



radiogram

fall silent paul kelly vinyl ritchie
general radio emily pohl-weary

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COMMODORE BALLROOM

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HAT WASTED • **THE STAMEN** • **THE**
WELSH KIDS • **USELESS ID** • **QUANAS** • **FINCH**
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Cover

Blue skies, blue skies... Radiogram, as captured on film by Lori and layed out in fabulous style by JJD of www.thewaxmuseum.bc.ca.

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DISCORDER



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Events at a glance:

FRIDAY MAY 3

CIRCA PRESENTS THE SLAM CITY JAM PARTY @ OVERWEIGHT

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SUNDAY MAY 5

SUNDAY SESSIONS presents: DJ ELEKTRA (Groundcontrol/Phylum Recordings, SF)

One of San Francisco's fiercest drum and bass DJs makes her return to Sonar to once again rock you hard with her dub plate selection and daring mixing. Plus SS residents, Wood, Link and Silence. Doors 8:30pm/Cover \$10.00

TUESDAY MAY 7

ARIZONA (Etheric Link/Really Good Music - Victoria, BC) @ **TACTICAL**

The sound behind Extreme 107.3FM's hottest Saturday night show, REALLY GOOD MUSIC steps up to give you that. He stops by to demonstrate alongside Tactical residents.

Doors 9:00pm/Cover \$2.00 before 10:00pm, more after.

WEDNESDAY MAY 8

GMAN & RIZK present GRANDE The very best in R&B, Hip Hop, Reggae and Old School with DJs GMAN, WAX, SEAN-SKI, PHYSIK and FLIPOUT on rotation in the main room, b-boy breaks and rare grooves all night in Room 2. Doors 9pm/Cover \$6.00

THURSDAY MAY 9

NORDIC TRAX & NEW MUSIC WEST present SPEAKING WITH SOUNDS:

Feat. GAVIN FROOME (live pa), MORGAN PAGE (live pa), LUKE MCKEEHAN (dj set), plus NT deejays ANNA D & OTAKU Vancouver's internationally successful deep house label descends upon New Music West for the first time with an impressive label showcase featuring live PA's from Boston's Morgan Page, and local favorite, Gavin Froome. Doors 9:00pm/Cover \$8.00

SATURDAY MAY 11

Netwerk presents "CHILL OUT 2002/The Ultimate Chillout" CD. Early at 9:00pm Room 2 come lounge and listen the new release featuring the likes of Massive Attack, BT, Radiohead and more.

Followed by INSIDE Hosted by Cotton (House of Venus) with resident DJs Dickey Doo and Todd Omotani. Plan B upstairs with Clarence and his Soul/Jazz Crew. Franc Logik warms up the main room 9 - 10. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10.00

SUNDAY MAY 12

SUNDAY SESSIONS presents: MARCUS VISIONARY (Flex, Vinyl Syndicate, X Rated -T.O.)

One of Canada's most beloved junglists, Marcus is here to rock the party with his signature sound. Selections spanning from the smoothest vocal R&B stylings, to the most hard-edged breakbeats in the biz. Doors 8:30pm/Cover \$10.00

THURSDAY MAY 16

MARK FARINA: THE 'CONNECT CD RELEASE TOUR

The master returns to celebrate the release of his brand new mix cd, 'Connect'. Another Vanczy session with the man himself, along with the NT/2G crew. Pick up a ticket to avoid disappointment! Doors 9pm/\$22.00 in advance at Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour and Sonar (no s/c).

TUESDAY MAY 21

CORNERSHOP - LIVE

Timbra Productions presentation celebrating the release of their newest album, "Handcream for a Generation". Early Doors 8pm/\$18.00 Advance tickets available at Zulu, Scratch, HighLife, Noize! and Ditch (Victoria)

THURSDAY MAY 23

SOUND PROOF: presented by 1200LBS and DJ LAYZ in association with CIRCA

Footwear Featuring Knowledge Mag free CD Mixer, MAT the ALIEN. Plus special guests: ADAPTEK, ILL-ESHA, ARA de LEI, DJ G-NIUS, U-TERN, ABEL and LAYZ. A 5 tumtable showcase of D&B, Hip-hop, and Breaks! \$10.00 Advance tickets available at Bassix, FWJH, Futuristic Flavour

SUNDAY MAY 26

2GUERILLA, DADBASSE, BOOMTOWN & REPHLEX RECORDS present the

BRANDANCE COINCIDENCE TOUR Featuring DMX KREW (live pa), CYLOB (dj set), BOGDAN RACZYNSKI (live pa), OJUCA (live pa) UK-based Rephlex Records, label co-owned by Richard D. James aka the Aphex Twin, is sending a cadre of its leftfield artists on the road to North America. Early Doors 7pm/\$14 Advance tickets at Zulu, Scratch, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Bassix & Sonar (no s/c)

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A CORRECTION

Dear *Discorder*,

I am writing this letter to clear up some misinformation that was printed in *Panarticon* in your April 2002 issue. It would be unfortunate for anyone to believe that I "curated" *Signal and Noise* by myself entirely. In keeping with Video In protocol, all decisions for the New Works programmes (this includes the audio and video programmes) were made by a committee of three, of which I was only one person. The other unfortunate part of anyone harbouring under the illusion that I did it all is that it ignores the fact that there were also programmes curated by artists in the community. This is clearly stated in the program guide itself.

Further, it is important for people to understand the background and history of how the majority media arts festivals are organised. Typically there is one individual or core group of co-ordinators who invite curators to present programmes, and organise the committees for the

injured programmes. This is to say that the media art festival form combines democratic processes with that of individual decision making processes.

The only other matter I would like to point out is one of nomenclature, but is significant nonetheless. The works that were referred to as "films" in *Panarticon* were indeed videos. I only bring this up as part of the intention of *Signal and Noise* is to bring attention to, and raise the profile of, single channel video specifically, as opposed to other forms of media. Not to suggest that Video In—and by way of Video In, *Signal and Noise*—is not down for all experimental and activist media in all formats, including film.

For reasons for too complex to address here, I am not going to get into the hierarchical dilemma of film vs. video. However, if anyone reading this is interested, give us a call at 604.872.8337, and we'd be happy to chat with you about this matter further.

If anyone who missed the festival wants more information, please check out

www.videoinstudios.com for programme details.

Best regards,

Ken Weh
Exhibitions and Programming
Co-ordinator, Video In



fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

Tom Verlaine won't stop calling me. He calls three times a day. Some days he calls three times in a row, other days, once every eight hours. Lately, I've been letting the phone ring, which only leaves me with three messages a day from Tom Verlaine, who happens to have a very nice voice.

Sometimes I call him Miller. He doesn't like that. And he won't like that I'm writing about our torrid affair. But it's over. He knows it, and still he won't stop calling me.

It started over a year ago when I saw him buying sport socks at the Vancouver Flea Market. Well, he saw me. I didn't recognize him until I looked up after he asked me if I was as hot as his bare feet on Bleeker Street in the summertime. What a stupid question. I thought, OF COURSE I AM. But it was Tom Verlaine, one of the only people in the world who's a better guitar player than me. So that afternoon, Tom and I went and flew a kite. It was fun.

I fell on my ass at first. He took my feet and pushed them off the ground with a broom. That had never happened

before. His teeth were as yellow as gold. His chest was like a sheet of glass, smooth but brittle. And his arms were long and beautiful. He liked to wrap them around me and press so hard it was as if his arms were a twist of ass (bread, ass, whatever), that

HE ASKED ME IF I WAS AS HOT AS HIS BARE FEET ON BLEEKER STREET IN THE SUMMERTIME.

he wanted to keep safe inside a plastic bag. But he would tie his arms so tight that I couldn't breathe.

I saw him much less often than he would've liked. I never visited him in New York. He came to me as much as I would let him, and he always called three times a day. Which was way too often. He sent all sorts of garbage in the mail, too—rubber plants, brown sugar, stuffed animal parts—you know, the usual. I told him that I didn't want any stupid garbage and that he didn't have to call me at all, but I guess in his 52 years he's been with enough stupid

women to make him think that I was lying.

So two months ago I told Tom Verlaine to leave me alone. I suppose Tom never really did anything wrong. I just didn't feel like seeing him anymore. He was upset, and he accused me of being jealous of his guitar solos.

The truth is, once he called me "Sweetie" and I hated it.

In reality, he didn't deserve me (really, who does), and he was WAY too young for me. I thought he understood.

I figure that the only way to make him stop calling is to write about it, leak our little secret to *Mojo*, *Wired*, and *Discorder* so the publicity of his rejection will make him stop crying.

I'm sorry I had to do this, Miller.

Tom Verlaine, I will always love you. I will still listen to your records every day. I will never forget you and your big old cock. *

vancouver special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

Recording a CD can take a long, long time. I know this better than a lot of people, since my old band has been working on one (off and on) for more than five years, and still shows no sign of finishing. But could this be the explanation for all the CDs that have come to me lately with copyright dates of 1999 and earlier? Call me cynical, but I suspect that a lot of musicians are doing a spring cleaning, unearthing old forgotten gems from the bottoms of their closets, then sending them to us here at *Discorder*. Good as these older recordings may be, for space reasons I've decided to stick to reviewing the fresher pressings. (Bands: send your complaints or explanations to me here at *Discorder*, and maybe I'll reconsider.)

SK ROBOT
SK Robot
(Independent)

The band's name and the cover art hardly say "pop," but pop is certainly what this 5-song EP delivers, in the tradition of *Matthew Sweet*, *Alex Chilton*, and even some of those *Josie and* **4 MAY 2002**

the Pussycats-era Saturday morning cartoons. Five current and former members of *Space Kid*, the *Saddlesores*, *Bossa-nova*, *Speedbuggy*, and *Cinderpop* play well-constructed, boy-harmony packed songs that may have moments as mellow as *Big Star* on downers but tend on the whole to be downright energetic.

getic. There are twists mixed in with the catchy sweetness: a bit of bad-boy 70s guitar at the beginning of "Sweet Gum," and a childlike *Small Faces*-flavoured intro to a song that turns out to be called "Hooded Church of Satan," named just two.

<sk_robot@hotmail.com>



SLOW NERVE ACTION

...The Soap of Beautiful Women
(Independent)

Wow, these are some horny funksters. From the somewhat abstract naked intertwined people on the cover to song titles like "Take It All Off," "Bunz," "Bisexual," and "Astroglide," it's all about sex. And the groove-driven songs themselves seem carefully calculated to lure chicks into removing their garments (see that first song title). Alas, lyrics like "Astroglide, goes deep inside... Open up the back door," don't feel as fresh and funny as when *Elastica* sang similar things about *Vaseline* a few years ago. But if you do feel like seducing someone, or having music to disrobe to, this could be the CD for you. www.slownerveaction.com

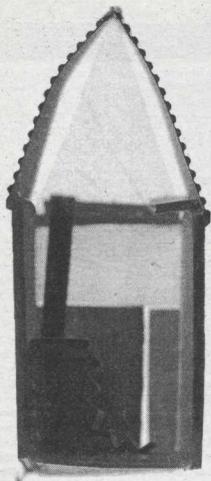
THE TENNESSEE TWIN

Free to Do What?
(Mint)
Remember what commercial country music used to sound like before the ascent of *Shania*, *Garth*, and the *Dixie Chicks*? It always seemed to me to rely heavily on the use of pedal steel guitar, and lately, to my great surprise, it looks like

that instrument has found a new home with the all-country crowd. Is it ironic? Is it respectful? These are the questions you may ask yourself about *Free to Do What?*, which makes use of the pedal steel guitar as well as the once-loathed accordion, fiddle, mandolin, and even a *Dolly Parton* song, *Lucinda* (a.k.a. *Cindy*) *Wolfe's* voice has a nasal twang that could be post-modernist tongue-in-cheek or sincerely

hillbilly-esque—she's really from the American South, after all, and quite capable of either. What's easier to figure out: the title track that sharply criticizes the (North) American way, and "Ruben, Oh Ruben," a song that asks only that you get up and dance like an idiot for a minute and a half. www.mintrecs.com *





IT'S SO QUIET HERE. IT'S
MY MOST FAVOURITE PLACE IN
TOKYO. I LIVE IN HARAJUKU,
SHIBUYA, BUT MY NEIGHBOURHOOD
IS PEACEFUL, ON THE OUTSKIRTS,
CALLED "JINGUMAE." MY ROOM
IS ALWAYS ORGANIZED, AND
VERY MINIMAL AND WHITE.

asian heritage month



May is Asian Heritage Month here at CiTR 101.9FM and to celebrate we'll be contributing a special day of programming Thursday May 16th from 4PM to midnight, featuring music, spoken word, interviews, social commentary and much more, as we explore the influence of Asian culture in our community as well as around the world.

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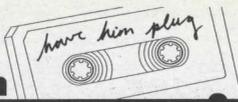
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Here I Am In Montreal

All the rumours are true—hardwood floors, bagels, and cheap rent—Cote de Neiges screaming by—Français and sexy sex—snow in May—reverend-of club nights—cigarettes—of course I am writing this column before I have left, but as you read it I am there.

FUCK the Referendum

Alright, this is it: time to put up the fists and fight. The Liberal Referendum on First Nations is a bigoted attempt to silence the minority with the weight of the majority. I don't think I am going too far in saying that it's equivalent to asking the Germans what to do with the Jews in 1935. Get it? Alright. Let's proceed. Here are some great ways to register your disgust not only with the Referendum, but with the system itself. For those who think voting "No" is the answer—it isn't. The Referendum questions are ambiguous enough that either answer can be legally interpreted in favour of racist policies under Liberal control; furthermore, a No vote is not

binding; and because of already existing Constitutional protections of First Nations status, neither does a Yes vote hold any legal weight. The result? An historic waste of nine million bucks that nevertheless plays

homogenizes a diverse people. Every First Nations treaty is different and unique. Solutions to First Nations treaty rights lie not in the public poll of uninformed, majority non-native people. 2. The Referendum

A NO VOTE IS NOT BINDING; AND BECAUSE OF ALREADY EXISTING CONSTITUTIONAL PROTECTIONS OF FIRST NATIONS STATUS, NEITHER DOES A YES VOTE HOLD ANY LEGAL WEIGHT.

into the Liberals' hands, giving them the weapons to do irreparable damage before the Constitution comes to bear on the situation. Details: 1. The public is provided with no information on the subject whatsoever. History of colonial occupation? None. Residential schools abuse? Nada. Existing treaties and pacts? Zilch. Many of the questions depend upon the results of others; most are completely ambiguous as to whether the question is a general question or one specific to certain, individual First Nations claims. The Referendum

crushes the heterogeneity of humanity with the same jackboot: it smears non-natives with the same brush as Natives through its offensive generalities. It is not too much to say that generalities that attempt to conceal and whitewash histories and at the same time promote the hatred of difference are the premise of nothing less than fascism.

The Ballot... and its Eminent Destruction

There are two main ways to spoil your ballot. 1. Write what you want on it (make it

creative—speak your mind on the Referendum, attach a letter, get a black marker and pull out the anti-Liberal slogans: just make sure to fuck it up so it is obviously "spoiled"). Then put it in all the necessary envelopes (do that all normally) and drop it in the mail. Voila. Your ballot will be counted as a spoiled ballot. 2. Spoil your ballot, and send it to an Indigenous organization collecting the ballots, i.e., the Indigenous Media Arts Group at the Video In reception area (1965 Main Street, 604.872.8337). You can also take

the tyranny of the majority. You've got until May 15th, so get a move on!

The Liminal Zoo

What is "in-between" space? What becomes in-between? Colin Miner, James Nizam, and Chris Ruffatto—in that "in-between" stage of neither-student-nor-professional-artist—explored this non-space in their "Liminal" show which ran April 15-25th at SUB Gallery, UBC. As Aaron Peck notes in his, "Of Other Spaces, or Liminal" document for the exhibition, "the network of galleries signifies how [a young artist] is placed in relation to that stage of their career." As I walked into the Gallery, James was trying to sort out the lighting of his "Lucid (Series III)" painting, a dark green/black plasticized Rothko-esque dreamscape. Praxis: James was attempting to turn the admittedly crappy gallery into an engaging space; dealing with the shitty in-house lighting... The art: Miner's "David and Goliath" was a collection of colour, cardboard and cut-out sheep surrounding a backlit photo of a bushy-eyed and toga-clad Greek with a sling-shot. Was he attacking or defending the sheep or me? Ambiguous in either defending or attacking Christianity, I felt like a misunderstood god. Ruffatto's large, backlit photo of a room-set, "The Grommet"—complete with a strange "grommet" human doll,

"grommet" esel sketches, a fake miniature-world outside the "window"—reminded me of his consumer-topia film exhibited at "Overperson" (indeed, the same black and red notebooks were scattered on the floor of this room-space). And yet I was pervasively captured by Nizam's "Lucid (Series I)," a series of peep-show eye-holes—of those strange lenses you use for looking at 3D topographical maps—that allowed the viewer to see mysterious photos of a clinical, white room with a model in a white biological suit. For Nizam, it was a dreamscape; for me, it was almost an erotic night-mare. As I moved from peep-hole to peep-hole, the model disappeared from the white table to appear in a slide-mirror projection on the opposite wall; and in the last two projections, two separate conflicting images attempt to place the viewer in two spaces at once, both looking at the room from the viewer's point-of-view and looking back-out at the camera from the model's point-of-view, an impossible position, an in-between space, what, as Peck notes, Foucault would call a "heterotopia," or Turner a "liminal" space. For me, at least, Nizam's particular work was attempting to discover fetishistic relations—the peep-show, the viewer, and the clinical—"with(in/out) the khōra."

Until First Nations are Free!

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--	--

STAY TUNED IN JUNE FOR

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Mesa Luna: 1926 W. Broadway. See www.whap.ca for more info.

7 inch

by Bryce Dunn



It's May, when a young man's mind turns to the finale of his favourite TV show (*Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, anyone?), and, of course, music. I give you the latest offerings heard through the ears of a man who's not afraid to make that declaration and put his two cents in for a bunch of records that sometimes make him want to dust off the ol' turntable before dusting the offending piece of vinyl (much like our aforementioned heroine does to her foes) into the trash heap.

Take HO-HUM and JASON MORPHEW, for example. Note to the former: usually, when they say the music speaks volumes, there's some truth to that when it describes your band name. And to the latter, what would possess you to share your talent which such a crappy band? (Playadel Records, PO Box 250721, Little Rock, AR 72225-0721 USA)

If *Buffy* had an alternate theme song, I'm sure KEVIN BLEICHDOM would be the songwriter behind it. Thank goodness it doesn't, cuz her staff is more suited to those *Itchy* and *Scratchy* episodes than never



made it past the cutting room floor. Two tracks of wiggled-out madness can be found on a 7" that sees Ms. Bleichdom helped out by Adult Rodeo on "Jelly Donuts" and Fred Frith on "I Done Usin' U's and Bees." Not for children under the age of six (unless they've had enough of

The Teletubbies to last the rest of their natural born lives). (Four States Fair Record Co., no address given)

Still weird, but nonetheless entertaining is THE T-CCELLS. On this 10" effort (yes, occasionally we make exceptions for the 7's larger friends), our T-CELLS

engage in minimalist blips and bleeps, somewhat reminiscent of early Kraftwerk, on songs like "Final Analysis" and "Daydreams" and put an interesting spin on The Troggs' "Strange Movies." (No contact provided; intentional maybe, accidental probably)

Shifting into high gear, we turn to THE RADIO REELERS to provide some relief from this strange batch of records that have assaulted our senses so far. An ex-Fells and an ex-Weird Lovemaker make up half of this rockin' outfit from San Francisco who deliver supercharged punk 'n' roll like so many bands who

no doubt inspired them (*Devil Dogs*, *The Hummers*, et al.). Two great originals are to be had in "Radio Feedin'" and "No Respect" (and a throwaway version of Wanda Jackson's "Let's Have A Party") at least get the shindig shakin' properly. Only 500 of these babies were pressed, so better snatch 'em up, quick! (Zaxxon Virile Action, 1816 East 3rd Avenue Vancouver, BC V5N 1H2)

No-brainer party favours are the name of the game for THE CYNICS and THE BRIEFS (two bands mentioned in last month's column) with the second singles from both bands get-

ting speedy purchases from yours truly. Garage maniacs can rejoice with "Turn Me Loose," as any stiff will ultimately give in to the charms of this fuzz-filled, harmonica-blastin' rave-up, backed with an equally amped nod to The Electric Prunes' "Never Had It Better." Punk purists will pogo accordingly to the so-catchy-'n'-stupid "Love and Ulcers" and laugh as the boys poke fun at their country and its citizens with "We Americans." Essential additions to your record collection await you. (Get Hip Records, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317 USA and DirtNap Records, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111 USA, respectively)

Last but not least are MEA CULPA who, like their friends The Briefs, also like to write songs about their country's men and women in the hopes that you will not laugh (they give that honour to writer George Orwell on one song). Instead, they want you to think about the cultural and social injustices that loom overhead, like on "Corporate Nation" and "Massacre High," all set to a backdrop of Stiff Little Fingers-style punk. Their name translates as "My Responsibility" and for any conscientious individual it should be your responsibility to check this stuff out. (Empty Records, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102 USA)

And now, back to a sexy blonde kickin' some vampire butt... *



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Wednesday, May 1
Thursday, May 2
Friday, May 3
Saturday, May 4
Sunday, May 5
Wednesday, May 8
Thursday, May 9
Friday, May 10
Saturday, May 11
Sunday, May 12
Wednesday, May 15
Thursday, May 16
Friday, May 17
Saturday, May 18
Sunday, May 19
Wednesday, May 22
Thursday, May 23
Friday, May 24
Saturday, May 25
Sunday, May 26
Tuesday, May 28
Wednesday, May 29
Thursday, May 30
Friday, May 31

Angie Inglis
Steve Dawson and Elliot Polsky
The Rockin' Daddys
Bottleneck
Kendra Shand
Amy Honey / Carolyn Mark
NEW MUSIC WEST... TBA
NEW MUSIC WEST... TBA
NEW MUSIC WEST... TBA
Musiki Pareo / Grup Paris
Steve Dawson and Elliot Polsky
Rich Hope
Victor Polyk and Scott Smith
Amy and Harry's Birthday Bash
RANCFESTI... David P. Smith / Boomchix
RANCFESTI... Rich Hope / Jon Wood / Heather Griffin
RANCFESTI... Hoptown / Swingin' Doors
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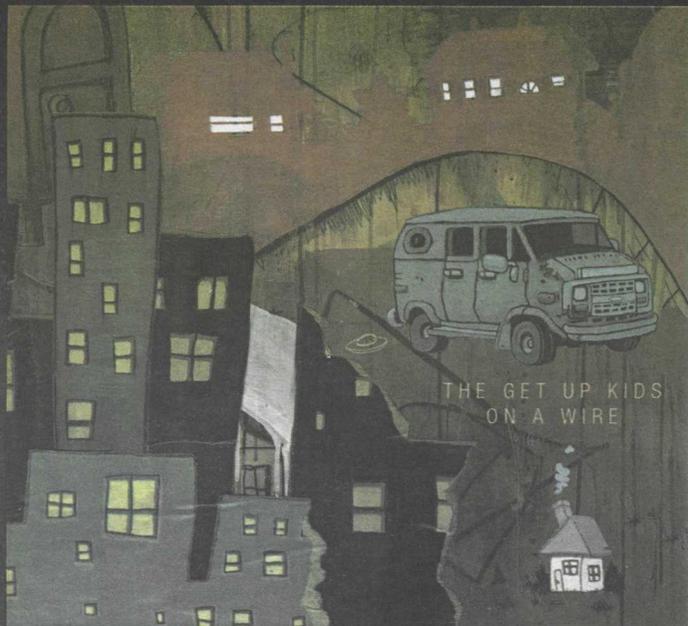
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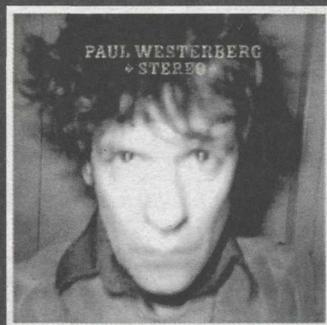


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FRED EAGLESMITH
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Knock Knock Knock

ALL TITLES SPECIALLY PRICED AT

top left to right: J-Live, Constantines, Billy Bragg, Herbaliser, Caitlin Cary, Suba
bottom left to right: Antipop Consortium, Peter Murphy, Hot Hot Heat, Plaid, Josh Rouse



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DAVID YONGE
Horrifying the Inner Child
a playroom

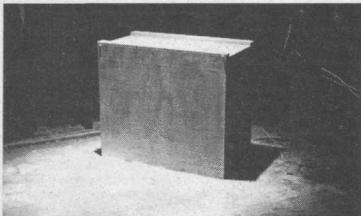
Friday, April 5
I didn't know it was going to be a birthday party, even when someone at the door handed us each a cardboard hat with balloons on it. We climbed a long, steep staircase and floated down a hallway lined with white paper. Turning the corner, I saw what a vast and curious place we were in. It was impossible to tell where the rooms began and ended as 2 x 4s marched off into the distance. It was as if giant maggots had gotten into the building and picked the skeleton clean. It was cold, so we kept our coats on and headed for a single lamp glowing all weak and yellow in a far corner.

