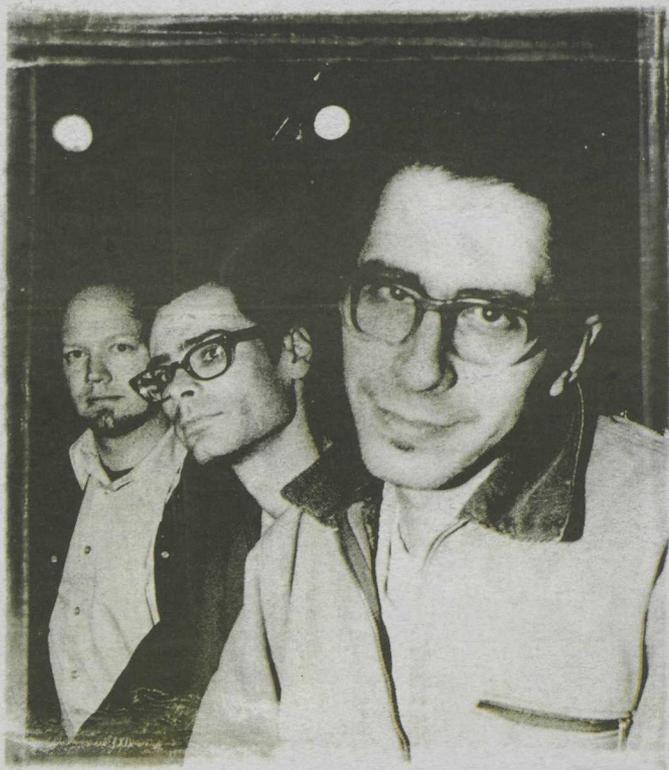


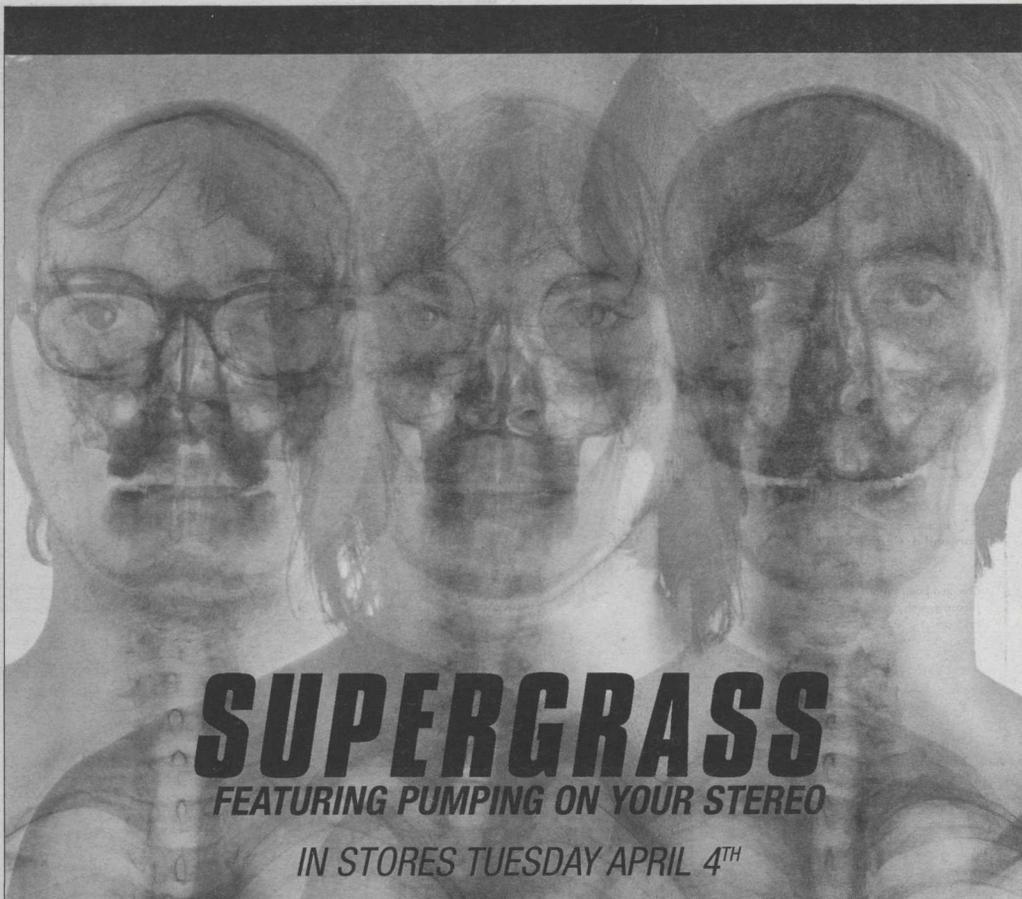
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# Radio Interview

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## THE RIFF RANDELLS

### DISORDER: Names, ages, instruments

Mar Sellers, 19 (bass),  
Anne-Marie Rowk, 19, drums  
Kathy Camaro, 20, guitar  
Sean Roggett, 27, voice

### Mar, who wears the pants in the band?

Mar: Well, we all physically wear pants most of the time except when we perform in waitress dresses. But if you're referring to who is in con-

trol that would be Anne-Marie, Kathy and I. I guess I have a lot of authority over what we do because I book the shows, run the website, and generally deal with all business... but it's always put to a vote.

