with her banjo, guitar, and voice. The beauty of this work is comparable to that of Hille's, which was stunning. Their influences are the same, their execution quite different. Barlow's lyrics are of a lower literary caliber than Hille's, but they are more honest. She is from the Yukon after all. This release is stepped in Barlow's love and understanding of her home and, unlike Hille's work, which primarily documents nature, *Gingerbread* documents human interaction. *Gingerbread* and *Field Study* complement

each other beautifully, and the Council should be happy to know that they got their money's worth.

Rana E

DAN BERN

New American Language
(Messenger)

The one problem I have with Dan Bern's albums is that they are never as good as his live shows. There is something about seeing a folk singer in front of a captivated crowd giggling to every line of his songs that you just cannot capture on a CD.

Having said that, by no means are his albums bad. In fact, his 1998 release *Fifty Eggs* is probably one of my favorites. I was quite excited to pick up his new CD *New American Language*. From what I gather some of the costs of its release were paid for by fans preordering via mail. That's pretty neat.

New American Language is easily Dan Bern's darkest album to date. It is still filled with the same sharp wit and life commentary that his fans are accustomed to, but this time the content is more serious. One are songs about aliens fucking monkeys or Marilyn Monroe harassing Henry Miller—now we get lines like "And then he bombed the embassy we thought was something else." We might get to see World War Three by Thanksgiving Day! But as long as the turkey's golden brown it's all gonna be okay." Most people will say that this album is more mature. Quick ha-ha laughs are replaced with darker humor that works on a number of levels. I think the changes are interesting and refreshing, but the old Dan Bern fan in me really misses the silly humor found in *Fifty Eggs* or *Smartie Mine*. I still enjoy *New American Language*, but it didn't quite grab me like his previous efforts.

Ben Lai

KIT CLAYTON

Lateral Forces
(Surface Fault)

Kit Clayton, seminal agent of dub techno, leavened of granular synthesis, fulcrum of San Francisco techno—all of these titles mean nothing in the face of the expansive, orchestral, daring work of *Lateral Forces*. Deleuze's smooth space is sonically translated, clear, translucent, the fractalized ground without origin, created at the outset as the space for creation to begin. The music rises from the foundation of the darkest of rumbling beats, morphing,

changing, undergoing the crackling fires of granular synthesis, subsiding to the particle, the crackling landscape, and from there, the emotional topography of the dub chord, the trace of Kit's foundational sound, begins to emanate, to bring itself into being, only to dissolve in the sudden light of a tensioned ambient patch, revealing the high, microscopic static peaks, bell-like, radio changing, that were always already present. Beauty never sounded so embracing and warm, as the enveloping wave, deep sea, underwater, washes over; then, like driftwood, rising from the tide, the atmosphere touches the senses, and far off, on that distant island of the horizon, approaching, performs the dub echo, crawling close and tentatively, until, like the organic bliss of two long lost lovers, the beat unfurls the sound into the structure of the soul. She's crying to you, and me, and her tears leave us with only the traces, the folds between map and territory, mental reality slipping down to frequency manipulation, the subtext of spirits from the world of wires and codes. Should be listened to with Fennesse's *Endless Summer* on *Mego*. Quite possibly the defining work of both dub techno and microsound.

thobias v

¡CUBANISMO!

¡mucho gusto! (Best of)
(Hannibal)

It's amazing how much you can tell about a CD based on its liner notes alone. Open up the liner notes on this disk and you can tell it's bound to be a good listen. The centre spread is a picture of the band—a huge Cuban big-band—decked out in their spiffiest threads and holding their horns. The young guys are wearing red suits, yellow suits, shiny suits, normal suits. One of the older guys in a white suit complete with white poverty cap, white belt, white shoes and the finisher—a big black bow tie. C'mon—when you see a guy dressed like that and holding percussion instruments, either the album is going to really really suck or it is going to be too hot to handle. Thankfully, this album of stuff from *Cubanismo!* packs a wallopp of the latter. The only reason it hasn't seen more play in my disc player is that it isn't really a winter album. I can't wait till summer though. You'll see me cruisin' round town in my '89 Honda Accord with the sunroof open, running my fingers through my hair while blasting

the sounds of one of the finest Cuban big-bands around. I'll look like a loser, but the music'll be good. Besides, looking like a loser has never stopped me before.

Lucas T&S

JULIE DOIRON

Désamor
(Endearing)

Oh, man. This is the stuff of many of my best adolescent wet dreams.

This CD, Julie Doiron's third solo outing, is an audio equivalent of the attractive girl-next-door, who's just moved over from Quebec, and has come over unexpectedly, just to lie on the bed next to you to sing in your ear. Slowly, softly and passionately, she coos the most alluring French-Canadian ballads I've ever heard. It all culminates in a mad fit of wild lovemaking, which—I must sadly admit—I haven't seen much of during my waking hours, lately.

Doiron, the soon-to-be ex-Eric's Trip female lead and bassist, finally honed that sweet-poop thing with Ottawa's *Wooden Stars*, climaxing in a June for last year's *Julie Doiron and the Wooden Stars* as Best Alternative Album. Now, solo Doiron has pulled an unexpected hairpin-left, along a road paved with a very sweet and sexy folk-pop confection, à la *Serge Gainsbourg*, but with

Doiron in the girl-next-door role, singing the wet dream-inspiring words that Serge—that classy ol' coot—would have been proud of.

So as I listen to this one for the umpteenth time, with the headphones on, all I can say to Julie is: "I don't know what the hell you're singing about, but thank you for adding a little reality to my fantasy."

Spike

VINCENT GALLO

When
(Warp)

This review comes a bit late seeing as *Vice* has already written on the actor, director, writer, boy, and musician's new album. However, their summary of Gallo's album consisted of but one word: surprising. The fact that Gallo has put out another album doesn't seem surprising at all when in fact it only seems natural that he would follow up on the underground success of *Buffalo 66*'s soundtrack that he scored (with the exception of some tracks by King Crimson. Yes, and his father Vincent Gallo Sr.). On *When* Vincent writes, produces, arrange, and performs everything, making this album like a diary on life, love and alienation. The content of the songs along with the stripped down guitar pluckings and shrill vocal tones gives this work a similar feel and sound to *Buffalo 66*. The music is a perfect soundtrack for a lovesick

cad lamenting about past, present and future love. The album also delves into dark down-tempo drumbeats and the occasional sloppy jazz instrumental making it all the more like *Buffalo 66*. This may be only for fans of Vincent's work but it also retains a fuzzy sentimental quality that most indie rock kids would love and maybe even some hip hop heads too. For those that wish to hear more check out his early '80s band *Grey*, with John Lurie and JM Basquiat.

Morgan Tanner

GOLDFRAPP

Utopia
(Genetically Enriched)

The cover is perfect, white bunny against a pink background, splash-pink CD, a bright yellow case. Lollipop music, fuzzy bunnies, soft. The pink inside tastes sweet, flows like burlesque cabaret on the tongue, this light voice, sexy, breathy, in a dress of pink sequins a slit up the thigh, this is for sure. But this performance is in a space bar, neon lights flashing, disco ball spinning circles on the moon floor, the band on echoing silver synths, trumpet riffs, violin strings quivering, music machines of pretty plastic, the light side of Bladerunner, smoke slowly rising through the haze, mysterious. Beautiful girls and boys flutter eyes at each other in the semi-darkness, bodies move

fine then...

we'll

play

inside!

DEC 17

Run Chico Run
Hanover Fest
Black Rice

JAN 07

Operation Makeout
Def Poets Society
Billy & The Lost Boys

JAN 14

Hot Hot Heat
Sharp Teeth
Witness Protection Program
The Accident

JAN 21

Speaking Of Heroes
In The End Time
w/ Calgary guests

—WHAP!— Mondays @ Mesa Luna. See www.whap.ca for more info.

slowly, utopia of Goldfrapp, lulls.

Cato

J MAJIK

Drum'n Bass Mix
(DMC)

This is a stock D&B compilation with a few outstanding tracks and—the real strength—little to no filler. For those not in the know, a stock D&B compilation is still outstanding against most other compilations kickin' around these days because the genre is young and vital enough that producers still have the energy to make swell music. Although this one doesn't always have the knock-the-wind-out-of-you quality that would characterize a *damn good* D&B compilation, J Majik clearly knows what he's doing and keeps good company. As for the liner notes, come on guys, when was *Goldie* "reigning don of jungle"? Sorry, *Mixer Magazine*—send your lies elsewhere, but keep the compilations coming.

Danovan

HEY MERCEDES

Everynight Fire Works
THE GET UP KIDS

Eudora
(Vagrant)
Well, the cover art and layout are real nice. Cover art can't save this album takes all the O out of EMO and adds a lot of R which gets us REM. Not the Atlanta, Georgia REM, but *Rapid Eye Movement*, ex-members of Braid. On the same note, the Get Up Kids want your lunch money and they're out on this CD full of songs that they put out already. Exciting.

Jay Duvillard

MIGALA

Arde
(Sub Pop)

The fourth song on this album is so beautiful. But for some reason Migala put in samples of screeching tires and crashing. What you see I was driving along in Cloverdale after the dog show when I had to pull a driving maneuver called a U-turn. This was a pretty mellow U-turn, but see the screeching noise came over the song. We were all in awe, did we make that dangerous screech with my very conservative U-turn? Then there was a crash. We were all fine. It was just the CD. Take my advice: buy this CD, but don't drive to the fourth song—it's hard on the nerves.

Jay Duvillard

THE ROCK A TEENS

Now Under the Trees
(Moodswing)

The following bands suck: Stereolab, For Stars, Sublime, Bob Marley and the Walters, Blueprint, Bratmobile, Shannon Whirpool, Death Cab for Cutie, Cal and Response, Unwind, Quasi, Zeke, The Promise Ring,

Cat Power, Destroyer, Pedro the Lion, Mogwai, The Fucking Champs, The Vux, Sigur Ros, Apples in Stereo, The Beatles, Marine Research, Saves the Day, Dub Narcotic Sound System, Love as Laughter, Oysterhead, Belle and Sebastian, Bardo Pond, Gossip, You Black Emperor, The Strokes, Daniel Johnston, and Bis.

The Rock A Teens are better than all those bands combined, which is like putting all the garbage on your block into a big pile. So the Rock A Teens are a little better than that.