The headless dummy of a small child sat in a highchair above a sloppy, green birthday cake. A little bicycle, a stack of presents and a huge cardboard box sat on the floor while a strange-looking toy monkey leered from a sideboard. Some artists would call this an installation, bung it in a gallery and have done with it, but not David

Yonge. It seems that whatever he creates, constructs or finds becomes set and props for a methodical range of actions under various aliases. And this one wasn't going to be pretty.

We amused ourselves walking through walls and chatting until *Puff the Magic Dragon* start-

Against a loop of tinkling, poignant music broken by chattering voices, Peek-a-Boo blundered through the rituals of lighting birthday candles and opening gifts, but it was all going horribly wrong. He stomped on the cake, trashed the presents and began beating



David Yonge. *Horrifying the Inner Child*

ed playing. It was funny to see a big knife suddenly poke through the carton. Something was sawing its way out of there and it was Peek-a-Boo the Clown. By song's end, the scariest party guest of all was out of the box.

everything in sight with a broom handle, including the little boy. The lamp got knocked out and we were plunged into blackness while he repaired it by the light of his Zippo. Then he tried to set himself on fire. Things got real-

ly weird when he pulled what looked like a big, rubbery theros from the front of his pants and started beating off. He came all over the kid, then used the knife to slice the thing off. Blood gushed down his trouser leg. Climbing onto the ridiculously small bike, he paddled down the hall toward the stairwell. We followed, already guessing how it would end. Party hats on heads and sick looks on faces, we watched as clown and bike crashed and tumbled down the cruel stairs and out the door. A few of us clattered down after him but he was already gone.

This was definitely the darkest I've seen Yonge do. The relentless cruelty and destruction seemed pretty much directed at the artist himself (the hapless birthday boy dummy was wearing a little red T-shirt with "DAVID" on it) but the clown's black make-up was so thick and angular that it was like a mask which drove a wedge between perpetrator and victim. The whole thing managed to stay just below the sights of anyone trying to psychoanalyse the proceedings and felt refreshingly free of the rivers of "issues" that run through so much performance art. Maybe that's why it could make us feel so genuinely sad.

I pondered how it must have looked to someone walking or driving past late at night as a frantic clown in a pink lamé

suit burst into the street and dashed off with a tiny bicycle under his arm—especially in such an upscale neighbourhood. The wonder and the joke was that this space even existed. The event had been a kind of heist. Peek-a-Boo's people were locking up, so we dispersed.

Feeling a little rattled, I went off in search of hot chocolate and found a café that was still open. Eventually, a few others drifted in carrying their party hats and we'd been grinning, knowing that we'd been having the same dream.

THE PLUGHOLE

Further proof that the manky end of Granville Street is getting washed and groomed, or a sign that some dancers have an inventive way of breaking out of conventional performance spaces? For now, I choose to believe the latter and highly recommend a visit to the Royal Hotel Pub when *MoVeEnt* presents *Dances for a Small Stage* on May 7 and 8.

Movement Enterprises is a performance society co-founded by Day Helesic and Julie-anne Saroyan, whose priority is to round up dancers with something to show and get it out there. They launched themselves last Fall at the Roundhouse with a mini-festival of New Dance called *Start Here*, but for their current project, have chosen a venue whose ambience will be

an important part of the show.

They've also attracted an impossibly stellar line-up. Imagine *The Holy Body Tattoo* performing three excerpts from *Circa*; former Ballet BC supernova Crystal Pite as her folk-singing alter ego *Crisy Rockbottom*; *Cori Caulfield* (of *Party Girl* fame) in her new piece *Bought and Sold* and Dean Macarenko performing a monkey solo created for him by Cornelius Fischer-tred. There's also a chance to crawl for the next big thing as *Christopher Duban*, *Melanie Phillips* and *Montreal expat Shauna Elton* round out the bill.

Helesic promises that while they'll stick some candles on the tables, they'll maintain the Royal's rawness. It will be interesting to see what the dancers do while hanging around a different kind of bar(ie). Start time is 8pm. Info from 604.731.6856.

At the grant gallery on May 9, you can watch a mischievous, thoroughly engaging performance artist and exercise your I-hate-America muscles at the same time. *Naufus Ramirez-Figueroa* has used the overthrow of Guatemala's elected government in 1954 as an inspiration for his latest work, *Banana Republic*, an abstract tour through Guatemalan history and the Broadway musical. Naufus will be using two Colombian dancers as his back-up chorus! Show at 8pm. Info from the grant at 604.875.9516. *

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THEY WON. WE LOST.

If I were even more cynical than I am right now, I might believe that nearly all the magazines, newspapers and other news sources were making a planned and concerted effort to pull our attentions away from difficult current events.

It's something we've heard so often in our indie culture that it becomes clichéd and loses impact. Words like "corporatization," "globalization," "disinformation," "manufactured consent," and so on. All these issues multiply until those words become trademarks of the left, getting little more than chuckles from the "establishment."

I have heard "serious journalists" (cough) speak condescendingly about critics of the mainstream press, claiming that in no way are news organizations pressured by advertising dollars or an outright embrace of their comfortable lifestyles. I've heard programmers on National Public Radio suggest that left-wing concerns are fine for college kids and adolescents, but for serious "adults" which they give us is real "balance."

Interesting how often I hear the word "balance" to describe a pro-business agenda. Being an American, I feel this thrice probably more than most Canadians, although Canada is hot on the heels of the US's trend toward "selective reporting." All over the radio, conservatives are bitching about the "liberal media."

In defence of Joe Sixpack, we should remember what kind of information nearly everybody is receiving after a busy day of competing for a piece of the pie. For media nerds like me, the facts are bleak, and dissent is hard to find. It is out there, though, and once you develop a routine, you can hear and read a very different version of the "official" story.

I recommend active effort in searching for alternative news sources. Reading foreign press is still a good way to find out what is going unheard and unseen here in North America. Read *The Guardian*, a British newspaper where the American investigative reporter Greg Palast had to go to do actual investigative reporting for once, uncovering, in a frighteningly detailed man-

ner, how the Republicans stole the US election. I wish I could tell you that that was big news. I can't.

An interesting new book called *Into the Buzzsaw* (Leading Journalists Expose the Myth of a Free Press) edited by Kristina Borjesson, chronicles how the careers and lives of certain investigative reporters were devastated by exposing corruption and conspiracy in government, business, and media. Investigation into the crash of TWA Flight 800; the CIA's involvement in the War on Drugs; the US military's efforts to cover up Operation Tailwind, the massacre of hundreds of civilians during the Korean War, and the conspiracy to court-martial a returning POW from Vietnam; the writing on the wall foreshadowing the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001; and much, much more.

Revealing stuff, if not really depressing. I just heard Rush Limbaugh (I often listen to the other side of the aisle) claim that middle-grounder/newsreader Sam Donaldson was some sort of liberal! Right-wingers who lean to the moderate side are

considered left-wing radicals to these fuckers! What might be even more pathetic is the likes of commercial radio stations that claim they are "rebels" or "out-rageous!" Stations like "The Buzz" in Seattle are popping up all over the place with "shock talk." And what do we get? Jokes at the expense of "bitches," "tarads," "homos," "eco-freaks," etc. That's the great alternative to the right, my friends. That's the best they can give us.

When was the last time some major news organization pointed out the fact that Bush and Cheney have millions in investment monies tied up in Saudi Arabia, a place where they kiss even though most of the 9-11 terrorists swam from, funded by and, in-part, trained as terrorists there? Or how convenient it was to send troops into Pipeline-istan? The examples of under-reported stories go on for miles, even in BC where we allow Premier Campbell to tell us that things are IMPROVING! Who exactly is benefiting from this economic genocide, Gord?

I've got more bad news, kids. Those on the side of big money, corporate greed, media censorship, and pacifying Hollywood glitz have won. WE'VE LOST! Big Business owns the government and big media. Government owns the military and police. That's it. The war is over! Thanks for coming out! They've got our countries and are about to have the rest of the world. I live between two

very different cultures, the affluent and the downtrodden. I've got very rich Canadian family members and those in the states who are just flyin' Old Glory and supportin' the president. I can tell you plainly and without exaggerating that they don't really care about the needy that have made "poor life choices." If they're suffering, they should have done something with their life long ago. They need to take "personal responsibility" for their lives. "Now let's thank the Lord for we are about to receive." I'm often emotionally distraught after family gatherings. And I'm not worried about them buggin' over this column since it would be a cold day in hell if they'd pack an independent and outside-the-mainstream mag like *Disorder*.

We need to figure out how we, the non-participants, are going to exist under this. How will we be able to communicate to each other and live communally? I don't know, but be assured, the forums we still have are being eroded this very minute. Funding for real public access programs has decreased and will continue to die because we lack the flashy escapism on other stations. The internet is monitored by big government in order to "protect" us. But if you are still convinced that there is hope, you'd better get involved and act now. I don't know where or how but I'm hoping you can tell me. I'm not holding my breath, though.

I really wish I had the hope that good people like Howard Zinn, Neam Chomsky, Ralph Nader, etc. have. They seem to expect a public groundswell to eventually rise up and take back our culture. It is refreshing that, with almost no media coverage, Michael Moore's movie *Stupid White Men* (and other lame excuses for the state of the nation) is the #1 bestseller in the US and Canada as I write this. Still, I lack confidence that people will actually see the light and do something constructive. I expect people to continue giving, in essence, more and more money to the very rich and keep expecting it to trickle down, which it never does.

With this current "war on dissent," it will be interesting to see which caring reporters will resort to writing for the smaller press, or whoever will take them. Some of the best minds are found in the smallest papers and magazines and rarely appear in "legitimate" papers or as guests on those major political and current events talk shows. How long before hard reporting turns to zines to get the truth out? Will zines even be legal in 10 years? Many are barely legal now and have been sued for copyright infringement or offensive comic art. Join me in congratulating big business in winning the war for media control. They won. We lost.

Hey, I'm just kidding. Everything is fine in the world, really. *

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

My month of mistaken identity began with a clerk at Zulu Records who spotted me talking to *Disorder's* editor during an in-store performance featuring the Intima, and later asked her if I was Christa Min. My guess is that the clerk doesn't read Christa's column, the too-good-to-be-true *Fucking Bullshit!*, because, if he did, he would have never thought "that must be Christa Min." These are the facts (call it "everything I've learned from reading *Fucking Bullshit!*"). Christa Min is a goddess, a guitar player whose skills can't be matched. In addition to her tremendous talent, her beauty is unparalleled. From what I understand, she's got long legs, lips as soft as her ass, and an amazing rack. I haven't had the pleasure of meeting her, but I feel I know her pretty well because I read her column every month, except for January, when I had to make one column last for two long, winter months. You could never mistake me for Christa Min because I am short, and the only amazing rack I can lay claim to is the

one in my wardrobe, which holds, among other things, six black skirts and twenty-two

kept thinking, who uses the pet name "Honey." That romantic overture seems so 1950s, as in

WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT. WHEN MONEY'S BEING EXCHANGED, WE'RE REDUCED TO CERTAIN DEMOGRAPHICS: AGE, GENDER, CLASS, CULTURAL AFFILIATION. THOUGH WE SHAPE OUR OWN IDENTITIES TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, THE REST OF THE WORLD ALSO HAS A SAY IN WHO WE ARE, OR AT LEAST APPEAR TO BE.

blouses. (Yes, I know I have a clothing problem. It's marginally worse than my shoe problem.)

So when an envelope marked "Honey" appeared in my mailbox, I was intrigued. I figured it was meant for our neighbour, a woman in her seventies, but wanted to check with my roommates to make sure they weren't expecting anything in the post. I waited all day for my roommates to return and

"Honey, I'm bringing my boss and two important clients home for dinner tonight. I hope you don't mind. You're so great in the kitchen." I couldn't wait to discover the contents of the letter. My curiosity overwhelmed me, and I tore the envelope open, though I meant to steam it so I could read it if needed.

Alas, it wasn't a love letter to the old woman across the way. Nor was it a missive from a boy trying to love up one of my

roommates. Instead, it was an ode to advertising, two grey speckled pages extolling the virtues of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra in the guise of a love letter. Here's an excerpt from "Honey": "I was just thinking about how wonderful our time together has been and how lucky we are to have each other. Those times we spent in Florence and on the Via Medici were so special, I will

my mailbox by mistake. In reality, it was the folks at the VSO inaccurately pinpointing my roommates and I for people with lots of disposable cash, just because we live in a yuppie neighbourhood, and trying to appeal to us with what they probably thought was a "quirky" advertising tactic. The letter, with its assumption of who I must be, is a lot like *The Table of Cynicism* at Zulu, a coffee table which features Belle and Sebastian, Nick Drake, Boards of Canada and other famous-in-a-hip-way musicians. It's music the staff thinks that its neighbourhood clientele—with their \$70 haircuts and dinners for two—would enjoy. When it comes down to it, when money's being exchanged and there's marketing in the mix, we're reduced to certain demographics: age, gender, class, cultural affiliation. Though we shape our own identities to a certain extent, the rest of the world also has a say in who we are, or at least appear to be.

All this talk about identity brings me to the subject of this column: May is Asian Heritage Month. I thought I'd get around to reading a collection of folk tales that's been on my shelf for months.

MICHAEL DAVID KWAN *The Chinese Storyteller's Book: Supernatural Tales* (Tuttle Publishing)

The late Michael David Kwan takes traditional folk stories and applies his literary skill in his collection of supernatural tales. Kwan, most famous for his award-winning memoir *Things That Must Not Be Forgotten*, tells the tales, which have been passed down through the generations (more than one story refers to the Imperial Examinations, which are a throwback to days of bureaucratic appointment in China by test taking) with confident narration and his own style. The tales deal with the positioning of humans in relation to the spirit world, and work to dissect various evils (such as greed) in society.

Kwan's supernatural tales are a refreshing departure from the Chinese propaganda tales I heard when I was younger. Best of all, the stories work to take apart our ideas about identity by looking at a supernatural world that is "other." If we could have that outsider perspective on our present day world, we might be able to better understand ourselves. *

**Listen up for CiTR's Asian Heritage Month
Celebration on Thursday May 16th.**

lung butter



DISCORDER: Who are you? (Name, instrument of 4/4 destruction, hairstyle, choice of facial hair)
Lennie Haggerty: Drums.
Nick Kuepfer: Guitar/Vocals.
Colin Fisher: Guitar/sax.
Tim Nicholls: Bass.

We're crazy! Hair growing everywhere! Manwhores, apparently. Tell us some of the highlights of your tour so far. When our van broke down for the first time we thought we'd have to abandon the van and the tour because the mechanic at Slim's Auto in Marathon, ON tried to convince us that we needed \$600 to \$800 to fix it. A second opinion suggested we get a \$4-bottle of gas line anti-freeze which fixed it.

Nick from Lungbutter books shows in Stratford, Ontario. Name and described some of your favourite bands who you've booked. Da Bloody Gashes, The First Day, Slight Return, Two Minute Miracles, Gaffer, Mach Tiver, A few of the improv shows with Colin Fisher [of Lungbutter] and a few other guys from Toronto, Evan Symons, Projektors, Paperbacks, Joel and The A Minus, Cities To Drown In... pretty much every band that's booked I really like because there's no point in booking something you don't. What percentage of your set is improvised and how could an audience tell?

It varies from show to show. The improv is just as tight as some of the composed material.

Are all members of math rock bands good at algebra? We suck at math (and direction) and to set things straight, we're 401 core! 2+2 is 4, 2+2 is 4, 2+2 is 4, 2+2 is 4.

What do people do for work in Stratford when Shakespeare season is over? We starve but drink more and have children.

Are bands from southern Ontario spoiled compared to the rest of Canada given the shorter distances between shows? Where would Lungbutter commonly play outside of Stratford? Who might you play with? We play around Ontario a fair bit as well as neighbouring province

Quebec. Montreal has a good scene. The shorter distances between cities don't matter because few cities have good scenes and places to play. We play with punk/hardcore bands, rock bands, improv bands and many others. We've driven too much this tour, that's for sure. How many practices does it take for Lungbutter to get a song down?

Three or four usually depending, of course, if everyone is present. They tend to work themselves out pretty quick. Close friends of yours passed away shortly before you left on tour. At a show in mid-September of 2001, one of them gave away an "Osama Bin Laden Is My Hero" t-shirt. Please take this opportunity to eulogize your friends and explain how it has affected your tour.

When something like that happens within a group of friends, it really hits home. It definitely brought out a lot of feelings from everyone. Not just us—everyone. We brought those feelings with us. We brought them with us. This tour is for them, and it's given us direction. We miss them and I think I speak for everyone who knew them when I say "Stay strong, stay together, and try to remember!" We miss you Barry and Lubby: Ask yourself a question and either stretch the truth about the answer or lie outright.

What music has influenced Lungbutter and how has your music changed? Drive Like Jehu, Polvo, Sonic Youth, Fugazi, AC/DC, Rush, John Zorn, Captain Beefheart, Joe Morris, Massacre, Erectus Monotone, Flaming Lips, Mr. Bungle, Archie Shepp, Naked City, etc. The music has grown from its hardcore roots to incorporate even more complexity and more improvised ideas.

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Bizarro CD - Red Elephant Records - 1998
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Dr. Rush's Tranquillizer - 2002

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By Evan Symons

Thunderbird Interview Hell

DISCORDER: Who are you?

Michaela Galloway: Vocals, flute, keyboard, percussion.

John Lucas: Guitar, baritone guitar, bass.

Gregg Steffensen: Drums, random noises.

Cam McLellan: Bass, guitar.

Kyle Fogden: Guitar, keyboard, bass (currently in Copenhagen).

Meredith Woolley: Keyboards, backing vox (Kyle's temp replacement).

Hinterland played its first show at Ms T's Cabaret. Is it the best venue in Vancouver for up-and-coming bands? How does it rate compared to the ANZA Club and the Sugar Refinery?

Michaela: You left the best venue for up and coming bands off your list. The Purple Onion is by far the best. We have played there more than anywhere else. Jay from Seaside Studios puts on Thursday live band nights. Sean is a super great soundman. Never underestimate the importance of a good soundman who really knows the house system.

Gregg: I believe Ms. T's is the ideal venue because of the simple fact that it's easy to film and it costs nothing to put on a show there, as opposed to Video In, who need a \$300 fee up front. I also think it's on par with the ANZA and the Sugar Refinery.

Cam: The ANZA has a certain something—knowing your dad drank

beer there in the '70s after rugby games.

Meredith: I think that Ms. T's is a good venue for gigs, but I like the feel of the ANZA Club because it has this cozy cabin type setting. Should the Sugar Refinery be banned from the Georgia Straight?

John: Only if the Georgia Straight is banned from the Sugar Refinery.

Kyle: No, but Hinterland should.

Gregg: Of course not! I think this town is a little too self-serving at a time when we (local bands, venues and media etc.) need to help each other to save this pitiful live scene. Where's the love? Describe the first show you ever played and add a little folklore for good measure.

Michaela: I played my first show at the Press Club in April of 1997. I was in a band called Space Cadet. We played with the Dirtmitts and the Beans. Jenny (who used to book the Press Club) told us that the Club had never been fuller than that night!

John: Flutter debuted to an audience of about 25 at some rec centre in Coquitlam. Our bass player took off to Hawaii and we were forced to do an acoustic show. Never again!

Gregg: My first show was at a theatre in Salmon Arm with a bunch of guys from my high school. We did a song in 7/4 time to impress my drum teacher. I was into glam rock... next question.

