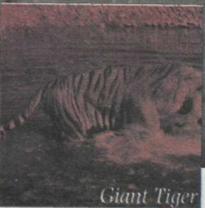
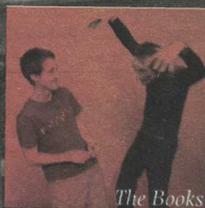
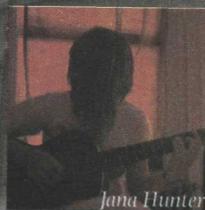


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April 2006

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DISCORDER

April 2006

THE GENTLE ART OF EDITING

DAVID RAVENBERG

This month we're all about opulence and ice grills. Spring is in the air again and it's time to lean up our appearance—tailfeathers need to be pruned for club-shaking, and someone's got to convince the orthodontist to install a shiny new pair of braces. With Young Jeezy bumping on our tin can computer speakers all through production, the prospect of a mouthful of diamonds has taken root in our hearts. The only problem is that we just can't afford any jewels; with some undisclosed members of our production team hovering just above the poverty line, our next meal is starting to seem more important than modeling our mouths after Nelly. In *Discorder* life, the chorus to "Grills" is more like "rob a grocery store and tell them make me a grilled cheese sandwich." Until the cash money situation is resolved, our idle daydreams of silken issues printed in the blood of endangered manatees will have to go unrealized.

In all seriousness though, we don't actually condone the conspicuous waste of limited resources. We recently took a trip down to the printers to view the transfiguration from pdf to street-ready magazine and assess the state of our finances. Immersed in the heady smell of ink, we were confronted with a host of decisions both ethical and financial. Should we switch back to a smaller zinc format? Reduce our use of colour, or keep the page count down? Obey our consciences and run only on 100% post-consumer recycled paper? There's so much more to this hustle than fawning over bearded indie rockers.

In other news, we have some new columns to welcome aboard. Performance artist Coral Short has returned from her travels to grace us with culinary reviews in "Spoonin'", forkin' around Vancouver's fine selection of restaurants. Meat-eaters need not despair, as the vegetarian Short plans to contract out the fleshy dishes to her carnivorous friends. Local cinema buff Allan MacInnis, author of last month's *Cassavetes*' feature, will be rounding out our take on moving pictures with "Cinema Aspirant". Watch for monthly MacInnis-hosted screenings of the films in question at Bilm. "Textually Active" is back in full force, so head out to BC Book and Magazine Week from April 22-29 in preparation for more literary goodness in the months to come. Lastly, we have the arrival of "Spectres of Discord", a nostalgic look back through the *Discorder* archive.

But all of this pales in comparison to the arrival of Program Coordinator Bryce Dunn's new baby. To those of you outside of the CTR community, this announcement probably won't quicken your pulse, but I'd like to encourage you to ponder the beautiful mystery of life anyway. How strange it is to be anything at all! Although I suspect that the reality of caring for a new human with thrush and cottage cheese tongue is a little less romantic, we'd like to issue our heartiest congratulations. Watch for the return of a more fatherly "Riff Raff" next month.

REGULARS

- 3 **The Gentle Art of Editing**
by David Ravensbergen
- 4 **Spoonin'**
by Coral Short
- 5 **Strut, Fret and Flicker**
by Penelope Mulligan
- 5 **Cinema Aspirant**
by Allan MacInnis
- 6 **Textually Active**
by Andy Hudson & Duncan McHugh
- 7 **Mixtape: The Doers**
by The Doers
- 9 **Spectres of Discord**
by David Ravensbergen
- 16 **Calendar**
by Will Brown
- 27 **Under Review**
by Will Brown
- 28 **Real Live Action**
- 29 **CTR Charts**
- 30 **Program Guide**

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FEATURES

- 11. **The Books**
by Mike LaPointe
- 12. **Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright**
by Curtis Woloshchuk
- 14. **Active Listening**
by Luke Meat
- 20. **No Band Is An Island**
by David Ravensbergen
- 22. **The Hive Minds**
by Julie Colero
- 26. **Laughing and Crying is the Same Thing**
by Arthur Kramins



Ruby Juniper Georgina aka Rockin' Ruby Born Tuesday March 21 at 12:58AM to proud parents Bryce Dunn & Mary Hosick 7 lbs. 7 oz. 20" long

The Devil and Daniel Johnston Vancouver Opening April 19th, Pacificque Cinematheque.

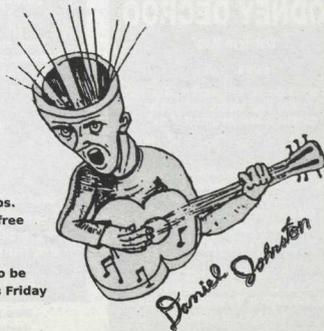
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SPOONIN'

Coral Short

OM Vegetarian Restaurant

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Sadly, the legendary Buddhist vegetarian restaurant has closed down in Chinatown, so I thought my first column could try to fill the painful gap it has left in some of our lives. Luckily, my fellow diners and I discovered the miraculous OM by fluke. This wonderful and friendly restaurant has been around for a mere two years and remains a secret among Vancouver's vegetarians.

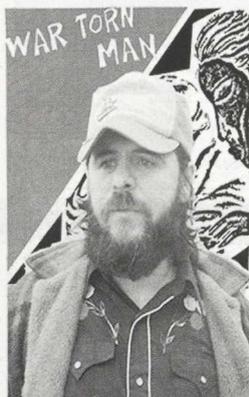
Through the glass doors we were cordially greeted and seated at a functional wooden table with purple laminate tops in spacious surroundings. The walls were half eggplant purple with a wallpaper fruit design tastefully encircling the room. Our sparky-eyed waitress gave us these words of wisdom: "Don't worry, just enjoy! If you feel unhappy after eating this food then you are a truly unhappy person." We were each given a menu along with a special extra menu covered in small square pictures of those succulent vegetarian delights. Our eyes tried to read the written menu but kept wandering back to those amazing pictures.

We ordered pot stickers, chicken drumsticks (vegetarian of course), the chef fried rice and Shanghai noodles. My vegan friend Garry is obsessed with Shanghai noodles and says you can judge a restaurant based on what they taste like. He said they were "pretty good," but he's not one for adjectives. The pot stickers, though a little lacklustre, were doughy mouthfuls of veggie goodness. We ordered the chicken drumsticks because we thought they sounded funny, but they were no joke. Tender, juicy and flavoured, the fake meat surrounded by a golden crispy skin made my taste buds quiver. We actually had to ask the waitress: "Is this meat?" She told us that they were made with yellow sweet beans and huge mushrooms with giant stalks, which gave them that delightful texture. The chef fried rice was also a winner. Our choice was confirmed when we noticed the same dish on our neighbours' table, who dine there regularly two times a week. Tasty morsels with bursts of vegetable flavours spiced up with pine nuts were shoveled into our mouths until we could not move.

Hot delicious tea was provided constantly from a clear coffeepot. And then our waitress started to give us treats! She seemed like our best friend, chatting away and giving us extra free goodies such as deliciously prepared taro root, green tea dessert and cranberry candles. On top of all that, Garry ordered the vegan cheesecake, which was thick, heavy and creamy with a whisper of lemon. When everything was consumed we had to walk all the way home, as it was the only way to recover from such spectacular ingestion.



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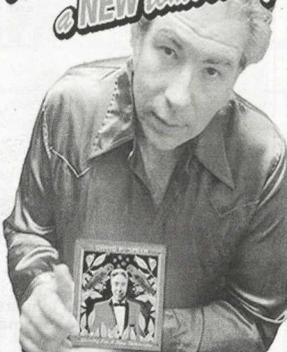
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STRUT, FRET AND FLICKER

Penelope Mulligan

Flick Harrison's Marie Tyrell
Spartacus Books
Wednesday March 1

It's one thing to make a film about a revolutionary on death row, but releasing it as an interactive DVD is quite the tease. At a cinematic salon co-sponsored by Spartacus and Cineworks, local filmmaker Flick Harrison launched his take on a short story by Vancouver writer D.M. Fraser—and also shed some light on the interactivity factor. Taking the form of 65 “political vectors” which intersect the narrative at strategically chosen points, it allows the viewer to “interrogate” the film. Unlike video games, in which outcomes can be affected, this is a series of discreet invitations to penetrate the work’s sprawling underlayer.

In addition to staples such as “making of” clips, there’s hilarious right-wing propaganda footage from Nixon-era archives, interviews with Stephen Osborne (Fraser’s contemporary in the leftist arts scene of the 1970s) and even home movies of the filmmaker earning his stripes as a military cadet. The DVD also makes a handy promo tool for cast and crew, as numerous mini-docs (not all shot by Harrison) tell you everything you need to know about their pursuits. Somehow, Harrison manages to keep it all relevant. Nothing is ever more than a remote-click away from the political imperative.

Nonetheless, a gulf develops between the Marie Tyrell story and the documentary segments, revealing the “interrogations” to be more akin to interruptions. The disconnect comes partly from the filmmaker’s interpretation of the source material. Fraser’s 1974 work, while clearly about totalitarianism, dissent and the psychosocial make-up of a revolutionary, is fairly non-specific vis-à-vis period and place. The title character herself is almost a cypher. This sort

of thing works on paper, but is fiendishly hard to make filmic. While attempting to honour the novel’s impressionistic approach, the film still insists that we engage with the flesh and blood characters. But this is hard. Marie is a go-faced fanatic who should be executed—not for terrorist acts, but for her utter lack of humour. Her lover is a snivelling wimp, who hits the stage and—in one of the film’s intentional period mash-ups—strutts past Woodsquat reciting poetry after his girl gets nicked. Since we never discover the nature of Marie’s crimes against the state, her activism remains theoretical and her words smell like stale polemic.

Ironicly, the interruptions are far more politically resonant than the main film. Footage of Noam Chomsky, U.N. Weapons Inspector Scott Ritter and antiwar demonstrations shot in the run-up to America’s invasion of Iraq make a 1974 fade into insignificance. In a sense, the 25-minute film is both a gateway to, and an excuse for, the underlying material. Whether one finds this clever or annoying doesn’t really matter, considering that it’s probably the most audacious use of the Extra Features shtick since the advent of DVDs.

Marie Tyrell can be viewed—and penetrated—at the Video In library (1965 Main Street).

THE PLUGHOLE

The relationship between genius and madness is always fondly acknowledged, but never is the eye of the beholder such a big part of the equation as when art is involved. One of the most depressing documentaries you’re likely to see in awhile makes this unintentionally clear. In *The Devil and Daniel Johnston*, the madness of the titular singer-songwriter and visual artist is fairly indisputable. It’s the genius that’s slippery.

CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

Is cinema food for your soul, and is your soul hungry? Cinema Aspirant offers glimpses of gems to be rescued from the wreckage of your local video store.

RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER

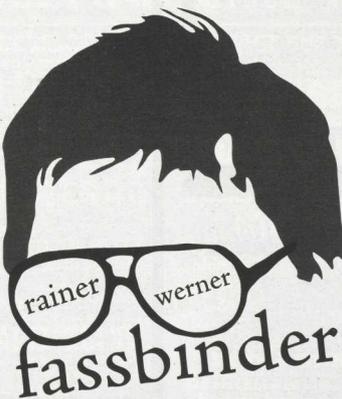
Rainer Werner Fassbinder was an outrageously productive filmmaker, directing over 40 films before dying, at 37, from a combination of drugs and alcohol. Like his compatriots in the New German Cinema—including Wim Wenders and Werner Herzog—he was raised on gangster films and westerns pumped into West Germany in the post-war years to “re-educate” the country in American values, and had an ambivalent relationship with Hollywood; he once said that he wanted to make Hollywood movies in Germany, but without the hypocrisy. Many of Fassbinder’s probing dramas, centering around the theme, as he described it, of “the exploitability of feelings,” are just now becoming available on DVD, largely thanks to the Rainer Werner Fassbinder Foundation, Wellspring Video, and the Criterion Collection. Since he was so prolific, I thought it would be useful to share four films of his for which I have unequivocal love.

The Merchant of the Four Seasons (1972)

The first of Fassbinder’s films to draw on the works of Douglas Sirk, *The Merchant of the Four Seasons* is the sad tale of a fruit vendor who, bitter about the lack of love he receives from his family, sickened by the indifference of his friends, and crushed by his wife’s selfish neglect, retreats into self-destructive alcoholism. Comparable to Werner Herzog’s *Stroszek* (1977), the incapacities and injuries of his smaller-than-life lead character are used as a means of pointing up the hypocrisy, snobishness, and insensitivity of the working and middle classes. Fassbinder extends considerable sympathy to Hans, and creates a moving drama out of his downward trajectory.

Ali: Fear Eats the Soul (1974)

A Moroccan migrant worker living in Germany, lonely and tired of drinking every night with his co-workers, attempts a relationship with a much older cleaning woman, Emmi, played by Fassbinder regular Brigitte Mira (short and somewhat unattractive, some have



suggested that she is meant as a signifier of how Fassbinder felt about himself). Will social pressures, racism, and the judgments of society permit their relationship to survive? Inspired by Sirk’s *All that Heaven Allows* (1955)—which also inspired Todd Haynes’ tribute to Sirk, *Far from Heaven* (2002)—the film is near perfect in its use of character as a means to articulate its theme. The role of Ali is played by El Hedi ben Salem, who was Fassbinder’s lover at the time and who later killed himself in prison, after he stabbed a man in a bar when he thought Fassbinder had cheated on him. Fassbinder’s tumultuous love relationships would later also inform his film about the suicide of a transsexual, *In a Year with Thirteen Moons* (1978), made after Fassbinder’s friend, lover, and sometimes actor, Armin Meier, had killed himself in Fassbinder’s apartment.

Jeff Feuerzeig’s exhaustive film-bio tracks Johnston from an evangelical Christian childhood in West Virginia to Austin, Texas, where his mournful, lo-fi ditties caught the ear of the mid-80s indie scene. As the manically creative trickster became manic depressive (that’s the official diagnosis, although a lot of his behaviour seems monumentally psychotic), his artistic stock continued to rise. It’s here that the director’s devotion to his subject starts to hobble his judgement. Instead of paying to wonder about the freak factor, he fills the screen with friends and music bio types who sing peanets to a brilliance that never really comes across in the film. What we do get is the story of a stranger-than-fiction life and a mental disintegration so meticulously documented that it’s exhausting to watch. Johnston’s regression into religious fanaticism, though spectacular, is never adequately explored, and his sermon-like hectoring (both onstage and off) is more nuthar than apocalyptic.

But still, the man is a fascinating phenom. His illustrious fan base is like a roll call of cool—David Bowie, Jad Fair, Sonic Youth, Sparklehorse and Tom Waits, among others, have either collaborated with him or covered his work, while his darkly dattled cartoons have made him a darling of *Outsider Art* fetishists. He has also inspired the theatre world; a ballet company in Lyon commissioned American choreographer Bill T. Jones to create a piece to six of Johnston’s songs.

If the film raises more questions than it answers, you can always ask the doctor. *The Devil and Daniel Johnston* plays the Pacific **Cinematheque** at 7:30 pm on April 19 as part of the Frames of Mind Series, with Dr. Harry Karlinsky from UBC’s Department of Psychiatry in attendance. As the event is co-presented by CTR and Disorder, he shares a post-screening Q & A with our own Luke Meat.

Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven (1975)

Mira and Meier star in Fassbinder’s *Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven* (1975), about the idealistic, but somewhat naive, wife of a disgraced factory worker who tries to clear her husband’s name. Mockingly funny and tragic, the DVD release contains two alternate endings, one for the European release and one for the American—so if you’re not happy with the first ending, don’t hit the stop button right away...though you may want to pause it to contemplate the emotional effect for a minute or two, since the second ending begins forthwith. The film is interesting in that it includes some of Fassbinder’s criticisms of the inadequacies of the Left; though he had friends among the Red Army Faction, he considered direct action silly, and would later make *The Third Generation* (1979), a film critiquing terrorists.

Fear of Fear (1975)

Shot for German TV, this is Fassbinder’s take on the “women’s picture,” and is probably must-see stuff for fans of *Cassavetes’ A Woman Under the Influence* (1974) or *Todd Haynes’ Safe* (1995). A housewife, beset by inexplicable anxieties and unable to fulfill herself within the confines of a normally repressive middle-class life, turns to various means—from Valium to infidelity to psychiatry—to try to cope with her growing anxiety, while her husband and in-laws ignore her cries for help or stand in the background chucking about how selfish she is. Again, we see a character driven to desperate measures by emotional needs that are simply not being met by the life she’s given to lead. The lead performance, by Margit Carstensen, who also starred in *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* (1972) and the fascinating *Chinese Roulette* (1976), is compelling indeed.

In and through Fassbinder unerringly taps into human loneliness and pain and questions its meaning and political significance, ideally spurring the audience on to fruitful discussion and self-reflection; they’re profoundly moving and thought-provoking films, which any true Cinema Aspirant should see!

TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

Consider the Brainiac

Consider The Lobster

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE
(Little, Brown and Company)

Although American writer David Foster Wallace (DFW) is known primarily for his fiction *Infinite Jest*, *Brief Interviews with Hideous Men* and most recently *Ohlvin*, I think his non-fiction is best. Anyone who read his 1997 collection of essays, *A Supposedly Fun Thing I'll Never Do Again*, can tell you he's one of the funniest writers working today. He might not be as consistently funny as your David Sedaris or your Sarah Vowell, but his sharp and extremely thorough observations put him into a class of his own.

Consider the Lobster is his non-fiction follow-up to *A Supposedly Fun Thing*. Collecting essays and reviews dating back to 1997, first published (albeit in substantially abbreviated form) in such diverse publications as *Premiere*, *Gourmet*, *Rolling Stone*, *Harper's* and the *Village Voice*, the book covers (in order) the pornographic movie industry, John Updike, Franz Kafka's sense of humour, American grammar and usage, 9/11 (poignantly and without sentimentality or jingoism), former tennis star Tracy Austin, John McCain's 2000 Republican leadership campaign, the lobster (and specifically/horribly the Maine Lobster Festival), a biography of F. M. Dostoevsky and talk radio. I list off these topics not simply because they are all fantastic, but to show the breadth of what DFW can do. The guy is incredibly, incredibly smart and is able to digest tremendous amounts of very complex data and turn it into clear, precise (oh, the precision), original and funny prose. What I wouldn't give for those chops.