Christa Min

SECRET CHIEFS 3

Book M
(Web of Mimicry)

This recalls painful memories of Persian weddings I attended as a child, and of depressed teenage mope when my post-chorus for industrial music only dug me deeper. Somehow, Book M still manages to be a happy and entertaining listen.

Naben Ruthman

SILVER JEWS

Bright Flight
(Drag City)

Here is a series of unbroken statements written at the request and behest of she who can no longer tolerate binary language. It begins with this joke that was probably possessed around by the circles of bitter, wealthy men for decades before it slipped into the wrong demographic. It goes: How about instead of getting married, you buy a house and give it to someone you hate?

Here are some town names: Forest Hills, Oak Hill, Brentwood, Scottsboro, Columbia, Summertown, Mt. Pleasant, Christiansia, Arrington, Rockvale, Pleasant View, Mt. Juliet, Bon Aqua, Marrowbone, Sugar Grove, Water Valley, Cumberland Furnace, Lorett, Minor Hill. That very last one spent 80 years to get their Baptist church from the blueprint to the corner of Main and Templeton. Perhaps if the idiot who founded the place had decided to give his name furthest from the corner, the place would have been a greater urgency, what with all the traders taking the long walk home from New Orleans, where they'd have sold their river barges for enough to cover prostitutes, typhus, and the bubonic shit that they would have written off as provisions if they had had a chance to file income tax. By the time Minor Hill came, there would be a real need to confess—what with Nashville looting nearly 10 days away. A trader could confess feeding soap to little babies, or at least to taking that sap, firing it up until it got soft, putting a mosquito in it and then selling it hard as fossilized amber to some suck at Colbert Ferry. But the town wasn't there, and neither was the church. All those bad people

got really guilty and ended up in Nashville, where their worries went quiet but stayed resident in all the mounting sentiments that would eventually bring us Alan Jackson singing "I'm crazy 'bout a Mercury." What of this hell? To make exceptions only makes it worse. The Silver Jews are going for the gold at the money games and it really hurts. It is David Berman playing with some of Lambchop and some of the Royal Trux and it sounds like Nashville. What is the accomplishment here? Sounds like Vince Gillet Check. Sounds like it was sung by a real living, breathing, desperate drunk? Check. Features forcefully bad similes ("The sky is low and gray like a Japanese table" and my horse's legs look like four brown shotgun")? Check.

Bright Flight is supposed to make people grin with a great degree of self-satisfaction in knowing that the whole thing is a joke. If that plan doesn't work, at least someone else can smirk knowing that other people don't get it, whatever that particular it might be.

Bowie

Matthias Lewis

THE SILVER MT ZION MEMORIAL ORCHESTRA AND TRA-LA-LA BAND

Born Into Trouble As The Sparfly Truand
(Constellation)

I always feel ill-equipped to review anything out of the *Godspeed You, Black Emperor* camp. I always, always enjoy the music, but I never feel like I fully understand the message. All I ever seem to get is that life is terrible. This album seems to have a similar aim, even going so far as to include a long diatribe entitled "On the Failure of One Small Community in Achieving its Own Ill-Defined Dreams and/or Goals..." The last Silver Mt. Zion album was unbelievable but it always left me feeling down. This new album, though, doesn't leave me sad at all. In fact, strangely enough, it fills me with a sense of hope. Maybe it's the beautiful last track "The Triumph of Our Tired Eyes" that features the lyrics "There's beauty in this band but I don't often feel it." Maybe it's the kid in the opening of "Built Then Burnt (Hurrah! Hurrah!)" whose breathless, colorful reciting always brings a smile to my face because he is so passionate. Maybe it's the way the album begins as it slowly fades from a quiet sound in the distance into a grand, loud melody. Or maybe it's simply the bird on the back cover carrying a sign that says simply "Please Believe." Highly recommended, maybe as much or even more than any other Godspeed-related album ever.

Calvey

SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM

Grand Opening and Closing
(Seeland)

One of my rare impulse buys. According to the liner notes, many of the songs arose "out of group improvisation," and were then carefully revised. Godspeed fans rejoice! No doubt, you'll hate this. Despite the similar approach, this group of Californians produces something completely different from what that painfully overrated Montreal band churned out. Metal, funk, and ambient all find a place on this album with varying degrees of success. The homemade instruments and "found" percussion pieces that accompany the traditional rock instrumentation provide some interesting sound in the hands and mouths of these very able musicians. There are some great songs in the *Sleepytime Gorilla Museum*, along with some failed musical experiments and a cool package.

Naben Ruthman

SMOG

Rain on Lens
(Drag City)

Before listening to Smog's newest release *Rain on Lens*, you want to set the mood just right. First, buy a brush and some paint, then soak your walls in a thick coat of black. (Take care about the corners). Next, draw the blinds shut, close your door tight, and cover your table with black plastic or an ex-partner. There is, you're done. Now lay back, hit play on your stereo, and keep the Prozac flowing like wine.

With *Rain on Lens*, Bill Callahan has produced a slightly depressing recording. Slightly, that is, in the way Vancouver is a slightly wet city. Both literally and figuratively, there is rain on the lens in this album; "the boom is in frame." Our view is obstructed and something is a-suck.

Indeed, this LP is drenched in conflict. Songs like "Dirty Pants" feature Callahan drawing lines like, "Then I walk out to your house/And I let myself in/Back you into the corner/And I multiply/I could toll endlessly on the bottomless night." In "Short Drive" the singer's venom seethes through the verses as he steers us through a tour of his fears.

The interesting portraits of strife on this release, however, emerge when Callahan turns his sardonic eye inward. "Song," one of the best on the album, is a mounting paradox in which the singer laconically disses the singer laconically disses the singer to a soldier. "In the way I wear no uniform/And choose not to fight/And fight all night/For some other cause." A snapshot of "beauty" is tersely explored in "Dirty Pants" which brings us to a home where, "I dance in dirty pants/A drink in my hand/No

"suckbox to ground control, ready to reinitiate..." the (sugar refinery)

2001
december

10 12 J. J. Cale quartet

10 13 J. J. Cale eyes w/ atlas strategic

10 14 snail house w/ aaron booth

10 15 Parallela jazz series (every type)

10 16 forapier w/ david p.s.m. with

10 17 spotted boy

10 18 the shepards play a new play by michael sort

10 19 q to the shepards

10 20 the golden wedding band

10 21 q to the shepards

10 22 the mad dash

10 23 unrefined

10 24 closed

10 25 Parallela jazz

10 26 forapier w/ tom helioton

10 27 audio lava w/ auctus

10 28 J. J. Cale quartet

10 29 the secret three christmas pageant

10 30 P. J. Black hip hop brats

10 31 closed

10 32 rehab boxing day special w/ auctus musicians (drinking w/ auctus)

10 33 human n life 2001 (finally)

10 34 J. J. Cale trio

10 35 J. J. Cale trio

10 36 Sam p. to (to)

10 37 colorifics new years advance tickets available

10 38 colorifics new years advance tickets available

10 39 colorifics new years advance tickets available

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2002
January

10 1 Parallela jazz

10 2 jazz for robots

10 3 ambulanza

10 4 parlor steps

10 5 infrequency co-op radio

10 6 w/ andy f.oss

10 7 new for 2002 manic Mondays and the much needed return of Fryer's

10 8 Parallela jazz

10 9 T.B.A.

10 10 every second Thurs. we are presenting the A.N. LODGE

10 11 manic Mondays and the much needed return of Fryer's

10 12 Parallela jazz

10 13 T.B.A.

10 14 manic Mondays and the much needed return of Fryer's

10 15 Parallela jazz

10 16 the first day w/ auctus

10 17 J. J. Cale quartet

10 18 the rainy probably presents

10 19 the handsome lady w/ the wild grant

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shirt and broken tooth/Barefoot and beaming."

Smog is not just a talented misanthrope though; there is optimism on this album as well. Meditations on companionship, for instance, surface on songs like "Keep Some Shady Friends Around." A sweet, romantic image is sustained through "Lazy Rain": "...I feel our bodies melt/Into two drops of lazy rain/Snaking down the window pane/And when the two drops merge/There's the rain of the sun/Of one last drop."

Yet despite these token melodies, *Rain on Lens* is more candy for the brain than the ears. Tracks are intentionally harsh, driving and minimalist. Metaculus dissonance is cultivated at every turn. But don't let any of this stop you.

The gold in *Rain on Lens* is in the words, words, words. And in that wonderfully weird horn solo at the end of the album.

Ian Sanshine

STARS

The Comeback EP

(Le Grand Magistery/Darla)

Take the best elements of Stereolab's Euro-techno beats and keyboards, the Beatles' best heartfelt piano ballads written by Paul, and the Britpop new wave sensibilities of *New Order* and you get this, the third EP and fourth album from marvelous Montreal quartet Stars. The female/male-fronted outfit are not only brazenly cutting-edge in their genre-blending, but also heart-wrenchingly sincere and honest in lyric. In the span of five songs, Stars tip-toe the razor's edge of love and hate—of both self and world—with mystifying and great results. To boot, the lead-off track "Krush" could not only be the new ode to the independent woman, but also the Canadian Pop Song of the Year, if the Juno folks had any smarts about them. Sick production and the stir of a timeless authentic quality help aim this EP's succinct, yet vast, and chilling, yet playful, delivery right in the heart of Generation Why.

Spike

BILLY-BOB THORNTON

Private Radio

(Lost Highway)

My girlfriend and I had a good time laughing at the terrorableness of the songs and interview tracks on this pre-release of Billy-Bob Thornton's first country album. Anybody as unlucky as to have actually paid for it might miss the hidden humour of Billy-Bob's derivative musical style, pathetic lyrics and innate pretentiousness. The worst part is that this being a sampler, these are presumably the best tracks off the forthcoming album, which, I would imagine, is going to be a tough sell sort of Billy-Bob printing naked pictures of his wife in the liner notes. Anybody hoping to take in Thornton's

undeniable genius in other spheres—the swoon of at least one fast-living, tomb-raiding incest—*is* advised to rent *Sling Blade*.