Cam: Starfish Room on an indie-rock bill with Blaise Pascal and Meet Daisy. It was their last show, I believe, and it was a good one.

True Love Forever didn't last much longer either—probably my last and so far as a drummer.

Kyle: House party with my first band (I was 17). I did backing vocals and after singing my first lines I got embarrassed, hid in the kitchen and played bass from there. Then I broke a string before playing "Gunge Away" and compensated by playing the wrong third note in every phrase. Then I went on my first rock 'n' roll bender...

Meredith: Well, that would have been a month ago. It was my first time ever in a band and on stage playing an instrument and singing. Sure, I had pre-show jitters and blocked out some of my singing parts but once I was on stage and I heard the songs it came back to me at once.

What other bands have the members of Hinterland performed with? How have they influenced Hinterland? Are you older and wiser now or just older and "losing your edge" to quote a 20-something indie rocker who is now 30-something?

Michaela: I used to be in Space Cadet, and in the Electrosonics. I am a much better musician now than I ever have been before. Joining the Electrosonics was very educational. Suddenly I was playing the Starfish Room (a big jump from the Press Club) and recording on something other than a 4-track. The other members of the Electrosonics were older than me, had been on tour and in the studio before. I feel like I really cut my teeth in that band. In the

Electrosonics Eric White really had primary creative control. In Hinterland I am creatively present in the music in a way I never have been before, and that I never was ready to be before.

John: I learned to play live and write songs in Flutter, which also featured a very rusty Gregg on drums.

Kyle: Loud Twin Bell is all I'll name... the other two in that band taught me to fuck around and try to keep things interesting. Another band I was in in Toronto taught me that combining new wave, the Smiths, and glam rock just isn't where it's at.

Gregg: This is embarrassing because all my old bands were metal. I guess the most popular was Sasha's Aura. We played at the Lunatic Fringe a lot. I think I still pull out some of that influence on Hinterland.

What part of the world would you most like to tour in?

Michaela: I'm not really into the idea of being on the road for weeks at a time in any part of the world. Sleeping on floors and dealing with crabby ex-metalhead sound people isn't my thing. I could go on a short tour anywhere in the world as long as I got to stay in a hotel and got to play at a decent club with a good sound system.

Oh, and I would need to take my cats because Meredith usually looks after them and she would probably come with us.

Gregg: Eastern Europe.

Cam: Northern England or Lebanon 'cause the food's good.

Where is your personal Hinterland?

Michaela: I take it we are being metaphorical here. I have places I imagine in my mind, things I imagine being in those places. Sometimes I imagine that I am a lovely little fish in a babbling brook navigating the current. Sometimes I imagine that I am sleeping in a large ice cave with a lowering ceiling. Sometimes I imagine that I am standing in a vast tall grass field.

Gregg: Photographer Hiroshi Sugimoto's Sea of Japan.

Cam: Miles from here.

Meredith: Sooke, BC, where my grandma lives. It fulfills both definitions: a) a region that is remote from cities and b) the land that lies next to coastline or river.

Describe your style without comparing yourself to any other bands.

Michaela: No.

John: Atmospheric rock. Better than a stick in the eye?

Gregg: I hate this question. Ethereal applications volume 6.7.

Kyle: To quote John Lucas quoting Kyle Fogden: "Close your eyes and it's 1991," but I guess not so much anymore.

Demo tracks available at www.mp3.com/hinterland www3.telus.net/hinterland

hinterland



Wasteland of Wax by tobias v

Where did Vancouver get the reputation as a "cultural wasteland"? We're the home of Douglas Coupland, William Gibson, Hank Bull, and Jeff Wall; we're known the world over for our killer weed; we've got whales, nonsensical politics, forests, loggers, Hicks, and puppies. Face it—we're hip and happening. So how come no one knows? Or cares? I'm going to reduce the cultural analysis and give you one simple reason: music. Any city worth an eighth of green has an exploding music scene. In Vancouver, however, the rockers complain about the loss of "live" venues and the DJs complain about the lack of crowds.

I can't speak for the rock crowd (I'll leave it to Nardwuar or Bryce to stir that bucket of worms), but as for the rest—what a bunch of whiners. This article is about some people starting something, and not the whiners, and although it's been claimed that "Digeridoo Mania!" rules the city, the real Vizier of Vancouver is House Music.

It's not all house music, thank God, as Vancouver is slowly coming to realize that there is a world of music outside of the evolutionary path of disco. However, even such experimental labels as Spencer's *itiswhatitis* (named after Derrick May's infamous Detroit techno track) incorporates a deep sense of melancholy, a tension played out between the city and the forest that can be heard in the work of Victoria's Mathew Johnson. Is that melancholy—which can take the form of subtle joy—native solely to house? Hardly; and with that realization, Vancouver and its sister colony Victoria have taken the big step into the world of genre-blurring contemporary electronic music. But we're not quite there yet, and I'm going to be blunt in this article about it: the house tradition in this city, while strong and alive in a healthy fashion, is also hegemonic in its sonic power. Hopefully, with the introduction of six new record labels, the house backbone of the city will come to grow arms, legs, and eventually, a soul.



DJ SPENCER

[1] Deepen. "Deepen" is the name of DJ Vernon and Tyler Stadius' Saturday tech-house night at the Lotus, as well as the namesake of Vernon's label, which just pressed its second release, the *Ogopogo* EP by Jay Tripwire. Tripwire's sound is easily classified as "UK tech-house," despite his Vancouver origins, and it is only lately, with this recent release featuring the vocal work of house DJ Leanne, that he has begun to inject feeling and emotion into his work.

The first release on Deepen—the *Nightvision* EP—is a compilation 12", and it is Elan Benoroch who stands out with his "One Time Staggered," following in the footsteps of accomplished Nordic Trax house artist Gavin Froome. Although Tripwire and Primordial Trax have "techno" tracks on the EP, they fail to grab any real attention.

[2] Northern Lights. If there is one thing I can say about Jay Tripwire, it is that he is prolific. He released close to a dozen records this past year as well as launching his own label, Northern Lights, which seems squarely aimed at the tech-house niche, although with a few surprises: monthly upcoming releases feature Evil Eddie Richards (UK), Sensei (Denver), and the famed Mark Ambrose (UK), with remixes from Tripwire and Baltimore's Patrick Turner. Always confident, Jay says that starting up a label was "pretty easy," as he managed to acquire a prestigious "P+D" (Production and Distribution) deal with the UK distributor Greyhound. The arrangement means that he takes a cut of the sales instead of risking investment capital in pressing his own records. Tripwire's long term plans, however, are to run Northern Lights himself and start an independent sub-label focused on harder techno, which I personally find fascinating, given that harder techno has all but run out of steam internationally.

[3] Active Pass. Deep house is the sound with DJ Kris Palesch's label "Active Pass," which is a good name for the dubby and spaced-out post-house found on the beautiful debut *Urban Fever* EP featuring Stephanie Novak, a.k.a. Pilgrims of the Mind. Expertly detailed in its production of sound and groove, with deep basslines anchoring dubby synthesizer riffs and a jazzy piano presiding over a strong kick, this is a stellar record from a mature producer that sets the bar for a Vancouver house sound. As the manager of Boomtown Records in Vancouver, Palesch has the industry know-how and business sense to make the label successful; yet the label's music reflects the quieter aspects of the coast's islands.

[4] Twisted Roots. Can you say dub? Twisted Roots label head DJ Nancy Kyd has recruited a handful of primarily West-coast house producers to remix vintage King Tubby dub and reggae material from the 1970s for her *Yabby You*, 1972 series. Each of the 12" features a dubbed-out house remix on the A-side and the original Tubby track on the flip. The project sounds fascinating, but so far, nothing has hit the shelves. And when it comes down to it, it's a bit disappointing that more local producers aren't involved in the project and my academic side says to me: "Why are all these white people remixing Tubby, and how the hell did a Vancouver DJ get hands on this rare material?" It is my hope that the project will show the same dedication that Tubby gave to his work. The series will be made available on CD, with producers such as the UK's Nigel Hayes and SF's Jeno digging deep into the classic material.

[5] Totem/Village. From what I can tell, DJ Little T's respected house label Leaf Recordings has launched two new sub-labels, Totem and

Village. Managed by Graham Boothby, the sub-labels are promising solid house tracks under the umbrella of the successful Leaf imprint which has helped to pioneer house music in Vancouver. Information has been sparse and elusive, but keep your ear to the ground for releases over the next few months.

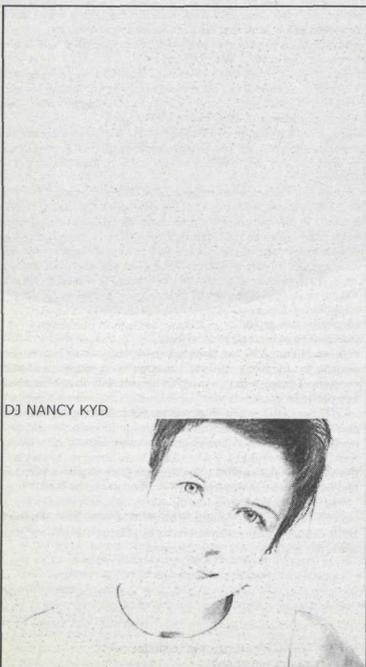
[6] *itiswhatitis*. Run by respected Victoria DJ Spencer, I've left *itiswhatitis* for last because, at least for me, it is the label that has strived the hardest to push past boundary restrictions, and most significantly, break the house mold. Unlike most of the Vancouver-based labels, *itiswhatitis* hasn't followed in the musical footsteps of Nordic Trax. It is perhaps not so surprising that the most innovative music is not happening in Vancouver, but in collaborations between primarily Victoria-based artists and Eastern Canadians (as well as a few New Yorkers, as we shall see).

Influenced by the sounds of Germany and Detroit, with a healthy dose of minimalism, dub, and jazz, and working closely with the action in Toronto and Montreal, *itiswhatitis* is producing fundamentally genre-blurring music between minimal techno, house, and electro, a sound that attempts to sonically interpret the tensions between city and nature that make the Pacific Northwest such a unique place. Spencer says that it "doesn't matter what genre it is, for good music comes from a deep, deep place"—which is not to say that the label is unfocused; Spencer, a DJ of 12 years and an avid soccer player, is passionate about releasing talented Island and Vancouver artists as well as expanding the label's scope to include international collaborations. "I'm just surrounded by musicians, so what better to do but support them and put it out, you know?"

itiswhatitis' current release, *The Is He EP* by Matthew Johnson, is an edgy, minimal techno mudduck that will see a limited-edition clear vinyl run, with remixes from German-Chilean Perlon heavyweight Ricardo Villalobos, and a relatively large run of 1,500 12"s. Johnson's work inaugurated the label, and his Rob Hood-esque blend of repetitive off-key synth loops and tight percussion was what first caught my ears and drew me to hunt down every *IIWII* release—now on their sixth.

Upcoming releases will feature the likes of Victoria's Cobblestone Jazz and minimal house producer Ben Neville (who is playing Mutek this year in Montreal; take note!), while past releases have featured the work of ex-Vancouverite Seth Sly. Meanwhile the East Meets West series will continue to pair up local Westerners with Canada's Eastern artists, including Toronto's Mike Shannon and Botendose. On an international level, the DrumKomputer series will continue to feature the minimal electro collaborative work between New York's Dietrich Schoenemann and Taylor Dupree (of experimental label 12k). For those that caught any of my last DJ sets in Vancouver, I've been playing these tracks non-stop; Dupree's attention to detail found in his microsound work finds its niche in the driving determination of Schoenemann (of Hidden Agenda).

It would be cliché to say something along the lines of "Vancouver's 'wasteland' certainly has its advantages; there are acres of room to grow;" for Vancouver is neither wasteland nor acreage. It is environment and habitat competing with a reclusive modernism, and streaming through its peripheries are the sounds of this sonic, sounds that are beginning to reshape a Pacific NorthWest sensibility.



DJ NANCY KYD

Film critic Pauline Kael once described *Pulp Fiction* as a movie that gets you drunk off movies. To her the movie exuded an exuberant love of cinema. A kaleidoscope of characters, plots, tunes, and a gold watch stuck up Christopher Walken's ass, it was a funky ass rainbow of influences turned into the world of Tarantino. Although he ain't "nearly as violent" as QT, Van City's Funk Grand Master, Vinyl Ritchie (along with his partner-in-crime, Brian Carson) has produced his own sort of *Pulp Fiction* with the album *Wicked* (soon to be released under the name Lester). Sure, Samuel L. was sporting a jeri-curl wig and doing his rendition of a modern *Shaft*, but it wasn't a straight retro blaxploitation flick. So, sure, Vinyl's taking things back to the funk essentials; but its not like he just rapped over a James Brown sample either.

In this town, there's hip hop music, there's house music, then there's the music of Vinyl Ritchie (aka Spun-K, aka Wicked Lester, aka Scott Arkwell). While "breaks" is a term that often may be used to label his sound, to me it's also a ground half way between the beats and vibes of hip hop and house, but without the clichés of either. All the way back to '91, from his Zoo Boogalo night at the Starfish Room circa '94, Cherry Bombs at Sonar during the latter half of the '90s (both with DJ Czech) to the Big Sexy Funk night at Shine today, Vinyl's been spinning records trying to find that ground combining different sounds that all revolve around one word: funk.

Though his career has already lasted an eternity by DJ standards, you couldn't exactly say that the audience for his sound is an established one (compared to the establishments that are hip hop and house). Perhaps this could be because his sound isn't really a definable one. But while Vinyl does acknowledge that "there always will be little pockets of genres and sub-genres," some more established than others, he has at least seen the overall community of DJs, MCs, etc. in Vancouver "holding it down and keeping it together a lot more" than in the early days.

Just looking at the success of local hip hop acts like the Rascalz and Swollen Members—as well as the successful opening of Vancouver's first DJ school by DJ Leanne—it becomes apparent that the scene has matured in significant ways. Which brings me back to that ground between the hip hop of a Swollen Member and the house music of a DJ Leanne. Tracing the roots of hip hop and house music, one comes back to the dance-oriented music of the '70s that had "groove" and "funk" all over it. These pieces of groove and funk that were extended by early DJs came to be known as "breaks." These breaks are the foundation of Vinyl Ritchie's music: "breaks to me are the origin and the root of all evil."

Anyone who's experienced one of Vinyl Ritchie's DJ sets might have expected that, when the time came for Vinyl to produce his own beats and breaks, a more uptempo and intense type of "breaks" music would have appeared. However, *Wicked* is a more mellow affair. Vinyl's *Wicked* album is more patient, refined, and organic than that of his DJ sets at the clubs: "Rocking the clubs is my job. [But] sometimes, when the party's over and you're at home, you don't want that kind of vibe. At the end of the day, when a song is complete, I like to close my eyes and visualize a band playing it. You know, what is the drummer doing? What is the bass player doing in this part of the song?"

Like a Tarantino movie, the *Wicked* album has its share of a wide variety of songs and vibes (like *Pulp Fiction*'s various characters and plots) but all seem to share to some overall vibe and humour. Take a brief survey of some descriptions of the *Wicked* songs: Moka Only rap-singing on an old school funk break; Lady Precise and Ishkan of the City Planners rapping over a swing beat; Lady Precise singing and rapping over a '60s game show kinda vibe; Vinyl and Brian singing themselves (like two drunk-ass "gringos") on a downtempo latin loving jam; a couple of Middle Eastern/Latin/Byzantine

instrumentals; singer Lily Frost singing in French and regga MC Shylox doing his thing on a song which also happens to be an easy-listening type tune...

This is where the various collaborating vocalists and MCs fit into the puzzle. The vocalists and songs vary in crazy ways, but all seem to fit together like the weird characters did in *Pulp Fiction*. Artists like Moka Only and Lady Precise fit the project like a glove because they share Vinyl's diverse musical addictions, but all revolve around one thing at the end: funky music. And while those two particular vocalists come from a hip hop-type background, their performances on the album go way beyond that of hip hop's often restrictive nature and mentality—and are still way more down and dirty than the frequently pretentious house crowd. Moka, for one, stands apart in that he doesn't really look like a hip hop head, or an R&B singer, or a house model wannabe, either. And his vocals can't strictly be classified as rapping or singing. Lady Precise can go from straight MC-ing to belting it out Aretha Franklin-style. The collaborations just happened naturally because in the end, "game recognizes game."

While Vinyl and Brian made a conscious attempt to make their sound "as organic as possible considering we're making it with computers," I wondered whether it was all sampled stuff or is there some live stuff in there too? "Well, you got to tell me, man, that's the big mystery of this album." Well, I do know that I don't recognize any of the beats or basslines in there, but I also know that he is still waiting on some samples to be cleared. But then again, I also know that his partner and producer Brian Carson happens to "play just about every instrument there is" so... I dunno.

Through his decade-plus stretch of DJing and the delays he's experienced waiting for *Wicked*'s samples to be cleared, Vinyl's definitely had time to reflect on the nature of sampling. "I guess you could say that, ironically, since the laws are so tight, it's almost a good thing because it challenges the people more. I can understand it if, you know, in the '70s, you were a drummer and you dedicated your life to being an artist and being a drummer and a lot of time and energy and blood and tears were put into recording some drum breaks and 20 years later, some fucking kid with a sampler is going to jack your beat and make a million dollars—yeah, you deserve to get paid." But, on the other hand, "look at the RZA... you can't tell me he steals melodies: he makes up his own with the stuff that he's borrowing."

So, while the borrowing issue is always close to hand (especially whenever turntablists are concerned), there are people that borrow and take those borrowed ideas along for a ride of their own. But still

VINYL RITCHIE

by Boon Kondo

Vinyl acknowledges that this project wouldn't have been possible without the creation of the turntablists because he, himself, has "learned about music from listening to records and playing records and manipulating records, and even my partner Brian, (who's a multi-instrumentalist), is starting to get into the turntable aspect of it."

That's not to say that Vinyl sees turntablists being the dominant music provider at the clubs forever either, but he does see himself ready for the era when live music is the norm again. And while he "can remember a time back when bands were hiring me to play with them" back in the early '90s, working on this project has prepared him for the next wave even more.

Leaving aside he songs on the *Wicked* album, Vinyl Ritchie, to me, is the only guy in town that'll mix N.W.A. with Steve Winwood at the clubs, or finish off an interview by playing me his own break remix of Kenny Rogers' "The Gambler." •

Vinyl Ritchie (a.k.a. Wicked Lester, Spun-K, or Scott Arkwell) is the resident DJ at Sonar on Friday's and Shine on Saturday's. His Wicked album will be released under the name Lester worldwide this September on Nettwerk Records.

Emily Pohl-Weary



By Doretta Lau

*I can't figure out how Toronto writer and editor Emily Pohl-Weary manages to do everything she does. Non-fiction publisher Between the Lines has just released her book *Better to Have Loved: The Life of Judith Merrill, which she co-wrote with the late, great science-fiction writer Merrill, who is her grandmother. The grandmother/granddaughter team came together when Pohl-Weary was 20, and Merrill stipulated in her will that Emily would complete the story of her life.**

*Pohl-Weary is also co-editor of Broken Pencil, a magazine devoted to zines, alongside Hal Niedzviecki. Before she became co-editor, she worked as reviews editor and managing editor. Over the past three years she has organized of the Canzine Festival of Independent Art, she has just finished a novel (*Sugar's Empty*), and she edits her own zine, *Kiss Machine*. What impresses me most is that even with her prolific output, she still has time to follow Buffy the Vampire Slayer and complete this email interview.*

DISORDER: What's your favourite childhood memory? Emily Pohl-Weary: Reading. Going to the library and checking out sacks full of books. Mostly, though, I'm glad childhood is over. I like being grown up and independent much better.

Did you grow up in Toronto?

Yes. I grew up in the west end of the city, a working class neighbourhood called Parkdale that's only now slowly becoming gentrified. Actually, back in the '30s and '40s, when Lake Ontario was not horribly polluted, it was a real hotspot. Then they put in a highway that divided the city from the beach. It's also separated from downtown by the Queen Street Mental Health Centre, and is home to a diverse community, including out-patients from the hospital, the working poor, new immigrants to Canada, and a large Eastern-European population.

How did the community you grew up in influence your work?

I grew up in an extremely urban environment, fixating on the way a lot of really different people interacted with each other in such close quarters. A lot of people who lived in my neighbourhood were down and out. I knew the local shopkeepers and recognized the hookers on the corner. After seeing how cops treat poor people, it became apparent to me at a very early age that our society is not set up to protect the little guy. My mother says that as a child, I was very concerned with the concept of fairness, and I think this was due to these experiences influence my work. I proselytize the DIY ethic because I don't think it's fair that only people who have money to publish glossy mags or produce television shows should be able to have their say and portray their political views.

When did you first read your grandmother's fiction?

I read it as a child, but it didn't make the same impression on me that it did as an adult. I reread all her novels, and many short stories and articles, when I first started working on the book. Her incisive analysis of our society's failings and understanding of the relationships between people who love each other completely stunned me. So did the fact that dynamics she had observed in her ancestors seemed to be repeating in my generation.

Did your decision to become a writer have anything to do with Judith's influence on you life?

Certainly. Judy raised my mother to be a reader and a thinker. In return, my mother facilitated my desire to consume fiction and to exercise my imagination. For instance, we only got a TV set when my grandfather decided to buy one for us. Also, my

grandmother and I were always discussing books we had read or were interested in. I asked her about everyone from Philip K Dick to Ursula K Le Guin. She kept clippings from the *Toronto Star* and other magazines for me to read and when I visited she would ask me about things I was reading or learning about at school—the politics of health care, graffiti, hip hop music, pop-music magazines and the things her own friends knew nothing about. She really truly wanted to know what I thought. As a child, if you feel like your opinion is important enough to be considered, and even argued with, then you believe you must have something interesting to say. She also read everything I wrote while she was alive and gave me very critical encouragement.

How did your understanding of Judith change when you completed *Better to Have Loved*?

I think that now my understanding of Judy is more complete and comprehensive. Before, I saw her mostly as my grandmother. Afterward, I came to respect her for her impact on the literary world, and as a catalyst who sparked and encouraged many interesting people's careers. More than anything, I think her death has changed the way I see her; instead of the everyday fights and difficulties you have to deal with in all relationships, there is a kind of fuzziness to things that allows me to romanticize our friendship a bit.