While some have referred to DFW as 'that footnote guy' (and he does love his footnotes), the notations are not schtick; instead they are a by-product of a rigorous assault on his subjects.

Reading DFW, you get the sense that mere sentences cannot contain all the information and nuances this man can give us. We need footnotes, and footnotes of footnotes, and interpolations, and subtitles and glossaries of relevant vocab!

What really makes DFW, and in particular *Consider the Lobster* (an homage to M. F. K. Fisher's *Consider the Oyster*, I'm assuming), is his thoughtfulness as a writer. In his profile of Arizona senator John McCain, DFW forces the reader to consider, really consider, what happens to a person when he or she spends five years as a POW, as McCain did. Like most of his writing, he doesn't just reference this as a matter of biography, as others might, but rather draws you into it, makes it fresh (and shocking) and relevant again. His books aren't easy reads (after 343 pages, I'm ready for a break), but DFW provides some of the most satisfying reading I've done in a while

Duncan M. McHugh

CONSIDER THE LOBSTER

And Other Essays

David Foster Wallace

Author of *Infinite Jest*



BC Books: Generations X and Boom

Baseball Love

GEORGE BOWERING
Talon Books

I am not a baseball fan. Sometimes I wish Scrabble was the national U.S. pastime, or if it has to be a sport, commuter cycling. Ordinarily, a baseball memoir would draw consumptive coughs from the long Russians on my bookshelf. Not so *Baseball Love*.

Not only is the author a septuagenarian I can safely run from, but George Bowering is also an astounding poet, a novelist, a "swashbuckling history" writer, a teacher, a friend to small press, and Canada's first Poet Laureate (2002-2004). His latest book winds as far back as 1948, "the greatest year in human history," the same year young George heard the underdog Cleveland Indians win the World Series and grabbed the first paperback edition of *The Naked and the Dead* at a Pentecost drugstore.

Make no mistake, while Bowering catches in both ballparks and lecture halls, his *Baseball Love* is ardent. Expect no lightning-struck bats, nor hagiographies of late great bigots like Ty Cobb and Ted Williams. Bowering swings at Bernard Malamut's *The Natural*, "the most famous baseball novel of the high-rent district." Among baseball literati, he picks out Fielding Dawson, a writer who understands baseball as is:

"It is not a guilty pleasure for an intellectual, and it is not a ritualized event that needs the veneer of myth to make it worthwhile. A great day for a ball game is a great day for just about anything."

One heady day in the sixties, when Bowering starred in the Kosmic League of Vancouver poets, punks, and painters, he watched the Flying Dildos play ball in nothing but sneakers, gloves, and old man overcoats. Another day in the fifties, he watched two girls in Oliver, BC sneak a line of peanuts around the crown of a man's fedora. The greatest moments of *Baseball Love* come from left field.

Truly sports-averse people might not follow Bowering through the centerpiece of his memoir, a "USAmerican" road trip to watch single A teams like the Batavia Muckdogs or the Mahoning Valley Scrappers. Others might go along for the literary diversions, like the story of a friend who hitchhiked from Minnesota to within two doors of Ernest Hemingway's room at the Mayo Clinic, just a few weeks before Hemingway killed the greatest sports-loving, English writer.

Other people, with a sense of humour, will even appreciate Bowering's hardcore fandom: a running list of baseball names (Elgin Bobo, Arquimedes Pozo), ntipckers scorekeeping (never mark F9 for a simple right-field fly out), and a real love for logo-free, flag-free baseball.

Baseball Love will launch on April 26, 7:00 at the Granville Island Brewery Taproom, where you can talk to Bowering about America's game over Canadian beer.

Andy Hulston



Smoke Show

CLINT BURNHAM
Arsenal Press

"LIKE YOU KNOW." These two, co-stars in our idliest spoken English, punctuate a couple of otherwise empty pages midway through Clint Burnham's *Smoke Show*. Notoriously anti-grammatician, they highlight Burnham's gambit: to exhibit literally the immaterial, everyday talk of a fictional circle of young Ladner and East Van do-nothings, circa 1995.

Smoke Show is a novel in length and scope, but it reads quick as a stack of transcripts. Most pages pick up a dialogue mid-conversation, the top line in all caps. The dialogue, about drugs, or *Waterworld*, or changing the music, tends to run halfway or two-thirds down the page before it sputters out. The book has a short attention span. Occasionally a single line floats up alone from the mix, such as, "YEAH, SO LIKE I'M MOSTLY CLASSIC ROCK."

Spoken words are typed out with stenographic fidelity, without any " " to set them apart for special consideration. The parade of expletives, misstepping grammar, and lost clauses is embarrassing to read. You probably speak this way yourself, sometimes.

"You know, cuz she's really focussed, eh?" starts a girl moving to the Interior for low rent and a fresh start. "And you know, that's the perfect person for me. You know, cuz she's like, you know like. You know, I mean, the other day, she had to register her kid of this class and she like got up, and went there at, I don't know, before seven."

Although most of it could have been bootlegged off the number ten bus, *Smoke Show* is fiction. Gradually, as characters recur in the mix of chatter, they distinguish themselves as a group. A few interlocutors sport denim cut-offs, collect welfare, and shop at "Crappy Tree." Two will star on Donahue. There is no Texlahoma for this sample of Generation X; smoking weed is the escape of choice. The irony is on them.

There is a narrator, to write he said and she said, add details, and to relate the sexy bits in a flat, disinterested tone. The narrator blends right into the chatter, as in, "Oh yeah? She said it like an Ozzie, yee-uh?" Once in a while, the distance between narrator and subject widens a bit, and the narrator comes off sneering:

Oh right on, they're -

They're little dream catchers. I got a set, with a needle. I know the girl who does them, eh? Oh yeah; these are great. She giggled. They're cute.

They agreed; they were the greatest.

As an experiment in bare vernacular, *Smoke Show* is a cheeky success. Combined, the unpunctuated dialogue, flat narration, and overwhelmingly empty pages of *Smoke Show* read like an indictment of these mid-nineties twenty-somethings. Recreational drugs, to judge by the ending, appear to be their lowest common denominator.

Now on a shortlist for the BC Book Prize, many readers will find it too shallow for its own good. To judge it on its own merits, though, the worst you could say of *Smoke Show* is that there

are a few moments of pastiche. Burnham fashions a fine motif from Kevin Costner's *Waterworld*, but there is also a character with an unconvincing, slightly too poetic fixation on hedges.

Clint Burnham, the short bi proudly readen, "has been attacked by audience members at the readings of his work and students have protested the use of his writing in a college classroom." Apparently, he is ready for criticism. To give him a hand, you could say someone had to write this way. It's the way we like, talk, you know?

Andy Hulston



MIXTAPE / THE DOERS

SIDE A

This is the Doers mixed tape. It only exists here and not for real. We think it would be good real though. I would think another good tape would be *Double Nickels on the Dime* by the Minutemen. That would be our second choice. Our third choice would probably be *Fear of a Black Planet* by Public Enemy as that's the CD we listen to when we're leaving on tour. We usually put it on as we're getting on the on-ramp at the corner of Grandview and Freeway. Another thing we listen to a lot in the van is a mixed funk CD that Barry's friend Dayvo made for him. We have always listened to lots of hip hop and jazz but now it is manifesting itself in the form of new Doers rap songs. Barry is an MC now. MC Hot & Cold. MC HC. Barry's raps are the shit.



Messy Bessy, Get Undressy | Pink & Brown

We like Lightning Bolt like everyone else, but this is nice too. Perhaps nicer.

Worms | S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

I just heard someone say that S.T.R.E.E.T.S. is one of the only real punk bands left in Vancouver. True, but they just had their last show ever. I went there, got in, left, came back and couldn't get in again cuz the police wanted the show to themselves.

Haze | Eric's Trip

We stayed at the house in Moncton where Eric's Trip used to record. Our friends live in there now and there's some sorts of cool left-over Eric's Trip stuff down in the basement.

You Set the Scene | Love

I was born too late...

Oh My Pregnant Head, Labia in the Sun | Flaming Lips

And they are all pregnant.

Redondo Beach | Patti Smith

One of the more catchy Patti Smith songs. It was actually Morrissey's cover of this song that drew my attention back to the original.

Origami Nightmare | Ghost House

Wizards and the most of men.

Nowhere Fast | The Smiths

Meat Is Murder is one of the Doers' tour van favourites.

Vitamin C | Can

My favourite rock drummer.

Out of the Freedom World | Nice Parade

I've been trying to see these guys live for years—can they do it?

SIDE B

I Can't Go For That | Hall & Oates

Looks like they know they're back in style too.

Nutrition | Dead Milkmen

Big Lizard in *My Backyard* was one of the first good cassette tapes I got in highschool.

Watch Me Now | Ultramagnetic MC's

Luke told me if all rap sounded like the album *Critical Beatdown* he'd only listen to rap. Agreed.

No Knock | Gil Scott Heron

This is one of the cats Barry's

rolling with now.

Resolution | John Coltrane
This is Part 2 of the album *A Love Supreme*. Somewhere down in the US there's the Church of John Coltrane that has services where everyone jams on Coltrane jams.

Invisible to Bitches | Run Chico Run
This song was never released but we could probably get it in one form or another if this mix tape was real. Mattie says that this song exists only in our minds.

Lonely Avenue | Ray Charles
This is the saddest song ever. Ray Charles is one of my heroes.

After Midnight | JJ Cale
If Joy was to go on an island with only one CD it would be JJ Cale. 5 and Naturally (I have them burned into one great long CD)

Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Your Grievance | Daniel Johnston
Sassy Frass.

Some Velvet Morning | Lee Hazlewood/Nancy Sinatra
I've been straight for 10 weeks now. Partly, I took a break from drinking to save money.

Summer Feeling | Jonathan Richman
Self explanatory. 

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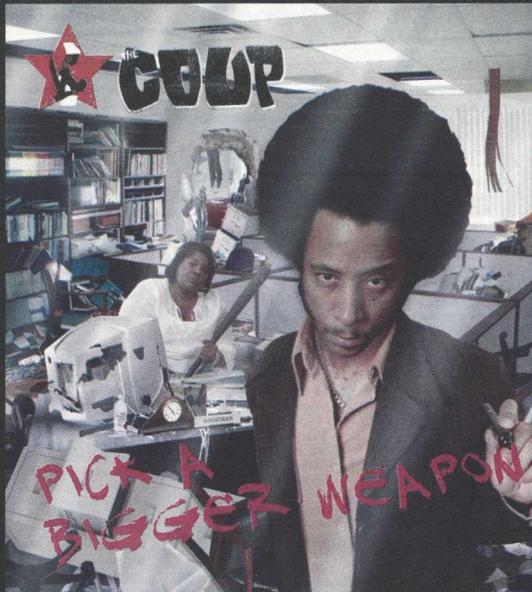
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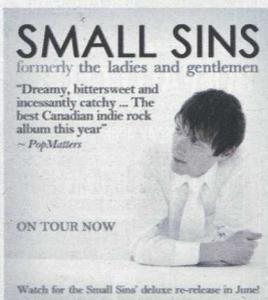
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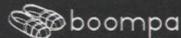
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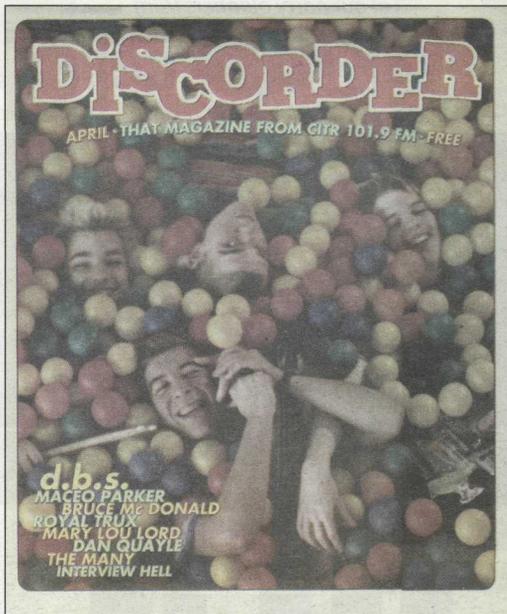


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SPECTRES OF DISCORD

BY DAVID RAVENBERGEN



April 1995

As Jana Hunter summarizes so astutely elsewhere in this issue, "ghosts are real." It is with this premise in mind that we are proud to introduce "Spectres of Discord", a new column dedicated to bringing you the future of Discord history. The ghosts of issues past have been clambering for attention in our cupboards, crying out to be read and fondled before returning to the pulp mill from whence they came. While former writers and staff have no doubt moved on to bigger, better, actual wage-earning undertakings, the text they've left in their wake should be of interest to old hands and fresh faces alike. Watch this space to see who was riding high on the charts in the early 80s, or to trace the progress of your favourite band across our magazine's hallowed pages.

Flipping through old issues in the archives, it's amazing to see how much has changed since Discord was born in 1983. Back in April 1995, Smugglers frontman and future CBC Radio 3 correspondent Grant Lawrence had never heard of crystal meth. Dumbfounded by the mention of "crystal" in an interview with legendary pubescent punks d.b.s., Lawrence was enlightened by a streetwise, 16-year-old Jesse Gander. "It's some sort of new wave drug. People think they're hardcore cause they're paying a hundred dollars a gram. It sounds like a waste of money to me." A hundred bucks? What I wouldn't give for a time machine and a sack full of cough medicine.

Dubiously priced drugs aside, the mid 90s were a time of reckoning for punk rock. For the boys of d.b.s., the success of target market punk bands like Green Day was an inspiration, not the death of a genre. An opening slot at a Rancid gig was cited as a career highlight, despite the fact that they rolled up to the show in their parents' minivans. A few pages over in an interview with seasoned Vancouver punks The Many, though, the sentiment was a little different. In the midst of a drunken conversation about the state of mainstream music, singer Wes piped up to suggest "I think I can sing through my asshole better than the leader singer of the Offspring can." While I'm not confident passing judgment on the quality of Dexter Holland's rectal crooning, it's safe to say the man can't sing for shit.

But not everyone was all wrapped up in matters of punk pedigree that April. Nardwuar was up to his usual horseplay this time ambushing an oblivious Dan Quayle at a book signing in Washington.

NARDUWAR: HI MR. QUAYLE, WHO'S THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA?

Dan Quayle: The Prime, Prime...Minister of Canada, which just had the, uh, President, uh, Clinton, up here for a, uh, address, and, uh, it's one thing that George Bush didn't do...Mulroney did not invite him up. But you now have a new Prime Minister of Canada.

In a world of variables, it's nice to know that Nardwuar's knack for flabbergasting interviewees remains constant. So there you have it. We've paid our respects, and now the April '95 issue can fade peacefully away into the ether. ♦



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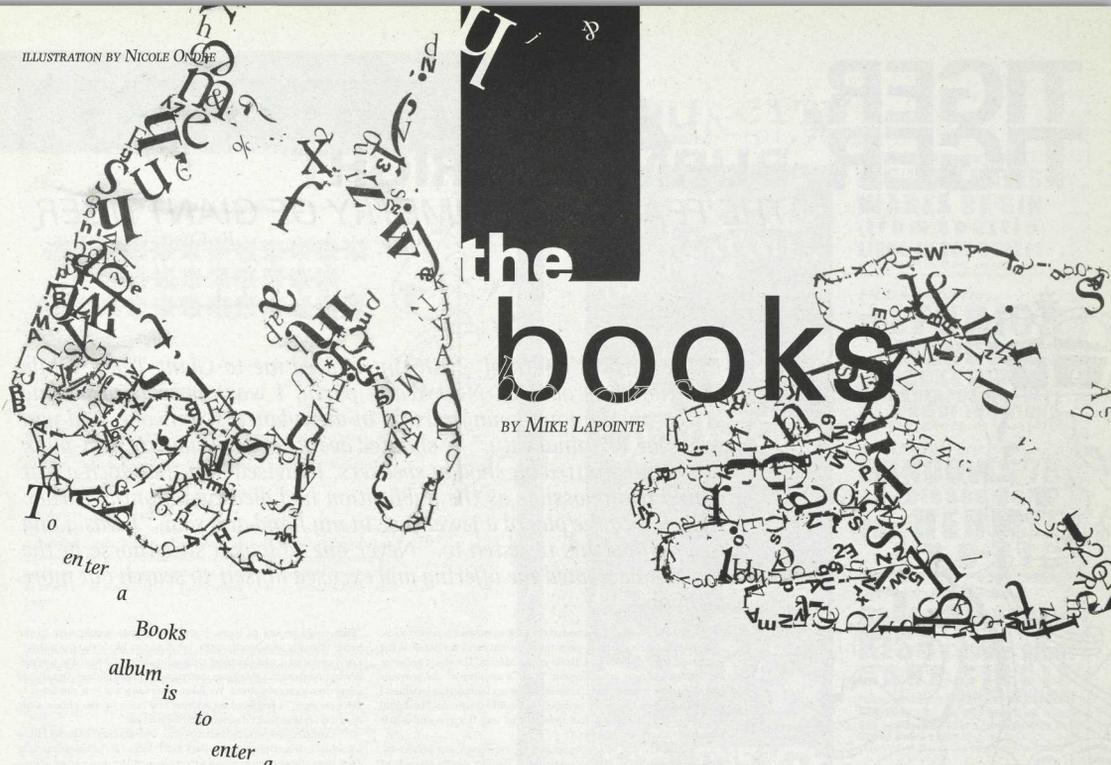
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ILLUSTRATION BY NICOLE ONDRE



the

books

BY MIKE LAPOINTE

enter a Books album is to enter a museum. The listener moves from one room to the next, deep within the history of elegantly curated sound; some voices are dead and gone, some are alive, whispering, singing, laughing. In one room will be a soft-hearted country band, strumming as the oak cello dutifully hums. In another room will be two people nervously speaking, goosebumps rising every time their hands barely touch. In another will be Gandhi, imparting some small shred of wisdom; the next will take you on a flight over Tokyo at night; Lewis Carroll will be there, side-by-side with Lao Tzu.