Donovan

TREMBLING BLUE STARS

Alive To Every Smile

(Sub Pop)

Trembling Blue Stars' previous release was one of my favourite albums of 2000, mainly because it included the incomparable "Ripples," my second favourite song of all time. So, I looked forward to *Alive To Every Smile*. And you know what? It didn't disappoint me. A wee bit more on the upbeat side than its predecessor, *Alive To Every Smile* is no less beautiful. The entire album is chock full of songs about love, unrequited love, and any other form of love that just leaves you going "What the...?" From the friends unwilling and unable to pursue a further relationship in "Until the Dream Gets Broken" to the couple who just can't make the connection in "Little Gunshots," Trembling Blue Stars' frontman Robert Watten has written an achingly beautiful album that shimmers while it saddens. This album uses a lot more programmed beats and less than the more sparse-sounding "Broken — By Whispers." The result is a denser, fuller sound and songs that seem more epic and important. There is no better way to spend a lonely, rainy evening than curling up in bed with a lot of blankets and headphones playing *Alive To Every Smile* while you dream of a less heart-breaking day.

Calcy

THE WONTONS

Hex Appeal

(Bloody Banner)

Hailing from Austin, Texas, the Wontons play fuzzed-out freak-out neo-punk garage rock and roll. While this in itself is nothing new, they seem to be pretty damn into what they do, judging by the fact that they were matching 1960s-era Beatles style suits and drive a vintage white Cadillac horse while, as evidenced by the liner photos, being barely out of their teens. The whole Chinese schtick, courtesy of singer-guitarist Daniel Hsieh, helps the band stand out from the scads of singer-guitar sound/primal beat which I admit gets a little repetitive, and you have to admire them for sticking to their basic rock and roll guns. Not being a hardcore garage rock fan myself, I have a hard time seeing this record becoming part of my most-frequently-played list. The more purist garage fans out

there might really dig it, though. The Wontons might not be original enough (or commercial enough, depending how cynical you are) to break out of their Austin hometown scene they sound like they'd be pretty fun to see live. If they ever appear on a bill locally, I'll probably go see them. As far as actually buying the record goes, though, I think that I'll pass.

Mike Stanickis

V/A

Bip-Hop generation [a4]

(Grip-hop)

Experimental techno derives its essence from several different foundations: Detroit techno and house, Jamaican dub, electro, contemporary minimalism, *musique concrete*, electro-acoustic academic computer music, John Cage, etc. and etc. Bip-Hop is a label that recognizes the diversity of influences and sounds possible from the future junctures between these musical worlds, and their *Generation* series has spotlighted the extremes and experiments of this aural strain. [a4] features the work of a host of talented artists, including miracalix, whose abstract drum beats, piano riffs, toms, and eerie, distanced chorus sets the tone for the productive weirdness that follows, from sic.utb's FSOL-esque tracks of cave-echoing beats and rain-soaked, cascaded grooves to twine's rhythmic cascade of harmonic clicks and drones. "Experimental" often means "barely listenable" but, with this compilation, this is certainly not the case, as it always moves along the plane of challenging the ears and the mind without challenging the limits of musical engagement or frequency comprehension, at times warm and supple, such as in the case of sic.utb and Vs. Price's granular dub broken beats, and other times complex and difficult, such as datatch's stretched vocalizations and scythe-like frequency-beats and cray's crackling, popping, abstract sonic landscapes. In the vast milieu of various artists compilations, this one really stands out from the pack in its quality, scope, and breadth.

tabius v



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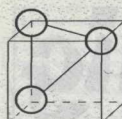


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real live action

live music reviews

STEREOLAB
Thursday, October 25
SPIRITUALIZED
Wednesday, November 7
MERCURY REV
Friday, November 30
Commodore Ballroom

Wow, what a way to finish off a year of rock gods. Three bands that have reached cult status over the past decade all hit Vancouver recently and drew capacity (or near capacity) crowds on their respective nights. Five years ago these would have been dream gigs, and for the most part these bands have aged well. Except for the Revs.

Chronological order of shows coincided with the qualitative order. They ranged from nice job indeed (Stereolab), surprisingly good (Spiritualized), and mediocre crap (Mercury Rev). But how do I really feel about these shows? Mmmmm. I'm a fan of Stereolab, and having seen them on their last tour I expected more greatness. I was not disappointed. In fact this tour was superior compared to their last one, due to two things: The 'Lab's latest full length, *Sound Dust* is the best work they've done in a while, and technically, they've improved since two years past. Drawing primarily from their 'post-translational' work (post *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*), their latest tracks mixed seamlessly with the rest of the play list. So seamlessly, that at times they turned into medleys. In the forefront, Laetitia Sadier and Mary Hanson sang in angelic tones, while Tim Gane shook his head to his guitar rhythms. Laetitia even brought out the trombone, much to the audience's pleasure. Regrettably, "French Disco" was their only older track, but with such an industrious group as the 'Lab I could see why they wouldn't want to play older material. If you missed them, don't fret, they're bound to be back soon.

Like Mercury Rev, Spiritualized's latest release doesn't really make my peanut brittle. Jay Spaceman seems, in my humble opinion, to have gotten progressively worse since the fantastic *Lezzy Gaided Melodies* album. However, my faith in Spiritualized was definitely restored by their performance that night. Boasting way too many members on stage, Spiritualized was definitely sonic. A few tracks lasted more than 20 minutes—with the distinctive organ drawn from the *Pure Phase* album bridging tracks. Some audience members seemed a bit befuddled by the band's tendency to revert to

their past drone-jam rock style, but this is the exact "druggy" sound that I wanted to hear. Even their newer material sounded good that night.

I wish I could say the same about Mercury Rev, but I can't. The band has often reinvented

spiritualized @ commodore



photo:
kitten vile

their sound (they sound drastically different from when they first started) and have managed to stay interesting over the years. Unfortunately, their live show was anything but. Jonathan Donahue's rock posturing (complete with bird flutters and Jesus Christ poses) completely distracted me from their sound. However, the Commodore was mostly filled with aging hipsters who seemed happily fooled by the band's Tea Party-like display. The sound was good, and sounded like their CDs, but shouldn't we expect just a little bit more? Plus, I thought Donahue's copying of former band mate David (Shady) Baker's vocals on older tracks was shameful.

Robert Robert

THE JOEL PLASKETT EMERGENCY

JOHN FORD
DAVEY'S LOCKER
STARFLY

Thursday, October 25
Starfly Room

One good thing about loaded bills is that the music usually has to start earlier than if the show were simply a double-bill. It means you don't have to stare into your beer, as your friend attempts to "tall" to you over the din of (usually bad) canned music. When I arrived at this quadruple-bill, the first band Starfly who I was curious to check out had finished and follow-up act, Davey's Locker were two songs away from the

end of their set. Davey's Locker had uninspiring cock rock glam wannabe written all over them, but it sounded like they brought their own following, as cheers for them were more than modest. John Ford doesn't need to bring their own following, as everyone in Vancouver seems to love their infectious brand of Beatles-inspired blues-rock.

One bad thing about seeing a solo gig by someone who was once in a band you used to love, is that one brings with them all the high expectations that had been nurtured by years of following that band. Thrush Hermit was one of my all-time favourite Halifax bas-ed bands, next to Plumtree and Hardship Post. Clayton Park is one of my top 10 all-time greatest Canadian rock albums of all time. *Smart Band* is somewhere in my top 50. The Hermit's live gigs, though not always consistent as far as musicianship was concerned, were always solid. On this night, former Hermit songwriter and co-frontman, Joel Plaskett, delivered his soulful brand of rock to a fairly full house that materialized from out of nowhere following the numerous openers' sets.

The lanky Plaskett interwove quirky road stories and banter with his backing band, the Emergency (which included former Thrush Hermit bassist, Ian McGettigan). The songs were almost exclusively from his second solo effort *Down at the Khyber*, which I found a little disappointing. He hadn't hit Vancouver while touring his solo debut *In Need of Medical Attention* and we got almost no content from that album... except for a couple of songs, which luckily included a personal fave "When I Have My Vision".

Despite the fact that Plaskett threw a couple of Clayton Park tracks into the mix, including the anthem "Oh My Soul!", it did not make up the fact that this was not a Thrush Hermit gig. Gone was the quirky chemistry and joksterism shared between Plaskett and co-lead Rob Benvie. It was an absence that was made much plainer during the awkward between-song pauses, when Plaskett was left looking a little intimidated by the throng hanging onto his every word. There was simply silence while Plaskett tuned his guitar, or while McGettigan struggled for something witty (not) to say. Although the music was solid, the complete package that was Thrush Hermit had me longing for those Hermit gigs I saw in late '96, when the late great

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oughly intimate. I didn't pay much attention to the opening act, but she had a good trumpet player. You have to understand, Julie is my rock goddess. She screams her anger, she sings her tears, she admits her weaknesses, and she sings about the various forms of love.

The show was her and her guitar, absolutely beautiful. She made me cry as so heart-breakingly simple. She was there to support her new French CD, *Désormais*. She didn't play much from it though I still had to have it. She played a lot of old songs and some really, really new ones. She talked about a lot of things and then chastised herself for talking too much. It was the whole Julie package. It was the icing on the cake of an Eric's Trip weekend. She even took requests, stayed for awhile, played different versions and covers. And did you know she has a record?

Could there be anything more perfect? Sitting at home wrapped up in a huge blanket, hot chocolate in hand, snow outside, and listening to Julie over the hum, buzz, and snarl of your record player. It's a Norman Rockwell moment.

Robin F

MOMUS STEREO TOTAL Monday, November 5 Starfish Room

For what it's worth I have to begin by stating my credentials as a Momus fan. I've interviewed Nick Currie, aka. Momus, three times, turned at least a dozen friends into admirers, and have studied his lyrics backwards and forwards for about 12 years now. Nick's place alongside the greatest of lyricists seemed assured to me; it was just that nobody had heard of him yet. It wasn't a mere matter of clever rhymes, though those are abundant. It included skilful metaphors, an impeccable knowledge of history, and his advanced education in literature.

In the early Momus albums Nick leaned much more on the acoustic guitar and classical structures, creating the effect of a timeless masterpiece. Somewhere in the '90s Momus gained respect and had a hand in erecting (teehee) Japan's Shibuya-kei movement. He then began to exploit his controversial perverse lyrics and took the easier road often traveled by idiotic sitcoms. He dove deep into irony, chance and parody until even the instruments he used became as cheap and dirty as his subject matter. Now he's fairly well known and sought after as a collaborator but he's tossed out his invitation at God's table next to Leonard Cohen, Dylan, Weill, and Gainsbourg. In some bizarre way I will always love Nick Currie like an uncle, and this is not to say that the show stunk, no. The show was plenty entertaining. I just can't help

but bring to mind a majestic wild beast of the jungle riding a tricycle in a 3-ring circus.