How did your understanding of yourself change?

I believe my identity as a writer was formed in the process of completing the book, as well as the courage to identify as such, despite the fact that I have not necessarily chosen an approach to writing that is considered prestigious by the mainstream. Judy was an idealist and I am also clearly an idealist. I will only write things that I feel like writing. I don't pander to the status quo or the market's desires. I also realized that I love feeling the solitary pull of writing and I believe Judy's stories and encouragement often fuelled that pull.

Aside from all that, the task of putting together a book's worth of text is extremely educational. It helped me conceptualize my novel in do-able chunks, so that I didn't feel overwhelmed by the hugeness of it. I don't think I would have tackled writing a novel if I hadn't done the book about Judy first.

What is your writing process like?

In order to work on larger writing projects, such as *Better to Have Loved* or *Sugar's Empty*, or even *Broken Pencil* or *Kiss Machine* during production time, I have to completely clear my plate for weeks at a time. I do my best writing early in the day and have got to feel that no other pressures will force me to stop writing before the inspiration has been translated to the computer. Sometimes that means writing for days on end, and barely coming up for air and food. Other times, that means forcing myself to sit in front of the computer until I've written 1,000 words. Generally, the 1,000 words per day rule helps me feel like I've been productive, but still allows me to stop torturing myself when I'm not in the mood for writing.

Do you listen to music when you write? If so, what do you listen to?

Sure do. Lately, I've been downloading old songs by Hole, Madonna, and Prince. I have also music by the Weakerthens, Billy Bragg, Lou Reed, Belle and Sebastian, Blink-182, Echo and the Bunnymen, The Smiths, and Luscious Jackson cued up in Winamp right now. The last CDs I bought were the soundtrack to the Molly Ringwald '80s classic, *Pretty in Pink*, which I found in a bargain bin and *The Teaches of Paules*.

Who or what do you find influential?

Frida Kahlo (I wrote a poem about her four years ago, called "It's All Frida K's Fault"). Emily Carr (I was named after her), Francesca Lia Block, Buffy, Willow, Alice Walker, Margie Piercy, Octavia Butler, Haruki Murakami. My mother. My grandmother. My 15-year-old sister. Nancy Drew. Michael Turner. Tamara Faith Berger. Yoko Ono. Passionate zinesters. Isabel Allende. Anti-capitalist protestors. Ann Hansen (author of *Direct Action*). Plus, I'm sooooo completely a child of the '80s that any of the cool rock stars from then—and some of the movie stars, like Molly Ringwald and John Cusack—really turn my crank.

Please tell me about your zine, *Kiss Machine*.

Kiss Machine (www.kissmachine.org), which I co-edit with visual artist and poet Paola Poletto, is my little baby, and its growth continues to amaze me. It's a photocopied foray into independent art, literary culture, and political views, and an effort to highlight the surrealism inherent in day-to-day life. Each issue features two seemingly discordant themes, such as bugs and small business, or hospitals and aliens. Visual art relating to these themes weaves through poetry, short stories, interviews, articles, and interviews, without any clear indication where fiction ends and non-fiction begins. The issue we're currently working on has the themes of cars and religion in honour of the Pope-Mobile, which is schedule to stop off in Toronto this summer. Up next, we're planning a special shoot 'em up girls-and-guns issue.

Paola and I have been publishing zines and artists' books together for years. We did our first collaborative zine in 1996, called "This City of Faces," for which I wrote five overlapping short stories, and Paola contributed a photo-essay. After several other pleasurable collaborations, we decided to take our publishing efforts one step further and launched *Kiss Machine* when we came to the conclusion that there aren't many arts and culture magazines in Canada that reflect the kind of inspirational and incredible work being created by the emerging artists and writers who most inspire and entertain us. *Kiss Machine* is our attempt to create a magazine that we actually want to contribute to ourselves, and living proof that a community can produce better and more vibrant art than a corporation.

What are you reading right now?

I've been loving the books in Joan D Vinge's *Snow Queen* series. I recently reviewed *Ordinary White Grief*, by Brock Clarke and *Saugus to the Sea*, by zinesters Bill Brown and Brad-Yung, for Toronto's alternative weekly, *NOW* magazine. The former was so-so, but the latter rocked. In the past few months, I've read manuscript versions of novels by Toronto writers and friends Jim Munroe and Hal Niedzviecki that I really enjoyed.

Do you have any zines to recommend?

The best zines I've read in the past month were both about cats: *My Cat's more Punk than Yours* by Toronto's 5:17 and *Is This a Cat?* by Lexington, Kentucky's Christopher Rowe. Don't know why I liked them so much, cuz I'm not big on pets. But they're both seriously fabulous and completely different. The former is a biography of a cat named Maxwell. The latter is a collection of highly literary science fiction stories by a group of up-and-coming American writers.

What are you currently working on?

Just last week I finished a draft of a novel, called *Sugar's Empty*. It's about an average schlacker girl named Sugar. She shelves CDs at Record Teen for minimum wage when she isn't avoiding her boss' advances or numbly watching her co-worker steal the merchandise. After work, she finds solace in chips and Parker Posey movies in her empty apartment, empty that is, except for her recently deceased boyfriend. Post-mortem break-ups suck. Even changing the locks won't keep a ghost lover out. To be able to stand up to her boss, get out of her rut, and into the life she wants, Sugar needs a little help from a hardcore video activist, a blue-haired single mom-to-be and the supernatural.

I'm also gearing up to start working on an online interactive detective novel with my chum, Sally McKay. McKay is one of the editors of Toronto art magazine *Lola*, and an awesome visual artist. Inspired by a childhood binge on Nancy Drew mysteries and Choose-Your-Own-Adventure books, we decided to write a mystery story that involves what we consider true crime. So far, the plot's shaking out to be something like: a homeless man is found dead, it's murder? With her trustee sidekicks Robot Dog and Old Crone, Girl Detective gets to the bottom of it and uncovers all kinds of nasty corruption in the powers that be.

What's the last thing that blew your mind?

Um, two things? 1. Angel actually tried to kill Wesley at the end of the last episode. 2. I actually got married two weeks ago!!

Emily reads at the Vancouver Public Library on Georgia, May 7th at 7:30pm.

Ever since Fall Silent's new Revelation full-length, *Drunken Violence*, showed up in my mailbox I've been spinning the hell out of it—a rampaging hardcore assault that defly jumps genres and breaks down barriers. Suitably stoked, an interview was in order—I spoke with vocalist Levi Watson via email in April.

by Eric Flexyourhead

FALL SILENT



DISCORDER: Obligatory email interview band stats—the who, when, where, what, why, and how of Fall Silent.

Levi Watson - Vocals
Damon Watson - Drums
Danny Galecki - Guitars
Justin Spalin - Bass
Donny Johnson - Guitars

Can you give me a little band history?

We started playing in late 1994 and had our first show in March of 1995. We have released an album a year, save 1998, since 1995. We have toured at least six weeks a year every year since 1996, save 1998. In the year 2000 we toured Japan for two weeks and Europe for seven weeks. Needless to say, 1998 was a really slow year for Fall Silent. We spent that year getting new band members and writing *Superstructure* after our guitar player and bass player accidentally overdosed on heroin. After the first guitar and bass player OD'ed on heroin, our second bass player died in a speed-related incident. Not speed the drug, but because he was drag racing his dragster and his car blew up. I feel sorry for anyone who joins our band 'cause most of them end up dying.

We have been a totally DIY band until last year when Revelation Records signed us up.

You guys are from Reno, Nevada... apart from 7 Seasons, Reno's not had a lot of bands make their mark on the hardcore map. Do you think this has worked for or against Fall Silent? Are you guys at all steeped in the local hardcore history?

The only other band that has done anything out of Reno is December. They just got signed and are currently touring the globe with their new album that just came out on Earache Records. They play a very intense style of metal with screams and playing that will fuck your mind up if you listen too much. Not fast, but technical for sure. So yeah, since 7 Seasons left our fair city we have not had a lot going on as far as punk/hardcore/metal is concerned.

I don't think that it has hindered us in any way. We never had the goal in the band of getting big or popular. We always just wanted to play music and be a local band that got the party started. So if that is what you want in a band then your location can never hinder your goal. Being creative and artistic has always been more important than being popular for us and that is probably why it took so long for us to get noticed outside of town, because we never tried. **Has growing up in a city where gambling and prostitution are legal had any effect on the way you guys have turned out?** If these factors have affected you personally have they also had an impact on how or why you do Fall Silent?

Gambling and prostitution have made Reno what it is. Me and Damon moved here with our parents because my dad needed a job and there was a lot of work in gaming here in the early '80s. If all of a sudden there were no casinos then the economy would quickly crumble and we could not sustain ourselves. So I guess that is a big factor on how we turned out as a band. None of us gamble or frequent the gambling so that has never had an effect on us. I don't think that gambling and prostitution have affected us in any way besides that it is our hometown and anyone's hometown affects them.

By the way, prostitution is not legal in our county. You have to drive about 15 minutes from the city limits to get sex. It isn't like there are brothels on every corner or a Red Light district or anything like that.

You've got a new disc, *Drunken Violence*, coming very soon on Revelation. The label certainly has a reputation that precedes itself. Has signing with Revelation had any positive or negative impacts on Fall Silent? We know that Revelation isn't a "big" label compared with a major, but were there any cries of "sellout" when you signed with Rev?

Working with Revelation has been great. We have never worked with a label that isn't more than just one kid in his apartment doing mailouts, so it is a huge change for the band. There are actually people that work full time on trying to get people to hear our record and advertising and stuff. It is really cool that I don't have to do it anymore and that it is getting done really well. I mean, we have been a band since 1994 and people are just now hearing us, and it is because of Revelation. The label is most definitely legendary and I am proud to be a part of it.

There are a few people that say we are "sellouts" because we gave up on the DIY ethic. Mostly those are local kids that dislike us personally so that doesn't count. It is sort of different and strange to have an A&R guy and a publicity person working on your record, when I would really be the one doing that. But my life is one that can't allow room for me doing that so it works out fine. Plus, they know how to do it way better than me, so...

One of the best things about *Drunken Violence* is that it seems to be influenced by a lot of different hardcore sub-genres. The influences appear to run from mid-'80s crossover hardcore, to traditional straightedge hardcore, to early '90s straightedge hardcore à la Unbroken or Undertone, to straight-up metal, to "power violence"... are Fall Silent influenced by all of those styles of music? I think we are because then our music would not sound the way it does. Influence comes at us all the time from different areas and sometimes without us even knowing it. We have listened to all the styles of hardcore that you listed above in our lives, and our subconscious mind has taken all of that in so that when it comes back out in our creative endeavors it is all right there. What makes us interesting is that we are all so different in our tastes that when you put us all together it makes something unique, somewhat.

I was raised on '60s and '70s rock, then Van Halen, then NWA and Too Short, with Sick of it All, The Misfits, Black Flag, then DRI, then Metallica, then Gorilla Biscuits, then Pantera, Demolition Hammer, Crowbar, and Bloodlet. It is all there and it shows in our music for sure.

It would almost seem as if the punk/hardcore scene mirrors society as a whole—a society that seems ever eager to embrace conservative politics and ideals. Do you think there is an overwhelming acceptance of conservative ideas in the punk/hardcore scene?

Yes and no. I can see a lot of people clinging to a lot of ideas that go against the norm, like vegetarianism, woman's rights, and animal rights. But on the other hand, in response to activism there are peo-

ple who swell up with pride when they talk about how they love meat and could give a fuck less about the world around them. It is just a reaction and an attempt to be different in their scene when actually they are just emulating the outside world.

And inadvertently we see an acceptance of norms in our scene as well. Men make up most of the band members in hardcore/punk. Women hang in back while guys go crazy on each other's sweaty bodies. There are dress codes and speaking codes. I can see these things happening, but it is much better in the punk scene than it is in the real world for sure—and there is no place I would rather be than surrounded by like-minded people.

Literally, *Drunken Violence* covers a lot of ground, from skateboarding to scene politics to commercialization invading every aspect of our lives. How do you determine what you want to write about? Are there any topics you choose to avoid?

I determine what I write about by a) seeing if there is enough substance to write a whole song about this one topic, b) can I write intelligently about this? c) will anyone really care? d) do I care enough? There are a few aspects that come along as well, but that is pretty much it. Sometimes songs come easily and sometimes I just can't get it so I won't do it. I only work with the topics that flow from me at certain times in my life.

I have learned over the years that I need to try and avoid writing about certain groups within our scene specifically. I avoid putting my animal rights views in our songs. I avoid writing too many songs about love of opposite sex. And I try to keep it as positive as I can, but sometimes life is not so positive and some of our songs relate that aspect. No one can be positive all the time, so how can I honestly write songs that are positive all the time?

You'll be leaving soon for a pretty extensive tour of western North America, playing a lot of smaller centers. Are you looking forward to the tour? Are there any plans following this spring tour... the rest of North America, Europe, or elsewhere?

Yes, we are leaving on a very extensive Canadian and west coast US tour in about two weeks. It is something that I have been booking and planning since February or January and I am really happy with the way it is going. I am always excited to leave on a tour, but this time I have a baby boy named Jude and it is with a heavy heart that I leave him for two months this summer—but this is the life I live and I need to deal with it.

Anything else to add?

Just that we will be playing in Surrey, BC on Cinco de Mayo. It should be at a place called Snackers and it would be nice to have a really good turnout. It will be our first ever show in Canada and my first time on Canadian soil. •

<http://www.fallsilent.com/>

Fall Silent will be headlining the Flexyourhead 13th Anniversary Show at Snackers in Surrey (formerly the first show) on May 5 with Means to an End, Three Inches of Blood, and End This Week With Knives. Check out flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com for more information or listen to Flex

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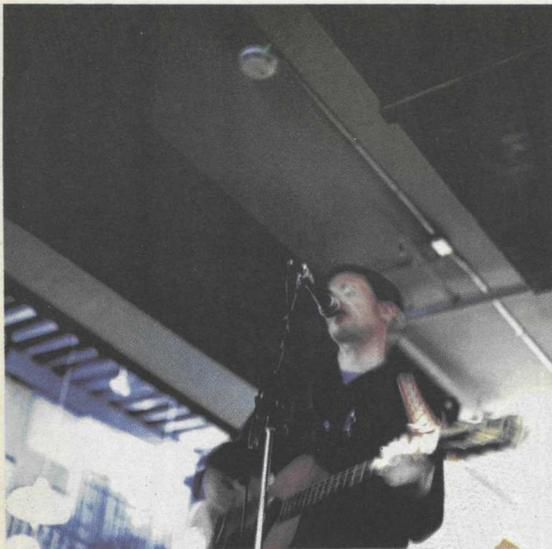
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radiogram

*Radiogram first came to the attention of local audiences and music press in 2000 with their much-vaunted debut **Unbetween**. Their sound lies somewhere between ambient-folk and country-noir; think **Red House Painters**, **Lambchop**, **Giant Sand** with a moody Vancouver chill. I sat down with Ken Beattie in a Commercial Drive boîte to chat about their new CD (**All the Way Home**), music, and such like.*

by Val Cormier

DISORDER: How does *All the Way Home* differ from your first CD?

Ken Beattie: I think the first CD took everyone by surprise. Everyone was, like, "Who is this band?" The first album had a real nice mixture of a lot of different influences that worked. With the second album we've developed a "sound," so maybe it's not as surprising to people. In terms of the music, the second album is a little darker, the songs are a little longer, the arrangements are a little more complex. I think as far as anything else goes, it's folk music. If I described it in a word, that's what it would be. But I think we're trying to move away from the alt-country thing and more towards transcending our genre. We're trying to push the envelope a little bit. So you're not afraid to use the "F" word, then?

Oh, folk? No, I think folk music is probably the most widely-defined music there is. Really, in its simplest form it's music about folks, by folks, for folks. I often think that any song with a standard verse/chorus approach that tells a story is a folk song. I'd say that every song on our new album is a folk song.

Do you think folk music has got a bad rep?

Well, I don't know if it's got a bad rep, but yes, it probably has got a rep from the folk festivals and stuff. I've heard people say, you know, "Oh, the folk festival crowd," then they roll their eyes at the same time. I'm not really sure what that means, but maybe it means people with long hair and Birkenstocks. But I used to have long hair and Birkenstocks.

The only cover song on your new CD is "Love Vigilantes" by New Order. How'd you come to choose that one?

It's a personal fave, something I used to play around the campfire. That song brought a tear to my eye the first time I heard it. I think it's a pertinent, timeless song, and I always thought that song could use a good folk-rock approach. It was born as a Radiogram song one gorgeous day in August on our way to Victoria on BC Ferries. Jonathan had just bought a banjo, and he picked up on the melody in that song right away—people clapped, it was fun. We put it in the set that night and it's been there ever since.

Let's hear about your personal music background.

My earliest memories involve being surrounded by music. My mother used to turn on the radio when I was in the crib and I would just sit and listen to music when I was a baby. I grew up listening to '70s AM radio and loved it. I took my little transistor radio with me everywhere. We'd go to grandma's for dinner and all the cousins would be playing, but I remember being in the back room listening to the radio because I wanted to hear the Top 10 Countdown. I was fascinated by charts, countdowns.

You grew up in Winnipeg—did you play in any bands there?

Not at all—I was never in a band in Winnipeg. My friends and I did tons of camping when I lived there. Everyone in Winnipeg had a cabin or cottage, and there was always an acoustic guitar kicking around. I was known as "the music guy." I always had the mix tapes, knew all the bands, was the trivia guy, had all the albums. So at these cabin parties someone would pass the guitar around and we'd all play our little two and three-chord songs. I think I played more than most people, but I never really considered myself a "musician." I never really made up songs. I guess I did make up melodies and stuff.

When I moved to Vancouver I ended up in this party band called Foam in the late '80s. Somehow I became the singer, I guess because I didn't play an instrument very well. I came to the realization one day that I'd actually been writing songs all my life, so I just explored that. To this day, that's how I write a song: I have a melody in my head and the words come to me. I write them down, and if I look back at my notepad a couple weeks later and the melody instantly comes to mind, I figure it's worth working. Then I pick up the guitar and try to teach myself the song.

What would have been on a typical Ken Beattie mix tape in, say, the late '70s?

Gosh, I'd have to think about what grade I would've been in... Well, about 1979 I would've included stuff from Elvis Costello's first record, the Clash. I was still listening to Zep—*Zepplin II* and *Houses of the Holy*. Pink Floyd for sure, I'm still a huge Pink Floyd fan. Maybe Moody Blues. I liked to mix up genres—a great song is a great song.



It's a little harder for me to listen to music now than it was when I was younger, but I still listen to the radio. The only good radio here is Co-op (CFRO), CITR, and CBC. Because if you turn on commercial FM radio, you just hear all those songs that I just mentioned on my mix tapes. I want to get past '79, you know?

Thinking of early '80s bands, I was big into U2, REM, Echo and the Bunnymen, Split Enz, Squeeze—remember them? But I want to say for the record that I never liked Flock of Seagulls.

Where'd you go next musically after Foam?

Foam lasted a couple of years—we made a tape, did some shows. Then there was a band called Sourpuss. I took a break from music for awhile—our guitar player was “sick,” and I met my wife. At that point I'd realized I wasn't a good songwriter yet, so I took some time and tried to work on some songs, and started this band the Emptys, which did all right. We put out two CDs, got good reviews across the country, did a couple of tours. I thought that my songwriting was getting a little better, a little more subtle, and I wanted to escape the confines of a four-piece folk-rock band. I wanted to add some different instrumentation. I'd been rediscovering my country roots—in the early '70s, I liked Glen Campbell, Kris Kristofferson. I got into Uncle Tupelo like everybody else and started this pseudo-alt-country band called Radiogram.

Then came the first album...

I wasn't in a hurry to make the first album [*Unbetween*]. It was originally going to be a solo album for me, with players to fill out the parts. From the time of the first demo to release was three years. At one point my co-producer Shawn was away in Thailand for five months. I was itching to have the album out, so I made CD copies of what I thought were the best five songs. We got invited to NXNW, we started playing around town. I think the band was really good live from the get go. I handed out CDs at shows, I sent CDs to everyone on my press list and got really good response.

How about the buzz in England?

That didn't happen until *Unbetween* was about eight months old. This distributor in the UK loved it, and sent out copies to press, who picked up on it, started writing about it. We ended up on a bunch of



websites with downloadable songs, people were buying CDs off the internet and sending email. It was great, it just took off. I thought that might be a good thing to explore, so it was a conscious decision to tour the UK with this new album. We're going over in May as a trio, and hopefully go back in the fall as a full band. I'm looking forward to it, even though I don't like plane rides, and I've never been off this continent. Seems strange to be 35 and going for my first trip to the UK, but whatever...

Speaking of the UK, I've noticed a few writers from there have referred to Vancouver as being the “new Chicago” when writing about Radiogram.

Yeah, I think they're talking about all the great music coming out of Vancouver. I think I've been helping that along somewhat. Every time I get a good review in the UK I make friends with the writer and send them all kinds of Vancouver stuff: Flophouse Jr., Bottleneck, Auburn, Linda McRae, Bob Kemmis, JT King.

Sounds like you're doing your bit to promote our local scene?

Absolutely! And why not—I think there's strength in numbers. If Vancouver becomes known for a certain type of music, that can only benefit everyone—the clubs, radio stations, magazines. Everyone gets a high from that. I think too many people just try and get into their own corners: “Oh, she got that spot and I wanted that spot, I'm not going to go to that show now.” But I think that's changing. Maybe because we're getting older, maybe we're getting better at promoting ourselves. Maybe we're getting better at writing songs, I don't know.

You just got back from a cross-Canada tour. How'd that go?

Yeah, we did 14 dates in 18 days. We had a great time, got fantastic press. Toronto and Winnipeg were packed, Guelph was a great show.

It wasn't exactly the best time of year travel-wise, I imagine. Any horror stories?

There were a couple of really brutal drives. We ran into seven snowstorms. As soon as left Vancouver, March 28 we ran into a snowstorm on the Coquihalla, and then two more on the Yellowhead, above Kamloops. We ran into a brutal whitout going through Regina.

photography by ann & lori



We played Calgary on the Saturday before Easter, and we were booked to play St. Catherine's, Ontario the following Tuesday. I looked at a map, sussed it out, and figured we could do this if we took an eight-hour break somewhere. We were going to take the break in Winnipeg, at my parents' house. But the snowstorm slowed us down, so we drove from Calgary to St. Catherine's straight through, with four hours sleep in Sault Ste. Marie. After the storm in Saskatchewan, we ran into another one outside Thunder Bay, another one in Sault Ste. Marie, and another one south of Parry Sound. We rolled in half an hour before sound check. But you know what? The band was awesome, we all pulled our weight and we did our jobs. Short term goals for Radiogram and the new CD: what have you got in mind?