But it's more than a museum of iconic history. It's also filled with those surreal scraps you hear on any average metropolitan stretch. Neglectful parents are there, along with a teenager who just can't express himself, a stout disciplinarian teacher, a tired woman with a world of complaints. The Books place the everyday alongside the otherworldly. They're concerned with moments as much as with centuries.

The albums can be as challenging as they are whimsical. The duo behind the music, guitarist Nick Zammito and cellist Paul de Jong, consider themselves to be only a fraction of the experience. "We feel that what we do is 50% of the work, and the other 50% is something that can be completed by the listener," says de Jong. Their messages aren't necessarily clear, but there's no shortage of content to ponder.

The Books currently find themselves in a period of transition. Their third album, 2005's *Lost and Safe*, sees them creating lyrics and vocals, components that they previously would have left to their vast collection of found sound. "We wanted to find a way to control the content of it, to make it into one voice that speaks throughout the record," says de Jong. Nick assumed the role of vocalist as, "Not so much a voice tied to one character or person, but more of an ego-less voice that takes away from the ego of all the samples."

They've also begun to tour, something that was impossible with their laptop-dependent earlier repertoire. "When we were making *Lost and Safe*, we were already thinking that it would be the album we'd play live," says de Jong. They've found great success on the road, their show quickly gaining a reputation for its innovation and inspiration: live musicians interacting with a recorded archive, co-operating with the language of the past to create rhythm and melody. Many early fans believed that they would never tour, but, as Paul explains, "It's better to make your own laws and then be able to break them."

When released, *Lost and Safe* critically suffered for its lack of

immediacy. Their debut album *Thought for Food* gained attention in 2002 due to its unprecedented originality. The following year's *The Lemon of Pink* established the band on the strength of its subtlety and enduring warmth. The lyrical content of *Lost and Safe* adds a further dimension to the band's already complex arrangement. "It's probably not the easiest record to please people right away," contemplates de Jong. "We just aim to communicate through the music."

Lost and Safe aims to communicate a lot. The record travels through science, philosophy and poetry, while constantly retaining their patented brand of linguistic humour and playfulness. As Nick believes, "Humour is the backdoor to the profound." Mercifully, the album is accompanied by a lyric booklet. Otherwise, such detailed lyrics could be lost to the all-too-easy classification of incoherent. In all fairness, phrases such as, "So instead we went ahead / To fabricate a catalogue / Of unstable elements, and modicums, and particles / With non-zero total strangeness" are commonplace in the world of *Lost and Safe*, but it's one of the missions of the band to train the ear to attention and contemplation. "The more detailed and subtle music is," says de Jong, "the more the ear will open. I think that that might help people to open their ears for what they might hear in daily life." Their latest attempt seems to be successful, as listeners and critics are beginning to fully unravel the details, several months after the release.

The bulk of their work is founded on paradox and mischievous contradiction, rubbing words of various languages against each other to see what profundities spark from the friction. They're constantly tying tongues and turning things on their heads, like a musical *Finnegan's Wake*. But the Books allow for occasional glimpses of straightforwardness. On the opening song of *Lost and Safe*, Nick sings, "The books suggest we set our hearts on doing nothing," which arrives in the ear as a suggestion from the band. When asked about the

phrase, Paul pauses and then replies, "Well, I mean, doing is probably something that is an enormously over-rated thing."

It's hard to say whether the Books practice what they preach in this respect. Though they're not looking ahead much further than the time on the road, they've been hinting at what the next project will be, and it seems as though they're going to be doing quite a bit. "We have great interest in working more with video, and also with video that we shoot ourselves, not just found video," says de Jong. Their live shows are overtures to short projected films, perhaps a taste of what's in their future. "But we're also interested in just making a new album," he adds, "so it's probably going to be more than one thing at a time that we're doing."

In the music of the Books, there is no such thing as black and white. Things cannot be distinguished so easily. They explore the grey area, the space between, that makes us human. They see that our languages are imperfect. Things are lost in translation. Things are stripped of context. Individuals are impossibly isolated by their differences, valiantly attempting to convey what it means to be themselves with words that often fail or prove insufficient. That's why the music is so special: they bring all of the grey under one roof. The Books supply a forum for individual perspectives to collide and, inevitably, discover commonality in the sound of their own voices, echoing on.

The Books play Richard's On Richards on April 22nd.

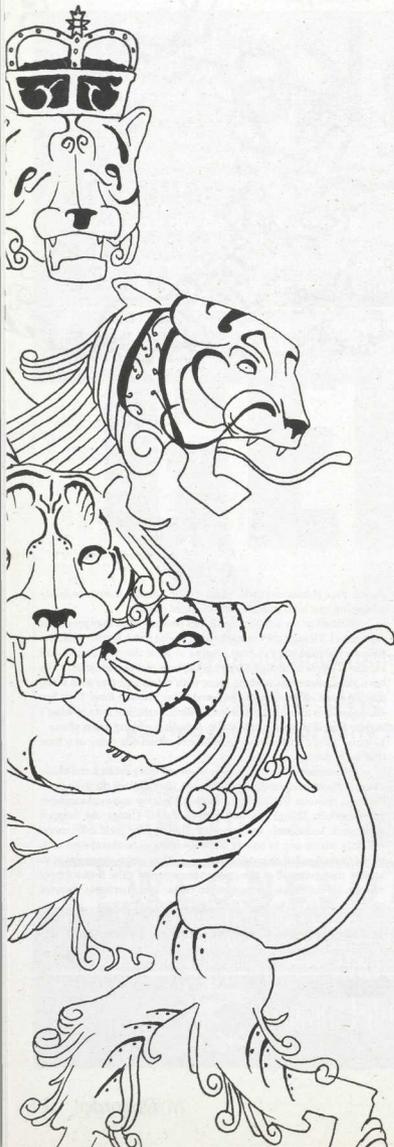


TIGER, TIGER,

BURNING BRIGHT

THE FEARFUL SYMMETRY OF GIANT TIGER

BY CURTIS WOLOSCHUK



The earliest hours of 2006 introduced me to Giant Tiger. While stumbling about a New Year's party, I was approached by one of the anonymous young scruffs in attendance. "Someone said you write for Terminal City," he shouted over the din of generic post-punk being transmitted by shoddy speakers. I advised him that such a feat would be impossible as the publication had died two months earlier. Undeterred, he placed a jewel case in my hand and said, "I was going to give you this to listen to." Never one to look a swag horse in the mouth, I accepted the offering and excused myself to search out more alcohol.

The next evening, I discovered the CDR in my jacket pocket while in search of sufficient coin to cover my day's first meal. Scribbled on the jewel case was "GT" along with an email address. The disc's presence initially evoked only befuddlement. Then, a memory of the previous night's handover was slowly reassembled by my floundering faculties. I planted myself on the couch and slid the disc into the stereo. The digital display advised me that I had three tracks and thirteen-and-a-half minutes of music laying in wait.

Admittedly, the recording quality of the songs was abhorrent, with the first track suffering particularly. Amidst ninety seconds of Television-indebted, angular guitars, a vocalist employed Malkmus-like cadence to rail on about...It was impossible to say. An excessive slathering of reverb rendered the lyrics completely incomprehensible. On the next track, the six strings went buzzsaw while the rhythm section adopted an industrial strength, lockstep menace. A loquacious narrative commenced that incorporated elements of the Black Dahlia Murder and ancient mythology: "Accept a courtier's money/To hell with Persephone/Make and break and dump the girl/With the Lizzie Short cut curls." If prime-era Gang of Four had covered MCS, they might've managed a comparable sound.

The eight minute finale's languid structure immediately evoked Lou Reed's "Ocean." Waves of tidal keyboards lapped at a lightly strummed guitar as sparse percussion built in intensity. In the second verse, slow-burning pedal steel sparked up like a beachside bonfire. The vocalist played the role of confessional cartographer with a psych rock coda leaving him intoning: "I will find release." Never had an explorer sounded so resolute or desperate.

As the final notes died away, I moved to my computer and fired off an email to the supplied address. Explaining that we'd met briefly the night before, I inquired: 1) Did they have any shows planned? 2) Was there anything else recorded? 3) What did GT stand for?

Less than a minute after dispatching the message, I had a response: "Wrong guy. Pagan calendar for me. Mostly. This year? Giant Tiger. Phone #: Hate email." Surmising that I'd nothing to lose, I responded with my digits and returned to the living room intent on giving the disc a second spin.

However, the phone rang before I had the chance to retake my sofa perch. As I raised the portable to my ear, an insistent voice queried, "Who is this?" I explained that the band's demo had fallen into my possession the night before. I'd mistakenly assumed that the email address affixed corresponded with the individual I'd met. "Not me," assured the voice. "Which one was it? What'd he look like?" I began a brief description: Shaggy hair, glasses, beard, scarf, natty t-shirt...

"That could be any of them, man." How many people were in the band? "Usually four. Mostly eight. What do you like about the music?" I declared that it was the most enthralling thing I'd heard in a while. About to elaborate, I was again interrupted. "I hate phones. You should come over tomorrow, man. We'll eat some soup and you can listen to the new stuff." I procured an address and hung up the phone. Only then did I realize that I'd never asked for a name.

Late the next morning, I arrived at an unassuming character house a few blocks from Oppenheimer Park and knocked at the basement suite door. It was flung open to reveal a thirty-something man garbed in long underwear and a housecoat. "Did we talk on the phone?" he questioned with an odd urgency. Seemingly non-ironic mutton chops adorned the man's cheeks and his dark hair boasted telltale bed head. His recessed eyes were glazed and the acrid scent of various smokables clung to him. After I confirmed that we'd spoken, he advised, "You should get inside. I haven't had a chance to get the soup on."

[At the behest of the artist, a verbatim transcript of the recorded interview follows.]

DISCORDE: I DON'T THINK I CAUGHT YOUR NAME.

Giant Tiger: That's not important. You can make one up or whatever. I just want to talk about the music.

FAIR ENOUGH. HOW LONG HAS GIANT TIGER BEEN AROUND?

Kind of forever, I guess. This is what I was always meant to do. Guess I've only been playing music for about two years though. I learned by masturbating to Bauhaus songs.

OKAY...

Seriously, man. You probably don't even know anything about sigil magick. You can alter reality by using it. You just make a sigil that's loaded with your intent. It's like a bomb or whatever. The sigil best way to charge it is by jerking off. When you shoot your load, the sigil gets launched. That's how I made myself a musician.

UH... WHERE'D THE NAME GIANT TIGER COME FROM?

Someone was talking about all the bands with "tiger" in their name. He said, "If I see another band use the word 'tiger' I'm going to shoot an old lady in the face." I said, "What about Giant Tiger?" That shut him the fuck up. Seeing the effect the name had...That was a big part of it. Then I found this.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIEU TRAN



GETTY IMAGES



WHAT'S THIS ABOUT? DISH DEBATE?

The other side of the flyer. The entire flyer. There's these stores called Giant Tiger. They're all over the country. Alberta. Quebec. Everywhere. My grandma's getting the same discount on Peek Freans as some separatist in Gatineau. That's fucked up, man. Thinking about that really affected me on some profound level.

I GUESS I COULD SEE—

These stores are just like commercial radio or whatever. I mean, think about it. Everyone's lining up to buy the same shit in bulk. It's like all those drones listening to Aqua or Chumbawamba or whatever. These multinational, big box stores are turning music into just another commodity. I'm not going to let myself be commoditized. They can pry my songs from my cold, dead hands.

WHAT ABOUT INFLUENCE? YOU MENTIONED BAUHUIS BEFORE. WHO ELSE? I HEAR—

Bauhaus isn't an influence, man. Just something that gets me off or whatever. The last album I bought was *Tender Ritual* by Jim Chappell. Fucking amazing. I got it at a garage sale for a quarter. That was, like, five years ago.

DO YOU'RE NOT INFLUENCED BY MODERN MUSIC?

Fuck no. We were just at the Hive last week talking about recording an EP or whatever. That Jesse Gabereau guy...

JESSE GANDER?

No the other one. He was talking about how he was going to record Elizabeth. Like I'm supposed to know who the fuck she is.

PARDON MY IGNORANCE BUT HOW MANY SHOWS HAVE YOU GUYS PLAYED?

That's a joke too. The idiots that put on these shows don't even know that they're victims of the conformist ideals being perpetuated by big box thinking. They want everyone to sound the same. Straight off the shelf or whatever. We were supposed to play a show with this band Vertical Stripes from Alberta. The sound guy kept fucking up our levels. Like we didn't know we were red-lining or whatever. That was it. Show was over, man. Fuck it. We're not going to be anyone's monkey hand puppet. Sock puppet. Whatever. That demo you have. The first song's all about shit like that.

I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU ABOUT THAT. WHY'D YOU CHOOSE TO OBSCURE THE VOCALS ON THAT SONG?

Maybe because we want you to work for it. Giant Tiger's not going to spoon feed you like The New Radicals or Primitive Radio Gods. Jesus, man. The chorus is: "Fool me once, shame on you/Fool me twice, shame on me/April's coming down with a vengeance/Time to alert the cavalry." There. Now you can feel better about playing it in your froc when you're cruising Robson or whatever.

IDON'T—

You know what? I really don't like where this is going, man. I'm going to say one more thing to your readers and then you're going to turn that thing off. Here goes. The wolves are at the door and it's time for all the sheep to decide if they're willing to unleash the Giant Tiger. There you have it. Show's over, man. Turn it off.

Needless to say, no soup was served that day. ♦

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LIONS IN THE STREET
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The FURIOUS
MONGOOSE
THE ROCKY FORTUNE
TREACHEROUS MACHETE
AND WAR OF THE MINDS
@ The LAMPLIGHTER, 210 Abbott Street



SATURDAY apr 8th
WINDOWS 78
cd release party
The HERMIT
ARCTIC
AND @ The MEDIA CLUB 695 CAMBIE @ GEORGIA



SATURDAY apr 8th
GODS OF THUNDER:
KISS
Tribute Night
CROP CIRCLE
(with special guest TODD KERNS)
 Sugarblade, Skookum, Rod Burn
 Sugar Coated Killers, Porn On The Job
 Savio Lewis + more! @ The SACKS TA CIE
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SATURDAY apr 15th
STATE OF SHOCK
TOURIST
TEN WAYS FROM
SUNDAY
NIKKI HURST
AND @ The MEDIA CLUB 695 CAMBIE @ GEORGIA



SATURDAY apr 22nd
MADISON'S PANIC
PERPETUAL DREAM THEORY
ARCTIC
BENJAMIN KEITH
cd release party
AND REBECCA RAMONE
 @ The MEDIA CLUB 695 CAMBIE @ GEORGIA



THURSDAY apr 27th
MONGOOSE
ELIZABETH
The MACHINE
The OUTFIT
Orchards & Vines
@ The MEDIA CLUB 695 CAMBIE @ GEORGIA

WE point **CiTR** Get full show details at:
101.9FM imuproductions.com

ACTIVE LISTENING

BY LUKE MEAT

THE 2006 SIGNAL AND NOISE FESTIVAL

April 27-29

Every year, the Video In studio converts itself into a giant living wall of sound for the three-day Signal and Noise Festival. Circling the room are 8 speakers, placed to allow the listener to hear a combination of pre-recorded audio art installments and live performances with their full "diffused" aural effect. In pursuit of total audience immersion, the experience is sometimes accentuated by playing the works in complete darkness. Now in its sixth year, Signal and Noise has always been a fascinating event, not only for the avant-garde community but the music community as a whole—a coming together of local and international audio experimentalists in a celebration of audio art.

Audio art presupposes not only an artist, but an active listener as well. "I would like to believe that people have the capacity to just sit back and listen, not just hang out, talk with their friends, and get wasted," festival organizer Velveeta Krisp laughs. "But it's also not supposed to be like a snobby 'art' thing either. When the festival began, it was very hierarchical, and it was always the same performers year after year. I want to broaden the festival out to a new community of artists and audiences."

Through an amalgamation of audio art, electro-acoustic music, and noise audio, the Signal and Noise Festival has always posed the question, "What is sound?" Keeping in mind John Cage's "silent" composition 4'33" it may be easier to ask what isn't sound, but nonetheless a diverse assemblage of artists have stepped up to attempt to provide an answer year after year.

"The tag line we're using this year is 'A celebration of sonic and media inspirations,'" says Krisp. "It's an opportunity for local and international artists to present their audio ideas." The festival, which started primarily as a video event, has evolved into an audio event first and foremost. "We're only showing one film this year," says Krisp. "I think we're focusing more on the audio aspect because there are so many new audio artists cropping up all over this city, and all over the world."

THIS YEAR'S SIGNAL AND NOISE FESTIVAL RUNS APRIL 27-29TH AND CENTRES AROUND THREE THEMES: THE MACABRE, FLUIDS AND FUNCTIONS, AND STUNTS. IN ADDITION TO MULTIMEDIA INSTALLATIONS, PRE-RECORDED PIECES, AND VIDEO SCREENINGS, LIVE PERFORMANCES WILL INCLUDE:

Gunshae Collective (Vancouver)
MyBodyYourBodyWhoseBodyAnybody

This local collective's piece will work around the themes of the heart and blood and the bodily movement of all its elements. Using live heart recordings, the laptop will be situated as the heart which directs an oboe and a dancer as blood cells.

Paul Warren Bennett & Jesse Colin Scott (Vancouver)
Micro-Climate

A live audio/video performance utilizing human spitte and oral and nasal sounds as the textual aural pallet (includes live sound recording and sampling).

Dan Kibke, Ole Eldor, and Christine Carriere (Vancouver)
Turbulent Bodies: An Anesthetic Odyssey

The scene is an operation with a patient undergoing surgery. Sound is improvised using the related source materials generated by both the patient and surgical instruments.

Kele Fleming (Vancouver)
Manufacturing Beauty

A sound collage exploring the theme of beauty, the body, and the numerous internal and external forces that challenge and enhance our aesthetic judgments.

Stefan Smulovitz (Vancouver)
Aemth

This piece is defined by the use of the performer's body in her uniquely inspired movements, and the extreme sounds of her extended vocal technique as the audio source material.



Lec Hutzulak and Mirae Rosner (Vancouver)
Eternity and the Sentimental Fist

An improvised performance in which a dancer and musician on acoustic guitar interact in a space defined by the frame of the video camera suspended above them.