Stereo Total was Stereo Total and that's a beautiful thing. Somewhere along the way they lost a couple of members but not the wonderfully camp, slightly wacky, international pop they make. Brezel Goring and Francoise Cactus alone now, on stage and looking like a couple of exotic European artists. Sometimes ridiculous, often inspired and a couple times, downright sexy.

Bleek Prospect

SLOAN FLASHING LIGHTS Friday, November 9 Croatian Cultural Centre

First off, I have to say that even though I love that this venue is located so close to where I live, I hate that the large room has no atmosphere, bad sound and, when filled with 50 or more concert-goers, becomes a veritable stombax of flop-sweat and dope smoke.

Secondly, I should say that Vancouver needs more all-ages gigs like this because, apparently, the kids wanna rock. The sold-out all-ages through showed their love this night on Halifax's biggest export, Sloan and their most up-and-coming export, the *Flashing Lights*. It did not seem to matter to them that Sloan was here just this last August to co-headline Snow Jam. Even of Newfoundland was seen mugging for the cameras with frontman Chris Murphy at the Snow Jam gig. While all-ages gigs are usually more exu-

absolutely years since I last saw Sloan. I last saw them when they last played in Victoria, before they broke up in '94. Back then they were still playing small clubs, like the legendary Harpo's Cabaret, over the city of newlywed and nearly dead. That stage persona was rock antics played well in some small clubs such as Murphy jumping off the speaker stacks and holding his fist in the air, mid-riff. That stage persona worked then because it was somewhere between send-up and tribute. This time around, they were playing the part stars that they were the arena rock stars. Their previous stage persona charm was lost somewhere in the enormous self-aggrandizement. That is where Murphy's brother's band comes in.

Even though I missed the first half of the *Flashing Lights* set—damn Croatian Cultural Centre gigs always start early and on time—all I can say is that they simply upstaged Sloan. Former Superfriends frontman, Matt Murphy had the audience chanting not once, but twice "Flashing Lights, Flashing Lights!" in time to the music while clapping along. Their set was the embodiment of what I imagine real Canadian stadium rock shows in the '70s must've (or should have) been like. Their brand of '60s-influenced British garage music was so infectious that kids who I would imagine had never even heard of this band before that night, were dancing and cheering at the top of their lungs to

managed to cram "Money City Maniacs," "Underwhelmed" and "Marcus Said" into their nearly 2-hour long set. But notably absent was such gems as "50 Lip" and "People of the Sky" (the songs which Andrew composed and sang on) although drummer Andrew did come up to sing a couple of nameless non-singles from one of the generic post-Tricé Removed albums.

Then for the encore, Sloan brought out the *Flashing Lights* boys to join them on the *Flashing Lights* tune "Elevation" and wrapped it up with one more of their own before sending the kids home for a good night's sleep with visions of Chris Murphy's rock poses dancing in their heads.

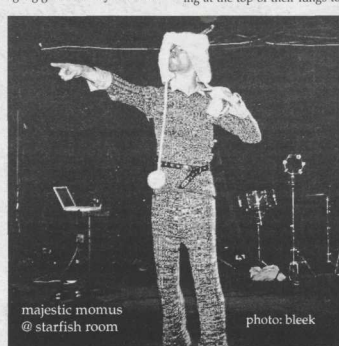
Spike

METALWOOD Sunday, November 11 Jazz Cellar Being that Metalwood is the pride of Vancouver's contem-

porary jazz scene, I was somewhat embarrassed to be seeing them for the first time, especially in such an intimate setting. The Cellar is a venue where jazz enthusiasts might spend a night, devoid of conversation and flash photography, warming themselves in a musical form of intellect. Pretensions are visible in black wood turntables and 60 dollar bottles of wine. Cursing myself for wearing white socks, I ambled over to a table directly behind the keyboard set-up of my chief interest in Metalwood.

Vancouverite Brad Turner is the unofficial leader of this fusion-ish jazz group, and a prominent member of the Vancouver music scene. I had, in the past, seen him perform as a trumpeter, pianist, adjudicator, and even drummer for a bitter folk-rock band. But tonight, behind an old Rhodes and an intricate Korg, I was to see Turner in his true element. The set kicked off with an elongat-

ed, bouncy intro that showed off the gorgeous possibilities of the Rhodes in a Chick Corea like fashion. Soon enough the rest of the quartet kicked into the floating notes with a simple, heavy groove made artful only through the sax work of Mike Murley and one or two elaborate changes. From here on in the band powered their way through a range of tunes off their last four albums, which left more than enough room for each member to show off his chops. The all-out style of drummer Ian Froyan was always quick to bring back a wandering mind as he pushed himself through triplets and time changes that seemed to occur to him then and there, but never took away from the music. This was due partly to the solid presence of bassist Chris Tarry whose thick tone alone was enough to support the antics of Turner and Murley and power some intricate solos. The driving groove and



majestic monus
@ starfish room

photo: bleek

berant and energetic than many of-age shows in this city, of late, I do hate the fact that I feel more and more like I'm getting too old when I'm surrounded by more jaiibait in tube tops than you can shake a stick at. And what the hell is the deal with mainstream rock DJs, who are enacting the show, saying dumb-as-things-like "rock" multiple times, just to get the audience cheering for them?

I will admit: it's been

their sweet pop.

Sloan had a hard act to follow. But they had volume and an impressive light show, one that even dazzled the elders in the audience, to make up for their slight shortcomings. They performed songs from most of their albums, and even played chunks of Joy Division, Thrush Hazelt and Danko Jones in the middles of some of their lesser-known songs. I was particularly happy that they



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explorative attitude of Metalwood could just as easily speak to a crowded Commodore dance floor as it did to a demure restaurant scene. The enjoyment these guys get out of playing music that embodies skill, spontaneity and personality is something that will only facilitate their movement in the jazz scene. Just ask guitar giant John Scofield. Next time you get a chance, it is worth your while to go out and support this groove-heavy Canadian force.

Dave Gurnier

MIKE ALLEN TRIO
Wednesday, November 14
UBC School of Music Recital Hall

You know, the University of British Columbia's School of Music hosts some of the best jazz artists in the country every now and then, but I never really pay attention to the shows they put on. Maybe it's because I go to UBC and sometimes when stuff is going on right in your own back yard you take it for granted. But when I watched Mike Allen, one of Canada's premier tenor sax players, do his thing this month at UBC's Recital Hall, I must say I was sorry to think how many other shows I must have over looked. The concert took place on a Friday, at noon, in front of a crowd of 150, mostly music students or local residents. Not the most appealing conditions under which to rock the house. But it didn't seem to bother Mr. Allen. He and his crew (Darren Ralston on bass, and Dave Robbins on drums) cooked up a solid set, ending with a version of "Airegion" that featured one of the loudest, fastest, coolest and most creative drum solos I've heard in a while. From now on I'm going to pay more attention to the little shows going on right under my nose.

Lucas TDS

MR. SCRUFF
Sunday, November 18

Sonny He had the whole place hopping except maybe some of the drum 'n' bass Sunday session regulars, who didn't know that their weekly was bumped to the upstairs room. Heenan, Funky Schiff. Mr. Scruff's set was like a snowfall in Vancouver, a rare treat. I don't think that too many people really knew what to expect from this Ninjatune junkie. As a DJ he might be a bit of a turntable trickster, though as a producer he is more low key. But his show had minimal tricks and as for dj'ing, he's not one to waste tracks on two minute mixes.

Mr. Scruff's can of mixed nuts spawned tech-funk (as in techno synths + bass guitar + horns), Latin carnival music (you know that stuff with the steel drums, bongos, and whistles), even reggae (luckily only one track). However the push of the night was to present music to dance to, to rediscover funk

of old and to bring a fresh sound of the style to the floor.

The floor was having a blast and Scruff kept people on it. Even the cougars and owls-beers did not sneak off to the edges. As usual the show ended at a late 12:30, but I think the boss to the bouncer for cutting off the last song were only half-hearted, everyone was tired from shakin' and wigglin' for the almost three hour set. That was a lot of music!

The next time this fellow from Manchester travels to Vancouver, take your significant other, they will love you for it. The Commodore could have been a more appropriate venue though, as Sonar's dance floor (also known as the shortcut to the loo) was too cramped, but that's me being picky. Great time... imagine if it had been a live funk band!

DJ KRUSH

DJ KRUSH
Friday, November 23
Sonar

I was really wondering how this show was going to be, the music and the crowd. Was he going to have live musicians (as he does on his work)? Was it going to be more funk or more abstract?

Vinyl Richie warned it up like he always does with his trademark "big sexy funk" sound with MCs LP and Shy-lox. He said that he really liked the crowd that came out and they liked him.

Before DJ Krush came on, one question was answered: Japan was definitely in the house to represent for Krush. And the moment Krush laid down his first record, the description of putting down different sounds to beats was literally on. Where Vinyl Richie had just fuked up the crowd, Krush was there to bring us out to the "abstract." Dark and moody but organic and jazzy, Krush laid down some really weird ass sounds to monstrous hip hop beats and even the odd jungle beat.

It was cool to see people come out for a show like this where it ain't about over-whelming the crowd with how top energy, or about giving us the type of funk-soul break set that is cool, but available here. With unorthodox turntable techniques to match his unorthodox sounds, Krush gave the city something that I have never experienced. The other thing that I had never experienced was talking to the DJ in my second language. DOPE.

Brian Kondo

MR. SOLID
TYPHUS
GLU
MARLINSPIKE
Saturday, November 24
Seyrinn Hall

Small venue, small bands, small crowd good times? Maybe. Sadly, we missed openers

Marlinspike, but the Langley punk band has a talented vocalist and polished sound worth listening to. Appearing on this year's Calgary Warped Tour, the group has gained some critical acclaim and their upbeat, lyrical style certainly gives them a leg up on other young bands. Ska-punk is rarely done well; these guys pull it off successfully, and have a talented lead singer to boot.