I'd like to make the album happen in the UK, that'd be nice. I'd like to license the album to a UK label, so we could go over there on a fairly regular basis. I'm not really concentrating on the States right now. If things go well there, that's fine. We do really well in Western Canada, but I'd like to get something going on in Ontario and Eastern Canada. If we can win some fans and sell some CDs in those areas, I'll be happy. I think it'd be nice to sell 10,000 copies of this CD. •

See www.radiogram.org for more info. Radiogram's next local appearance will be New Music West (May 9 at The Penthouse).



GENERAL RUDIE BY SKA-T

DISORDER: Before you introduce the band tell us a little bit about the history of the band and in particular... about the General?

Phil: The General's a great guy... once you get to know him. We see him every now and then, when he briefs us on his new plans. Rumor has it he is presently somewhere on the West Coast preparing for our arrival.

Since the original formation in February 1997, General Rudie has played with the biggest names in ska music today. The formative years of the band are highlighted by opening for the legendary Skatalites, the originators of ska music. In our home town of Montreal, we have played at venues such as The Cabaret, Le Swimming, Club Soda, Metropolis, The Spectrum, and The Medley on several occasions. In 2000, the band firmly established itself in the Toronto area and developed a fan base by playing the annual ARA (Anti-Racist Action) yearly benefit as well as the Toronto International Jazz festival. That year also saw the band play at the Ottawa Tulip Festival and other Ontario towns in order to promote their first EP, *The Green Light Sessions, Vol. 1*. It was during that summer that Stomp Records first became interested in signing General Rudie for a recording contract. 2001 proved to be General Rudie's most fruitful year. After a week long tour of the Maritimes with the Planet Smashers in June, the group devoted the rest of the summer to the production of their first LP entitled *Cooling the Mark*. 2002 got off to an excellent start when they headlined the ARA show. Doubling the evening as their Toronto record launch, General Rudie played to an intense sold out crowd at the Reverb. With a cross Canada tour planned for May and June and an American tour in the works for July, 2002 promises to be the most exciting and rewarding year in General Rudie's history.

Who are the current members of the band?

Phil "Dandimite" Dixon: Vocals, sax.

Nicky "6-Pack" Popovic: Trombone.

Stefan Popowycz: Bass and back-up vocals.

Marc "King Head" Thompson: Keyboards.

Rob Redford: Drums (the new guy).

You've been together how long? And why did it take this long to visit your brothers and sisters in the West? Do you know that Skaface never once played Vancouver!

Phil: We played our first show in March '97 opening up for Flashlight's CD launch.

We weren't all that serious in the beginning and with constant member changes we were never able to organize a national tour. We almost toured Canada in summer 2000 after the release of our EP *The Green Light Sessions, Vol. 1*, but the band exploded and we spent the summer rebuilding. That's when we started really working hard as a band. We solidified the lineup and worked on new material for the *Cooling the Mark* CD. And now finally its time to visit everybody in the west and show them how strong the Montreal ska scene is! With any luck, we'll get to see our old friends in the Killififters while we're there.

I had no idea Skaface never played Vancouver!

You played the Skaface Reunion gig last year. How was that? What other memorable shows have you played? And who would you most like to open for?

Phil: The Skaface show was cool, I believe it was a matinee at Lee's Palace—which always have those strange "the show is at what time?" feeling to them. It was the first time I had actually seen Skaface live, I felt like we were in the early '90s all over again!

We've had the chance to play some really great bands so far: NYSJE, Slackers, Allstonians, EST, Skaface (France) Nicotine (Japan), Peacocks, Mustard Plug, Articles, King Django, King Apparatus, etc... Maybe the most memorable show was playing with the Skatalites and our first major road trip to NJ with Inspector 7. Also nice was Saturday's show at the Metropolis with Reel Big Fish. Hepcat would be fun, we never got a chance to play with them. You recorded your latest album with Mitch (King Kong) Grio. What was it like to work with him?

Marc: It was a real treat. He really channeled in on what we were

trying to do and had great advice with insightful musical ideas. We hung out a lot too, he stayed at my house for two weeks. We saw *Planet of the Apes* together and shared banana cake on more than one occasion. In the studio, he dances like a monkey. What a guy...

Tell me about the 2 Tongue compilations.

Phil: This is an ongoing project headed by Stephane Ramon Vitesse to encourage the French ska scene in Quebec. It has grown quite popular (just today they played the whole CD on the radio) attracting anglophone bands like the Planet Smashers and a bunch of European bands as well. We've always been kind of in both scenes in Montreal so it was natural for us to put a track on each of his three compilations.

What do you guys listen to in the tour van?

What's your favorite band that no one's heard of?

Marc: It's pretty varied. Lately we've been trying to steer away from ska in the van, but the Skaflaws, Slackers, or Skatalites always end up in the CD player somehow. Stef brings the ska, Phil brings his jazz CDs, Nicky brings his chill-axing lounge music. I am most happy listening to Weezer.

Recently, I brought my fave noise band from Japan, The Boredoms. I don't think they exist anymore, probably because of people like my bandmates, who immediately made me take it off. The arguments about what to listen to can get pretty heated, but we manage not to get offended by each other's musical tastes.

What's the story with Jammah Tammah?

Phil: In '98 we decided it was time to try recording one song to see if we were ready for something more. Well a few days before the recording we run into this guy "Hans" at a local ska show. Turns out he's in a ska band. He kind of joined the band and recorded with us. He's a really great guy, a self proclaimed "drifter" whose next stop was Morocco. He's back in Holland now and his band Jammah Tamamah are releasing a new CD soon. They do a great cover of "From Russia with Love."

It looks like General Rudie is set to tour throughout the spring/summer. What are your plans for the next couple years?

Phil: Yeah, this summer filled up pretty quick. We'll be on the road for about three months in North America. We would like to hit Europe and Japan next, and record another CD of course! When you see a commercial for a new teen comedy and hear a silly little ska tune in the background, what goes through your head?

Phil: Hey, why isn't that our song playing?

It looks like the new ska trend becoming popular is emo-ska-punk. What would make General Rudie change his tune?

Phil: I'm still having trouble figuring out what emo is! The right price. •

<generalrudie@skapages.com>

General Rudie play the W.I.S.E. Hall on Saturday, June 1 with the Kingspins and Chris Murray.

PAUL KELLY

by Val Cormier

Paul Kelly is one of Australia's greatest living singer-songwriters, yet has been criminally overlooked outside his home country. He's often called Australia's answer to Bruce Springsteen in terms of the obvious folk influences and innate ability to invoke a strong sense of place. One Australian I know told me that whenever he goes on the road, he takes at least one Paul Kelly CD to capture up pictures of his hometown of Melbourne.

Chatted with a soft-spoken, gracious and polite Paul before his recent sold-out show at Richard's on Richards. He appeared markedly gaunt and older than his 46 years. One might wonder if lyrics from his current CD: "I wasted time... now time has wasted me" are indeed autobiographical.

DISCORDER: You grew up in Adelaide, and moved to Melbourne... in the late '70s was it?

Paul Kelly: I moved to Melbourne when I was 21, which was 1976, and that's when I first started playing in bands.

What was the music scene like in Melbourne at that time?

There was a lot going on—Boys Next Door, which became the Birthday Party, Teenage Radio Stars. Lots of pub bands. Melbourne's always been a good music town, a bit of a livelier scene than Sydney. **What's your take on the current scene there now?**

Lately a few venues have closed down. One particularly good one, the Continental, has left a hole. It was fairly small, only about 300 people, but had a good nightclub feel and booked lots of acts from overseas—jazz, blues, singer-songwriter. A real "listening room"—is that what they call them over here? There's another little pub called The Punters, in Fitzroy, that was really an important venue for indie and alternative bands, that also closed. I don't get out a lot when I have time off, but I see a few things.

Anyone lately you've seen who's impressed you?

King Curly from Australia, the Avalanches... I always go blank when someone asks me a question like this. Snout. There's heaps of good Australian bands.

You've been producing other artists' albums lately. I understand?

Yeah, quite a lot of collaborative things over the last few years, including soundtracks. I've been involved with three film soundtracks. *Lantana* was all instrumental. Another film called *One Night in the Moon*, which I did with two other composers, was like a mini-opera, with the story told through music and song. I acted in that one as well.

Did you enjoy that?

Yes and no. [Laughs] Being an actor on a film is like being a piece of machinery. There's always people doing these esoteric, but tightly-coordinated jobs, just to get half a minute or less of a performance on film. Your camera operator, clapper loader, best boy, gaffer, props person, director—all working very intently with the actor to get the performance to work. It's a dance. In a sense, it's what you're doing when you're playing music: you're listening to other people and meshing in with each other. But it's more relaxed with music—if we fuck up a song or something, it's like, "Oh, that was a laugh," and you go on to the next song. But there's a greater intensity with working in a theatre on stage or on a film set. If you get it wrong, you start again!

Was film scoring a different exercise in writing for you?

I haven't really done anything like scoring in a traditional way. Directors have come to me and asked me to do what they thought I could do. What I liked about it was not having to write words. I always have more musical ideas than I've got words for.

When you write, then, you do the music first?

Generally, yes, the ideas are all musical, rhythm first. The words get attached gradually.

What other artists have you worked with lately?

I've done records with Renée Geyer, and Vika and Linda. Both those records were two or three years ago. More recently, I've done production work with Archie Roach, an aboriginal singer, and also did a duet with Kasey Chambers.

Kasey's been getting a fair bit of press here in North America—is there anyone else from Australia that you think deserves more attention here?

I think the Avalanches have been doing well in England. I'm not sure about over here. It's hard to know what's going over. I'm in a little

bit of a fog about that since I don't follow trade papers much.

What did you enjoy about working with Kasey Chambers?

She's a great songwriter—she has a very arresting, very cutting voice. We took her out tour with us about two and a half years ago when I was touring with a bluegrass band from Melbourne, Uncle Bill. She used to be in a band called the Dead Ringers with her brother, father, doing country music. She came out and opened for us and I'd get her up during our set to do "Grievous Angel" by Gram Parsons. Then I wrote a song we could do as a duet, called "Heart Break, Heart Mend." We had a day off during that tour in Perth, and I thought we should record the song. I asked her if she had a song that she wanted to do as well. She had a song called "I Still Pray."

She released "I Still Pray" as a bonus disc, it got a lot of airplay in Australia. She cut it again with her band and asked me to record it with her, so that version's on her latest release. Her family are all good people, we've had a few good singalongs.

I don't think many of us associate Australia with bluegrass. How did you come to first hear that kind of music?

The music I heard when I was first learning guitar was early Bob Dylan, Hank Williams, Woody Guthrie. Then I started digging deeper and listening to Bill Monroe, Stanley Brothers. I always loved that kind of music. I went to see that film *Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?* and I just loved that film because I used to sing half those songs. I even used the chorus of "Oh Death" in a song I recorded with Professor Ratbaggy, which is more of a groove-based record. I checked with my publishing company and said, "Is this okay to use?" and they said "Yeah, it's from the 17th century." I thought it was an incredibly obscure song, but then a year later out comes *Oh Brother* and another movie, *Songcatcher*, with that song.

It's interesting that you've got these different side projects. Tell me more about Professor Ratbaggy.

It's more groove-based, a bit dubby, songs written more around the bass lines and the drums. Built around riffs, not many chord changes—just get a groove and put stuff on the top. **I see you did a track with Mick Harvey [of the Bad Seeds] on your latest CD. Have you known him a long time?** Actually, I recorded two tracks with him but just used one, "Would You Be My Friend." He plays everything on it. We've both got recording setups in our garden sheds. He's got a bit of a bigger space, but we've both got eight-track recording. I don't really know him well, but I've admired his music a long time. He's the captain of the Bad Seeds, in a way, really. I love the way he plays guitar, just the way he plays around a song—he doesn't get in the way. He's poetic and plain at the same time.

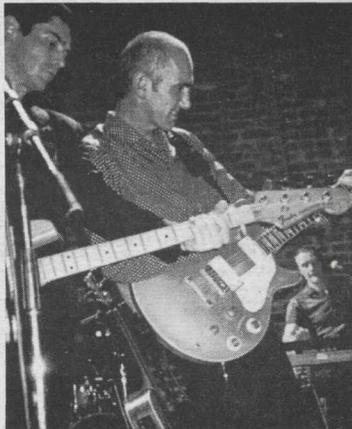
From what I've read, you've been quite involved with aboriginal issues in Australia and have worked with many aboriginal artists. What are some of the current hot issues in that regard in your country?

Over the last few years, one of the main issues has been the "stolen generation." Government policy in the 1930s to 1960s was to move aboriginal children from their parents into white homes. There's a film that's just come out about that called *Rabbit Proof Fence* by a director whose name escapes me right now [Phillip Noyce]. One of the big issues between indigenous and non-indigenous Australians is that there's never been a treaty. There's never been a real facing up to what's happened in our history, especially by our current government, which is quite conservative. It's festering away, really. Recently I worked with a singer-songwriter named Kitcha Edwards, a Victorian aboriginal. I've worked a lot with Yothu Yindi, Christine Anu, Kev Carmody. Kev's an angrier, wordier songwriter, but also a very powerful one when he hits it.

I hear that at least one of your children is following you in the music business.

My eldest son, who's 21, is a DJ. I'm always interested in new music, anyway, but he has turned me on to lots of different music. He works mostly in the Melbourne area and especially loves Detroit house. •

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under review

recorded media



ANTIBALAS

Talkatif
(Ninja Tune)
DAMON AND NAOMI ON TOUR WITH KURIHARA
Song to the Siren: Live in San Sebastian
(Sub Pop)

According to the liner notes adorning the new album by the Afro-beat orchestra *Antibalas*, "For true change to happen, the hearts of each and every human being must evolve." *Talkatif* explains, "*Talkatif* is dedicated to people all over the earth who create positive change by changing themselves."

There's so much wrong with this individualistic New Age hogwash that one hardly knows where to begin tearing it apart. But that's beside the point—which is that the *Antibalas* album is crap; a cleaned-up, slimmed-down, bleached and normalized take on the classic Fela Kuti sound. *Discorder* readers are recommended to forget about its existence immediately and seek out the real thing instead. You do not need this self-righteous

hippy claptrap.

Not that I have anything against hippy claptrap per se, you understand. Indeed, the exploration of arcane Jewish tradition, feyer-than-thou folk-rock melody and aimless psyche-rock improvisation that is *Damon and Naomi with Ghost* always gets a rewind on my sound system. Those poor souls who have not yet fallen under the spell of this under-rated collaboration between the drum-and-bass engine room of defunct indie rock touchstone *Galaxie 500* and Japanese jostick wavers *Ghost* should do so immediately.

For those of us who are already smitten with that particular volume, *Song to the Siren* provides some excellent, never-before-published appendices. An audio-CD-plus-DVD double set documenting a trio tour undertaken by Damon, Naomi and Ghost guitarist Michio Kurihara, it presents a selection of originals and cover versions in an appealingly stripped down form (as witnessed at last year's *Bumbershoot*) alongside

a "video tour diary" directed by Naomi. Sure, this certainly isn't an essential release, but it certainly is an enjoyable one, which is way more than you can say for the new album by *Galaxie 500* main-man Dean Wareham. Why, it's the revenge of the rhythm section!

Sam Macklin

DO MAKE SAY THINK

& Yet & Yet
(Constellation)
Disclaimer: Do Make Say Think contains no members of *Godspeed You Black Emperor*. The reason I mention this is that there seems to be a trend among Constellation bands that share members with *Godspeed* to sound remarkably similar to said band. Not that this is a bad thing. I only mention this fact because an assumption that Do Make Say Think is merely another *Godspeed* clone might prevent someone from buying their new album, which would be a tragedy.

The band's third full length release, *& Yet & Yet*, seems to

have melded the best parts of their earlier efforts (which are both good in their own rights), combining a minimalist aesthetic with warm arrangements of bass, guitars, keyboards, and multiple drums, as well as subtly blended (rather than gimmicky) horns and electronics.

The album uses a mixture of restrained harmonies, tasteful repetition, and almost jazz-influenced song structures and creates a mood akin to *Tortoise's* earliest albums. Veering away from the post-rock quiet, loud, quiet, loud and the wanky annoyingness of prog-rock and acid jazz, *& Yet & Yet* finds a somewhat original and highly enjoyable middle ground.

Ian Mosby

GET HUSTLE

"Who Do You Love" b/w
"Mad Power" 7"
(Gravity)

The *Get Hustle* have the exact same instrumental setup as the LA cult punk band *The Screemers*—and this Portland-based group could be just as legendary.

Their new single on *Gravity* starts off with their very demonic take on *Bo Diddley's* "Who Do You Love." Mac and Marc's pianos are abrasive and scary in the way that *The Orioles'* rock 'n' roll was scary to white, Christian Americans

in the early '50s. *Valentine's* totally possessed vocals in this song will scare your daughter into becoming a nun and never listening to music again. Ron's drums fall perfectly into place but are always totally on the edge in a far-out and off-kilter way.

The B-side of this record, "Mad Power," blows away the A-side. This song finds the *Get Hustle* building a totally weird bridge somewhere between dirty R&B, jazz, and hardcore.

The last time I saw the *Get Hustle* I saw blood on the keys of Mac's piano. Dig that punk shit!

Brace Payne

THE GOSSIP

Arkansas Heat
(Kill Rock Stars)

I spent a bleary couple of days blowing out my hearing with the *Gossip's* new EP. By the end of it all, I was both totally converted and totally exhausted. I loved the music, but I also felt a sort of existential strain trying to reconcile the record with, well, my own personal and musical history. Let me make myself a little clearer. This EP contains six songs, the first five of which are bright, extremely memorable R&B punk songs. They're also all just under two minutes long. The last track is a ten-minute-plus opus framed in washes of droning guitar feed-

back entitled "(Take Back) The Revolution." It features girly-gang chant choruses and makes me feel a deep sadness—the sadness of a person who ate too much of that food back in the early and mid-'90s and has subsequently become allergic to what used to be her primary form of sustenance. "The revolution." Sheesh.

H. Apropos

HOLZKOPF

Only a Bad Harvest Will Save Us
(Dainty Deathy)

As one who is uninitiated in the post-modern jargon of the minimal/experimental electronic music crowd, I have no clichés available to describe Saskatchewan's *Holzkopf* (a.k.a. Jake Hardy). Even if I knew some, they wouldn't adequately serve this review. Because I want to convince you that you should buy *Only a Bad Harvest Will Save Us* and that it is really good, I must go further.

First, I need to explain to you how painfully flat the Canadian prairies are. Believe me, I've driven through them a few times and I can tell you that there is far too much sky all around you. There is nothing more confining than all of those gigantic fields and rivers, dotted by the occasional small town or grain elevator. However, as a long-time resi-

CiTR DJ PROFILE

Dave and Mike

Local Kids Make Good

Alternate Mondays, 11am-1pm



Record played most often on your show:
The Accident's self-titled EP.

Record you would save in a fire:
The Smugglers, *Selling the Sizzle*.

Record that should burn in hell:
Nickelback; shit Langley bands.

Worst band we like:

God. At least, we pretend to like them.

First record you bought:
Salvador Dream, *UK*.

Last record you bought:
Three Inches of Blood, *Battlecry Under a Winter Sun*.

Best interview:
Katie Lapi of Operation Makeout. Friendliest rock star ever.

Worst interview:
Magical Glass Tears. Most pretentious indie picks ever.

Musician you'd most like to marry:
Christa Min. Her beauty is unparalleled.

Favourite show on CiTR:
Chris-a-Rific's *Parts Unknown*.

Strangest phone call:
All of our groupies. No we won't go out with you.

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dent of these flatlands, Holzkopf has managed to fabricate a musical structure that makes up for this lack of vertical geography.

Holzkopf's music draws heavily from this isolated landscape and builds a digital replacement: the ambient drone of weak AM radio signals are reconstructed and filtered, punctuated by high-calibre glitches and distortions, then subdued by mountains of atonal feedback and noise, only to be smoothed out again by organic and lush arrangements of staccato beats and droning oscillators. The result is a carefully crafted 10-song CD that presents a perfect description of (as well as violent reaction to) the open and diffuse prairie landscape.

Musical comparisons are difficult, as Holzkopf manoeuvres between the more rhythmic moments of someone like Kid 606 and the difficult randomness of BC's *Vote Robot*. Regardless, there is much to be gained by staring at the horizon and listening to *Only a Bad Harvest Will Save Us*, so I direct you to the Holzkopf MP3s on the Dainty Deathy web site (www.daintydeathy.com).

Ian Mosby

ABFAHRT HINWIL
Links Berge Rechts Seen
(Toytronic)

Toys for adults. No, I'm not talking about those Bandai Anime models your wispy-bearded, same-sweater-wearing, portly neighbour collects, or the ones of the XXX variety either. The toys I'm talking about are the ones made by a small collective of Londoners who put the "indie" in indie-electro. Abfahrt is one half Austrian Martin Haidinger (best known for his Gimnik releases) and one half Chris Cunningham who, along with labelmates, runs Toytronic. Perhaps best known for last year's *Neurokinetic* compilation (featuring *Funcarma* and *Novel 23* among others), Toytronic has been quietly releasing vinyl and CD treasures.

Abfahrt Hinwil (translated as Exit Hinwil, a small village in Austria) is the most solid full-length on the label to date. This CD compilation of previous Abfahrt 7's and 12's, plus two new tracks, maps the uncharted territory between early Warp releases and Haidinger's sound, which is the popcorn song meets the comforting beauty of an infant's nursery room mobile. Navigating a different course than dance and D&B/ Garage artists, this duo leaves a lasting impression of fine craftsmanship through their studied weaving of melodies, rather than an adrenaline dance fix. Think *fa-ziq* in his ambient/

warm bleep fashion rather than his drill 'n' bass mode, and you're developing a taste for Abfahrt. This is a non-vocal soundtrack, music to a laser light show that won't ever happen. Being an adult and playing with toys is no longer regressive but progressive. Go forth and be an adult toy collector—just change the sweater first.