Charles Francis Henville (Vancouver)
Tachikoma

Live electronica with laptop, synthesizers, and performed vocals.

Jorge Ruiz-Isaac (Vancouver)
Fluency

This performance will map an audio landscape of the human body within the context of language and frequency modulations.

Michael Lloyd (Sweden)
Air Pressure

An exploration of the ideas of concentration and exhaustion involving two dancers and a trumpet player.

Thomas Beck (Germany)
Anti-System

A performer moves in response to a pre-recorded soundtrack, which upon playback through diffusion creates a very present bodily experience for its audience.

Justin Cooper, Benjamin Bellas & Reed Barrow (Chicago)
Several chairs, a table, maybe some magazines

"Several chairs" tests the internal as well as the external limits of speech, movement, memorization, and mental and physical processes, using drums and vocals.

Eva Sjvve (Sweden)
13 volts + 1 carrot

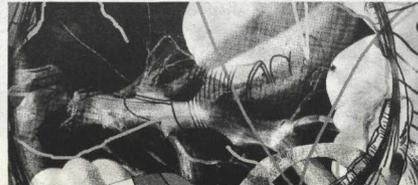
An improvised interactive performance using real-time sound processing and a gestural interface to express a surreal response to the cultural issues of the stranger and the community (live sound with body sensors).

Stefan Brunner (Austria)
Full Contact Concert

Two bodies, cabled, amplified for impact using a stethoscope mic. Breath and heartbeat. An intense, reactionary and sometimes choreographed display of violent action.

As always, Signal and Noise promises to be a unique and unusual event. For showtimes and full festival schedule, check the website at www.signalandnoise.ca

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ZOË ALEXANDER





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HARD FI with guests THE RAKES SATURDAY, APRIL 22 - EARLY SHOW!

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Tickets available at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife,
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SIA SATURDAY, APRIL 8

19+ with ID - Doors 7:30 pm
Tickets available at Ticketmaster.ca
or charge by phone 604.280.4444



PINBACK MONDAY, APRIL 24

19+ with ID - Doors 8:00 pm
Tickets available at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife,
Noize to Go, and Red Cat Records.



LIVING THINGS SATURDAY, APRIL 15

19+ with ID - Doors 8 pm
Tickets available Zulu, Scratch, and Ticketmaster



LYRICS BORN WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26

19+ with ID - Doors 8:00 pm
Tickets available at Clubzone.com and
at the door.



JAMIE LIDELL SUNDAY, APRIL 16

19+ with ID - Doors 8 pm
Tickets available Zulu, Scratch, Highlife,
Noize to Go, Redcat, and Beatstreet.



RICHARD DORFMEISTER THURSDAY, APRIL 27

19+ with ID - Doors 9:00 pm
Tickets available at Zulu, Boomtown, Beatstreet,
Noize to Go, Red Cat, the Plaza Club box office,
and online at clubvibes.com and clubzone.com



MATTHEW DEAR THURSDAY, APRIL 20

19+ with ID - Doors 8 pm
Tickets available Zulu, Scratch, Highlife,
Noize to Go, Redcat, Boomtown, and Beatstreet.



BUCKCHERRY FRIDAY, JUNE 2

19+ with ID - Doors 8:00 pm
Tickets available at Ticketmaster.ca or
charge by phone 604.280.4444



MATES OF STATE FRIDAY, APRIL 21

19+ with ID - Doors 8:00 pm
Tickets available at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife,
Noize to Go, and Red Cat Records.



FRIDAY, MAY 5 CINCO DE MAYO FIESTA!

WEEKLY EVENTS



TUESDAY

An Eclectic Cascade of Soulsonics
DJ NOAH - NIGEL RAY - DANA D & GUESTS

\$4 STELLA/JÄGER/
CUERVO/CORONA

HOLLABACK

WEDNESDAY

Hip Hop - R&B - Reggae
J SWING - FLIPOUT

\$4.75 ALIZE - \$4 HEINEKEN
\$2 HIGHBALLS



THURSDAY

Block Rockin' Beats & Dance Classics
DJ CZECH & VINYL RITCHIE

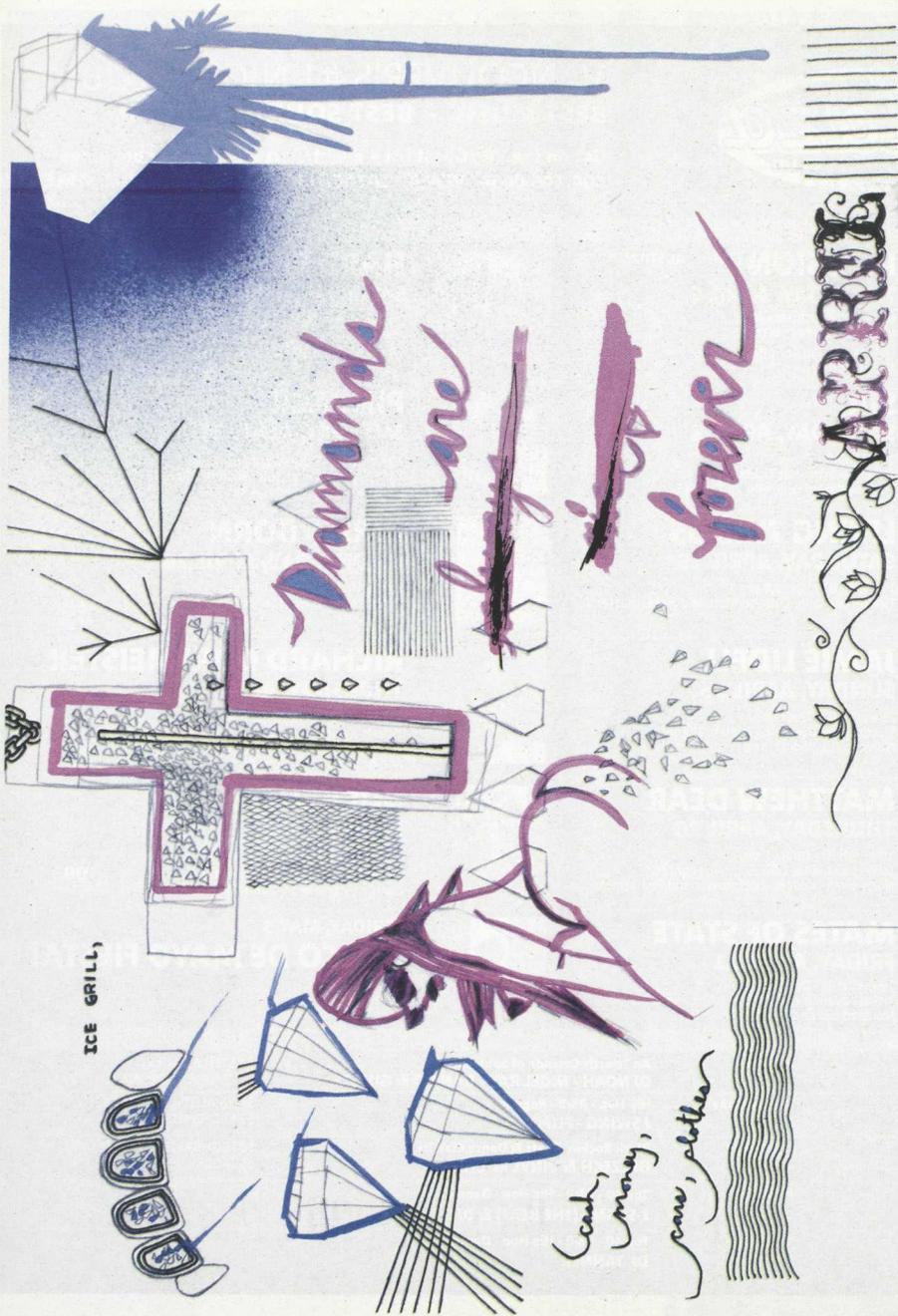
\$2 HIGHBALLS - \$4 SLEEMANS
\$4 JÄGER

FRIDAY

Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop - Dance
J-SWING (THE BEAT) & DJ DAVE

SATURDAY

Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop - Dance
DJ TANNER



SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Isis Zombi @ Richard's (Early Show)
 Wharrior's Tipper @ Richard's (Late Show)
 Metric, Islands, Penurge @ Commodore (All Ages Matinee)
 Metric, Islands, Penurge @ Edith Frost, The Zins @ Midway Club
 Black Rice Alumni Show feat. Bowlerhead @ Fantasy Club



SATURDAY APRIL 8

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with special guest

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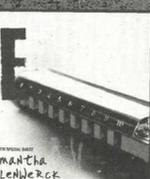
EARLY SHOW
DOORS 7:30PM
SHOW 8:00PM

APRIL 13

G. LOVE & Special Sauce

with special guest
Samantha
Stollenwerk

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND HIGHLIFE



COMMODORE BALLROOM



APRIL 20
THE RED ROOM

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

APRIL 19

THE START



TICKETS ALSO AT
ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



APRIL 20
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CULTURAL CENTRE
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SHOW 8PM
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HIGHLIFE

THE RED ROOM

APRIL 23

SAVES THE DAY

with
MOROCCO
CIRCA SURVIVE

TICKETS ALSO
AT ZULU AND
SCRATCH

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

APRIL 24

THE MAGIC NUMBERS



WITH SPECIAL GUEST
WILLY MASON

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MAY 5

JOEL PLASKETT EMERGENCY



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MAY 13

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

THE STROKES



MAY 17
PLAZA OF NATIONS

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

APRIL 9
FALL OUT BOY
PACIFIC COLISEUM

APRIL 13
ARCH ENEMY & CHIMAIRA
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

APRIL 14
30 SECONDS TO MARS
COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 15
LIVING THINGS
THE PLAZA

APRIL 21
THE GREENHORNES
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



THE NEW AMSTERDAMS

MAY 24 RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
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MAY 28

ALKALINE TRIO



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
LAWRENCE ARMS
AND THE BLACK MARIA

ALL AGES

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

MAY 25



CONSTANTINES

WITH BLOOD MERIDIAN
AND CHAD VANGAALAN

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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS



FRIDAY JUNE 2

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MAY 30 & 31
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UPCOMING SHOWS

APRIL 21
BLACKALICIOUS
COMMODORE BALLROOM

APRIL 27 & 28
OUR LADY PEACE
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APRIL 29
SWITCHFOOT
COMMODORE BALLROOM - ALL AGES W/18+

MAY 4
AN EVENING WITH THE BLACK CROWES
QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

MAY 28
SEETHER
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NO BAND IS AN ISLAND

AAARGH! RECORDS AND SELF RIGHTEOUS RECORDS GUIDE VICTORIA'S MUSICAL UTOPIA

BY DAVID RAVENBERG

With the recent election of Prime Minister Stephen Harper, Canada's shaky sense of identity has once again been called into question. Just as the image of Canada as a voice of reason in an often irrational international community was starting to gain momentum, we elected to dip our toes in the murky waters of social conservatism. Polluters continue to flout the Kyoto Accord, and our soldiers in Afghanistan are keeping it real, but it remains to be seen if they can keep the peace. In short, Canadians everywhere are waking up to the fact that we may not actually be as cool as we had thought.

While politically we don't measure up to our own idealistic imaginations, we can take solace in the growing strength of independent music in Canada. If we are to be a nation in decline, at least we can go out in style with Black Mountain's "Faithful Times" providing the soundtrack. The Vancouver band is only one example of a recent swathe of Canadian artists storming across the internet and into the hearts of listeners the world over. Beginning with the opening salvo of Broken Social Scene's widely acclaimed 2002 album *You Forgot It In People*, Canadian indie releases from bands like Arcade Fire and Wolf Parade have lent our insecure nation some musical clout.

But the flash in the pan success of a couple bands from Montreal is by no means the definitive story. While it is tempting to defer to iconic cities like New York or Montreal as the arbiters of good taste, paying too much attention to status serves only to stifle creativity. In the early years of the decade, Toronto musician Jonny Dowercourt decided it was time to combat his city's ineluctably complex and embrace the diversity and talent of the local music community. Dowercourt devised the term "Torontoopia" as an impetus for a healthier music scene, one concerned more with fostering unity than competing for scraps from the press table. Stopping short of declaring Toronto as an actual utopia, the basic idea was to recognize the city as a hotbed of artistic possibility. As Carl Wilson of the Globe and Mail describes it, Torontoopia was meant as a rallying cry, a declaration of shared intent "which had to do with doing it here, doing it now, and doing it with whoever else felt the same way."

Despite the success of Dowercourt's weekly concert series Wavelength and the rapid growth of Three Gut Records, the concept of Torontoopia has recently fallen into disrepute. As bands like Broken Social Scene, The Hidden Cameras and Death From Above 1979 flourish in the media spotlight, the scene's grassroots ethic is inevitably diffused. What started out as an experiment in openness has begun to devolve into another indie clique, as sprawling guest lists and incessant hype rob the scene of its spontaneity. In a sense, the outside world's recognition of Toronto's thriving music culture has undermined the potential of the utopian drive. Yet the term remains useful as an approach to making music, and suggests the possibility of developing a creative commons in any city, at any time. In Victoria, labels like Self Righteous Records and Aaargh! Records are working hard to will that possibility into being.

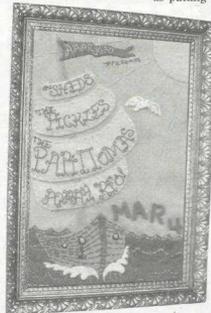
When I first think of music in Victoria, I envision an enclave of our

below the radar has its benefits. "I think when one separates oneself from any pressing urgency as far as musical popularity is concerned, one can easily realize that Victoria is as good a place as any to develop musically and creatively, if not an exceptional place," says MacDonald. "It's almost for the better that there are fewer distractions such as the prospect of temporary success at the hands of Canadian indie buzz bullshit."

Aaargh! came into being on February 3rd of this year as a creature of necessity. While his label's name suggests the frustration inherent in the music industry, MacDonald insists that the inspiration stems from a tattoo on his lip, done in true punk style with a safety pin and Indian ink. Wanting to maintain the DIY sensibility of punk rock but dissatisfied with Victoria's legions of apathetic "drunk punk devotees", MacDonald and company realized that if they wanted to see the quality of local music improve, they would have to do something about it themselves. What initially began as a loose collection of artists intent on making their music heard has developed into a full-fledged label, albeit one concerned with making silk screens, buttons and posters as much

as putting out records. "The things we find ourselves most able and pressed to devote ourselves to are things that we need but can't find, and therefore need to produce ourselves," explains MacDonald.

Whatt'ruly distinguishes Aaargh! from other independent imprints is the amount of life force invested in each recording. While most labels tend to consider their albums as "manifest objects," commodities which disguise the love and labour that went into their production, Aaargh! is con-



forgotten hippie past, with a few former Greenpeace activists or grizzled draft dodgers strumming Neil Young covers at a local open mic. Of course that picture is wildly inaccurate, and can be quickly dispelled with the mere mention of Hot Hot Heat, NoMeansNo, Chet and Frog Eyes, names dripping with contemporary relevance. But with the proximity of Vancouver and its own list of prominent music-makers, Victoria often gets overlooked. If Vancouver is the terminal city then Victoria is what lies beyond, an addendum to the story of mainland-fused West Coast culture. For those accustomed to judging a city's musical worth by its reputation, such relative obscurity must seem unfortunate. But for Joey MacDonald of Aaargh! Records, working



cerned with the creation process as much as the finished product. "Whether it was our initial intention or not, the albums we've dealt with and produced have been so tightly interwoven with the lives of those who've made and recorded them that it's almost frightening," says MacDonald. This personal obsession extends from recording all the way through to album packaging. On the *Aaargh! Annual Year One* compilation, the clothbound cover and ornate illustrations provide a lovely complement to the diverse selections contained within. The disc begins with the menacing, off-kilter accordion jam "Blue Witchery" by Run Chico Run, and wraps up with "Aloha!" by Himalayan Bear, a Canadian take on ukuleles and the Polynesian state of mind. The genre-hopping in between thwarts any attempt to pinpoint a single Victoria aesthetic, although MacDonald hints that it all might just boil down to "the sound of resigned punk rockers turning to Neil Young for spiritual and musical guidance." Maybe I was right after all.

Conceived around the same time as Aaargh!, Self Righteous Records represents the flip side of the DIY picture: the warm sense of satisfaction to be gained from making music without corporate supervision. Or perhaps the name is an ironic reference to the holier-than-thou hipness of indie labels enamored of their own independence. Presented with my grasping interpretations, label head Jesse Ladret admits some interest, but claims he just chose the name because it sounded cool. As a graphic designer, show promoter, and editor of Brand X Media, an online arts and music magazine, the dilettante Ladret has good reason to feel self righteous. Together with producer Myke Hall, Ladret founded the label as a common sense response to his existing connections with the local scene. Citing six degrees of Kevin Bacon, Ladret fondly describes Victoria's music culture as incestuous, a feature that allows for a good deal of cross-promotion and cooperation between labels and bands. On *Calvalade of the Scars*, Self Righteous' latest compilation, the familial love shines through: *Chet's* Ryan Beattie sings backup on a David P. Smith track, Lily Fawn of Hank and Lily plays as a member of Meadraw, and Joey MacDonald's band Away, Ri'ot lends the haggard beauty of "Song Birds".

Although Ladret sees collaboration as an essential component of Victoria's music culture, he prefers a more traditional label to the idea of an artist-run collective. Looking to the Torontopian model, collectives run the risk of becoming bloated cliques as their popularity increases. "I'd like to think that the bands and the label itself don't really want to be a part of some sort of elitist, scenerist entity, and if we did, it'd be embarrassing to us and those around us," explains Ladret. Self Righteous' response to the problems of the mainstream music economy relies more on the records themselves than any kind

of alternative business structure. "I think people creating any sort of art just for the sake of creating it is a fundamentally subversive act," says Ladret. While Aaargh! clearly promotes a similar sentiment, they also try to make their politics more explicit by donating 8.5% of the net worth of all label materials to charities that promote sustainability and animal rights. "That aside, I think oddly enough we all had younger days where we were avidly into productive punk rock and peace punk/anarchist activities, which has had a strong effect on our pop sensibilities," reveals MacDonald.