That I'd seen before, I seem to remember North Vancouver's Mr. Solid with more fondness than how they played at their latest show. Although they were the most well received act of the evening, I think that they were lacking something in vocals that night, devoid of the sparkle with which I recall them. With some good solos and interesting guitar riffs that proved their musicianship, they could've

Ovation and a microphone, he might become horrible. But as he is, he's good even if no one will clap or look him in the eye.

Christa Mink

EMPHYSEMA (A Love Story)
Dir. Katrina Dunn
ended November 25
Vancouver East Cultural Centre
I have been a HUGE fan of the silent film actress Louise

men. The character of Tyan (a little overplayed by Donald Adams) is obsessed with the idea of Lulu—or the themes that she embodies: seduction, playfulness, intellect, all basics of the Vamp, of which Brooks was queen (amongst other names such as Theda Bara, Carbo, Dietrich, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, etc.). The high point of the play was the excellent, realistic portrayal of an elderly Brooks played by Sheila Paterson. After watching the live interviews with Brooks before her death in the 1980's, it was a joy that an actress could embody Brooks' abrupt, outspoken personality. Being of the male species I have to admit Erin Wells, the woman who is playing the fantasized Lulu character who keeps popping up in Tyan's head, had all the flapper sluttiness intact. Erin Wells' portrayal of Louise Brooks in the LULU character became altogether haunting as the character kept in and out of Tyan's obsessive personality.

I thought the relationship between Tyan and Brooks was exaggerated: I doubt Tyan doted on Brooks as was portrayed. I always thought the relationship between Brooks and Tyan was not as passionate, but rather that she was a forgotten actress that he just wanted to re-expose to the world. I have a few criticisms of the play: primarily, the German director Pabst was portrayed as a man who didn't do anything of value other than Pandora's Box. Contrary to this notion is the fact that his most important films came before Brooks such as his realist masterpiece *The Joyless Street*. Also, after his last film, he directed a talkie starring the goddess Brigitte Helm in *The Mistress of Atlantis*—another masterpiece of art direction, camera play and lighting.

I also hoped that the original theme of Lulu would be at least mentioned. The character Lulu was a product of the Weimar "Last Days" era; *Pandora's Box* was originally written as a play by Frank Wedekind. The vamp theme was carried in play form long before Louise Brooks came onto the screen. The obsession of prostitute murder for the artists of the Weimar period is interestingly not really touched on by the play. The play was an excellent experience and yet another look into the abrupt and "literary" mind of the now legendary Louise Brooks.

Sam McKinlay

Brooks ever since I witnessed her unforgettable features on a video box for *Pandora's Box* about six years ago at the foreign film store I worked at in Kelowna. I have since moved to Vancouver to work at yet another foreign film store. Recently I noticed that every Louise Brooks film was going out, at once and decided to ask one of the women who was renting one what all the sudden hype was. Of course, she told me she needed to study up for an audition for the new Louise Brooks play coming up. OH MY GOD! Awesome stuff indeed that there was another group of people in the area that have enough interest in the woman to write and produce a play! I hoped to hell that it was not some person trying to profit off the trendiness of the Brooks haircut just to be saluted for knowing about such an "obscure" actress.

I was wrong. Written by playwright Janet Muslin, longtime fan of Louise Brooks and the man Kenneth Tyan who "re-discovered" Brooks: the washed up, elusive, drunk, intellectual. She crafted up quite an effective piece based on the age-old theme of "Lulu" (the part that Brooks plays in her most popular film: Pabst's *Pandora's Box*) and her inevitable destructive effect on

eric's trip @ starfish room



photo: michelle furbacher

Glu was next. Comprised of a trio of somewhat angsty pubescent boys; they made up in sound what they lacked in height. I'm guessing that they're influenced by the likes of Nirvana and maybe even Bush X—they've got that "alienative," neo-grunge feel to them. They seemed to get well as a band, as their onstage chemistry made for a very tight sound with powerful grounding. Their many solos showcased the impressive musical talent of all band members. Give 'em a little while for the lead singer's voice to finish leveling changing. With the poise that they've shown already, Glu has lots of potential.

Despite the candles, plastic skulls, big hair, and head banging groupies, Typhus was, arguably, the weakest link. This North Van death metal band was probably three times Glu's age, but even their comparative geriatric did little for their overall talent. Their generic sound had no solos and was basically nothing but power chords, which made their short set seem to drag on forever as one long, nightmarish, run-of-the-mill metal song. It was definitely an experience that I would not wish to endure a second time.

As the only band playing

done more to fully showcase their talent as a fast skate-punk band. Loyal fans, nevertheless, pushed their way to the front wielding Mr. Solid memorabilia. Their stage show was fast paced and fun with the smoke machine, multi-coloured disco ball, and guitarists jumping off the stage.

Jackie Wong

THE MEXICAN GUY
Waterfront Seabus Terminal
Tuesday Nights
There's this Mexican guy who plays guitar and sings. He's very small, and he has a ponytail underneath his Budweiser cap. He looks gay because I think he smokes a lot and because the shadow on his face appears before noon.

He sings songs in Mexican, so I don't know what he's saying, which is probably for the better. I don't even know if he writes the songs or if they're in the public domain. But he's sure as hell better than some guy playing Eagles covers with his capo and fucking Yam-aha.

This Mexican guy plays the shirtless classical guitar ever made. It can't stay in tune if the strings are plucked more than once. He's not much of a guitar player, it seems, but maybe it's because of his guitar. Who knows. If you gave him an

top

Radio Free Press

Wednesdays, 2:30PM

V/A - *Chinatown 2nd Chance* Mondays
 Flipper's reunion for *Matilda* (Sal But True) and Nirvana (*Smiles Appraisal*) tributes
 Flipper-Billie in Chunks, re-release
 V/A-Hit Air and Doctor Atomic Present: *Medical Milestones*
 The Dream Syndicate-The Days of Wine and Roses, re-release
 The Fast-Down Album
 Rollerball-Badbury Maine
 Le Tigre-Feminist Perspectives
 Lennon-Guitarhead
 Le Jardiniers-Ann Savers

The Northern Wind

Wednesdays 10AM-noon

Top 11 Canadian Independent Albums of 2001
 The Be Good Tanyas-Blue Her
 Jork with a Bomb-The Cold Nose
 Stars-The Crowfoot
 V/A-Maximum Jazz Presents Live at the Cellar
 The Buttless Chaps-Death Scenes 1 1/11
 Rheostatics-Night of the Shooting Stars
 The Planet Smashers-No Self Control
 12 Serious-Dave Sims
 Swollen Members-Bad Dreams
 Scelarisby-Another Sidekick's Bloody Dream
 Henry-Live on AM Radio

Pacific Pickle

Tuesdays, 6:30-8AM

V/A-O Brother, Where Art Thou?
 Ralph Stanley and Friends-Climb Mountain Swankers
 Patty Loveless-Mountain Soul
 Earl Slickert and Big Country Show-in Full Circle
 Garry Hawker-Letters from My Father
 Slowdrag-Playbook II Right to the Fence
 Doyle Lawson and Quickstep-Gone! Brink
 Underdark-Diddies-Fort Atomic Hittin' Billy
 Rhonda Vincent-The Storm Still Rages
 Jeremiah Ridge and Leroy Mack-Together

Caul in the Red

Fridays 9-10AM

12-12 Corville-Children of the Sun
 The White Stripes-White Blood Cells
 V/A-Niggers Got V.I.D.
 Mickey and the Sally-Sex Dogs-Salt, Water and Whiskey
 V/A-Dog That Utanium Rock!
 Murder City Devils-Therapy
 Wildcheres, Masons-Live at the Breakroom in Seattle
 Hit List Magazine
 Nubia-Carrot
 Sunday Night Routine: Pleadaby Pub followed by The Marine Club

Folk Oasis

Wednesdays, 9-10:30PM

On Best Local Roots Radio I Saw Live This Year
 Ray Cuddy and his Ricchies
 Budge & Dawson
 Berchius King
 Bughouse Five
 Pete Turland Band
 John Ford
 IT King
 Linda McKee and Cheerful Lonesome
 Bottleneck
 Be Good Tanyas

The Red Eye

Alternating Saturdays, 1-4AM

Top 10 UK Garage Classics
 Gabrielle-Roy Davis III
 Maseia-Intoxica-"Taking Over Me"
 House Power-Trip 7
 The Prodigy-"Ghosts 'n' Gears"
 Luck and Neet-"Bit of Luck"
 Rascal-"Walk Right Through"
 McMusic-"A Deep Thing"
 Herb Le-Cool Down
 MC-Cole-"Stevens"
 McKee-"Down on Me"

Ska-T's Scene-It Drive

Wednesdays, 10-12PM

Top Five Albums
 Chris Murray-A Thrillgarden
 The Suckers-Wasted Days
 David Simon-No Self Control
 Mad Bomber Society-Atomic-A Go-Go
 NY Ska Jazz Ensemble-Live in America
 Top Five Events
 Ska-T's 30th Birthday Bash
 Flirtatious Southerners, Paucos, Sub at the P-10 Pub
 Goated to Go-Go
 Festering Unhatched (Seattle)
 NY Ska Jazz Ensemble Show at Maritime Labour Centre

30 January 2001

Contemporary

Alternating Mondays, 6:30-7:00PM

2001-1991-10
 Joel RL Phelps and the Downer Trio-Intiml Enigmas
 Television, Joel RL Phelps and the Downer Trio-Live at the EMP
 Show-Live at the Knitting Factory LA
 Marc Ribot-Saints
 Pagan-The Argument
 US Maple-Arc Thrills
 Dave Carrise-Center from a Whole Cook
 Seattle Mariners-Game 5 of the ALDS at Safeco Field
 The Beans-48 Hours
 Angels of Light-Hot I Loved You

African Rhythms

Alternating Fridays, 6-6:30-6:00PM

V/A-The Jazz Dance Sessions
 Marcos Valle-Online/Bar Ingles
 Forthright Ground-Peace and Love Live
 Benymore-Baharabari
 Ursula Rucker-Sup Sister
 Jazzeviva-That Night
 Victor Davis-Vivid Davis
 Monda Gossou-4
 The Silent Poets-"Pissers" remix
 4 Hero-Craving Patterns