Rbet

CAROLYN MARK AND HER ROOMMATES
A Tribute to Nashville

(Mint)
Be warned that this is a fluffy review, full of praise. If you want disgust, wait for my review of the *Starsalor* album next month. (But who knows, I haven't listened to it yet and I might like it. Stay tuned for that.)

Back to the review: I once saw Carolyn Mark open for Neko Case and, at the end of the night, I thought Mark stole the show. She's so charming, plus Neko was feeling sick. Also, the song "Edmonton" on the album *Party Girl* is one of the funniest songs I've ever heard. Funny ha-ha, not funny strange. So when I found out that Carolyn Mark and Her Roommates were doing a tribute to Robert Altman's cinematic masterpiece *Nashville*, I was excited. I plucked the CD from the review bin and listened to it many a time. One of my own

roommates kept on commenting how "hot" it is. I was all set to write my review, but first I had to watch the film because I'm a good reviewer girl. I do my homework and all that.

Nashville (the film) is the shit. Once I got through the first 40 minutes, I was super impressed by the scope of Altman's vision. It's a film about a specific period in American history, set to a Nashville soundscape. This was struck by how the same thematic threads continue to run through American politics today. Seeing the film made me appreciate the album all the more. Yes, *Nashville* the tribute is also the shit. There are appearances by a number of Mark's all country friends: Case, Carl Newman (okay, so he's not all country), Dallas Good, Robert Deyton (okay, so he's not all country either, but he does his song *Canned Ham*-style, which is enough for me), and a long list of musicians who'll put the twang into your talk. I'm hoping that someday I'll be able to catch a live presentation of the *Nashville* tribute, complete with attitude and assassination. A girl can wish.

Doretta Lau

OZY
Token
(Force Inc.)
Beats! My life is full of them—

and here's a dish of kicks to maintain the hectic pace of my techno-Dasein, while at the same time remaining warm and emotional with my digital Other.

Beginning with dub washes, Ozy moves into clicky micro-house and tops out with long techno-jams that sound like a slightly harder version of *Swayzak's* dancefloor pounders on Himawari. Even intellectuals drink and get ripped and shred the dancefloor. And this album is a driving reminder that two out of every three chin-stroking PIB (People In Black) are dedicated post-ravers who still own their Phat Pants. Take the angst of techno, the soul of house, and the intellectual brevity of the post-generation and you've got the right mix of dubby-yet-slammng techno on this Force Inc. album.

Although Ozy displays his vigour on the dancefloor tracks—making for good driving music, much like *Monolake*, speeding down Whistler Highway 99 at 150 with the snow blowing SUVs off the road like bowling pins—it is his subtlety in the careful arrangement of ambient synth pads and dub chords on ambient meanderings such as "Drama Club" that give the album as a whole, as an entire

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listen from beginning to end, the "storytelling" properties that make electronic music shine and gives it that exquisite ability to pull off a harmonic weaving of sound that evokes both memory and passion in a composition which, despite being startlingly familiar, is futurist and experimental to the core. It is of little surprise to me that this album evokes the foggy, blue-grey visions that I hallucinate whenever I hear **Boards of Canada**; for Ozy—a.k.a. Órnólfur Thorlacius—is an Icelandic cold-freak, making his music the sonic equivalent of a mocha milkshake for the rained-out and cold Northern climes.

Tobias v

THE QUEERS
Pleasant Screams
(Lookout!)

This band is totally gay. Seriously. All the guys in the band have totally gay names, like Joe Queer, Dangerous Dave, and Matt Drastic. The lyrics sound like they were written by a bunch of faggots too. The song "Homo" is about this guy who "likes da banana split." I don't know what that means, but I think it is probably a reference to some act where one guy puts his dick in some hole belonging to another guy. The music on this album is like the soundtrack to one of those

bathroom orgies where a bunch of guys get together late at night and jack each other off. There is a lot of guitar wank on this album.

If you still don't believe that these dudes are gay, they totally thank **Green Day** and the **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** in their liner notes. Anyway, it's totally cool if guys want to be gay or whatever. I just don't get it. I mean, if there are three guys in the band, do they take turns with each other, or do they all just go for it at the same time? Yeah, and isn't 'corn-holing' (I'm totally not going to explain what that means) really bad for you or something? You would have to be really careful about listening to this album in Stanley Park, or while driving down Davie, 'cause people might think you're a homo, too.

Sara "up the bum" Young

SONNY SHARROCK
Monkey-pockie-boo
(Get Back Re-issue)

In 1969, free jazz was reaching its peak. Men and women were throwing it all away to destroy their lungs and hands and other people's ears with saxophones, drums and guitars. **Sonny Sharrock's** *Monkey-pockie-boo*, recorded in Paris in 1969, is one of the most dangerous of the BYG releases and some of the most chaotic free jazz ever recorded.

Sharrock's guitar playing comes off like a totally demented **Derek Bailey** versus **Arto Lindsay**. Sonny always said he wanted his guitar to mimic the screech of **Albert Ayler's** sax, and he goes way beyond that. Linda Sharrock, Sonny's wife (true avant-garde romantics), tackles the vocals and totally goes nuts! Ben Guerin plays bass and Jacques Tholot plays drums. **THIS IS FIRE MUSIC!!! EMBRACE IT NOW!!!** Put this record on and watch everyone leave the room, except you and your really cool girlfriend.

Brace Paine

SILKWORM
Italian Platinum
(Touch and Go)

My friend Naspam admitted to me that his guilty pleasure band is **They Might Be Giants**. They are horrible. I thought about it for awhile, then I told him that the worst band I like is **Silkworm**. He said "That's really bad. They are the worst. Except they don't count because they're on Touch and Go."

Every member of **Silkworm** is slightly tone deaf. I'm sure that if Mr. Andy Cohen's guitar was a quarter tone out of tune he would be able to notice, but when he's singing, he must have no idea. Or else he just can't sing in tune. Perhaps the best singer in the band is Eulvatina Rats, Mr. Michael

Dahlquist the drummer, who sounds like a drunk **Mark Eitzel**.

No song on *Italian Platinum* is over four minutes long. And half the time is usually spent by a Cohen guitar solo. Some of the solos are nicely broken, but most are typical of what would come out of a gold Les Paul special (which is GREAT and guilty at the same time). The ska song, "The Brain," is good, except for the annoying vocal panning. The last song, "A Cockfight of Feelings" is about taking it up the ass. "Softly now, softly now, try it you won't die." The love song "Young" was surely written by the multi-talented Mr. Tim Midgett, and is sung by **ALTERNATIVE COUNTRY** singer Ms. Kelly Hogan. If **Silkworm** could sing as well as her, I wouldn't be the only one in this city who liked them.

I'm not exactly sure why I like **Silkworm** so much, but I sure do like them bites.

Christa Min

TRANS AM
TA

(Thrill Jockey)
Here at *Discorder*, opinion is stacked against **Trans Am** and their new album, *TA*. Steve says that not only are they not good, they shouldn't even be called **Trans Am** anymore; this is because they no longer represent the sound of quote-

unquote '70s music meets quote-unquote '80s music. Steve can only appreciate *TA* through a shield of disbelief, reclining in meaningless, subpleasurable lassitude. Barb and Christa agree: "Trans Am sucks," they say, "and you, Donovan, suck for liking them." Even **Julian Who**, the apex of the self-deprecatory Indie mentality, with his flannel shirts, brown pants, and house in Strathecona, hates **Trans Am**, quietly despising them with a muted, self-deprecating fury.

I condemn them all: withered souls, degraded by excess

immersion in hipster culture, confused and bewildered in their own ironic prisms. Only I am capable of transcending this trap and realizing the purity of expression that is **Trans Am**, the uncanny synthesis of masculine and feminine experiential moods, the darkly alluring combination of the post-*Transformers* paradigm's intellectual juvenility with the sexuality of bitter, spit-in-your-face indifference. Damn the contempt of the jaded; rise up and join **Trans Am** in the sky.

Donovan



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THE SADIES

CLEM SNIDE
Saturday, March 30
The Picadilly Pub
 Everything had gone terribly wrong. I stood outside the Pic and read a sign, where Beachwood Sparks' name had been crossed out. Clem Snide was slotted in their place. Never heard of him and I wasn't sure if I wanted to. When you're told to expect something, and that something is taken away, you're entitled to act the part of an abandoned baby. So I was propped up against the bar moping, grasping my drink with miserable intent and all thoughts in my head were of betrayal. I didn't know the place or the people, but the crowd filled in laughing. There were rockers and cowboys that shared jokes and bought each other drinks. The Pic has the strange effect of erasing personal borders, on account of how tight a space it is, and when people bump into you, you both just smile. The reception for the openers was hesitant and I must admit I wasn't up and hollering "Lordy." As far as

songwriters go, they weren't half-bad, but not good enough to replace the California inspired beauty of Beachwood Sparks.

People twisted, turned and packed in towards the stage. Everyone shone from the heat. Drinks spilled on my shoes, cigarettes scorched my button-up shirt, and bodies shuffled. The Sadies walked out, bathed in red light, and those boys looked like they were on a mission of God's will or murder or maybe both. The Good brothers were dressed in similar white rhinestone suits, not unlike the suits made by Nudie's Rodeo Tailors for dear departed Gram Parsons. Everything about them standing there, even before they played, seemed to evoke a serious anticipation. Now maybe it was the drugs or the drink or the heat in that sardine can, but when that guitar and fiddle broke in, my problems were eased and I was freed. The show can only be described as a whole, something complete where songs were broken up with minute long instrumentals and the only

pauses were for family or friends to get up on the stage. Neko Case joined the boys for "This Little Light of Mine," and Ma and Pa Good came up for some wonderful numbers. Dallas Good's deep resonant voice carries with it more character, depth and tribulation than any performer twice his age. When he sang, the speaker shook and begged for leniency; and too bad you couldn't see the fury in his eyes underneath all that hair. Brother Travis Good has one of the greatest rock and roll snarls I've ever seen, and he plays with such unfettered madness you think he might start swinging that guitar at your head. During their set this prancing asshole kept jumping back and forth over the stage and from the look in Travis Good's eye, this wasn't sitting well with the booze. Well, this asshole, as I call him, jumped one more time and knocked over the mike stand. Well, Travis made like he was gonna bring hell down on him, but on account of the folks being there I think he reconsidered. So what does Asshole do?

He jumps again, and with that Travis raises up his gorgeous guitar and boots the prick right in the ass, sending him sprawling to the hardwood. The Sadies are without a doubt one of the best bands I've seen, and from Dick Dale to The Flying Burrito Bros. to Ennio Morricone, they run through styles and give them a new life, and a new worth as well. The

Sadies aren't country music; The Sadies are the fucking Sadies.

Derek Sterling Boone

MARTIN TELLI

Saturday, March 30
Richard's on Richards
 First, a little history. Martin is my rock god. I've adored him since I first saw him on the *Ralph Benmergi Show* with the

rest of Nick Buzz. Being one of the front men of The Rheostatics just made me love him more. He's a brilliant painter, writer and musician with a voice that can make you cry or send chills down your spine. He is my Elvis, he'll be 80

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE...



FROG EYES WOWS THE SUGAR REFINERY. THURSDAY APRIL 25. AS CAPTURED BY JAY DOUILLARD.

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and I'll be 60 and I'll throw my underwear on the line. Now, having said all that, I don't like his new album. We didn't even suspect that he was the poppy salesman. Martin can be a crazy genius, but this album screams **Gordon Lightfoot**. It's bland, unobtrusive, and heartfelt for sure, but without the manic weirdness I've become accustomed to.

Regardless, I went to his show at Richard's because I support him in all his endeavors. Martin came on and did a brief acoustic set with two of his new albums and one Rheos' song. It was actually quite beautiful and completely did away with my preconceived notion of how lame the show was going to be. I was certainly settling into the mellow mood he was trying to cultivate... and then the band came on. Made up of local Cian rock celebrities like Ford Pier and the drummer for Veda Hiss, and they proceeded to ruin the rest of the show. Even the bass player seemed more concerned with making people know what a rock star he was than playing. Martin played some more songs from his new CD and the newly re-released Nick Buzz CD, but all of his wonderful intricacy was lost. At one point Martin was singing "Shaved Head," (a Rheos' song he sings far too often). It's a beautiful, intense brooding song and I had "the crazy-dancing drunk-guy" in front of me. I guess I should be glad he didn't feel the need to take his shirt off.

Martin also did "Love Streams" off of the Nick Buzz CD. "Good," I thought, "this delicate melody will have the strength to break hearts—and it's only Martin singing with Ford Pier on piano." Boy was I wrong. Ford pounded that piano until any trace of Martin's voice was drowned out in his coarse cacophony. No tickling of the ivories here. There were other things that bothered me, like Martin singing about a break-up and the response being incessant giggling. Why? Because he said the word "poo." I wasn't aware that this was an all-ges show. By this point, I stopped paying attention to the show. It was getting louder and louder.

He was setting out to make an impression and became a total noise. And though I don't condone Richards' "Boot-'em-off-stage-as-quick-as-possible-so-they-can-dance-to-the-real-money-can-dance-to-the-shitty-hear-on-the-radio-all-the-time" policy, I was relieved that it was finally over. Maybe I'm getting old. Maybe Martin loses something when he doesn't have the other Rheos around. Maybe he should've picked a band more suitable to his subtle nuances. Whatever the case, I was really disappointed. If only I could be like the little old ladies who elvis and were content to weep and scream at the sight of him. If only I could be happy to stare at my darling malcontent artist. If only....

Robin Fisher

26 MAY 2002

FILA BRAZILIA GRAND CENTRAL SOUND SYSTEM

Thursday, April 4

Sonar

Oh, golly: How I looked forward to this show. What a treat to see these master producers who never stop amazingly weaving together a cacophony of influences with style and mirth. Hot on the heels of **Fila Brazilia's** latest and arguably best release, *Jump Leads*, I was all amped up for a show that featured a "whole band—not simply two party Englishmen behind decks, which is the usual for English DJs at Sonar! This is what they get in Seattle the night after. What Vancouver got was basically one pasty Englishman—Dave "Man" McSherry—and their touring MC. The rest of the Fila band (drummer, bassist, and the other half of Fila proper, Steve De La Soul) were in Vancouver, but sans their gear, which was stuck in the States. One could say Man's set was alright for a guy who's better known for his production and music making and his mixes of everything house and R&B were nice. But was **Kylie Minogue's** megahit really needed in the mix? Going to a show where less than one half the act performs makes one give less than one half of a shit in the end. Respect is due to the Sonar crew for booking Fila, but I'm going to pretend they never came and reserve judgment until they're in full presence. Sticking this show out to its end was well worth the wait on the weekday, however. The DJs of **Grand Central Sound System** (K7 Records) kicked some life back into the crowd thanks to the energetic vocals of Brooklyn's Nikkool. I don't know who's this sassy lady is, but her party attitude kept the crowd engaged, inserting some much needed hip hop creativity and fun into a so-so evening.

Rhot

PRINCESS SUPERSTAR STINK MITH

Thursday, April 4

Wetbar

The Wetbar's bouncers set the mood the minute I walked in. Open a door, pay the cover, and the boys—totally kept the comprehensive pat-down from the security detail. Which sends the message: packing anything in your pant leg? Leave it outside. This is ladies' night.

The bouncer didn't find what he was looking for, so we went. Almost right away, we were treated to an unannounced opening, local rap duo **Stink Mith**. Dressed up like '80s backwash in Cyndi Lauper sunglasses and teased hair, these ladies delivered a two-song mini set that might even have made Princess Superstar herself blush. The first one I was barely listening to until I caught the chorus chant, something that rhymed "hit" with "clit." The second song, "Jaibaib," was an ode to

teenage boys. I have to hand it to them. **Stink Mith** was the perfect primer for the act to follow, they got the small crowd up out of their seats—enough chairs for everyone that night—and gave us a playful (I hope) reversal of the typical sexual politics rap songs get caught up in.

But there was something wrong. It was 11:30, and the club was barely a quarter full. Surely Princess Superstar deserved better? My friends and I speculated that not many people showed up to this show because: a) not much advance notice; b) not a lot of hype; b) the new album, *Princess Superstar Is*, though excellent, has only been out a couple of months; c) Wetbar waters down their drinks; d) it was only 10 bucks, but bank accounts were empty after **De La Soul's** Commodore shows earlier that week.

And we also thought up a) People don't take the Princess seriously as a rapper. Maybe it's that tired old white rapper stigma—or the even more tired woman rapper stigma—but anyone who's heard the new album should know better: this white girl has skills. Maybe it's her background in indie rock. Or maybe they don't take her seriously because she doesn't take them seriously, at least as seriously as they take themselves. Her scene is to reverse and play with some of rap's favourite topics, like misogyny, gangsta poses, and battle M.C.s. When she's rapping, Princess Superstar is taking the piss with "keeping it real" sceners. Her reply is "Hell yeah I'm faking it, but I'm faking it better than you are, and the big difference is that I know I'm faking."

But our tirade got cut off. There she was, leather bodysuit. Las Vegas showgirl-head-gear and all. She gave it to us fast, funny, and sexy, working the stage like Britney's evil alter ego. Backed by a DJ and live bass player, and trading rymes with her stage partner, who I'm guessing was **Curtis Curtis** (poor substitute for **Kool Keith**, but what can you do?), she got the hundred or so people at the club that night dancing to some quality party hip-hop. The playing was a big part of the show—she changed hats four or five times, switched from sex kitten to goddess, female john to bad babysitter, rhyming her way in and out of each person. Silly, early **Madonna** dance routines. Crotch grabbing and chest thumping. The show was good. But when she broke out the ultra-erotic "Wet Wet Wet" and **Curtis Curtis**, who obviously came in through a different door than me, pulled a little squirt gun out of his pants to sprinkle the crowd and draw us into the Princess' raunchy fantasy, most of it fell onto the empty spaces on the dance floor.

Evam Mauro

HARD RUBBER ORCHESTRA Wednesday, April 10 Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Well, I always hate writing unbalanced, sycophantic reviews. But some acts, like Vancouver's own **Hard Rubber Orchestra**, just leave me with no choice.

When I showed up at the Culch, I really had no clue what to expect. I had heard bits and pieces about HRO around the UBES School of Music and knew I was in for something to



JONNY O OF STREETS PLAYS THE ELECTRIC GUITAR AT THE PIC. PHOTO BY DIRTY AND THIRTY.

do with big band jazz. The members of the band immediately set a good rapport with the small audience, with both bandleader and conductor **John Korsrud** and baritone sax player **Daniel Miles Kane** joking and chatting with the audience pre-show.

Once the show got underway, HRO played long and hard, performing a mix of old material and new material from their just-released CD, *Rub Harder*. Of course it was all new to me.

In the first set, they performed pieces by Korsrud and Montreal composer **Jean Derome**, including a mesmerizing piece commissioned by the Kokoro Dance company for a performance in 1995 at the Vancouver International Jazz Festival. This piece was one of my particular favourites, with its Caribbean flavour and a beat driving even harder than the rain outside.

The second 50-minute set

was a suite by Vancouver composer **Brad Turner**, which also had an exotic feel to it, sometimes seeming Middle Eastern, sometimes tribal, sometimes Latin, and at other times pure jazz. Throughout both sets, everyone had at least one solo, when Korsrud would duck out of the way to avoid obstruction. Korsrud also made sure at the end of each number to introduce each of the soloists for that number to us. All of the members of the orchestra played phenomenally, but I'd have to

and set, **John Korsrud** asked us if we were enjoying this "crazy quasi-big band experience." Of course the answer was a definite "yes!"

Korsrud announced that **Hard Rubber Orchestra** will be back in the fall of 2002 with a new commissioned work by trombonist **Hugh Fraser** (who also had an awesome, face-reddening intense solo of his own in the last song, a **Jim Hendrix** cover), and (I think) also an appearance at the Jazz Festival again, so keep an eye out for them.

Vampyra Dracula

...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD BOBBY CONN Saturday, April 13 Richard's on Richards

This is a payback review: I owed **Discorder**, I owed **Trail of Dead**, and I owed you, the reader, most of all. I sincerely apologize for not writing a review for this band when I was supposed to, last Hallow's Eve.

Set the scene: early show with a long line, and raining. It was raining. The more shows, the more faces you know. We finally make our way in, determined to stand near the front.

What is an opening act? A performance meant to showcase an up-and-coming talent, and, in the vernacular of the music biz, "sue the crowd up." **Bobby Conn** is short and he insults the audience. **Bobby Conn** likes to look at the ceiling, **Conn** the lights, or maybe it's God. The band was dressed in their finest lavender ostrich-skin numbers, which started them sweating upon the stage. Obviously club management had turned up the heat. **Bobby** came across like he was tutored by **Jagger** and **Iggy**, and then maybe beaten up by them. Anybody willing to combine platter rock and willing hooks with clever, smarmy lyrics

form. And that was exactly what it was: a performance. The clichés were toxic-molasses thick and the posturing jumped the comedic gap right into absurdity. More than anything, though, their genuine willingness to perform made them damn entertaining. By the end of their set, we had already blown into our eardrums. **Bobby** even crooned to some fella in the front row, then took some girl instead.

I believe in a number of strange things: mass political conspiracy, alien life, mutant talent agents, sock gnomes, and yes, I even believe in DEMONS. I've seen demons, seen their eyes glaze over black and profound. Yes, I'm certain there are demons, and they definitely come from Texas. Lights are out and that malicious little tunnel song from **Willy Wonka** and **The Chocolate Factory** plays as the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28...