Aaargh!'s belief in the power of pop radiates from the upcoming Himalayan Bear album *La Lonesome Island*, a side project of Ryan Beattie. The gentle island sway of Hawaiian tropicalia manages to trump its own ironic tendencies, thanks largely to the elegance and honesty of Beattie's voice. The disc's distinct island temperament sings of seclusion and resigned hopes, but the beauty of the sparkling ocean is ever-present around the lonely edges. On the Self Righteous side, loneliness prevails as David Chenery prepares a new album of subversive country with the help of the Lonesome Valley Singers. Recording on the bottom of an island in Canada's westernmost reaches seems to have made loneliness something of a leitmotif in Victoria's music. With Chenery, the lament of solitude stems from his removed status as an entirely unique musician, combining equal parts drunken whimsy and myopic visions of the apocalypse. "I figure anybody who spends equal amounts of time fawning over an old Decide album as they do with Iris Dement LPs is basically going to come out of the trance with a pretty weird vision of the music making process," says Ladret, trying to summarize Chenery's sound. The upcoming album promises a greater range of instrumentation, with horns, violin and pedal steel guitar adorning songs of empathy and desolation.

To borrow a concept from Situationist Hakim Bey, Victoria is poised to become a Temporary Autonomous Zone (TAZ), a city where established musical conventions are being challenged by groups of uninhibited musicians. Bey believes that the revolutionary potential of everyday life can be awakened once people realize their ability to create outside of the imperatives of top-down culture. With the lawdogs at the Legislative Assembly in town, Victoria won't ever be quite as free as the hash-bawking anarchists in Christinia, a semi-permanent Danish TAZ, but the potential is there. With bands like Himalayan Bear and David Chenery and the Lonesome Valley Singers set to release albums in the coming weeks, Victoria can't be far off.

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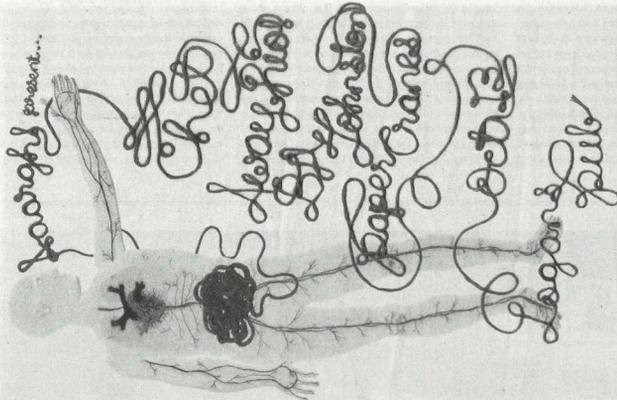
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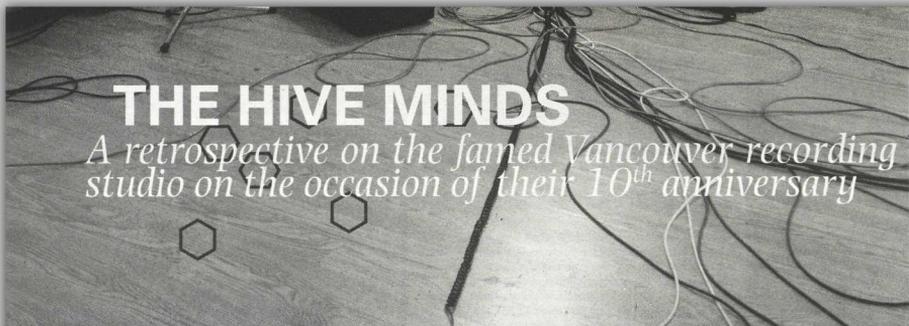
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THE HIVE MINDS

A retrospective on the famed Vancouver recording studio on the occasion of their 10th anniversary

BY JULIE COLERO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAUREN SCOTT

It was the Spring of '97, I believe, when I first met Colin Stewart of the Hive. He was a friend of a friend of a friend, and it didn't really look like he'd ever be much more than that, as the man was as shy as they come, and pretty much enconced in the basement life. Colin was riding high on his fledgling studio's first success story: The Ids. The Vancouver three-piece, a staple at the (sugar refinery), was destined for big things and had recently been signed to Nettwerk Records, home to super-diva Sarah McLachlan. The Hive, a little nowhere studio with engineers who took the time to record with bands who didn't have the money to pay up for anything other than (hopefully) the tape they recorded on, had struck major label gold.

"That Ids record became the least-selling album in Nettwerk history!" jokes founding Hiver Rob Leickner, a statement that comes easy nine years after the broken-hearted fact. Terry Stewart, Colin's wife and business partner since the early '00s, has invited me out to the studio's new digs in Burnaby on one of February's wetter nights to participate in a reunion of sorts. I found myself in Studio A's spacious control room with Rob (who now works on independent films and is putting together a documentary about the PNE's Super Dogs), Colin, and herself. The Ids never really panned out for the Hive the way Colin and Rob had hoped at the time, but now it's the spring of '06, and the Hive is doing better than ever. Ten years on from its humble basement beginnings, the Hive is busy, busy, busy and has rightly earned itself a shiny reputation with artists at home and away.

"Every major city has its own 'hive,'" comments Colin early on in the evening's stroll down memory lane, as he tries to provide likely grounds for why his studio has flourished. But did he really expect his Hive to be Vancouver's "hive", in that sense? "Honestly, no," he jokes. Rob and Colin, who met when they were "humping gear" for their friend Terry Miles' band Cinnamon, felt that Vancouver was lacking a proper studio for indie artists. "There was nothing going on in the city, but there were all these great bands. We thought, 'there's gotta be something we can do.' We figured we needed a studio to record Terry's band...and there was a Cub side-project that needed to be recorded." Much laughter ensues. Rob's use of the word "need" tells you a little something about the way things came about—there really was no other option but to take

things into their own hands and get the job done. When Colin tries to put his motivation into words, it's totally charming: "It's always those young kids that are making music beyond their years. Those are the ones I'm always interested in. You know that you'll make that first one or two awkward records, and then you'll make the really good one, but it's worth making the awkward ones to get to the good one."

One of the Hive's first awkward recordings was for The Ids. In a story that repeats itself again and again throughout Hive history, a gifted, perhaps visionary singer-songwriter (in this case, Sean McDonald) found his way onto the Hive's doorstep, and his music inspired the Hivers to take a chance. Explains Colin, "The Ids, which was really the first major thing we did, was six months in...[We told them] 'We don't know what we're doing, so we'll record you for free.' I recorded the record and we gave it to this friend of Rob's who ended up being an undercover scout for Nettwerk. The next thing we know, we've got the vice president for Nettwerk totally in love with this kid."

The Hive teamed up with Nettwerk to release a 7" single, financed by Nettwerk but bearing a Hive label, because "they wanted it to look indie," according to Rob. Lo-fi recordings were all the rage at the time, with bands like Sebadoh coasting on careers made of half-baked home recordings, and it made sense that the majors were trying to buy in. What looked like a godsend turned into a nightmare as The Ids' full-length recording, *Psycho Babylon*, fell flat with audiences outside of the Vancouver scene. Colin and Rob learned an important lesson, although it took a few failures (just ask them about

Kym Brown): steer clear of major labels. "For the longest time I couldn't listen to The Ids," says Colin, but thankfully the years have healed those wounds. It turns out that The Ids have done good things for the Hive, even if they didn't make the studio any money. "A lot of people came to the Hive because of The Ids," attests Rob, citing friend and engineer Jordan Koop as proof, and Terry backs him up. "Nick from P:ano thought the lyrics were great." Nettwerk came knocking again some years later, this time chasing P:ano side-project Burquittam Plaza, and Terry, arguably the most business-savvy of the Hivers, didn't even give them the time of day.

Colin's relationship with his recordings is often very intimately tied to the reactions they garner. Strange, then, is his willingness to put his name to records that sound...bad. "Almost every record that I do gets criticised for sounding lo-fi or like a demo, but somehow bands keep on coming to me. There must be something else there," Colin muses. "What's funny is that a lot of people I record don't care about the way things sound. Maybe I have the reputation of being an engineer who's willing to have something sound bad, in a sonic sense, as long as the performance is good. If you think about it, a lot of the records you love actually sound really bad, but purely in a sonic sense, where the music transcends that." An example of this is found in his working relationship with Nick Krgovich of P:ano.

When I spoke to Nick Krgovich, he couldn't quite put his finger on how his connection with the Hive came into being. "Was I in high school still? Do you remember?" he asks, and it sounds about right to me. I met Nick back when I was Music Director at GTR and he showed up with a homemade tape in

tow, requesting airplay. I was happy to comply, as that tape contained early versions of some of the songs that would end up on P:ano's first CD release, *When it's Dark and it's Summer*, songs that today remain favourites to many. "P:ano were certainly a band of just friends from high school then, and we played sporadically. The show I met Colin at was [when] we played at the Brickyard." As Nick remembers it, "we were loading outside, 'cuz I guess we had to go home to bed, because we had to leave as soon as we finished playing, and Colin was in the line-up and he hopped out of nowhere, like out of some sketchy alley, just like 'I've heard all about you, I loved your set, I wanna record you, here's my number.'" Like I've said, the Hive likes the boy geniuses. (I'd like to think that I played a matchmaking role in the P:ano-Hive romance, something Colin alludes to during our conversation but I'm hesitant to pursue. It does look like my gushing may have paid off for once, though.)

"We had no concept whatsoever of recording," continues Krgovich. "We had no idea that a mic would pick up a sound a certain way. We were so ignorant of that process. We thought we were making perfectly fine recordings onto tape decks and onto the computer above our drummer Russell's garage in the summertime. The idea of going into a studio was just this far-flung thing at the time. I think it took a few months before I actually called Colin and inquired about it." And so another budding singer-songwriter found a home at the Hive. *When it's Dark...* was recorded in the basement du jour and released on Hive Records to great success. Terry says that according to Keith Parry of Scratch Records, who helped with distribution





and continued to help throughout the Hive-Fi Recordings years, that album was one of the best-selling Scratch distribution titles ever. It's currently out of print, but not for lack of public interest. Based on North America's warm reception to P:ano, things got a little out of hand when it came time to record Album Number Two.

The Den caused some sleepless nights in the Hive house at 5th and Nanaimo. Piano had been given a Canada Council grant, and Krgovich had lofty aspirations as to the sound he wanted, and the liberty to do things just right. "When we were recording the first record, I was just such a hippie, like, 'let's do this vocal track in the back yard!', or, like, I'd play a note on the organ and it was making one of the furnace pipes rattle, and I'd be, like, 'I really like that! Why don't you put a mic up there?' Colin still does this—he'll give me a face, but then he'll do it. He totally humours me, and I think that that's a major part of...people need to do that when they work with me. 'cuz I often have a lot of, not bad ideas, just ones that one might find silly.' Terry credits this record as being the reason why the Hive had to move out of the basement and into a building separate from their living quarters. There were nights when she would notice the spot in bed next to her empty, Colin parked in front of the mixing console in the basement, fiddling away with the layers of recorded sound in all their intricacies, trying to create the perfect record. If you've heard the record, you'll know that Colin's dedication to the task paid off. "It doesn't take much for [Colin] to understand what I'm trying to go about doing when we're in the studio. He gets there, at some point or another," explains Krgovich, who continues to work

with Colin whenever possible.

Until recording *The Den*, basement studios had always been well suited to the Hive's *modus operandi*. Hives A, B, C, and D were all in living spaces spread out across our fair city. The only material catastrophe to befall the studio was at Hive B, and is something that Rob refers to as "The Great Studio Flood of Christmas 1998." According to Colin, "Everyone went on holiday and the pipes had frozen in the house. We left the tap on in the bathtub, and then the landlord brought in some contractors to work in the bathroom, and they left the plug in the bathtub. I got a call saying 'you have water flowing out your back door!' Water was pouring down onto the console and spraying on all the gear. Luckily, for some weird reason, I don't even know why, I had unplugged all the gear." Crisis averted. Hive D, "the best Hive," if you believe Rob, where they recorded *Hot Hot Heat*, *Destroyer*, the first two P:ano records, Ashley Park, and Radio Berlin's second and third records, also suffered from flooding.

Not all crises are as easy to live through as a little bit of water damage. Without going into too much detail (read: I was afraid to ask about it), it's worth mentioning that the Hive has lost musicians—and friends—to suicide and drug addiction over the years. The loss of Adrian Rout, percussionist for The Ids and a solo performer under the moniker Chrutz?, in 1999 hit Colin and Rob particularly hard. I can't help but think that the (sugar refinery's) closing [at the end of 2003, I think—the years have gotten fuzzy] must have been a downer as well, as many of the musicians who recorded at the Hive made names for themselves by performing regularly at that charming locale. Hive regulars Beans and The

Secret Three were so entirely suited to that space. Ida Nilson, former Hive roommate, (sugar refinery) employee and owner, and regular Hive musician, muses, "I don't remember thinking about this much at the time, but certainly both places provided an environment for certain kinds of music to develop that may have gotten lost in the shuffle otherwise. I'm sure both places would have been different and less interesting without each other."

Rob cites recording Beans as one of his Hive highlights. Ida's recollection of those recording sessions hints at the painstaking care and attention that Rob and Colin provide when they're working with artists they're passionate about. "When I first came to the Hive in '98 it was pretty much constantly keyboard jams and hot knives. While recording what became the Beans records *Crane Wars* and *Tired Snow*, I remember spending an afternoon dripping water into different jars and listening to it with max reverb in the headphones.

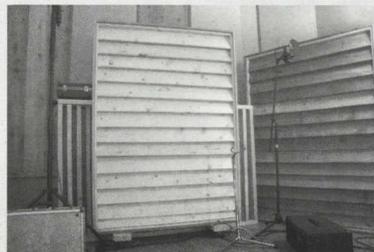
"We had a lot of time then. Too much, probably. I appreciate how Colin prefers to capture the right sound as you record instead of working on it after. He's quite traditional and it makes recording simpler to me. Also I think he is naturally gifted at capturing a certain quality of sound."

But let's get back to the basement, or the move out of it. Four basements and seven years later, the Hive was ready to go above ground. They found a dream-come-true location out in Burnaby (short-term let to a studio that had gone broke after putting in the \$10,000 window between the studio and sound booth—alright!) and decided that, in order to pay the rent, it was time to look for new partners.

In the Hive's early days, Colin and Rob had been joined by studio partners Jim Routhier and Travis Lacombe, both of whom left the business prior to the big move. In order to make the move financially viable, Colin called upon colleague Jesse Gander, who was recording out of Profile Studios for his own company, Rec-Age Records, and asked him to join the Hive team. "When the Hive asked me to join them, I asked 'Can Stu come too?'" says Jesse, when I finally reached him for a chat. He's referring to the Hive's night-owl engineer Stuart McKillop, master of the pop-punk and hardcore recordings, originally a master of mastering at Rec-Age. And thus the current Hive engineering trio was born!

According to Jesse, expanding upon a comment made by Colin, the Hive works on a sliding scale like so: "What you see is what you get with Colin. He'll print the effects. Once a sound has been established with Colin, then that's the sound of the record. With Stu, it's all about getting clarity at the source and changing that to be as large as you can make it. It's quite the uber-production. My influence comes from 80s indie rock and 80s punk, because that's what my taste leans towards. Most of the records I record are tracked live, but I tend to do more work in the mixing stages. I will use Pro Tools and effects and stuff—I like to mess around more. Sean Maxey from the Doers says I go for the loud vocals and drums." Most bands interested in recording at the Hive know who they want to work with based on familiarity with the engineers' work and a whole lot of word of mouth. "I'm ending up with bands that just want to sound like themselves," continues Jesse, rather proudly. "Colin loves 60s recordings and he loves that particular sound: dark reverbs. Stu likes the very modern sound." Bands know what to expect when they lug their gear through those big Burnaby doors.

* There is so very much I didn't cover, couldn't possibly cover, in this article. Look for the exciting sequel next month, as the history lesson continues with Hive-Fi Recordings, home to Great Aunt Ida, John Rae and the River, P:ano, Chet, and sometimes Thanksgiving. There are probably tons of other bands who I ought to have name-dropped, but since I didn't, why don't you? If you have any special Hive memories you'd like to share with the world, send them over to pillowcaskisser@gmail.com.



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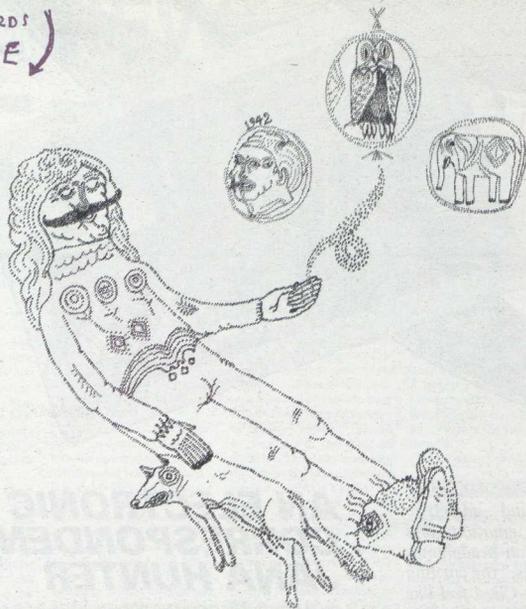


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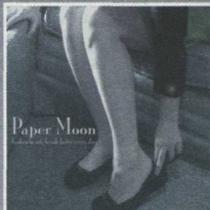


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LAUGHING AND CRYING ARE THE SAME THING

AN ELECTRONIC CORRESPONDENCE WITH JANA HUNTER

BY ARTHUR KRUMINS

Jana Hunter's music is haunting, bewitching, unstable and addictive, and unearths subterranean emotions and paranoid joys. When I put on headphones and play "All the Best Wishes," the opening track from Hunter's newest CD, I feel like I'm in church, but I also feel like I'm floating in the clouds, watching water droplets rush by in slow motion. A perfect setting for this CD would be on a trans-Atlantic flight, allowing yourself to melt away from the world of crying infants and pesky in-flight attendants, transmogrifying your insides with this other-worldly folk while the earth stands still.