These are the Breaks

Fridays, 12-12PM

Eric Serrano/Martin Gagne-Music
 Pete Rock's Return to the Roots
 Poets of Rhythm-Diverse Dialects
 Big Markie-Turn the Party Out
 Markie the G-Boy-Turn the Party Out
 Jay Dee-Fuck the Police
 Gang Starr-"The Squeeze"
 Adam F/The Soul-Time 4 da Tour
 Dilated Peoples-"Work's Comin' to Town"
 Adam F/The Love is the Thing of the Past
 Roots Manuva feat. Charlie Z

The Shake

Wednesdays 12PM

Top 10 Calypso Delights
 Rock of Lamba-Cacina
 Prociottodi/Puma
 Linguine Aguilera/Mitcher
 Main Street Eggs (w/o eggs)-The Laces
 Denton of the Deep-Depth Jim's
 Peppercorn-Single Brand
 Ape/Hot
 Bread-Cool
 Selt and Vinegar-Chips-Selfish Brand
 Koren Apple-Pear-Virgin Irons

Academy Tracks

Tuesdays-Midnight, Wednesday 6AM

Langley Schools Music Project-Innocence and Despair
 V/A-Another Late Nile with Filla Braggia
 Morrison-RMX
 V/A-Twelve 01
 Praga Khan-01
 Khan-No Compadre
 V/A-Terra Musica
 Michelle Shocked-Dub Natural
 V/A-De DED Presents the Higher Education Drum 'n' Bass Session
 Johnny Cash-Selling Man

Unconquer Special

Top 10 Local CDs reviewed in Unconquer Special

Graham Brown-God I Brake
 Cool-Smooth Afterburn
 Panurge-Entente
 Papillonas-When Years Were Bee Stings
 Pepper-Sando-Welcome to... Pepper Sands
 Ralph: This is for the Night People
 Ready-made-On Point and Red
 Sexwax-Pepper's Corn-Spectra's
 Transvestiments-Difficult Laces
 V/A-Tom Mint Vol. 21

Replica Reject

Wednesdays, 7:30-8PM

Mark Robinson-Camilla's Green Highways
 The Fast-Down Machine
 Le Tigre-Feminist Perspectives
 Kevin Bleckhorn-The Inside Story
 Unwound-Letters Turn Inside You
 Moisture-Save 3
 Don Neon-We'll Have A Time
 The Group-That's Not What I Heard
 V/A-Extreme Music From Women
 Ladytron-004

Parls Unlived

Mondays 1:30PM

Chris A-Riffic's Stupendous 10 Albums of 2001
 Derivatives Family-Fish the Campus Kids
 Ron Semmish-Bleed Red
 Quasi-Sound of
 Of Montreal-Cosmopolis, Asylum in the
 Radiohead-Amnesia
 Tort Amos-Singapore Little Girls
 Puffy Ami Yumi-Spiral
 White Stripes-White Blood Cells
 Four Corners-Say You're a Scum
 Kaito-you're Sem Us... You Must've Seen Us

Breakfast With The Brems

Mondays, 8-11AM

Francois Brema-Ving A Treme Male Jours
 V/A-Morricone RMX
 Lemonelly-Lemonelly
 Ventrilo Sound-Money Calibrated Butterflies
 V/A-Bonjour Presents
 Tippy-Oh-Oh
 Einsturzende Neubauten-Berlin/Rubyon
 Poets of Rhythm-Disorder/Definer
 Serengeti-Sound Drive
 Silver Mt. Zion...Born into Trouble...

Wiggle Radio

Mondays, 7:30-8:00PM

Degree-"Spotlight"
 Johnny Clarke-"Age is Growing"
 Union Green-"Jah Jah Question"
 Prince Alla, Iration Steppas vs. Kitcha-"Lord's Wife"
 Dennis Marley-"More Justice"
 Keith Rowe-"Groovy Situation"
 Delroy Wilson-"Don't Give Up"
 Tonya Stephens-"Hang Up"
 Freddie McGregor-"Get Involved"
 Mc Vague-"Go Up!"

Vengeance in Mine

Mondays at Midnight

Rise Against-The Unraveling
 Propaganda-Today's Enigmas, Tomorrow's Ashes
 Thrice-Identity Crisis
 Ensign-The Price of Progression
 Randy The Human Atom Bomb
 Gamins-A Small Price to Pay
 Real McKenzies-Lack of Control
 Tiger Army-The Power of Moonlight
 Bigwig-An Invitation to Tragedy
 Zela-South Alley

CPR

Tuesdays, 2-3:30PM

Top 10 Science Items

"Fruit Fly Genetics Lead to Fast Flights for Headless Females," Krasvitz, E. et al. Society for Neuroscience, Abstract, November 15, 2001
 "Japanese Pufferfish Genome Decoded," Brenner, S, Elgar, G. et al. 12th International Genome Sequencing and Analysis Conference 2001
 "Roll Your Own Nanobots," Schmidt, O, Oberk, R. Nature, March 8, 2001
 "\$200K in Lottery Record Spurred Global Warming," Sagorin, R and Muchelli, E. Science, October 26, 2001
 "Bacteria Make With Mammal Cells," Waters, V. et al. Nature Genetics, December, 2001
 "Tiga Expressing Synthetic Thyroid Produce Low-Phosphorus Mammary," Coloway, SP et al. Nature Biotechnology 14, p. 741-745, 2001
 "Timing Lake Nyos Volcano CO2," Cameroon, France, February 1, 2001
 "Land Size Limits Body Size of Biggest Animals," Burness, C, Diamond, J and Flannery, T. Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, November 27, 2001
 "Nitrogen Cycling by Wood Decomposing Soft-Rot Fungi in the 'King Midas Tomb,' Gordion, Turkey," Filley, E. et al. Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences 98, p. 123-132, 2001
 "Reenet Beetles Stand on Head to Collect Water on Backs," Parker, A and Lawrence, C. Nature, November 2, 2001

Dynast and Reasons

Thursdays, 3:55PM

Awol-Che and Daddy Kev-"Rhythm"
 Anoop Rock-Labour
 Daddy Kev and Mikkah 9-First Things First
 Atmosphere-"The Woman with the Tattooed Hands"
 Mizz UZ-"Raw Material"
 Isoceles-"Sign Language"
 Nobody I/Freeze/My Fellowship-"Planets Ain't Aligned" (x-trip remix)
 Planet B by Enyce-"A Million Eyes"
 Ashera and Blue Black-"Elevator Music"

Onomatopoeia

Thursdays, 2:30PM

Rebibi's Top 5 Cartoons for Girls
 Iron and the Hollograms
 She-Ra
 Daria
 Powerpuff Girls
 The Simpsons

Highbrow Voices

Thursdays, 11PM-1AM

Bosozoo-Bosozoo
 Babba Mast-Missing You
 Troublemakers-Dualists and Conventions
 Fauna Flash-Fusion
 Manu Chao-Primitia Estacion Esperanza
 Ferni Kuti-Fight to Win
 Nihil Sawary-Prophecy
 Nils Peter-Mollus-Accidental
 Shushieba-Kansas-Self-Ruin
 Soultastic-Flutium

Third Time's the Charm

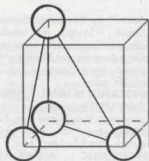
Tuesdays, 8:30-10:30AM

Rocket from the Crypt-Crump Sounds
 Scared of Chaka-Crushing with Sutcliffe and Live
 Los Secuestrados 14 Remixed Shakers
 Buffy the Vampire Slayer
 Red Planet-Lit's Degenerate
 White Stripes-White Blood Cells
 Old School Superheroes cartoons on Television
 New Town Animals-It's Your Radio After
 Black Halo-The Violent Years
 DieBorns-Ultralight in Black

10,000 Voices

Tuesdays, 5:00-6:00PM

Choice Reading Material
 A Series of Unfortunate Events by Lemony Snicket
 Runaway-Avons by Kevin Cheng
 Coming Home by Jack Campbell
 The Door Is Open by Bart Campbell
 House of Etna, House of Stone by E. Morgan Jobale
 Munkafel Chalk-NTT: Morning Glory by Tish Kelly
 Stylab by Elizabeth Behrsky
 The Time Slit by Rebecca Godfrey
 Tard Belisle Companion by Bonny Day Press
 Twilight Sutra by Erin Peck



charts

what's being played at citr

Jancember Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 langley schools... | innocence and despair | bar none |
| 2 radio berlin | the selection drone | your best guess |
| 3 dears | orchestral pop noir... | shipbuilding |
| 4 einsturzen neubauten III: 1991-2001 | | mute |
| 5 various artists | better than the beatles | animal world |
| 6 downway | defeat songs | sessions |
| 7 julie doiron | desormais | endearing |
| 8 music for mapmakers | s/t | grenadine |
| 9 various artists | lookout freakout | lookout! |
| 10 sweaters | kick me generation | independent |
| 11 le tigre | feminist sweepstakes | mr. lady |
| 12 lugazi | argument | dischord |
| 13 operation makeout | firstbase | mint |
| 14 strokes | is this it | rca |
| 15 hayden | skyscraper national park | hardwood |
| 16 beat happening | crashing through sampler | k |
| 17 leonard cohen | ten new songs | columbia |
| 18 wontons | hex appeal | bloody banner |
| 19 shikasta | gold | independent |
| 20 international noise... | a new morning, changing... | epitaph |
| 21 bis | return to central | spin art |
| 22 llorca | new comer | f |
| 23 other people place | lifestyles of laptop cafe | warp |
| 24 dj spooky | under the influence | six degrees |
| 25 soundtrack | songs for cassovetes | better looking |
| 26 set fire to flames | sings reigns rebuilder | alien8 |
| 27 bebel Gilberto | tanto tempo remixes | six degrees |
| 28 death cab for cutie | the photo album | barsuk |
| 29 silver jesus | tennessee | drag city |
| 30 various artists | team mint vol. 2 | mint |

Jancember Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| 1 riff randalls | how 'bout romance | lipstick |
| 2 the vultures | alcoholic lady | dirtynap |
| 3 tijuana bibles | mexican courage | trophy |
| 4 new town animals | lose that girl | mint |
| 5 the flash express | who stole the soul | revenge |
| 6 common rider | am i on my own | lookout! |
| 7 the spinoffs | breakout! | independent |
| 8 marmoset/firtips | s/t | animal world |
| 9 the cleats | save yourself | longshot |
| 10 the evaporators | hank the horn | mint |
| 11 butchies | where r we | mr lady |
| 12 the horizontalist | twenty feet behind | horizontal |
| 13 the locust | s/t | gsl |
| 14 the exploders | what's what and... | teenage usa |
| 15 victims family | calling dr... | alt. tentacles |
| 16 red hot lovers | s/t | redline |
| 17 clem snide | song for bob crane | self starter |
| 18 the lollies | channel heaven | evil world |
| 19 the triggers | s/t | jonny cat |
| 20 nearly dead/black rebels | split | jonny cat |

Jancember Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 tennessee twin | these thoughts are occupied |
| 2 six black radius | kill to hide |
| 3 deadcats | psychocat |
| 4 ming | 15 beers |
| 5 hummer | latest thing |
| 6 three inches of blood | conquerors... |
| 7 mister nobu | c'mon wid your c'mon |
| 8 soressa gardner | dear liza |
| 9 ether's void | stereo |
| 10 the epoxies | need more time |
| 11 the radio | la dolce vita |
| 12 the organ | we've got to meet |
| 13 askmasters | willing |
| 14 too hectic | slaves like us |
| 15 red hot lovers | fuck or fight |
| 16 frihaven | blues musik |
| 17 victorian pork | i just wanna beer |
| 18 cheerleader | turn it on |
| 19 z28 | rope you down |
| 20 three inches of blood | tonight we rejoice |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CITR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "Jancember" charts reflect airplay over November). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts".