At the beginning of the sec-



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Th | May 09

Richards on Richards
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Picadilly
Discard Presents
Endearing/Smatman Showcases
The Salteens, Moneen
Hot Little Rocket
Waking Eyes, The Organ

Sonar
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Fr | May 10

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Richards on Richards
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 The Corp, Lund Band
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The Penthouse
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John Ford
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Cranes
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Zubota and Resin
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Vogue Theatre
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and Black Spirits
Zimfuson!
WRDP Drummers
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Sa | May 11

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 - All Ages
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Peppersands
Honeysuckle Serontina
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The Penthouse
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Tom Lee Music Hall
Mediaeval Baebes
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Su | May 12

The Rega
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RADIOGRAM
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 Thurs. May 09 - Penthouse with Bottleneck and Old Reliable



THE SALTEENS
 Thurs. May 09 - The Pic, 12:00 with Moneen, Hot Little Rocket and the Waking Eyes



HOT LITTLE ROCKET
 Thurs. May 09 - The Pic, 10:00 with Moneen, The Salteens and the Waking Eyes



THE WAKING EYES
 Thurs. May 09 - The Pic, 9:00 with Moneen, The Salteens and Hot Little Rocket.
 featuring guest performance by Rod Slaughter of Duotang and Novillero

Trail of Dead walked upon the stage. It was a moment where humour and horror are the best of friends walking hand in bloody hand. This was a thematic introduction to the best of Texas and to the very night itself. The boys in black play not just to entertain, but to transform through intensity. And allowances are made to guarantee this as Jason Reece and Conrad Keely play musical chairs and share the vocal/guitar and drum duties. Reece possesses a distinct, high energy; any hostility is internalized and used to manufacture a positive reaction. Lights up—and for their entire set the momentum is furious and transient, and nothing is still and nothing stops. Their three full lengths have created a metamorphic transition from recording to stage, and everything is suddenly made of napalm. Even in the chaos of Reece jumping on the bar, or colliding with us on the floor, even in those moments the music maintains and waits to devour. Keely just has to stand there, hypocritically swaying and singing; his face contorted into a portrait of evil, loving every minute of being there. The crowd was transformed; we were slaughtered in such a beautiful way, and we became part of that long trail. Then, in a blinding moment, it stopped, it stopped with the fury of an imploding drum kit. Guitar and bass were thrown into the kit, and the band walked away like a gang from the scene of a mass crime. But then the lead broke and asked for more. "Encore" shouted the undead—they demanded more. Engineers were called to the front and asked to turn disorder into a puzzle. A successful ten-minute operation completed with doormen standing at the wings of the stage. They were glaring as the club was opening up to the dancing queens and open shirts with chains. But the boys emerged and just smiled—those devil-may-care smiles—thanked us with some songs, and then deliberately razed the stage one more time. Then, like an apparition of the night, they were gone. Fuck, you just have to laugh.

Derek Sterling Boone

CANNIBAL CORPSE

ABUSE

KOARK

Friday, April 19

Studebaker's Metal shows offer certain things that just aren't to be found at any other type of concert. The witty between-song banter takes on a menacing edge: for example, vocalist George "Corpsegriinder" Fisher's threat to an overenthusiastic fan who'd thrown a bottle on stage. "Come up here so I can tear your fucking heart out and shove it up your ass, I will kill you and your whole fucking family because I do not give a fuck." Now there's something you won't hear at a Julie

Doiron gig, Cannibal Corpse played to a large and active crowd that responded well to their heavy-and-fast approach that has remained in place for a good 13 years. Although they've become a bit of a joke in much of the metal scene (they were in *Acc Ventura*, y'know), there is a groove and swing to the best of their music that makes it much more engaging than the formulaic chugs of most grind/death bands, especially recent ones. Yeah, maybe the lyrics aren't the most clever, but the intensity is in place and the hair-swirling circular banging is still the best you can expect to see. And it's kinda fun to yell "MAGGOTS" over and over again, accompanied by a roomful of sweaty white teenagers.

Nathan Ruthnum

BERES HAMMOND

HARMONY HOUSE

SINGERS

Friday, April 19

Commodore

Grammy nominee Beres Hammond was at the Commodore for one of the dates on his "Music is Life" tour. The show got off to a hype start with several DJs; one of note was Ginger, who was busting out some conscious lyrics for the crowd. There was definitely a lovers' rock feel to the crowd, but what can you expect when you know they were waiting for the smooth voice of singer Beres Hammond? After the DJs we got to hear some lovely ladies, simply known as the Harmony House Singers. These were Beres' back-up girls, but they certainly proved their right to be in the spot light as they beautifully sang some classic reggae standards and some more consciously styled tunes. I'm thinking they were the most interesting act of the night... Not to say that I didn't enjoy the man Beres Hammond, 'cause I certainly did. He sang his soulful lovers' tunes and managed to pull off a number of wicked dancehall-esque tracks along with the hits we were all expecting and waiting for, like "Can You Play Some More" and "They Gonna Talk." My only complaint is that it all ended too early.

Karen Larsen

LES SAVY FAV

HOT HOT HEAT

WITNESS PROTECTION

PROGRAM

Friday, April 19

Picadilly Pub

Hot Hot Heat are B-A-D. That spells PENIS. The lead singer, what's his name, sounds like a kid going on puberty trying to sing while hiding his erection. I don't know how the FUNT he comes up with a British accent when he's from Vancouver Island, either. Les Savy Fav's lead singer, good old what's-his-face, had a beard, a belly, and a nice pair of shoes. He's also balding with a

healthy pair of tits. At least he has some style, for Christ's sake.

Christa Min

THE BUILDING PRESS

TRAIL VS. RUSSIA

VERMILION

Saturday, April 20

Picadilly Pub

Vermilion started playing at 10:40. They finished at 11:25. They played TWO songs.



PEDRO THE LION AT RICHARD'S.
PHOTO BY MICHELLE FURBACHER.

Apparently they have an album coming out that's a two song double LP recorded by Steve Albini with cover art by Roger Dean of Yes fame. I don't like their songs or the way they sound, but Vermilion is incredible. Next time they play, you should go. Even if their music makes you want to kill yourself, you will die in amazement.

The Building Press sound like this: a flock of a thousand birds flying in a precise formation. Then there are 40 gun shots and 40 birds drop like bombs screaming from the sky. Actually, no. No they don't sound like that.

The bass is Trail, the guitar is Russia, the drums are the officials, and whoever is the loudest wins.

Christa Min

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM

LOST GOAT

STREETS

Sunday, April 21

Picadilly Pub

Fireballs of Freedom should

have been a "total fucking blowout" (as promised on their posters). But the April 21 show at the Picadilly Pub was doomed from the beginning. The first setback was finding out that Lost Goat from San Francisco were told to get lost by our keepers of national security, the men and women who protect us from the evils of independent rock: the Canadian Border Patrol.

president of Fireball Productions, got the call at about 10:30 that the headliners were turned away at the border.

Lucky for Chase, half the people in the bar were musicians themselves and perhaps more sympathetic and learned in the ways of border crossing. Patrons were offered a five-dollar refund on their eight-dollar cover charge or a free drink if

they stayed for STREETS, a local hardcore skate band.

Again, there were mild murmurs of disappointment, but this crowd wasn't going down without a fight. The scattered remains of The Black Halos, a Spitfire or two and some Felthers (old and new) were among the 60 or so who opted to stay for some ass-kicking skate tunes from Vancouver's punk rock quartet, who, ironically, are not strangers to last minute promotions.

According to STREETS' lead singer, Jonny O, they were bumped to headliners at their last show when two other bands from the States couldn't penetrate the Fort Knox of immigration. Is there a pattern here?

STREETS played a respectable 40-minute gig chanting, "Come on everyone. Let's skate. Let's go," before

Setback number two came in the form of every promoter's worst nightmare. Steve Chase,

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- M13 Casiotone
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- ritte wings
- T14 Parallella
- T16 Mike Z
trio
w/dave sikula
- T17 Kai Zen
Jazz for
sunny day catas
tropes
- S18 Sparrow
Lo'scil
- S19 P: an o
ul
adam
- T21 Tom
Christine
fellows
[arm]
- Parallella
- W22 guitar
quartet
- T23 G.V. Lodge
- T24 almost transparent
BLUP
- S25 collapsing
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- S26 beta carotene
- M27 Po' girl
- T28 Parallella
- W29 J.P. Carter
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PAGE 30...**

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admitting they didn't have any material left for an encore.

Well, the much anticipated blowout may not have been a raging success. The Canucks lost 3-1 and The Pic lost two bands, but the night wasn't a complete waste of time either, thanks to a bar full of people with zero attitude and the STREETS.

"We do what we can," shrugged Johnny O.
Sarah Rowlands

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS
KHAN
Monday, April 22
Paramount Theatre
Seattle

Rock concerts put on by middle-aged men are kitsch in the worst Greenbergian sense of the term. Although Nick Cave will always be a brilliant performer, he's reached a level of underground superstardom that prevents him from realizing his full potential. On his last tour, Nick played with only one of his Bad Seeds (Warren Ellis, also of Australia's The Dirty Three) and two backing musicians; the result was a necessary reinterpretation of all of his songs, and a heightened awareness on his part of their quality. On this tour, with his entire Bad Seeds gang (two keyboards, two guitars, two drum kits, violin): the effect being a maestros of sonic and visual activity, pinned by the axis of Nick and his histrionic silhouette, Warren), he has regressed to a level of low self-awareness where maniacal gesticulation, absurd stadium rock light effects, and mediocre musicianship (too much reliance on the funerary bell, perhaps) dominate the experience. And why is this a product of Nick's status as a "brooding, alt-rock forefather"—as someone who

can sell out several thousand seats at a high-end American venue at \$30 American a ticket? Because the audience eats it up, loving Nick to the last; in the eyes of these little ones, Nick can do no wrong, even when he is, and scandalously so. The explosion of energy Nick tried to create in this performance just doesn't work for him: Nick performs best when he works on the cusp of the explosion, on the threshold of released tension.

Is Donovan just bitter because he had a bad seat? Is he presenting an elite expectation of musical quality that no performer could possibly live up to? Is he out of touch with the masses? No. If anything, you should be listening to me even more attentively because I and I alone am the voice of reason in these turbulent, Nick Cave-assessing times. Not to say the show wasn't worthwhile in the end, anyway: Nick's practiced, Elvis-derived affect and gestures reflects his own awareness of his position as an overstuffed star. His deliberate positioning of himself in between the stage's horizontal spotlights created two massive, twitching shadows on the walls of the opulent Paramount Theatre, a breathtaking experience for all concerned. "The Mercy Seat" performance elicited all of the effects of a classic mass religious experience; the electrified consciousness grid generated in the crowd was felt even more strongly during "Saint Huck" in the second encore: from my vantage point up in the sky, I could see the audience, stunned, blasted, pulsing as one in collective mythic bliss. Kudos to the kid rave trotting in the second mezzanine: you felt it for all of us, man.

Donovan

¡CUBANISMO!
Thursday, April 25
Commodore

That was absolutely phenomenal...and just when it got to the point where I thought I couldn't take anymore, the band found more energy and played on. All the crowd wanted was more and more of ¡Cubanism! vibe, the high-pitched crescendos of the lead trumpet player, Jesus Alemany, prancing through the congas' complex rhythms, taking it in turn with the bell and small conga player, who at one point dueted it out with their finest fast-paced percussive beats.

As someone who was introduced to a big-band, 15 piece pure Latino sound for the first time "live" since, of course, the genesis of the infamous Buena Vista Social Club—also of Cuban origin. I was flabbergasted. I am now completely sold on ¡Cubanism!, who have been together since 1997, and will do my best to get involved with more of this scene and the music itself! I had my doubts before-hand about what was going to happen, but the Commodore was definitely a classy and swank venue to view ¡Cubanism!'s spectacular performance. The entire audience couldn't help but move every single little part of their individual bodies, as part of the collective—every note was stretched to exquisite perfection and turned into a danceable tune.

I was initially wondering if that many musicians on stage would be able to reach such a sizeable crowd, but the acoustics and sound engineering were impeccable and the lyrics—an eclectic mix of Spanish and English—soon transgressed any imagined social and sound barriers. The mood created was a very personal and intimate listening experience of a superb quality

of music (do you get my point yet? It was awesome!)

Back to the scene: I just didn't want the vibe to stop and mid-way through, when the rhythm began to wane, one of the "younger" members of the group stepped forward as a ladies man and crowd pleaser with sensuous movements and smooth tones. With my limited grasp of Spanish, I was able to discern "busca me," or "look at me," which I thought was very broke. Another male lead singer broke it down into hip hop 'pin', which I thought showed the diversity of the band as world musicians, while the main male vocalist kept a mean pace with his raspy yet strong voice that told of his long experience.

The band played for three hours straight, without a break or even so much as a glass of water (I don't know how the big bad brass section did it—they were blowing incessant patterns of notes at very intense levels). And when the main trumpeter, Jesus, wanted to thank Vancouver and the audience and the government (something to that effect) for the opportunity to play here, I am sure I was not alone in thinking, "No. Thank you for coming all the way up here and sharing a part of your heritage...and for finding a way to share this music, this soul, this energy. Regardless, this bloody fantastic music has a universal language."

I was all aglow, and I don't think that it was a coincidence that the moon was nearly full; it unleashed in some of us frenzied howls and foot-stomping ecstasy and hand clapping into oblivion, while others melted into graceful dance duets as fluid as poetry gliding across the bouncy dance floor. I hope that ¡Cubanism! will come back some day to energize us with their presence, but I think

they will because it seemed to me that they were enjoying themselves immensely up there on stage as well.

¡Cubanism! was supported by the Coastal Jazz and Blues Society, while the support band was Quetzal, which was led by a captivating woman who kicked off the night by dancing on a wooden box.

Shena Telfei

TALKING HEADS
FRANK ZAPPA
WHITE STRIPES
THE FRUMPIES
Date Unknown
Various Venues

Though this dream was obviously totally insane, it followed a real-world logic by presenting very accurately that annoying dynamic that sometimes comes to bear when large groups of people are involved—everyone wants to go somewhere, no one wants to make a decision, and the evening winds up being wasted in aimless wandering and petty arguments. I can't remember who, exactly, comprised my dream-peer group—it seemed to include some old high school friends and co-workers—but we fought and whined with the sullen energy of siblings stuck in the back of a station wagon.

I was really excited to see **The Frumpies** but my friends kept telling me that they sucked. Meanwhile, I would answer back that they didn't suck, they ruled, and I would play them some 7's the next day to prove it. But my friends were right: **The Frumpies** did suck, playing a few notes at a time and then standing around, looking bored. We hastily left the venue.

Our next stop was the sold-out **White Stripes** concert held in the basement of Ms. T's. We

If you've had idiotic, disturbing, or otherwise interesting Rock Dreams, send them in to discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca with the subject heading "My brain manufactures strange chemicals." Make sure to include your name.

somehow managed to sneak past the doorman and sat on the stairs (it was in the basement, remember?) watching the red-and-white superstars standing around, looking bored. Kevin Lee of Bum was in the venue and he was selling off some of his possessions to buy a plane ticket for a friend. He had an Old Time Reljivun box set that included a very swanky art deco-style wristwatch, two CDs, some mystical Wiccan herbs, and a book of instructions for channeling demons. I tried to steal the box set, but was eventually overcome with guilt and gave up.

Frank Zappa was playing the Plaza of Nations and this was where things started getting really fucked up. Being dead, Frank was not particularly equipped to headline a packed show at the Plaza, so his record label had taken the initiative of having him cloned—twice. One clone was on stage pulling off some cheezy *Tinseltown* Rebellion guitar licks, while the other clone worked the door. The strongest part of the concert, however, was the audience: it seemed to be composed almost exclusively of small Indo-Canadian children and their parents dancing elaborate waltzes.

By the time we made it to the **Talking Heads** show which was in some kind of outdoor concert bowl, maybe the Gorge or something! I had been reduced to a state of utter paranoia, accusing my boyfriend of infidelities with a wide spectrum of individuals, male and female. The rest of the group had disintegrated and the dream slowly melted away into more mundane incomprehensibility: flying amphibians, melting blue walls, the rest.

H. Apropos

02 Technics / DMC DJ Championship



dmc canada

Sunday July 7th

@ The Round House,

2pm - 6pm

Special Guest

JR.FLOW (funkytেকnicianz)

and suprise M.C.

Vancouver Elimination

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Competition is open to Canadian DJs only.

The DJ must perform solo - no teams are permitted.

The only equipment permitted and supplied in the Championships are:

2 - Technics SL1200/SL1210/M3D turntables

1 - Technics SH-DJ1200/SH-DX1200 mixer, no other equipment is allowed

Competitors must supply their own cartridges & stylus

The use of headphones is permitted but must be provided by the competitor

Each competitor will be allowed a period of exactly six (6) minutes to compete

All competitors will be judged on the following criteria:

A. Technical Skills & Tricks (Technique, scratching, speed, etc.)

B. Creation of Breakbeats (Juggling, beat morphing, etc.)

C. Running Mixes (consistency, accuracy, rhythm)

D. Entertainment Value (stage presence, ability to work the crowd, etc.)

E. Originality (creativity, originality, musical selection, innovation, etc.)

APPLICATION TO COMPETE

Name: _____ DJ Name: _____

Address: _____

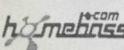
Telephone: _____ E-mail: _____

All applicants must complete the above and forward

with a sample audiocassette, Video or CD to:

1200lbs. Productions,

INFO: www.1200lbs.com email: 1200lbs@telus.net



*eckö unlt. 1200lbs.

WHAT WE LISTENED TO THIS MONTH...

FROG EYES • LYNC • GRADE • SILKWORM • ALFIE •

RICHARD HELL • JOSEF K • DEATH IN JUNE • SIGHTINGS

• MISSION OF BURMA • SWANS • MOUNTAIN GOATS •

SLOWDIVE • TRANS AM • V/A ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN

FRONT • GARY WILSON • JON RAE FLETCHER • THE

GOSSIP • THIS HEAT • GUIDED BY VOICES • FANG •

HOT SNAKES • HINTERLAND • V/A MUSIC FOR PUSSYCATS

• METALLICA • NILS PETER MOLVAER



May Long Vinyl

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 | Three Inches of Blood | Battlecry Under... | Teenage Rampage |
| 2 | Spitfires | Three | Longshot |
| 3 | Young and Sexy | Stand Up For Your Mother | Mint |
| 4 | Radiogram | All The Way Home | Endearing |
| 5 | Volumizer | Gaga for Gigi | Mint |
| 6 | Neil Young | Are You Passionate? | Reprise |
| 7 | Herbaliser | Something Wicked... | Ninja Tune |
| 8 | Jon Spencer Blues Explosion | Plastic Fang | Matador |
| 9 | DJ Shadow | You Can't Go Home Again | MCA |
| 10 | Catheters | Static Delusions And... | Sub Pop |
| 11 | Hot Hot Heat | Knock Knock Knock | Sub Pop |
| 12 | Cornshop | Handcream for a Generation | Wiiija |
| 13 | Mark Kleiner Power | Trio Love to Night | Mint |
| 14 | White Stripes | White Blood Cells | V2 |
| 15 | Badly Drawn Boy | About A Boy | Artist |
| 16 | Mimosa | Bucolicque | Independent |
| 17 | Richard Hell | Time | Matador |
| 18 | Mooney Suzuki | Electric Sweat | Gammon |
| 19 | Julie Doiron | Heart and Crime | Jagjagwuar |
| 20 | Gas Huffer | The Rest of Us | Estrus |
| 21 | Sightings | Sightings | Load |
| 22 | Hanson Brothers | My Game | Mint |
| 23 | Deadcats | Bad Pussy | Flying Saucer |
| 24 | Billy Bragg | England, Half-English | Elektra |
| 25 | Cinematic Orchestra | All That You Give | Ninja Tune |
| 26 | Selby Tigers | Return Of... | Hopeless |
| 27 | Medeski Martin and Wood | Uninvisible | Blue Note |
| 28 | Epoxies | Epoxies | Dirtnap |
| 29 | Various Artists | Japan For Sale Vol.2 | Sony |
| 30 | Flying Nuns | Everything's Impossible... | Q Division |
| 31 | Gary Wilson | You Think You Really Know Me | Motel |
| 32 | Chicago Underground Duo | Axis & Alignment | Thrill Jockey |
| 33 | Acid Mothers Temple | In C | Squealer |
| 34 | Pretty Girls Make Graves | Good Health | Lookout! |
| 35 | Reverend Horton Heat | Lucky 7 | Artemis |

May Short Vinyl

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1 | The Organ | We've Got to Meet | Genius |
| 2 | Destroyer | The Music Lovers | Sub Pop |
| 3 | Matt Pond | This is not | Polyvinyl |
| 4 | Evaporators | Honk the Horn | Nardwuar |
| 5 | Tijuana Bibles | Mexican Courage | Trophy |
| 6 | Mirah | Cold Cold Water | k |
| 7 | Songs:Ohio | The Gray Tower | SC |
| 8 | Rye Coalition | ZZ Topless | Tigerstyle |
| 9 | Class Assassins | No Justice | Insurgence |
| 10 | V/A | Volume one | Out of Touch |
| 11 | Mea Culpa | Corporate | Nation Empty |
| 12 | Riff Randalls | How Bout Romance | Lipstick |
| 13 | The Lollies | Channel Heaven | Evil World |
| 14 | The Spitfires | Juke Box High | Glazed |
| 15 | The Cleats | Save Yourself | Longshot |
| 16 | The Riffs | Such A Bore | TKO |
| 17 | Matthew | Stars | Numero |
| 18 | Bottles & Skulls | I am one... | TKO |
| 19 | The Chrome Yellow Co. | Summerside | Northern Light |
| 20 | Stereo/Ultimate | Split | Popkid |

May Indie Home Jobs

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 | The Accident | Perestrokia |
| 2 | Sharp Teeth | Burn Return |
| 3 | Hextalls | I'm Sick of You |
| 4 | Byronic Heroes | I'm a Drunk |
| 5 | Red Scare | Try to Give Up |
| 6 | Amarillo Stars | You've Seen This Before |
| 7 | Human Hi-Lite Reel | Lamb-a-rama |
| 8 | Winks | Aprin Fell |
| 9 | Bend Sinister | Untitled |
| 10 | Ether's Void | It's Over |
| 11 | Bestest | Wilfor |
| 12 | Spin-offs | Novelty Garb |
| 13 | Roadbed | JB Fool |
| 14 | Dr. Pong | Snapshot |
| 15 | Stoke | Black Sorrows |
| 16 | Six Block Radius | Kill to Hide |
| 17 | Too Hectic | As You Were |
| 18 | Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys | This One's For You |
| 19 | Mr. Solid | Already Gone |
| 20 | Emerald City | Machinery Needs |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

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

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DISORDER@YAHOO.COM

on the dial

your guide to CTR 101.9fm



SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

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

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-

3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00-5:00PM Real cowshit caught-in-yer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

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

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-

6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, U.S. etc.). '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM

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

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-

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

THE SHOW 10:00PM-

12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your host Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

TRANCEANCE 12:00-

2:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <tranceance@hotmail.com>

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-

6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM

Your favourite brownies, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM Local

Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GRIFFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-

3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional

interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancunt wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-

5:00PM A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical

muscles. Surprises galore.