In the interview I did with Jana Hunter, she seemed nonplussed by the current "freak-folk" label being applied by many music writers to Devendra Banhart and company. For me, her association with Banhart is merely a plus, something I realized after getting into her new CD *Blank Unstaring Heirs of Doom*. Buried beneath the album's muddy sounds, rough mics and four-track recording techniques lies a hypnotic and occasionally scary take on folk music. It's scary like a haunted house or late-night ghost story, the good kind of scary that makes you look out into the darkness between trees and huddle closer to the fire. Hunter's voice grates against the limits of the microphone, occasionally distorting under the immediacy of her delivery and the power of her singing. *Blank Unstaring Heirs of Doom* is a ramshackle jam for weirdo folkies everywhere.

Being a bit of a weirdo folkie myself, I felt compelled to interview Hunter before she came to town on her current tour. Our brief correspondence didn't yield as many answers as I had hoped. But I did come away assured that Jana Hunter is a serious artist who is independent and committed to making music outside of the pressures of critics and music neds like me.

WHAT ARE YOUR OTHER MUSICAL PROJECTS AND ENGAGEMENTS, ASIDE FROM YOUR CURRENT SOLD MATERIAL?

Several things. Growths. A half dozen friends that I make music with very sparingly, cause I see them so little. Examples are Jracula, which is scarier, and Sash, which is nicer. I hope to get releases together by these and more this year, but they might remain on the order of CD-Rs handed out to friends.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE CHARACTER OF YOUR MUSIC?

Well, there isn't a single character. Each song, or more often a small group of them, is of a character. The songs from the split with Dev [Banhart] are kind of hysterical, community types. Even "That Dragon is My Husband," there's a hysterical mind behind it. The effects of boredom and some level of paranoia are represented in most of the things I make.

WHAT IS THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SOUND OF YOUR RECORDINGS AND WHEN YOU PLAY A LIVE SHOW?

The songs are more rehearsed, and looser, deliberated upon long by the time they're performed live. I think they sound cockier. Sometimes drunker.

WHAT KIND OF SOUNDS DID YOU GROW UP ON AS A CHILD?

Neil Diamond, ABBA and Crystal Gayle reels. Older siblings' Prince, 10,000 Maniacs, REM, and Smiths tapes. Kenny Rogers.

DO YOU HAVE A TOURING BAND FOR YOUR CURRENT TOUR?

Yes! My brother, John Hunter, is coming along.

IN WHAT WAY DO YOU PREPARE FOR A LIVE PERFORMANCE?

I haven't really much in the past, when playing solo. Outside of a shot or two just before the stage. Now that I have company, I suppose we'll practice.

RELIGIOUS REFERENCES ARE PRESENT IN THE SONGS YOU WRITE. CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE WAY RELIGION AFFECTS YOU?

I grew up in religion. That shit is tough to shake. And even if it weren't, I'm still pretty fascinated.

ON YOUR ALBUM *BLANK UNSTARING HEIRS OF DOOM*, THE TRACK "K" STANDS OUT BECAUSE OF ITS ELECTRONIC FEEL IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOT OF LOW-FI STRINGS AND PLECKS ON GUITAR. WHY IS THIS TRACK SO DIFFERENT? DO YOU PLAN TO INCLUDE MORE DIGITAL SOUNDS INTO FUTURE RECORDS?

That's an old song, an old ballad, redone under the influence of my friend, Simeon. The difference is Simeon.

WHERE WAS YOUR BEST OR WORST CONCERT YOU HAVE PLAYED AND WHY?

One time, with Matty & Mossy, I was stuck in all possible ways, couldn't sing and had to run to the bathroom a couple times during the set. Totally sucked. We were in the south somewhere. Maybe Charlotte.

BASED ON YOUR OWN EXPERIENCES MOVING FROM TEXAS TO BROOKLYN, WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE TO SOMEBODY WHO MOVES TO NEW YORK FOR THE FIRST TIME?

Try to play croquet in Prospect Park as often as possible. With Simeon.

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, A HUGE MOVEMENT OF ONLINE MUSIC ZINES, BOTH LARGE (PITCHFORK MEDIA) AND SMALL-SCALE (VARIOUS BLAGS), HAVE ALLOWED AN UNPRECEDENTED NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO READ ABOUT NEW MUSIC AND BE EXPOSED TO

CRITICAL RESPONSES TO POP MUSIC AND TO POST THEIR OWN OPINIONS. HOW HAS THIS CHANGE AFFECTED THE WAY ARTISTS MAKE MUSIC?

I don't know. There's equal or greater opportunity for putting your music into the digital realm. I think that'd have an effect, but not necessarily the criticism, unless people are reading to see how they should create in order to earn praise. That's a terrifying thought. Friends I have who are more concerned think the general proliferation of access via the internet has spurred creativity. And that maybe becomes an old conversation, about art for art's sake.

IF YOU WERE NOT PURSUING MUSIC AS A CAREER, WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING?

Pursuing music as a not-career. Going to school. Having kids.

MANY OF THE TRACKS ON *BLANK UNSTARING HEIRS OF DOOM* AND THE SPLIT RELEASE WITH DEVENDRA BANHART WERE RECORDED ON 4-TRACK TAPE. CAN YOU TELL ME A BIT ABOUT HOME RECORDING?

Recording drunk or otherwise in my bedroom in the middle of the day or night is just remarkably satisfying. Working up the frenetic momentum, talking aloud, dancing. I guess these things are just as possible in a studio but I hate working past the gaze of another.

CAN YOU COMMENT ON THE TITLE *BLANK UNSTARING HEIRS OF DOOM*?

It's a name I gave to a group of friends. It suits them. They're pretty grim, but they're also pretty goddamn funny about it.

IN WHAT WAY DOES YOUR CLASSICAL BACKGROUND INFORM YOUR MUSIC?

Heavily. In a good and bad way. I will always think in its structure. I will likely never improvise worth a damn. I'm so glad to have it. I think its being so dramatic is a big part of my being the same.

YOU JUST GOT BACK FROM A TOUR WITH YOUR OTHER GROUP *THE CASTANETS*, WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?

That was amazing. It was an honour and a pleasure to play with Ray and to travel with him. He's a good people. I like his music very much and it was good to see that others appreciate it as well.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT DREW ME TO YOUR MUSIC WAS THE HAUNTED QUALITY OF THE RECORDING AND OF YOUR VOICE. AS WELL, IN AN ARTICLE ON *DUSTED* MAGAZINE YOU ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THE FACT THAT AN ARTIST "MAY BE HAUNTED." WHAT IS IT THAT YOU LIKE ABOUT THIS HAUNTED QUALITY?

Ghosts are rad. ♦

UNDER REVIEW



Covenant

Covenant Skylshaver (Metropolis)

"We make ritual noise... We build cities of sound/We feel the rhythm of time..." With a manifesto leading off their sixth album, Sweden's Covenant has crafted one of its most consistent releases to date. Working in the area of electro-industrial, Covenant's sound is a form of easily accessible, club-friendly, industrial-lite.

The album features several potential club killers in that standardized electro-industrial club killer format including "Brave New World," "20Hz," and "Ritual Noise," the lead-off single. These songs are exactly what you'd expect and want to hear from Covenant, the ones you don't have to hear to know how they're going to go solid, catchy, and safe 120-140 BPM tracks.

A few songs stray from this structured form and start to fall into trance territory. This includes "Spindrift" (with female operatic/ritualistic backing vocals-how many god/industrial bands have tried that?), "The Men," and the best track on the album, "Sweet and Salty." This spoken word track has abstract lyrics that perfectly complement the music; the beats are solid but the vocals and the music remain quiet, dark, and subtle.

Like many bands in this genre, Covenant feels the need to drop in the odd obligatory synth-pop ballad (why?), which are predictably the weakest tracks on the album. "The World's Growing Loud" meanders without ever hooking and "Happy Man" (don't worry kids, the title's ironic) uses a ridiculous boppy synth line. Overall, this is a mostly solid and enjoyable album with a lot of strong songs that safely occupy the realm of electro-industrial without testing its boundaries. Not new, but not bad.

Charlotte Bourne

The Flaming Lips At War with the Mystics (Warner Bros.)

We live in reactionary times. People form a stance all in an instant and then entrench themselves, often in contradiction to whatever they truly feel. So in the case of the new Flaming Lips album, I'd like to make something explicit from the outset: all at once, this album does and does not deserve the reactionary opinions it's going to receive. You're going to feel something towards this album that may be in direct opposition to disappointment, but you're probably going to be disappointed.

The first thing you're going to wonder about when you play this album, as it opens with the underwhelming "Yeah Yeah Yeah Song," is what's going on with Wayne Coyne's voice.

Throughout *At War with the Mystics*, his typical falsetto is either absent, lowered to a more manageable octave, or slightly masked by production, forcing the band to rely more heavily on instrumentation. "Yeah Yeah Yeah Song" fails as an opener, unable to evoke much interest or excitement in the album to come.

But then gears shift entirely. "Free Radicals" will be cited by some people as their least favourite Flaming Lips song ever, but frankly, it's great. The beat is a juggernaut, staggering and crunching along as studio alchemy adorns every second with a hyperactive surprise. It could be an anthem if it weren't so weak.

The Lips prove that they can still set an astral mood with the eerie instrumental conclusion of "The Sound of Failure/It's Dark... Is It Always This Dark??" But the album as a whole doesn't really begin its brief flight until "Vein of Stars." Guided by a simple acoustic guitar, the song employs a wah-wah pedal to deliver its most potent hook before ascending halfway through, into what unfortunately reminds me of the theme for Star Trek, before rejoining its original trajectory.

"The W.A.N.D." and "Pompeii Am Götterdämmerung" are the most fruitful duo of the record, arriving at the end. The former is the big, rock-steady sound of summertime, the song that really should have opened this record, and the latter is the only number that captures the potential theatrics of a title like *At War with the Mystics*. The bass triumphantly leads the charge as guitars surge upwards and then explode, rattling the song as though something massive has shattered, dissolving the momentum and then soaring to the album's plateau with an hook, extraterrestrial guitar hook.

But the good on here needs to be determinedly sought out. Because regardless of these moments, these flashes of brilliance, there is something distinctly lacking here. Rather than satisfying a hunger for the same kind of alien genius displayed on previous albums, *At War with the Mystics* serves. It feels, merely to whet your appetite. It leaves you grasping at straws, helplessly sitting through the tedium and loose ends for the band you love.

Mike LaPointe

The Sun City Girls Carnival Folklore Resurrection 14: Static From The Outside Set (Abduction)

The Sun City Girls are one of the weirdest and most anomalous bands out there—weird in a challenging the status quo kind

of way. *Static From the Outside Set* is the latest in their self-released *Carnival Folklore Resurrection* radio series. The album takes the form of an uproariously funny one-hour radio show, originally aired on "On the Wire," the alternative music show on BBC Radio Lancashire.

Hosted by the spirit of film legend Charlie Chaplin, the radio show is composed of a number of diverse and random segments. The specially prepared radio snippets slide easily from otherworldly to world music. From one moment, a ramshackle blues number that barely holds together, to a fake advertisement to a free-form psychedelic freaky outfit to a teen summer anthem, to bizarre rhyming poetry, to "Sacrifices in the USA", an elucidative news clip professing that political and religious leaders sacrifice children. It's easy to see why a realistic listener may find the Sun City Girls alienating.

Undoubtedly the most hilarious piece is "Lester's Dictionary", featuring a hip and happening groovesetter who provides licentious definitions to life's pertinent words. Of comic note also is the studio cover of "Gimme That We!" performed as a humorous Elvis-style spoof.

The Sun City Girls do indeed provide an amusing and enlightening break from what ordinarily spews forth from the radio. They give frequent glimmering insights into 'civilized' nations, and challenge commonly held assumptions by voicing opinions you would not ordinarily hear. *Static From the Outside Set* is a delightful document of obscure sounds, opinions and creations. It is natural human expression without subjectivity, which Lester defines as "limitations in one's ability to express one's self. A distraction, a trick."

Sarah Spencer

Young and Sexy Panic When You Find It (Mint Records)

Despite the bland grey of the cover, Young and Sexy's latest gift to pop is filled with enough whimsy to make me want to play paddy cake. A tickle trunk of light ditties and lullabies for grownups, *Panic When You Find It* sets nostalgic melodies against well crafted layers that are dynamic but never overdone. The darkness of the lyrics adds an element of maturity to the playfulness of the songs, making the soaring elation of the melodies and the vocal interplay between Paul Pittman and Lucy Brain seem wonderfully eerie.

The standout opening track "Your Enemy's Asleep" sets a soldier's (literal) hunger for love (Your lips are brushed/ With a soldier's last caress) to the

backdrop of a wartime march, while "All The Little Girls And Boys" sounds innocent enough until Lucy's rich voice asks if "the darkness will have its way with them." For all its sinister nuances, the album mainly explores the timeless theme of love. Lyrically depth generally keeps the theme from going stale, but the performance is weakest when the songs are at their most literal. "Without Your Love" is typically the most straightforward, but the precision of the delivery left me feeling rather unwell.

Still, if there were moments when I felt that the record would be more appropriately titled "Panic If You Lose The Metronome" or "Young and Sebastian Bach", their perfectionism still made for an enjoyable listen that rarely left me cold.

Liv Retherstonhaugh

Dilla aka Jay Dee Donuts (Stones Throw)

Officially released just three days before J Dilla's surprising death on February 10th, there is a strong tendency to approach *Donuts* as a record that is very much bound up together with Dilla's premature passing. But the album should be seen as it stands: an extremely dynamic, virtuosic and, quite simply, incredible record, which should go down an instant classic and probably one of the best releases of the year.

Unlike his only previously released solo album *Welcome 2 Detroit*, *Donuts* is an instrumental record without any newly recorded vocals. Dilla does however extensively sample recordings of soulful singing—from Jermaine and Michael Jackson adds to familiar Beastie Boys lines—which he then manipulates and integrates into his sound world. These samples either function as moments of rupture or punctuation as in "Airworks" and "The New" or, alternately, as a track's unifying chorus, seen in songs like "Don't Cry", "Two Can Win" and the wonderful "U-Luv".

Without any raps to hide behind, the listener is forced to concentrate on the beats alone. Through the course of this 31 track, 43 minute album, Dilla's production is never repetitive or monotonous. Indeed, the range of this record is one of its most amazing features. The astonishing variety in the production is due primarily to two factors. First, the drums (the foundation of any dope hip-hop track) are always perfectly selected, and Dilla somehow finds a way to never use the same breakbeat twice. Secondly, Dilla creatively samples an eclectic array of artists, mingling Frank Zappa with James Brown. Furthermore, the juxtaposition

of these disparate sampling sources, flipped in such a singular way, is itself thrilling. Simply put, *Donuts* is essential listening for anyone interested in superlative and truly important hip-hop and (post) modern music.

Graham Preston

Hawksley Workman Tread of Starling (Universal)

On *Tread of Starling*, Hawksley Workman abandons the path established by the glossy production values of his previous two releases, moving instead towards a rustic, candlelit sound. Measuring a mere 36 minutes, the new album strays away from studio swagger, relying on sparse piano and acoustic guitar, nearly childlike in their simplicity. In a shift reminiscent of the abrupt sobriety of *Beck's Sea Change*, *Tread of Starling* reveals a man bound by the weight of the world, tentatively in love but no longer nourished by illusions.

Workman's trademark vocal range is still here, transitioning easily from soaring falsettos to chattering whispers, but his more theatrical tendencies have been clipped. The songs all adhere to a similar tempo, providing little opportunity for moments of sung epiphany such as those found on his brilliant debut, *For Him and the Girls*. While the tracks are all linked by a consistent aesthetic, closer listening reveals Hawksley's masterful use of varied instrumentation to subtly alter the tone of each song. On "Hey Hey Hey (My Little Beauties)", a playful harmonic bounce gives optimistic ballad to the realization that "life is ugly, sad and dirty." The sax solo on the album cover "Ice Age" strays dangerously into adult contemporary territory, but eventually resolves into a fitting complement for the track's caustication at the end of the cavitation.

The prospect of the collapse of our proud capitalist society is the muse that inspires these "hymns for a dying planet and a culture in decay." Taking the imagined beauty of the world before human interference as their starting point, each song varies between nostalgia for a post-apocalyptic future and longing for a simpler life, "before clocks kept track of the time." The same irrepressible poetic whimsy seen in his earlier work governs each song, but has been tempered with a degree of resignation. While the folksy arrangements and straightforward lyrics are a step away from his old endearing eccentricities, Workman's conviction that one day "the truth will be like a parade" makes for a compelling listen.

David Ravensbergen



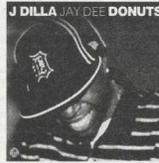
The Flaming Lips



Sun City Girls



Young & Sexy



J Dilla



Hawksley Workman

REAL LIVE ACTION

The Animal Collective

Barr

First Nation

March 1

Commodore Ballroom

The Animal Collective show was very divisive. I mean, some people loved it, some people hated it, some people left, and most people were put off by Barr, the opening performer/MC. For me, I was in a haze of smoke so thick I could cut it with my interest in the show, which was razor thin before the Collective got on. But then—wow, maybe I was high as shit—it felt incredible to witness *Feels*, their most recent album. The show gave me a new appreciation of their work. It was a notable feat to pull off an impressive live set—where they manipulated and extrapolated upon their recorded material from the last three albums—in front of a sold out Commodore crowd, considering they were originally scheduled to play at Richard's on Richards. From the opening moments of "Banshee Beat" to the final end of "Purple Bottle", the Animal Collective was off the hook in my book. The performance was intense, and all four members put their all into the night's numerous spazzy folk freakouts.

Unfortunately, the opening acts, though decent, were not up to the level of the headliners. First Nation noodled around on some shimmering beautiful riffs, but was mostly noticeable for appearing inexperienced and unsuited to the large crowd. Barr, the opening MC, was likely a shock to the system for most in the audience. His style was perched somewhere between the emotive expressiveness of slam poetry and the personal/political consciousness of rap. His delivery was what stood out most, as he didn't really ride the beat so much as scream and whine along to it in a semi-rhythmic way. The fact that he couldn't get the levels right during his set also detracted from his show, and was a problem for First Nation as well. Maybe next time the opening acts can get a proper sound check in before the show.