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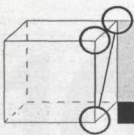
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SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inno all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the que, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHM INDIA 8:00-10:00PM Rhythm India features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble and the 1 & 2's.

TRANCE DANCE 12:00-3:00AM

2:00AM 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. <trancedance@hotmail.com>

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM (Temporarily moved to Tues. 8-9PM.)

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW alt. 11:00-1:00PM

GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM DJ Hancunt wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-5:00PM A chance for new GTR DIs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the TBirds.

EVIL VS. GOOD alt. 6:00-7:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:50PM Movie reviews and criticism.

CONTEMPORARY alt. 6:30-7:30PM Music and poetry for jazzheads.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Since we can't go into advertising, we thought we'd go into radio. Our blurb was, but our show don't. Tune into Wigflux Radio with your hosts Yyb and Krystabelle.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

Dec. 10 "The Mingus Big Band"... even though Mingus is gone, his great legacy lives in today's "Big Band".

Dec. 17 The last show of 2001 will pay tribute to Christmas with some seasonal jazz plus the famous Christmas Eve session with Miles Davis, Milk Jackson and Thelma Houston. Best wishes for the holiday season from The Jazz Show!

Jan. 7 Happy New Year! Our first show of 2002 kicks off with the Montgomery Brothers, Wes (guitar), Buddy (piano), and Mark (acoustic bass) along with drum legend Lorraine Marable in a program of swinging standards and originals.

Jan. 14 Tenor titan Sonny Rollins with Oliver Nelson's orchestra and Rollins' musical score for the Michael Caine classic "Alfie".

Jan. 21 Young piano star Jason Moran leads an adventurous quartet date with the ever-modern veteran multi-instrumentalist Sam Rivers. "Black Stars."

Jan. 28 Our theme song is "Soul

Slirrin'" by Trombonist Bennie Green... Tonight the whole album: Green with tenorists Gene Ammons and Billy Rat and piano giant Sonny Clark... cookie! jazz

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The lovely Andrea" Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Darylan, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@home.com>

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless one may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deadliner than the most dangerous criminal <3rdcharm@home.com>

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6AM								6AM
7	REGGAE LINKUP	SALARIO MINIMO	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE			POYMOORHILLS THEATRE	8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED		9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	THE NORTHERN WISH	PLANET LOVETRON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10
11		GIRLFOOD	BLUE MONDAY	ANOZO	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SOULSISTAH RADIO	11
12PM	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	PARTICLE	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	POWERCHORD	12PM
1			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE ONOMATOPOEA SHOW	NARDWUARD PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	1
2	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED	ELECTRIC AIRWAVES	MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS			2
3	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WENER'S BARBEQUE	MEAT EATING VEGAN	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGACY HIP (TK)	CITR NEWS (TK)	ELECTROCLUB HOUR	3
4	QUEER FM	EVIL VS. GOOD	FLEX YOUR HEAD	POP GOES THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	4
5		WIGFLUX RADIO	ANNABOUOLA	AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	5
6	RHYTHMS INDIA	THE JAZZ SHOW	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	SOUL TREE	6
7	THE SHOW		VENUS FLYTRAP	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	PIPE DREAMS	7
8	TRANCE DANCE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!		HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		FILL-IN	THE RED EYE	8
9		PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	AURAL TENTACLES	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS		EARWAX	9
10	FILL-IN						REGGAE LINKUP	10
11								11
12AM								12AM

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hb= hip hop
 Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki= Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mh= metal • Nw= noise • Nwd= Nardward • Pw= pop • Pu= punk
 R= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only indie/electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coeren.

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

PARTICLE 1:00-2:00PM
Incorporated into the soul are the remnants of digital sound. Unleashed, cryptic economies accelerate the sound particles through states of becoming, breaking the flesh, whirling, head-head, rhizomatic sky. www.abnominia.com

CPR 2:00-3:30PM
buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science and techno... buh bump...

FILL-IN 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM

10:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM
Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Up the punk, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. <http://flexyourhead.vancouver-hardcore.com>

AINABOUBOULA 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio.

A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM (On hiatus 'til mid January).

VENUS FLITRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM www.venusflitrap.com

SOULSOUN WANDERLUST alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Phot player, slim chatter.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-10:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, American, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

csburbanjungle@hotmail.com

FOOT'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meier irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for all.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM

"Eat, sleep, ride, listen to motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too. rachelssong@ycos.com

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:00-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM

[First Wednesday of every month.]

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluesgrass, singer-songwriters/worldbeat, all country and more. Not a mirage! folkloas@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhangral "Chakk de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder, Robert Robot, drops electro pop and present, hip hop and intergalactic funmanship.

WADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow [hardcore].

THE ONOMATOPEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comic cakes. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RYTHMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM www.legallyhip.com

PEDAL REVOLUTION alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velourition! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! <http://www.sustainablecity.com/dinos/radio>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No bikenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-crafted host Gary Olson. cringles55@aol.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Loud muzak from 9. Live band from 10:11.

HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident hailchic with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to cdjka3@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original

breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00-3:30PM

NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM

CITY NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM (On hiatus 'til January)

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs: interviews, rare, specives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAY

FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-7:00AM

POLYMORPHEUS THEATRE alt. 7:00AM-8:00AM Old and new radio theatre productions of all genres. We begin with sci-fi episodes from the bizarre world of Bill Lizard, and the old-time series "Escape."

WONDERLAND OF SIN alt. 7:00AM-8:00AM From the roaring '20s to the coked-up '80s and beyond, come aboard and join us in this discovery of the underworld of Hollywood, pervasive tales of the Golden years of Movieland. Also featuring special guests, exploring the realm of independent film both nationally and around the world, and the latest news from the world of movie making (Once a month).

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-BAM, African/World roots 9AM-12PM Celtic music and performances.

SOULSISTAH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, Gerald Raffele, Dwaïn, and Metal Ram Do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban herp hot-core blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-6:00PM

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM

(On hiatus 'til further notice.)

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock innu junglist mashup/distort do source full force with needle on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out-Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM Hardcore Rastafarian reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

Rhythm India

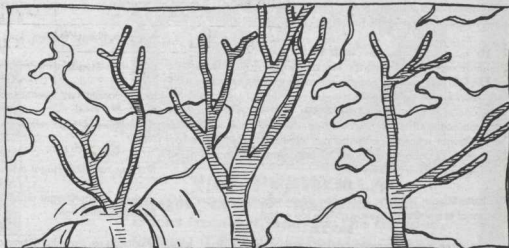
Rhythm India features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quavallis, pop and regional music.

Hosted by Anoop Sharma

Every Sunday from 8:00 pm to 10:00 pm at CTR 101.9 fm

phone : 604-582 CTR

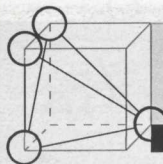
E-mail : rhythmindia@hotmail.com



— the end —

september 2000 - december 2001

a new story in '02



datebook

what's happening in december and january

FRI DECEMBER 7

fun/da/mental@ancho club; ember swift, cherry bomb@wise hall; pic carter@sugar refinery; atlas strategic, moons, shark force, regional hats [oxfam benefit]@ms f's cabaret; soul brains@commadore; mccollum's hybrid@blinding light 'til wed; threat from outer space@pic pub

SAT 8

international noise conspiracy, hives, smugglers@richards; green room@wise hall; frog eyes@sugar refinery; angels of light, virgil shaw@graceland [seattle]; me infecto@industrial coffee [seattle]; kip-pur, kadash@cinematheque

SUN 9

angels of light, virgil shaw and the killer views@pic pub; snailhouse, aaron booth@sugar refinery; x-mas off the streets@wise hall; pu-san, woman who touched legs@cinematheque; nazi germany macheth@st. james hall (held over 1 night only); vnv nation, icon of coil, ureus exin@ravage

MON 10

yom yam, kippur@cinematheque; ink's new dress@culch; alexander rodchenko photography@presentation house gallery 'til sun

TUES 11

mix master mike@action sports expo; leaky heaven circus@chan centre 'til sat

WED 12

dj fin@sonar; ford pier, david p smith@sugar refinery; christopher lawrence@wet bar

THURS 13

team lounge vs 2guerilla x-mas party@sonar; spotted boy, x-mas play@sugar refinery; sailesh: hypnotika@arts club review; pongo@ancho club; naked for jesus@purple onion; when two won't do@blinding light 'til sun; kippur, field diary@cinematheque

FRI 14

man or astroman? zero, zero@richards; birthday machine, getter flash, trail vs russo@ms f's cabaret; golden wedding, x-mas play@sugar refinery; pongo@ancho club; wire top, new luck tay, charming snakes@industrial coffee [seattle]; animation from the hinterlands@cinematheque