WENNER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-

6:00PM Join the sports dept.

for their coverage of the T-Birds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-

7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-

6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM

Phelps, Altni, n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-

9:00PM

Original rude gals, skanksters, bad boys, big men and sing-jays. Join Selector Krystabelle

for raw roots, dub-fi dub and some heavy dancehall sounds.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-

12:00AM Vancouver's longest

running prime time jazz program.

Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

May 6: Composer, innovator, theorist, pianist and band leader

George Russell and his septet, The Stratus Seekers.

May 13: In celebration of the birth day of Canadian-born composer/arranger Gil Evans, one of his most acclaimed albums, *Out Of The Cool*.

May 20: Modern jazz pioneer Bud Powell with Paul Chambers and Arthur Taylor performing Bud's final great album for Blue Note, *The Scene Changes*.

May 27: *Pike's Peak*, performed by an underrated vibraphone

master named Dave Pike. Pianist Bill Evans makes this album extra special.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-

3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's

punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—

thank fucking Christ!

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-

6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

An old punk rock heart considers

the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near

and far. Your host, the great Daryani, seeks reassurance via

<worldheat@hotmail.com>. (Moves to Thursdays 11PM-1AM

starting May 16).

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock!

A harmless note may make you a fan!

Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll

Deadlier than the most dangerous

criminal! <borninistixy-nine@hotmail.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-

1:00PM Vancouver's only

industrial-electronic-retro-goth

program. Music to schtop to,

hosted by Coren.

FILL-IN alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program

music.

PCR 2:00-3:30PM

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM	7	8	9	10	11	12PM	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12AM	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE
		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED	THE SATURDAY EDGE																			
	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	FOOL'S PARADISE	PLANET LOVERTON	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE																			
		GIRFOOD	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD	THE ANTIDOTE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS																			
	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	ANOIZE	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE																			
			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	MOTORDADDY	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW																			
	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED(CF)	ELECTRIC AVENUES (EG)	LA BOMBA (MG)	RACHEL'S SONG	RHYMES & REASONS																			
	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	SAINT TROPEZ	WENNER'S BARBEQUE (SP)	10,000 VOICES (TK)	POP GOES THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS																			
	QUEER FM	CRASH THE POSE	MY ASS (EG)	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR																			
	RHYTHMSINDIA	WIGFLUX RADIO	SALARIO MINIMO	FOLK OASIS	REPLICA REJECT	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS																			
	THE SHOW	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOMEBASS																			
	TRANCEANCE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	HIGHBRED VOICES	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD																			
	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	BBC WORLD SERVICE	THE RED EYE																			

Cf=conscious and funky • Ch=children's • Dc=dance/electronic • Ec=eclectic • G=goth/industrial • Hc=hardcore • Hh=hip hop
 Hk=Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz=jazz • Lm=live music • Lo=lounge • Mt=metal • No=noise • Nw=Nardwuar • Po=pop • Pu=punk
 Rg=reggae • Rr=rock • Rts=roots • Sk=ska • So=soul • Sp=sports • Tk=talk • Wo=world



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE JUNE ISSUE. THE DEADLINE IS MAY 28. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRIDAY MAY 3

the rockin' daddys@the main; black cat video's *sabot*@blinding light!; colorific@sugar refinery; slam city jam party featuring dj craze, dj kleverson; cracker@richards@the main; inject, koalatron, rich hamakawa, the rain and the sidewalk@m's; t's cabaret; pandy on, shukasta, hotwire, david dondero@picadilly; spiffires, mr. underhill, the old ripper@cabalt

SATURDAY 4

vernon, domnah@lotus, buttenbeck@the main; the substance@blinding light!; pic carter with dave skulda@sugar refinery; nemy zero@richard's@the main; dj love@purple onion; zero 7@richard's@the main; the early show; michael kaeshammer@vancouver east cultural centre; chapter 127, black ric, gene garntner@picadilly; death sentence, the first day, tim@beck; moonen, the red light sting@sylvann hall

SUNDAY 5

kendra shand@the main; asian heritage month festival@blinding light!; kim barlow@sugar refinery; dj elektr@sonar; the town pants@richard's@the main; sanctuary industrial night featuring dj pandemonium@purple onion; frog eyes@zulu records (4pm)

MONDAY 6

the scene (brit pop night)@purple onion; chargers street gang, the international playboys@picadilly

TUESDAY 7

or et juste's *clats de giteroc*@blinding light!; parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery; arizon@sonar; dr. chaos@richard's@the main; rockabilly@purple onion; mason jennings, stablo boss@picadilly

WEDNESDAY 8

any honey, carolyn mark@the main; never mind the bollocks, here's the w@blinding light!; emerald city@sugar refinery; georgia straight music; awards@richard's@the main; richards; motorbootsy (funk night)@purple onion; lonesome pine, sedated@cabalt; dj sage, kuma w/mis behavior, jungle soldier@drink

THURSDAY 9

CITR PRESENTS THE SALTEENS, MOONEE, HOT LITTLE ROCKET, WAKING EYES, THE ORGAN@the PIC; asleigh flynn, coby, nicky mehta, joanna cairns@the main; a sense of place@blinding light!; i kill my conscience at times, the radio, plan b@sugar refinery; gavin iron, morga page, luke mckeehan, dana d, otaku@sonar; shocore, sideshow, w/d, hybrid cartel, superjaded, big fat scratch@richard's@the main; kevin shiu, niki mia@sugar refinery; puffy amy yuma, jody birch, chin@vogue; crystal pistol, hot hot heat, the spiffires@lufavair; lost tribe of the sun, raving sens, motox, northern alliance, andia@tanalaze@purple onion; big bottom@purple onion lounge; punk rock, bingo@cabalt

FRIDAY 10

john botomley, rigley, wendy ip, restricted b@the main; live from palestine@blinding light!; hinterland, springer and ducumnon@sugar refinery; porn star: the legend of ron jerey@intselvow; matthew good, sense field@commodore; fred eaglesmith, the cobr land@richard's@the main; richards; holly mcarland, john ford@penthouse; cranes, heads@lufavair; tony furtado and the american gypsies; zabotta and resin@performance works; oliver mitukuda and black spirts, zimfuson!; wref; drummers@vogue; the awols, the cinch, the two-minute miracles, the weekend@picadilly; mad pudding;@WISE hall, following horus, attica, facepuller, one nine hundred@cabalt

SATURDAY 11

dave mothersole@lotus; derek fairbridge, ask nora, bonnie bailiff, mani khaira@the main; a tribe of his own@blinding light!; mint nite featuring mark kleiner power trio, volumizer, young and sexy, duotang, operation makout, the tennessee twin, the organ@video in; piano, stations, second narrows@sugar refinery; matthew good, peppersnads, honeysuckle serotina@vogue (all ages); big naked, live on release, speed to kill@penthouse; front line assembly, landscape body machines@lufavair; the gruesomes@cabalt; midnight oil@commodore; mediaeval bio@bes@tom lee music hall; clover honey, the dirtmints@picadilly; super furry animals@richard's@the main; early show; gruesomes, gg dartray; the feminists, the dinks@cabalt

SUNDAY 12

muski parea, grup bars@the main; joint effort@blinding light!; rupix kube@sugar refinery; varcus visionary@sonar; sasha and digweed@the rage; jim rose circus@richard's@the main; party larkin@WISE hall

MONDAY 13

little wings, casiotone for the painfully alone, the birthday machine@sugar refinery; motofhead, morbid angel, brand new sin, today is the day@commodore

TUESDAY 14

strip@blinding light!; parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery

WEDNESDAY 15

steve dawson, eliot polsky@the main; spotlight on oka@blinding light!; hi rise dex and the stellar jays, ngid@sugar refinery; darryl's grocery bag, downweller@cabalt

THURSDAY 16

trinh t minh-ha's the fourth dimension@video in; rich hope@the main; eon play live to the cabinet of dr. caligari@blinding light!; mike zachernuk quartet@sugar refinery; mark farina cd release party@sonar; atlas stragetic, nicely@nicely, regional hats, julian who@ms. t's cabaret; face to face, midtown, thrice, the movie@croatian cultural centre; free energy band@cellar; peter green splinter group, harry manx@commodore; punk rock bingo@cabalt

FRIDAY 17

victor polyk and scott smith@the main; a night of indigenous film@blinding light!; kaizen@sonar; big bottom, the slick wats, new eden@purple onion club; noj@western front; the polys, shrimp@eat@side door; real neckties, streets, the gang-hos@cabalt

SATURDAY 18

CITR PRESENTS THE ENEMY WITHIN, INSPIID, VICTORIAN PORK, MR. UNDERHILL, DEATH SENTENCE@GRANDVIEW AUDITORIUM (ALL-AGES); tyler t-bone stadias, vernon@lotus; any and harry's birthday bash@the main; manwoman and the paperbag catholic@blinding light!; sparrow, losc@sugar refinery; swollen members, moka ulu, abstract rido, dj munge, code name scorpion, dj science@commodore; masters of the multiverse, limited edition, until we had faces@cabalt

SUNDAY 19

RANCHFEST featuring david p. smith, boomchix@the main; the target shoots first@blinding light!; pano@sugar refinery; jerry cantrell, comes with the fall@commodore

MONDAY 20

beth orton@richard's@the main

TUESDAY 21

if you be with us@blinding light!; parallelatuesdays@sugar refinery; christina fellows@sugar refinery (early show, 7-9pm); comers@up@sonar; frank black and the catholics, david lowering@richard's@the main

WEDNESDAY 22

RANCHFEST featuring rich hope, jon wood, heather griffin@the main; early works by ray@blinding light!; guitar trio with stephen lyons, chris albansen, chad mcquarrie@richard's@the main

THURSDAY 23

RANCHFEST featuring hopetown, swingin' doors@the main; byos@blinding light!; av lodge@sugar refinery; sound proof label launch and cd release party@sonar; kelly hogan@rainway club

FRIDAY 24

RANCHFEST featuring sill, violet, comrad@the main; 12@seconds.com digital film fest gala@blinding light!; almost transparent blue@sugar refinery; veda hills@vancouver east cultural centre

SATURDAY 25

RANCHFEST featuring greasy kings, the rocket fins@the main; 12@seconds.com digital film fest gala@blinding light!; collapsing lung@sugar refinery; mr. underhill, phrapp, koark@brickyard; big bottom@urban street wear clothing store (w. 4th avenue); april wine@commodore; veda hills@vancouver east cultural centre

SUNDAY 26

RANCHFEST featuring graham brown and the prairie dogs@the main; nini@blinding light!; beta carotene@sugar refinery; dmx crew, clyob, bogdan raczynski, ovuca@sonar

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734	pic pub	620 west pender	604.689.1556
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344	railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	richard's@the main	1036 richards	604.687.6794
blinding light! cinema	36 powell	604.878.3366	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
chan centre	6265 crescent	604.822.9197	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
club 23	23 west cordova		sonar	66 walter	604.683.6695
commodore	917 main	604.685.2825	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
crosstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	video-in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
orphanum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

special events

A NIGHT OF INDIGENOUS FILM

the appalling general ignorance about the struggles and successes of indigenous peoples in canada is a big reason why we're being faced with shit like the referendum—a cruel and possibly illegal government exercise that insults us all. educate yourself at the blinding light! on friday, may 17 when mayworks presents incident at resliquoque, blockade: algonquins defend the forest, and village of widows. while you're at it, check out the rest of the mayworks programming by picking up a program guide or checking out www.tao.ca/~mayworks.

CITR & DISCORDER PRESENT...

as part of new music west, we're putting on a night of indie pop at the picadilly pub, the salteens, hot little rocket, moonen, the waking eyes, and the organ play our little night on thursday, may 9.

we're also presenting another showcase in the purple onion's main room the same night featuring xyn quadra, dj noah, wood, the air conditioners.

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THE GIMME GIMMES

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FOR A NAME

SCREW 32

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that weren't GOOD ENOUGH

TO go on OUR OTHER RECORDS



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What's For Tea Zulu?

Get your kettles whistling with May's new releases!



LUNA Romantica CD

Here's how the story goes...
Narrowly avoiding a life of wetted jackets with iron-on elbow patches, **Dean Wareham** dropped out of Harvard to do his masters in **Velvets** inspired drone rock with **Galaxie 500**. Someone told him his deadpan voice was better suited for dissertations regarding **Lou Reed** and **John Cale**, over that of **Shelley and Yeats**. The rest is history, and after 6 records with his **'Loaded'** era outfit, **LUNA**, Wareham's contributions to East Coast coolness are finally cemented, as his anthems are the new odes to for a weekend of **Coney Island** thisness. **ROMANTICA** is his latest 13 song thesis!
AVAILABLE MAY 7
CD 19.98



RADAR BROTHERS And The Surrounding Mountains CD

Together with compatriots **Grandaddy**, the **RADAR BROTHERS** are fostering a new American indie-rock sound. The principle elements of this 'Battestar Galactica Rock' sound are stripped down acoustic guitars, bongos, banjo-fueled moog synths, and spacedy drums. And so, the **RADAR BROTHERS** are a rag-tag fleet jettisoned from civilization into alien territory, with a battery of rambling songs, epic choruses, and lyrical imagery drawn from their peyote missions into the desert pueblos of mother earth. The perfect sounds for an episode entitled 'Disorientation in the space duces'.
CD 19.98



JAZZNOVA s/t CD/3LP

Your swivle stick rests peacefully in a concoction of grapefruit and gin, as the clubs lights illuminate the endless possibilities held in the contours of an ice-cube. Suddenly, a gentle rumba caresses the bass cabinets causing an effervescent reaction as the sounds sparkle before you. Courage is at an all time high, and like a method actor studying the palms, you sway with an electronic language that translates lossily into heaven. So this is what comes after the last days of disco, an awesome release on par with **Kruder and Dorfmeister**, **Thevery Corporation**, and the other lounge giants! 5 stars!
CD 19.98 3LP 26.98

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS Protein Source of the Future Now! / Bitter Melon Farm / Ghana CDs

Calling all gap-tooth vault robbers!! Gold pansers pick your kumles and deflect your vacant glare away from the **Beautiful Rot Sunset** for a minute as **THE MOUNTAIN GOATS** return with 3 volumes of pioneer songs for hippy junk string guitar and voice! Let us to decree that you've heard all these goods before... fabled cassettes, hand-made 7inches, compilation submissions, one-sided 12inches, and yes... unreleased minis! The day mines don't even yield such rare jewels! 81 tracks spread over 3 separately available CDs! Eureka.
CDs 16.98 each!

TRANS AM T.A. CD/LP

For many at the time, the 80s was a period of ugly clothes, lame hairstyles and lightweight electro pop. Nowadays, with a decade plus between us, the 80s have miraculously become a bounty of neon-ohed signifiers to be used in newfound ways. Well, maybe cooler ways if not exactly newer ways. Nevertheless, people today can see the good in what once seemed convincingly and uniformly bad. And, hey, maybe it wasn't all that bad in the first place. Who can tell? Rejoice in the sweet melodies of irony - we can finally shed the guilt from our guilty pleasures! Anyway, the point is: **TRANS AM's** latest - and sixth, can you believe it - album is packed full of cool 80s zeitgeist. So, dude, put this radical CD on the shelf next to your **Fischerspooner** and your **Miss Kitten** and the **Hacker**, et al, and go get a mullet before it's too late!
AVAILABLE MAY 7
CD 19.98 LP 16.98

MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON

SUNDAY MAY 5 @ 4PM
FROG EYES From Victoria, the new school of Beefheart disembodied poetries!

SUNDAY MAY 26 @ 4PM

SINOIA CAVES
Like the sirens, the synths beckon you to travel to the edges of prog madness!

TOM WAITS

Alice/Blood Money CDs/LPs

Two new TOM WAITS recordings! At once! Is it Christmas? I have we all died and gone to heaven? Is this some kind of hoax? NO! That's right, NO! Would we joke about something as important as this? Would we take advantage of your expectations in this way? Indeed, would TOM WAITS? This is the truth, ladies and gentlemen - sweet, solid, genuine truth. Sometimes the gray routine of life surprises us and reaffirms our efforts. Sometimes it's worth getting up in the morning. Sometimes the 'good life' is here on earth. Yes, the dusty junkyard ballader of theatrical Americana delivers twice over. Haunting, idiosyncratic, special, **TOM WAITS** is second to none. Take your pick. Or better yet, get both.
AVAILABLE MAY 7
CD 16.98 LP 14.98

KID 606

The Action Packed Mentalist Brings You Fucking Jams CD

We have a suspicion that the so-called 'Violent Turd' label isn't actually based in far away New Zealand. We have our reasons. We can't go into it. We fear that if we revealed too much 'The Man' would try to take away our right to party. Let's just say that this is a naughty record - and not just because it's got a swear in the title. This is **KID 606** getting back to doing what he does best. Fans of the recent 'Freahlichlickly' compilation are advised to take note. Live-livered indie rockers are advised to brace themselves. You have been warned. But you didn't hear it from us.
AVAILABLE MAY 7
CD 16.98

Can I Have a Biscuit, Mum?

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND-Dust Sucker CD
ELECTRIC WIZARD-Let Us Prey CD
BRANT BJORK & THE OPERATORS-s/t CD
ALABAMA THUNDERPUSSY-Staring At The Divine CD

DIANOGAH-Millions of Brazilians LP/CD
SAGE FRANCIS-Personal Journals CD
PAN AMERICAN-The River Made No Sound 2LP/CD
GONZALES-III: Presidential Suite CD
PLAID-P-Brane Cdep/12"
GARY WILSON-You Think You Really Know Me CD
BRATMOBILE-Girls Get Busy CD
CROOKED FINGERS-Reservoir Songs CD

THE PROMISE RING Wood/Water CD

The Refused are credited with reconfiguring the Future Shape of Punk, and so now post-punk gets a its much needed redefinition, as pioneering emo-rockers **PROMISE RING** that delves into the arty territory of hardcore, while smartly weaving in strands of varied instrumentation and edgy production. **WOODWATER** approaches arrangements like those on **OK Computer**. This will appeal to the established fan, as well as the new listener into a progressive recording that packs a punch.
CD 16.98

Two Soundtracks For Your Life:

JEFF TWEEDY Chelsea Walls CD

Who's latest release **Yankee Hotel Foxtrot** shows **JEFF TWEEDY** and company embracing indie-rock, electro-acoustic ambience and the **Jim O'Rourke** production genius. Well, here's another pleasant turn of events, as **TWEEDY** jumps into the improvisation game to make both his solo and soundtrack recording debut. Offering a mix of pared down isolation odes as well as sharp edged **Dead Man-esque** Neil Young guitar jams, **CHELSEA WALLS** is an evocative listen sure to tingle the nerves of any **Witco** fan. Enjoy.
CD 16.98

MARY MARGARET O'HARA Apartment Hunting CD

No longer in exile on Queen's street, Toronto's most under appreciated troubadour returns to search out new shelters with this intimate soundtrack recording. Best known for her idiosyncratic 1988 release **Miss America**, **MARY MARGARET O'HARA** has laid low in the international music scene for quite some time. On here return, reminiscent of **Almozn Nazzari's** rediscovery via the film **Magnolia**, **O'HARA's** songwriting for **Apartment Hunting** shapes the characters and drama, by providing a near-Lynchian atmosphere. Welcome back!
CD 16.98



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Vancouver Sounds:

HOT HOT HEAT Knock Knock Knock CDEP

Calling all 24 Hour Party People!
There's a happening tonight at an underground warehouse (YOU know where it is). Bring two friends you're sure are the best possible candidates for a night of unknown pleasures (YOU know what they are). Push your way through the rest of the night people, past the smartly-dressed, slightly zoned-out band (YOU know who they are), frantically playing this gig like it's their last, and into the flickering bathroom at the back. Work up your nerve and **KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK** on the stall door. Yeah, the one marked with the lipstick-scratched words, 'tomorrow forget tonight' (YOU know what that means). Cool it down and indulge!
CDEP 12.98



THE SPITFIRES Three CD/LP

THE SPITFIRES have been kicking out the jams for about seven years now, surviving the hell that is touring, line-up changes, and... well, growing up in Abbotsford. Those of you who've seen 'em live can attest to the excitement and pure adrenaline rush that is their live show. Those of you who haven't, can begin by checking out this, their excellent third album. It's the final chapter in a trilogy that spills the storied story of survival in the business of rock from the point of view of one of Vancouver's greatest bands? We're not sure, but we do know this... with **3**, **THE SPITFIRES** have proven once again that they wouldn't even know how to begin to disappoint you, little lover.
CD 14.98 LP 12.98

THE CINCH Ep CDEP

After honing their craft in the darkest recesses of Vancouver's rock clubs for a couple of years now, **THE CINCH** have finally given us their debut release on **Slutter Records**. A short, sharp, 5 song (one unlisted bonus track for all you modern lovers out there) dynamo that reminds one of early **Devo** and **Synicide** and **Wire**. Glorious, driving rock 'n roll, driven by nervous, buzzsaw guitars, a tough-as-nails rhythm section, and fronted by a couple of egghead female **Richard Wells**. A 2002 summer must-have! See 'em live at this CD release party at Ms.'s on May 25th.
CDEP 9.98

SINOIA CAVES The Enchanted Persuader CD

JEFF SCHMIDT is pretty much the godfather of contemporary space rock in this neck of the woods. From his beginnings in the early 90s as a founding member of **Pipedream** (who, back in the day, rubbed shoulders with the likes of **Mogwai**, **Spectrum** and **Flying Saucer Attack**), through his involvement in the live lamented **Unitard**, to his current role as sonic sous-chef in **The Battlers**, he has tirelessly explored the parameters of the analog synthesizer. Armed with more vintage gear than any man without a car should rightfully own, **SCHMIDT** has finally completed his magnum opus, the recording debut of his solo project, **SINOIA CAVES**. Monumental washes of synth mingling with eerie, unforgettable melodies, somewhat reminiscent of the incidental music from classic space programs like *Dr. Who* or *Search Of A Synphony* of sounds best experienced with your feet up, eyes closed and head phones on. Don't be afraid. Take **SCHMIDT's** hand and let him guide you through the cosmos.
CD 12.98

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