Arthur Krumins

Electric Six

March 14

Richard's on Richards

What is the first thing you think when Electric Six is mentioned? Is it the "superior culture trash garbage" that dominate the stage with pop-trash lyrics? Some might mention the political contribution the band has made to the great North American nation. For me though, I inevitably think of synthesizers. What else would move me to dance with the unquestionable furor that resides deep in my soul? So when the band stepped onto the stage and no synthesizers were set up, I figured it had to be a joke. We all knew how this band likes to torture its audience, and assuming it was all part of the show, we stood there, waiting, dying with anticipation. Just imagine the horror when Dick Valentine (lead singer/dancer) brought up the dreadful trill spurring from the culture-dictates of the evil border patrol that half the band had been detained for being criminals. Apparently Mr. Valentine was equally torn-up about the situation, which he elegantly expressed in a moan at the end of the show. "Imagine what you're seeing tonight...and then imagine it with synthesizers." Trust me: I imagined, but it just wasn't the same.

Nevertheless, the show certainly had some extra perks that wouldn't be available at any other Electric Six concert. Eddie Spaghetti was the sit-in backup guitar, filling in for Johnny Nashinal, and this guy was the most bad-assed cowboy guitar player whose ever hovered inches above my head, strumming lackadaisically on that there guitar. "Normally Electric Six is made up of white guys from the suburbs. It's not everyday I get to share the stage with a cowboy," beamed Dick. I could even look past Eddie Spaghetti's atrocious singing in the Radio Gags cover, since his steady, cowhand guitar strumming was so mighty impressive. Really though, he was probably the coolest dude I've ever seen on stage. Plus, Mr. Valentine's dance moves



PHOTO BY MICHELLE MAYNE

while like nothing I've ever imagined. The infamous double-fisted-check-pound-to-the-sky-punch in constant repetition said it all, and the dance's brilliant simplicity allowed the audience to catch right on and dance in style, in rhythm, looking like the white fools they were or weren't. What really struck a note in my heart was Dick Valentine's constant "Nickelbashing". I've always said, taste in music is equated with how much a person hates Nickelback.

After ten or so minutes of giving praise and love to the drummer (which every lead singer should constantly do during performance), Dick finished the show by lying down flat on his back and lifting his left leg into the air; up and down, up and down, up and down, for the final five minutes. The crowd was left in awing disbelief and joy when the band left after that remarkable piece. Cheers soared and back came Dick with attitude, who proceeded to lie right back down on the floor in the same place kicking his leg up and down for another five or ten minutes. All I can say is the crowd "dug it."

After a long night of hard dancing, I came back one happy fan. Even though I was sorely disappointed by the lack of synthesizer, Dick Valentine can truly impress on every imaginable level. "Backstreet's Back" even made its way into the lineup, which pierced right through to my 14 year-old soul when dancing was still naive and uncoordinated, so reminiscent of Valentine's own dance repertoire. The encore closed on the highest possible note with "Dance Commander," a song I've long admired.

It may sound like this band is extraordinarily cheery and somewhat bad, but I still can't help but love the music and the performance for some strange reason. The crowd seemed to feel this way too, and illustrated it sufficiently with their constant storming of the stage. Plus, if I feel this way, then you absolutely must as well!

Brian Dantin

Sonic Boom

March 19

Western Front

The Sonic Boom Festival is an annual festival that presents "new works by emerging BC composers." I only got the chance to see the last night of the festival, but the evening captured an astounding diversity of sound and performance. The previous night's performance was reported to be packed to standing room only, so I showed up at the Front in plenty of time to secure a seat for the show. The building used to be a Masonic Lodge before it was converted in the seventies to the artist run studio/living space it is today. The first section of the program consisted of live performances that ranged from a saxophone quartet (four saxophones) to a

work for solo viola to a final work for three cellos. Each piece was different from the next. My favorite work, in the middle of the section, featured a female contralto, guitar, flute, piano and percussion, and reminded me of a more abstract, academic *Godspew* *You! Black Emperor*.

For the second half of the program, the room's 8-channel system was put to use for the first time in a collaboration between longtime Vancouver soundscape composer Barry Truax and multi-instrumentalist Randi Ruine-Reusch who played the traditional Japanese instruments the *Ichigenkin* and *Shakuhachi*. The piece was meditative and ambient, with complicated echoes of the live instrument supplementing their live performance. The next work was an abstract duet between a cello and wood block percussion, in which both instruments seemed to be playing completely unrelated material. After the somber excursions of the first two works, it was a more ironic, light-hearted outing on the next number. Stefan Smilovitch's "Long Black Cat" was a poem set to music about a friend's deceased cat. Read in a mock beat poetry style, it got a few laughs when the narrator declared that the dead cat was "the coolest cat" to jazz-clasical backing from an ensemble of musicians. The final work of the night was perhaps the most ambitious, with four movements. "The Road Not Taken" began as a jazzy ballad which became something like *TNT-era Tortoise* in the second movement. The third movement took the sound a step further into fractured arrhythmic jazz and ended with an avant-garde romp that made me think of the *Planet of the Apes* for some reason.

Unfortunately most people left before the last section of the evening's show, and missed the student pieces by composers in the SFU school of contemporary arts. The three compositions, all played on the 8-channel system, were an impressive bunch, morphing sounds into heady voyages with the lights dimmed. I had heard the final work of the three before and appreciated it even more the second time. Andrew Czink took for his source material sounds of huge pieces of rock being scraped against one another and processed it into what sounds at times like rhythmic breathing, animal cries and huge towering drones. It was always worth it to hear 8-channel music if only for the thrill of an all-encompassing sonic environment. For Vancouverites, Sonic Boom continues to present an engaging sample of contemporary music, too bad it only runs once a year.

Arthur Krumins

Jenny Lewis with the Watson Twins

March 7

Richard's On Richards

The procession arrived in song: Jenny Lewis, Rilo

Kiley's iconic strawberry frontwoman, and her hymnal vocal duo, the identical Watson Twins, covered the slight gospel of "Run Devil Run" against the chatter-filled chamber of Richard's On Richards. Her backing band awaited them onstage as if awaiting some kind of saviour. Everyone mistook the musicians for billed second openers *Whisperdown 2000* (who couldn't make it), and the mood wasn't favourable. Everyone had been waiting a long time, and everyone was waiting for Jenny. As the three women reached their microphones, a flutter swept through the audience, and just as everything settled to a pin-drop hush, the silence of awe was broken by the foot-stomping "Big Guns."

With a strong foundation in the excellent content of her debut solo record, *Rabbit Fur Coat*, Jenny orchestrated the mood. Everything depended on her sparse banter and sarcastic grin. The band tightly and effortlessly supported her small catalogue, giving the Watson Twins space for their flawless ooo's and ah's to flourish around Jenny's tender words; her voice even more striking on songs like "Happy" in the ambience of a live setting.

To prove that she hadn't put all the eggs in one basket, the band confidently strode through a series of skilled new songs, all welcomed additions. "Jack Killed Mom" was the most notable new entry into her repertoire, seeing Jenny on side-stage keyboards as her band turned up to 11 and screamed through the number, burning down Richards in the most unexpected way.

Unexpectedly because, despite all the fun of barn-burning ruckus, the quiet moments truly set the tone for the night. Paying tribute to one of her crucial influences, Laura Nyro, Lewis stood microphone-less and a capella with the charming Twins for a rendition of "I Met Him on a Sunday" to open the encore. But the undoubted centrepiece of the show was the centrepiece of the album, "Rabbit Fur Coat" was the sole song performed by Jenny alone. With its simple country-waltz rhythm, she gracefully tuned down an audience that was getting used to clapping along.

Throughout the brief set, her affection for the campiness of country music, and her devotion to the traditions of stage performance stole the hearts that weren't already stolen. Some would call them clichés, but the Watson Twins' subtle choreography, and Jenny's obvious gimmicks (incorporating the word "Vancouver" into a lyric, for example) only served her in good stead. It was beautiful and endearing, seeing her embark alone for the very first time, wide-eyed and in love with the legends of her music's ancestors.

Mike LaPointe



CITR CHARTS!

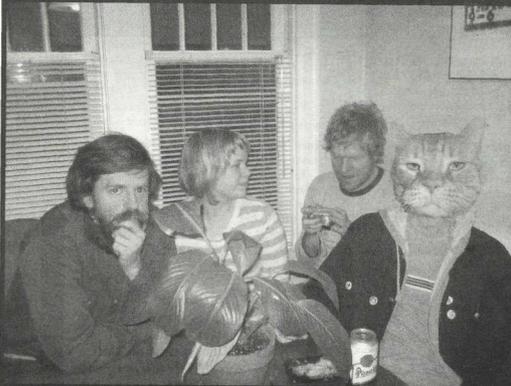
CITR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
1	Pink Mountaintops*	<i>Axix Of Evol</i>	Jagjaguwar
2	Neko Case	<i>Fox Confessor Brings The Flood</i>	Mint
3	The Buttless Chaps*	<i>Where Night Holds Light</i>	Mint
4	They Shoot Horses Don't They?	<i>Boo Hoo Hoo Boo</i>	Kill Rock Stars
5	The International Falls*	<i>The Plateau</i>	Independent
6	Why?	<i>Rubber Traits</i>	Anticon
7	Destroyer*	<i>Destroyer's Rubies</i>	Merge
8	B. Fleischmann	<i>The Humbucking Coil</i>	Morr Music
9	Sparks	<i>Hello Young Lovers</i>	In The Red
10	Isobel Campbell And Mark Lanegan	<i>Ballad Of The Broken Seas</i>	V2
11	Anna Oxygen	<i>This Is An Exercise</i>	Kill Rock Stars
12	Bossanova*	<i>Hey, Sugar</i>	Teen Beat
13	Sinewave*	<i>Unity Gain</i>	Vinyl
14	Cat Power	<i>The Greatest</i>	Matador
15	Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti	<i>House Arrest</i>	Paw Tracks
16	Ghost House*	<i>Departures</i>	Independent
17	The Gossip	<i>Standing In The Way Of Control</i>	Kill Rock Stars
18	Eels	<i>With Strings: Live At The Town Hall</i>	Vagrant
19	Magneta Lane*	<i>Dancing With Daggers</i>	Paper Bag
20	Our Mercury*	<i>From Below</i>	Smallman
21	Matson Jones	<i>A Four Song EP</i>	Sympathy For The Record Industry
22	Acid Mothers Temple & Melting Paraiso UFO	<i>Starless And Bible Black Sabbath</i>	Alien8
23	Kites	<i>Peace Trails</i>	Load
24	Yound And Sexy*	<i>Panic When You Find It</i>	Mint
25	Arrogant Worms*	<i>Toast</i>	Independent

#	ARTIST	Title	Label
26	Tortoise And Bonnie Prince Billy	<i>The Brave And The Bold</i>	Overcoat
27	Nicolai Danger	<i>Here's My Song...</i>	Zoe
28	The Buzzcocks	<i>Flat Pack Philosophy</i>	True North
29	Blood Meridian*	<i>Soldiers Of Christ</i>	Outside
30	Tribes Of Nerot	<i>Meridian</i>	Neurot
31	DD/MM/YYYY*	<i>The Blue Screen Of Death</i>	We Are Busy Bodies
32	StereoLab	<i>Fab Four Suture</i>	Too Pure
33	All India Radio	<i>Permanent Evolutions</i>	Inevitable
34	Jason Forrest	<i>Shamelessly Exciting</i>	Sonig
35	Chicago Underground Duo	<i>In Praise Of Shadows</i>	Thrill Jockey
36	The Cops	<i>Get Good Or Stay Bad</i>	Mt. Fuji
37	The Hellacopters	<i>Rock And Roll Is Dead</i>	Liquor And Foker
38	Man Man	<i>Six Demon Bag</i>	Ace Fu
39	The Advantage	<i>Elf Titled</i>	5RC
40	Angels Of Light & Akron/Family	<i>Akron/Family & The Angels Of Light</i>	Young God
41	Nick Cave And Warren Ellis	<i>The Proposition</i>	Mute
42	White Noise Ensemble*	<i>J'ai Vu Le Long Des Routes Desolees Des Carresses De Chameaux Blancir</i>	Independent
43	Clearlake	<i>Amber</i>	Domino
44	Aids Wolf	<i>The Lovers EP</i>	Lovemp United
45	The Slackers	<i>Peculiar</i>	Hellcat/Epitaph
46	We Are Scientists	<i>With Love and Squalor</i>	Virgin
47	The Black Halos	<i>Alive Without Control</i>	Liquor and Foker
48	Ivan Hrvatska*	<i>Seasons of Love (Party All Year)</i>	Pro Am
49	Robert Pollard	<i>From A Compound Eye</i>	Merge
50	She Wants Revenge	<i>S/T</i>	Flawless

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Record Release Show!

The Doers

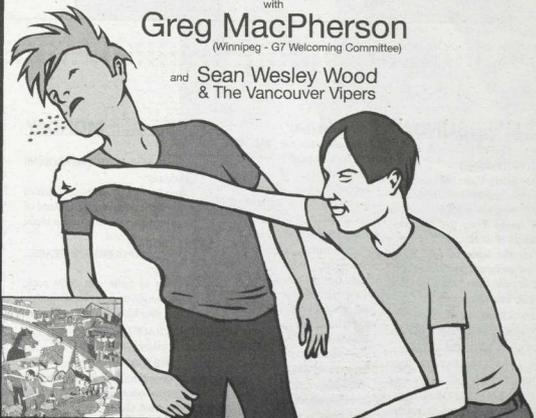
Fri, April 14th - Railway Club

with

Greg MacPherson

(Winnipeg - G7 Welcoming Committee)

and Sean Wesley Wood
& The Vancouver Vipers



Whatcha Doin'? 19 new songs on CD & LP
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Reluctant
Recordings

CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

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

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6am	BBC	BBC	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC	BBC	BBC	BBC
7am							
8am	TANA RADIO	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	HIGHBRED VOICES	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS		THE SATURDAY EDGE
9am							
10am	AFROBEAT	LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...	THIRD TIME'S A CHARM	WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND	SWEET 'N' HOT	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	
11am							
12pm	THE ROCKERS SHOW	ALT. RADIO	MORNING AFTER SHOW	ANOIZE	FILL-IN	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION
1pm							
2pm		PARTS UNKNOWN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	WE ALL FALL DOWN		POWERCHORD
3pm	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	LET'S GET BAKED	REEL TO REEL	DEMOCRACY NOW	INKSTUDS	RADIO ZERO	
4pm	FILL-IN	NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS	CARER FAST TRACK	RUMBLSTONE RADIO	MOTOR DADDY	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE
5pm	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	CITR NEWS	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE	AND SOMETIMES WHY	NECESSARY VOICES	NEWS 101	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
6pm	QUEER FM	SON OF NITE DREAMS	WENER'S BBQ	BLUE MONDAY	MY SCIENCE PROJECT	THE CANADIAN WAY	OUR WAVE
7pm		UNCOMMON PRACTICE	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE		SHADOW JUGGLERS
8pm	RHYTHMSINDIA	WIGLUX RADIO	SALARIO MÍNIMO	JUICEBOX	EXQUISITE CORPSE	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	
9pm							
10pm	TRANSCENDANCE	THE JAZZ SHOW	FILL-IN	FOLK OASIS	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	PLANET LOVETRON	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
11pm			CAUGHT IN THE RED	HANS KLOSS	LAUGH TRACKS	IN THE SHADOWS	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT
12am		VENGEANCE IS MINE		HANS KLOSS MISERY HOUR		I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES	
1am			AURAL TENTACLES			THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	BBC
2am	BBC	BBC		BBC	BBC		
3am							
4am							
5am							

SUNDAY

AFROBEAT (World)

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world; my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora. Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it. <myafrobeat@yahoo.com>

THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

Reggae inna all styles and fashion. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Roots) Real cowhit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

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

TRANSCENDANCE (Dance)

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 mystic-al. <trancendance@hotmail.com>

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delight!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordie Sparkle.

ALT. RADIO (Talk)

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

LET'S GET BAKED w/MATT & DAVE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey

Houston, The Novaks and more.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

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

WLN.G.S. (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service.

SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

WIGLUX RADIO (Reggae)

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running

primetime jazz program. Hosted

by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker.

April 3: The genius of the Vibraphone, Bobby Hutcherson and his great San Francisco working band of the late 1970's (which appeared in Vancouver).

"The Stroll" is definitive statement. Bobby will be appearing at this year's Jazz Festival. Look Out!

April 10: One of pianist/composer Chick Corea's strongest recordings is tonight's feature. "Three

Quartets" has Corea with tenor saxophone master Michael Brecker bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Steve Gadd...It doesn't get much better!

April 17: A serious orchestral work by trombonist/composer J.J. Johnson with trumpet pioneer John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie as soloist. This six-part suite is a perfect blending of jazz and

classical concepts. It's called "Perceptions" and it's a major work.

April 24: He's called "The Little Giant" and "The Chicago Fire" and tonight we celebrate the birthday of still living tenor saxophone master Johnny Griffin (78 years young) with a live recording from "The Montmartre" in Copenhagen. The Griffin turns up the horn on this one!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best of the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.

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***** TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its

derivatives with Arthur and "The

Lovely Andrea" Berman.

Powerchord by Liv Fletcher@hannah

SO YOU'RE GRIFF THE NEW GUY FROM CTR'S METAL SHOW POWERCHORD. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN PART OF THE SHOW?

Yeah, I'm the new guy. Been doing the show since 2003, but have been a special guest on the show a few times prior to becoming a full fledged member of CTR.

HOW DID YOU GET INVOLVED WITH POWERCHORD?

First heard the show through a flyer on the Brave Vendors and Bloody Knuckles magazine... would listen to the show religiously...then I met Metal Ron and Dr. Dwain Damage back in the day ('97) at HMV. I basically started as a fan, until they asked me to come guest on the show.

WHEN DID YOU GET INTO METAL? ARE YOU ALSO INTO LEATHER?