SAT 15

janojano@richards on richards; dj heather@sonar; mad dash, x-mas play@sugar refinery; burlesque@wise hall; animation from the hinterlands@cinematheque

SUN 16

chris tarry's collective conscience@norman rothstein theatre; unre-fined@sugar refinery; dj tiesto@commadore; kippur, berlin-jerusalem@cinematheque; joe trio@vancouver east cultural centre

MON 17

arena of murder, valley of wupper/name of duce@cinematheque; maren ord@commadore

TUES 18

cinematica electronica@richards; paralela tuesdays@sugar refinery; leaky heaven circus@van east cultural centre (to dec. 30)

WED 19

richards x-mas party@richard's; ken vandermark/torsten muller@the cellar; ford pier, andreas jones@sugar refinery; berlin-jerusalem, wadi ten years later@cinematheque

THURS 20

francois hote/torsten muller/dylan van der schyff@the cellar; audi-alava@sugar refinery; power ballad, winks, mr. glow, shane koy czan@ms f's cabaret; devarim, esther@cinematheque; san pedro circus@rock bottom brewery [seattle]

FRI 21

ip carter@sugar refinery; yom yam, devarim@cinematheque; TAG seasonal exhibit@third avenue gallery (on going)

SAT 22

secret three x-mas show@sugar refinery; golem-spirit of exile, kadash@cinematheque

SUN 23

esther, golem-spirit of exile@cinematheque; san pedro circus, nat king tentacle@the flame [seattle]

MON 24

gingerbread vs shortbread

TUES 25

rickey henderson [greatest self-proclaimed baseball player of all time] born this day, 1958

WED 26

blackhead vs meathead

THURS 27

blackalicious@commadore; human hillie reel@sugar refinery

FRI 28

jazzmatic@sugar refinery

SAT 29

ip carter@sugar refinery

SUN 30

sam petite@sugar refinery; mulholland drive, elephant man@ridge

MON 31

CITR PRESENTS CARIBBEAN AND LATIN NEW YEAR'S EVE DINNER AND DANCE@HILTON HOTEL(metrotown); colorific@sugar refinery; kinnie starr, the molestics, diez, ana bon bon@waldorf hotel; kent 3, rc5@comet tavern(seattle); famous players new year's@commadore; ray condo & cousin harley@wise hall; new year's sonic 2002: 12 djs@lulus

TUES JANUARY 1

paralella jazz@sugar refinery; frankie and johnny@arts club theatre 'til sat

WED 2

jazz for robots@sugar refinery; a clockwork orange, monty python and the holy grail@ridge

THURS 3

ambulanza@sugar refinery; a clockwork orange, monty python and the holy grail@ridge

FRI 4

CITR PRESENTS DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM, EVAPORATORS, OPERATION MAKEOUT AND THE GOBLINS@UBC SUB PARTYROOM; deniz tek and the golden breed, new town animals@pic pub; parlour steps@sugar refinery

SAT 5

infrequency co-op radio@sugar refinery; TAG seasonal exhibit@third avenue gallery (on going)

SUN 6

andy ross@sugar refinery

MON 7

manic mondays w/ fryer tuck@sugar refinery

TUES 8

paralella jazz@sugar refinery

WED 9

wesley willis, grand buffet, custom coil@richard's

THURS 10

machine head, dope@commadore; a.x. lodge@sugar refinery

FRI 11

dave carter and tracey grammer@wise hall; ben wolfinshn's friends forever@blinding light 'til sun; new old jass band@sugar refinery

SAT 12

brundlety@sugar refinery; long john baldry@commadore

SUN 13

ruxib kube@sugar refinery

MON 14

manic mondays w/ fryer tuck@sugar refinery

TUES 15

paralella jazz@sugar refinery; small gauge wonder@blinding light 'til wed

WED 16

first day, assertion@sugar refinery

THURS 17

ip carter quartet@sugar refinery; sharon minemota quintet@the cellar; byob@blinding light

FRI 18

charlatans uk, storsalor@commadore; eyelickers and blackhole@blinding light; butless chops@sugar refinery

SAT 19

the word (medeski, randolph, no. miss. allstars)@commadore; fred everything@sonar; catscam@blinding light; radiogram@sugar refinery

SUN 20

trial by media: the videotape@blinding light; jessie harris' ferdanan-

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE FEBRUARY ISSUE,
THE DEADLINE IS JANUARY 29.
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

dos@sugar refinery

TUES 22

superstar: the karen carpenter story@blinding light

WED 23

johnny wisdom@sugar refinery; beauty and the grotesque@blinding light

THURS 24

e.o.n plays conspirators of pleasure@blinding light

FRI 25

[j72, stereophones@commadore; radiohead vs the matrix@blinding light

SAT 26

inner space (vancover new music)@first nations longhouse (jubc); radiohead vs the matrix@blinding light

SUN 27

xiu xiu@sugar refinery; art school confidential@blinding light

MON 28

manic mondays@sugar refinery

TUES 29

rene vienet's can dialectics break bricks@blinding light; swollen members@pontiac theatre

WED 30

kevin house@sugar refinery; rene vienet's can dialectics break bricks@blinding light

THURS 31

baaba maal feat. daonde leno@commadore; resin [sneak preview]@blinding light; springer and ducommon@sugar refinery

SPECIAL EVENTS

UNIVERSITY MEDIA UNITES!

IN AN UNPRECEDENTED MOVE, THE UBYSSYD AND CITR RADIO 101.9 FM WILL BE COLLABORATING ON SOMETHING OTHER THAN DRUNKEN LECHE. JANUARY 4, WE'RE PRESENTING DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM, THE EVAPORATORS, OPERATION MAKEOUT, AND THE GOBLINS IN THE SUB PARTY ROOM HERE AT UBC. THE PARTY STARTS AROUND 8 PM. [IT'S ALLAGES, SO ANY LECHERY THAT MAY OCCUR WILL BE OF THE SOBER VARIETY.]

DENIZ TEK AND THE GOLDEN BREED

DENIZ TEK IS THE FOUNDER OF THE LEGENDARY AUSTRALIAN GARAGE BAND RADIO BIRDMAN. HE IS IN A NEW BAND WITH ART AND STEVE GODOY, OF SIMS SKATEBOARDING FAME. KNOX GODOY IS STEVE'S SON AND ART'S NEPHEW. KNOX IS 15 WITH FRECKLES AND DYED BLACK HAIR. HE CAN PROBABLY UPSIDE A 14 STAIR FLATBAR, BUT HE WON'T BE AT THE PIC PUB ON JANUARY 5 TO SEE HIS DAD ROCK. EVEN THOUGH KNOX HAS BIG BALLS, HE WON'T BE ALLOWED IN BECAUSE HE'S JUST A LITTLE GUY. IF YOU'RE OVER 19 COME EARLY FOR THE ROCK.

SHORTBREAD

PUT SOME FLOUR IN A BOWL. ADD A COUPLE BAGS OF SUGAR AND 45 STICKS OF BUTTER. VOILA.



SCRATCH & CHRISTMAS: a short line to the good times!

'tis the season for our giant BOXING WEEK SALE

DECEMBER 26th to
DECEMBER 31st

EVERYTHING

will be
20% to 50% off!

other items further discounted well below cost

We will be closed December 25th and January 1st.
Items placed on hold prior to the sale will not be discounted.

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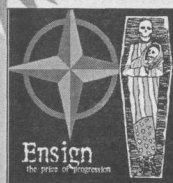
AESOP ROCK-Labor Days 2LP/CD
APHEX TWIN-Drugs 4LP/2CD
BELLE & SEBASTIAN-It's Waking Up to Us 7"/12"1CD/EP
BULAH-The Coast is Never Clear LP/CD
BLACK HALOS/BUBBLE-Xmas EP 2001 CDEP
BONNIE PRINCE BILLY-Ease Down The Road LP/CD
CANNIBAL OX-The Cold Vein 2LP/CD
CEX-Oops I Did It Again CD
CHICKS ON SPEED-Releases of the Unreleases CD
CIRCULATORY SYSTEM-4/4 CD (ex-Olivia Tremor Control)
CIRCUS DEVILS-Ringworm Interiors (Bob Pollard/GBV)
THE CRAMPES-8th new reissued classic albums LP/CDs
THE DEARS-Nor the Dahlias: The Dears 1995-98 CD
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE-The Photo Album LP/CD
DESTROYER-Streethawk: A Seduction LP/CD
THE FAINT-Danse Macabre LP/CD
ALVIN THIRING BASTARDS-A Mobody of Remade & Broken Quills LP/CD
FOUR TET-Pause LP/CD
FREESTYLE FELLOWSHIP-Temptations 2LP/CD
FUGAZI-Instrument DVD
FUGAZI-The Argument LP/CD
GET UP KIDS-Eudora 2LP/CD
GUESS WHO-Shakin'All Over 2LP/CD
THE HIVES-Barely Legal LP/CD
JIN O'ROURKE-Insignificance LP/CD
JULIE DOIRON-Desormals CD (ex-Eric's Trip)
LE TIGRE-Feminist Sweetcakes LP/CD
MOGWAI-My Father the King Import CDEP (30 mins extra!)
PAPA M-Whatever, Mortal 2LP/CD
PEACHES-Teaches of Peaches 2LP/CD
PERNICE BROTHERS-The World Won't End CD
PIANO MAGIC-Seasonally Affective: 1996-2000 2CD
SILVER JEWS-Bright Flight LP/CD
SILVER MT ZION-Born Into Trouble 2x10"/CD
STEREOLAB-Sound Dure limited edition LP/CD
THE STROKES-Is This It Import CD
THE STROKES-Last Nite CDEP
SWOLLEN MEMBERS-Bad Dreams 2LP
V/A-PUNKY 16 CONTAINS 4LP/CD
VINCENT GALLO-When Limited Edition LP/CD
WHITE STRIPES-White Blood Cells LP/CD

Some titles limited, while supplies last.
GIFT CERTIFICATES AVAILABLE!



NITRO FOR CHRISTMAS

Ensign
The Price of Progression CD



AFI
The Art of Drowning LP/CD



TSOL
Disappear CD



SON OF SAM
Songs From the Earth LP/CD



Upcoming Jan 22!



V/A - PUNKZILLA

Budget sampler featuring non-LP
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Seconds, Son of Sam, the Vandals,
Turbo A.C.s, the Offspring, and more.

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