When I was like 7-8 years old. Started off tame with Twisted Sister, Motley Crue, Iron Maiden...then it all went to hell (in a good way) after I discovered Slayer, Testament, Death, Carcass. Leather? I like leather, but not in a Judas Priest way. My boots are made of leather, so yeah!

SO YOU'RE HEADING OUT TO NORWAY FOR THE INFERNO METAL FESTIVAL. HAVE YOU BEEN BEFORE?

WHAT'S IT LIKE?

This is my first Inferno Metal Festival, and I'm really excited about it. I went for the Dynamo Open Air in Holland a few years back and that was just so damn insane, so I have high expectations for this festival. It'll be PURE EVIL!—after all it is being held over the Easter weekend, and most of the Norwegian Black Metal scene is based on Satanism, so it should be fun. Just hope I don't get used as a sacrifice—that would suck!

WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT NORWEGIAN METAL ANYWAY? IS THERE NOT ENOUGH METAL FOR YOU IN BEAUTIFUL BRITISH COLUMBIA?

Not to take anything away from the BC scene, but the Scandinavians just do it differently in a way that just pumps my blood even more.

ARE YOU GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS INFERNO METAL FESTIVAL AT ALL ON POWERCHORD?

More so than one would need to hear...hahaha...I've already done two shows featuring most of the bands playing at this year's fest, and I'll be doing a recap when I get back.

IF YOU RAN INTO BOLT THROWER, NIGHTRAGE AND DEMONIZER IN A DARK ALLEY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Dark alley? I'll probably be in a few dark Norwegian forest. I would probably get them to sign my CDs and have a few drinks with them...not too metal is it? 

HIGHBRED VOICES (World)
THIRD TIME'S A CHARM (Rock)
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

<borninsixtynine@hotmail.com>
MORNING AFTER SHOW (Edlectic)

REEL TO REAL (Talk)
Movie reviews and criticism.

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

WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)
Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

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

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

CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)
Trauling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of rock n' roll debris. Dig it!

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

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Edlectic)
WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND (Edlectic)

Julie's Co., just playin' what I know best (or is it the only I know?) - indie rock!

ANOZE (Noise)
Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)
Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

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

MOTORDADDY (Rock)
Cycle-riffic rawk and roll!

NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)
Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Edlectic)
First Wednesday of every month.

BLUE MONDAY (Goth/Industrial)
Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtopp to, hosted by Coreen.

JUICEBOX (Talk)
Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alex

will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

<www.juiceboxradio.com>
OLFK SECRETS (Talk)

POP AS OASIS (Roots)
Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon! In A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)
This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Edlectic)

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

WE ALL FALL DOWN (Edlectic)
Punkrock, indiepop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

RHYMES & REASONS (Hip Hop)
MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)
Zoom a little zoom on the My Science project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

<opencasesonvictorradio@yahoo.ca>
FEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)

NOUTHUSE RADIO THEATRE (Drama)
All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are professional or inexperienced...

EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)
Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE!

Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.
April 6th: 12 Year Old Girl
April 13th: Love and Mathematics
April 20th: Fuck Me Dead/
Shearing Pinx
April 27th: The Safety Show

LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

FRIDAY

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)
Email requests to: djska_ig@hotmail.com

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

RADIO ZERO (Edlectic)
NARDVUAR THE HUMAN SERVICETTE PRESENTS (Nardvuar)

NEWS 101 (Talk)
A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

THE CANADIAN WAY (Edlectic)
Independent Canadian music form almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal!

<thecanadianway@popstar.com>
AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

<planetlover@thmsradio.com>
PLANET LOVE TROTON (Dance/Electronic)

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanShip.

<robertrobot@gmail.com>
IN THE SHADOWS (Hip Hop)

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (Edlectic)
THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (Goth/Industrial/Metal)

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

SATURDAY

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

GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)
A mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

<www.streetpunkradio.com>
<crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca>

POWERCHORD (Metal)
Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities, Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

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

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

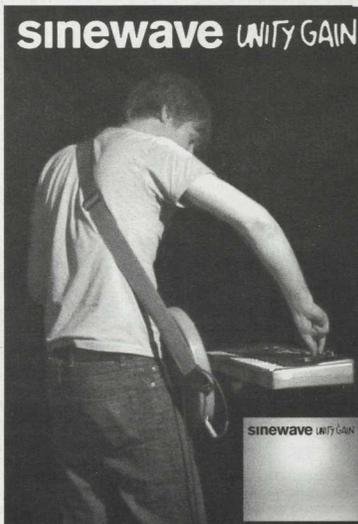
OUR WAVE (World)
News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

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

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Edlectic)

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (Hip Hop)





THE NEW ALBUM FROM SINEWAVE IN STORES NOW!

See Sinewave live at New Music West 2006 with Pete Samples, Original Recipe and A Great White Bird Friday April 28th at Lamplighter, Vancouver, BC

listen and buy online at VINYLREPUBLIC.COM

vinylrepublic

EVERYONE'S MUSIC AT ZULU.

HOWE GELB 'Sno Angel Like You' CD

Howe Gelb seems like the kind of guy who might know a little something about everything. Even more so, he seems like a good old American. Not merely biographically obvious, which it is, this last comment describes Gelb's overall aesthetic, which is steeped heavily in his own backyard: east, at 50 States large, from dry to wet. This aesthetic is the one constant that bridges his wide-ranging, occasionally quirky eclecticism. Yet no matter which way he ambles, Gelb always seems someone deeply "red, white and blue," but in that cool, admirable, open-minded and nice way, not that scuffed, narrow and fearful way (as seen on Fox News). But for such a profoundly American veteran of all things Americana, this record breaks some foreign ground: it's a secularized gospel-style album recorded in Ottawa with the Canadian gospel group **Voices of Praise**. It seems it took a trip north for Gelb to rediscover this basically American synthesis of blues, soul, country and church music. Should this come as a surprise? No, Gelb usually goes his own way. Plus, sometimes a removed vantage puts things into perspective. And nor should it be surprising that this is some mighty fine music, some of Gelb's best yet. By the way, **Sno Angel** is the name of the project and **Like You** is the name of the album. We've put Gelb's name up top here for the sake of communication.

CD 16.98

STEPHIN MERRITT Showtunes CD

Wading into the deep end of the pool called "musical theater," longtime Zulu fave **Stephin Merritt** and his **Magnetic Fields** have created one of the most enthralling listens of 2006. Comprised of a selection of songs he composed for three plays directed by acclaimed Chinese theater director **Chen Shi-Zheng**, **The Orphan of Zoo**, **Peach Blossom Fan**, and **My Life As A Fairy Tale**, these 26 songs firmly place Merritt within an illustrious milieu of show tune greats including **Boyz n the City**, **Dele Parler** and **Irving Berlin**. Joined by members of the original casts and ensembles, Merritt's compositions for the stage are simply breathtaking, as well as some of the most adventurous works — this marks his debut with a wider palette of instruments including a small orchestra of a marimba, yamqin, double bass, and steel drums, the Chinese jinghu, a two-string fiddle, a pipa, a lute, and an autoharp. Merritt always thinks big (this is the same meager man who gave us **60 Love Songs**) and clearly this is his most epic production to date. We won't give away the entire plot, but **Stephin's** songs based on a poet and courtiers' tragic love in the last days of the corrupt Ming dynasty are sure to be the fully greater than mere indie-rock daydream distraction. Curtains up, way up!

CD 16.98

LOOSE FUR Born Again In The USA CD

Using role-play to move my conflicts, I find it useful to pretend to be a "big league" guitar player in a jam band. I rft on ideas and explore themes musically before transferring these energies into my personal life and personal problems — paramount of which is my obsession with classic rock and its hard living bad-boy aesthetic. This obsession was healthy at first, as it provided me with a great deal of things to rip-off in my visual art practice, but recently I have found that I am becoming somewhat predictable and like a character in a situation comedy. I went to a school with my therapist, who suggests I now listen to the latest release from **Loose Fur** a.k.a. **Jeff Tweedy**, **Glenn Kolche**, and **Jim O'Rourke**. It will be hard to resist slipping into this slab of Thundercat rock, and even harder to resist slipping into my head closet and coming out as **Hemdris Syd**, or my current favourite **Bonnie VanZant**. The hype of this record is unbelievable and I'd like to like **Wico** and all of the breezy baroque pop records of **O'Rourke**, but this is classic rock, baby, and what's a rocker like me to do?

CD 16.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL APRIL 30, 2006

YEAH YEAH YEAHS Show Your Bones CD

From the get-go, **The Yeah Yeah Yeahs** have been the darlings of the Great Spotlight — **Karen O**, **Nick Zinner**, and **Brian Chase** have always stood out. They're that and so-subtle quality that always divides the wannabe art star from the genuine pop hero; personality. They're a band that knows that rock and roll is fun, when Karen is assaulting the stage in one of her custom-designed costumes, beer-soaked and sexy and brash. It's not just her that's larger than life, it's you, too. "It's important for kids to feel bigger than the new crew of MySpace pretty boys. At the end of the evening we parted ways, each eager to set the energies of this discourse on our backs. Listening to this, **Yeahs's** latest magnum opus, it is clear that **Nicola** has at last delivered his greatest treatise on sonic beauty, thus solidifying his place as the premiere balladist of our generation. Joined for this record by members of **Mercury Rev**, **Dunger** is now eyeing a legacy. Enjoy.

CD 16.98

ISLANDS Return To The Sea CD

Islands do not exist. They are not real, not even a little bit. I looked this up on Wikipedia to double check. The internet never lies. So anyway, **Islands** are totally make-believe, a bunch of childish, pre-historical, fantastical phony-islands meant only for black light left posters, birthday cards and daydreams. **Islands**, on the other hand, are the real deal, serious, substantial, a bunch of rock, dirt, plants and other stuff such as animals, both small and large. Furthermore, different-sized bodies of water, such as streams, lakes, oceans and seas, typically surround islands. Vancouver Island is an island, for example. So yeah, man, **Islands** are cool, and not only because they're totally real — so real they're so real, as for real, as only islands can be. Unlike **Unicorns**, which are, for the sake of my fake moustache, which is super fake (it's made of wax and cat hair), on the subject of hair, moustache or otherwise, these two guys have some, and not just on their heads (icky). **Nick Diamonds** and **Jaimie Tamber**. Rumor has it these other people also have hair (variously), **Richard Reed Parry**, **Regina Chazange**, **Tim Kinghorn**, **Sarah Lee**, **Dan Boeckner**, **Spencer Krug**, and **Miley Cyrus**. Hair or no hair, they also all agree that **Unicorns** do not exist, never again, not at all. Whereas **Islands** are real — really real, really good and real, and we've all been waiting for them, the **Islands**. **AMV**. AVAILABLE APRIL 4TH

CD 16.98

LIARS Drum's Not Dead CD

After taking the prize for Most Compromising Debut in the inaugural Delta-Punk Olympics of 2002, **Liars** horrified their fans in the 2004 round by doing what they do best: not compromising. Determined to avoid a career as pigeonholed, one-trick ponies, **Angus Andrews** and **Aaron Hempill** ditched the rhythm section that made them famous and submitted a bratty, abrasive concept album about German witches as their sophomore effort. Spin and Rolling Stone were right: they gave it their lowest possible rating. Three albums in, it looks like the **Liars** are getting the last laugh. **Drum's Not Dead** is a stone-cold masterpiece, a blow-by-blow cauldron of dark and dreamy atmospherics with a skeleton of clattery, propulsive rhythms and a melted ice-heart that pumps sweet, sweet melodies. Themed as a conflict between institutional asceticism and nervous apprehension (**Drum vs. Mr. Heart Attack**), the band expresses its struggle, isolation, and exclamation of the creative process with the most unashably beautiful songs of their career. The **Liars** have followed a hazardous path, defied expectations every step of the way, and emerged triumphant at a peak of ambition that few musical adventurers ever reach. Also includes 3 sets of videos: one for each song by each of the three band members. That's THIRTY-SIX videos.

CD 16.98

NICOLAI DUNGER Here is My Song You Can Have It CD

Five years ago I met **Nicolai Dunger** in the basement of a club in a quiet near-deserted neighborhood of Chicago. He had recently released his first American record, **Soul Back**, and had gone to the States to support it and put a face to its intriguing robotics of its early-period **Van Morrison**. The evening was marked by copious consumption of beer as well as an unscripted desire to discuss the future role of the singer-songwriter in society. **Dunger's** passionate position placed the bard within the realm of spiritual soul-searching poets rather than the new crew of MySpace pretty boys. At the end of the evening we parted ways, each eager to set the energies of this discourse on our backs. Listening to this, **Dunger's** latest magnum opus, it is clear that **Nicola** has at last delivered his greatest treatise on sonic beauty, thus solidifying his place as the premiere balladist of our generation. Joined for this record by members of **Mercury Rev**, **Dunger** is now eyeing a legacy. Enjoy.

CD 16.98

THE CONCRETES In Colour CD

I love with this very cool Swedish 8-piece outfit that somehow did the whole **Velvet Underground**-meets-**Byrds** thing without sounding like either. Perhaps it was just because they didn't go to college in the States and groom themselves in the shower while listening to **Yo La Tengo** and **Pavement**. Perhaps it was because they had a stripped-down approach that sounded both confident and relaxed enough to just let their simple songs shine. Whatever the case, **The Concretes** are what every great pop group should be — a daydream, an a-slice of cool that can't be touched, and a hedonistic detour to distraction. Recorded between Stockholm and Omaha, one really sees an Americana-meets-Northern European soul set of sound on **In Colour**. Get ready for the inevitable breakthrough — this is great.

CD 16.98

BOSSANOVA Hey, Sugar CD

[I]mprobably, **Bossanova** emerge from the woodshed, tall, I'm pretty, ready, occasionally bearded, the full form heralded almost a decade before. This is THE special moment, totally magical, years in the making. Behind it is cool, and something of a relief for friends, family, and, yes, fans alike. Hips a-swinging and music a-choosing. Vancouver's **Chris Storrer** is much more than a champion perfectionist (or, instead, perhaps a super procrastinator; a real marvel), he's also the head honcho of this Teen Beat sanctioned pop masterpiece, rushing easily and rightly next to the **New Pornographers** and **Young and Sick** at the final bend next to the excellent grandstand. Swoosh! Go pop music, and be swift and sweet like fresh air. This unit is also something of a super group, especially drummer-meets, who both **Kurt Dable** and **John Wells** listed in the liner notes, we explain, already knowing the answer! Yeah, dude, and they play some disco grooves, too. Massive! Which leads us to this final point: **Storrer** has handily managed to put a little of everything in this charming CD, beginning when indie rock achieved self-awareness to its status now as a historically conscious and historicized part of popular music. We don't really care for an answer, but we must ask this last question anyway: why the hold up, buddy? Probable answer: "Because it had to be right."

CD 16.98

BAND OF HORSES Everything All The Time CD

Based in Seattle and signed instantly to Sub Pop Records, this upstart Northwest rock act, centered around the talents of multi-instrumentalists **Benjamin Briftell** and **Mat Brooke**, has made a lot of noise with this, their debut release. Few bands hit the ground running at **Band of Horses** are definitely now in full gallop as their unique sound — imagine something between **My Bloody Valentine** and **My Morning Jacket** — has catapulted them to the top of every indie rock list. Highlights from the record include **Wicked Gift** with its driving drum and guitar intro providing a rigid framework for **Briftell's** soaring vocal delivery. Elsewhere, **The Funeral** showcases the band's mellow balladry and penchant for foreign eulogies — that still kick ass. Hey, sure it's only early Spring — but perhaps the record of the Summer is already upon us. Recommended.

CD 16.98

CALEXICO Garden Ruin CD

Sadly the members of Tucson, Arizona's **Calexico** have shaken the indie music scene by storm. **John and Joey** are no longer merely the most sought after session players (**Neko Case**, **Giant Sand** etc) but also the true pioneers of today's first Americana sound. The ten stunning tracks on this latest recording up the ante further and perhaps hint that the **Calexico** Big Band is ready to cross into an even wider listening audience. About time! After all they have done it all — played the folk fests, jammed out on the international jazz festival circuit, and infused their direct sway sounds with a grandiose grandeur. About time! After all they have done it all — **Band of Horses** is **Joey's** most immediate work to date, as songs like the chugging **Creeper** and classic tex-mex of **Letter To Bowtie Kalle** instantly sweep one up on billows of fervent guitars, pedal steel and thumping barn house upright bass. Tracks like the closer **All Systems Red** showcase the band's willingness to stretch out and explore the smoky jazz tones of their horn section, as filters-through the frenzied whirl of a dirt storm of fives, keyboards and haunting string arrangements. Plant yourself in the **Garden Ruin** — and watch the enchanted fowls bloom. Available April 11th.

CD 16.98

ZULU'S SONIC LINKS: WITH A CD — The most stellar rock band you will love.

- TERRESTRIAL TONES-Dead Drunk CD — Something from the Animal Kingdom milien.
- THE ROEGERS SISTERS-The Invisible Deck CD — Brooklyn has so much to answer for!
- MARIANNE FAITHFULL-Come My Way CD — Reissued early glory — how why Agger loved him.
- PUBLIC ENEMY-Robbin O'Nation CD — Hip-hop legends return and wreck things all over again!
- W/A J DICKS: THE EXCLUSIVES CD — A Sampler from this awesome DJ's career.
- SPARKS-Holly Young Loves CD — Rub the sleep out of your eyes — this is awesome.
- IAN TSURUOKA-Hokone 900K-CD — Thrill Jockey gives us this pleasure collector's piece!
- MATES OF STATE-Bring It Back CD/LP — One to watch for 2006.
- W/A THE DIFA REMIXES CHAPTER ONE CD/2X12 — This one is self-explanatory!
- QUASH-When the Going Gets Dark CD/LP — Pop love fuzz and charm from Elliot Smith's best friends.
- ARTHUR RUSSELL-First Thought Best Thought CD — This guy is cool and everyone's piece!
- MUSIC NORMAL-The Observer CD — Homegrown heroes rule.
- WRE- Pink Flag, Chain Missing, 154 CD — All misread with bonus track!

ZULU ART NEWS:

LEAH ROSENBERG MauX Faux
"Falling in Love with Great Women"
April 6th - May 31st
ZULU INSURE NEWS: MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON
Julie Doiron and band!
Tuesday April 18th @ 6PM

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