### Where did you guys pick up your singer boy, Sean?

Mar: I knew Sean from the Good Jacket and I thought he had the kind of personality that could front a band. Then Kathy and Anne-Marie met him too and we decided to audition him. He came over to my house and we played that Pointed Stick song. He stripped down to a Speedo which made me a bit doubtful, but in the end he passed.

**You guys cover a Pointed Sticks song and local P-rollers Victorian Park (who feature Tony Barchet of Pointed Sticks fame) have also played here on T-Bird Hell. What's the connection?**

Mar: Well, Tony actually gave me a couple of bass lessons when we first started the band. Me being such a Pointed Sticks fan, I asked him if he could teach me a couple of songs. Then, when it came to auditioning Sean, I needed a song to use, so we chose "Somebody's Mom," the easiest Pointed Sticks song.

**Your guys recently played Tacoma, WA the same night The Backstreet Boys played the Tacoma Dome. Were there any run ins with the Boys?**

Anne-Marie: AJ, Nick and Brian from the BSB's came to our show and we partied with them all night long in Tacoma. We're doing a European tour with them in July as their dance choreographers.

Mar: Two words: I scored.

**It's the year 2045 and the Riff Randells are doing their reunion tour with \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. (Please fill in the blanks.)**

Mar: Since I'm 64, I figure I'll be golfing lots and watching sports, so I won't have much time to do a reunion tour. But if possible, The Smiths



with Morrissey singing "I'm Too Lonely Simi' In A Wheelchair"... and the Evoks, who will have just released their "Best Of" on B-track.

**Anne-Marie:** If I still fit into the red dress, then The Toilet Boys and The Bobbytens.

**Anything else to add?**

Mar: My advice to the kids is don't eat Shyrofom.

**Anne-Marie:** We're The Riff Randells and we're here to rock!

Contact:

<whado\_kid@hotmail.com>  
http://riffrandells.cjb.net  
604.879.2585



## TIEFISHER

**DISORDER:** Describe Tiefsisher at the following locations: Outside the door of your practice room.

Giddy with anticipation.

**At the laundromat.**

Unwashed, wearing our Sunday best or whatever's at the bottom of the drawer.

**At the worst gig you've endured in a long time.**

Along, sinking of smoke.

**When the band you're shar-**

ing the stage with is an inspiration.

Giddy with anticipation.

**At your parents' for Thanksgiving.**

Unwashed, wearing our Sunday best...

**In your last memorable dream.**

(Anthony proceeds to ramble on about some dream where he was in a glassless undersea garden aquarium, filled with warm water and tropical fish...)

**Describe in detail the last show you performed where you got high on life.**



I don't think we've experienced the "high on life" show yet, but we have had some good ones, including the Brickyard with Cool and Bocephus King. The Hank Williams Testimonial show at the Starfish Room with bands like Palace Fophouse, John Ford, Rich Hope, Linda McRae, etc. It was a fun night.

**Describe a rock event that makes you cringe whenever you think of it.**

Watching Hamm rub fried chicken on his bare chest at a Southern Church on the Skids show at the Starfish.

**Each member submit an argument as to why their previous band was more important than anyone else's.** Blaise Pascal was more important than Windwalker because Blaise didn't use butchered pig heads as props. Windwalker was more important than Blaise Pascal because, according to *The Georgia Straight*, cock rock and leather pants are making a comeback.

**Describe your sound using only colours, smells, and tastes.**

Nalasses, wet dirt roads, hay, sea air, gray, taupe, warm beige, lemon-tint, brown corduroy, ochre, forest green, sky blue, musty.

**What records that you liked before you became pretentious do you now own and play regularly?**

The Cars' first album, Blondie's *Eat To the Beat*, ABBA's *Greatest Hits*, Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, Steely Dan's *Can't Buy A Thrill*, anything by The Smiths.

**Describe the most embarrassing moment when a not-so-enlightened friend from your childhood attended a scener event with you. Mine was when a friend showed up with a rabbit-skinned vest and real fur at The Hungry Eye when members of Revulva were in the audience.**

We usually are that "not-so-enlightened" friend.

**Ask yourself a question you don't want your mother to know the answer to, and stretch the truth in your answer so that you look even worse.**

A great question, but we ain't gonna there. Tiefsisher loves their moms.

**List the top five reasons to keep playing music.**

Griev'd, war, famine, pestilence, keeps us off the streets.



Contact:

604.879.0958  
tiefsisher@yahoo.com  
http://edie.cprost.sfu.ca/~hempell/tiefsisher/



## CHESHIRE BLUE

**DISORDER: Greetings! Who are you (names, ages, instruments and nicknames)?**

J1: Jordan C, 18, trumpet, "Cobra."

A1: Arleigh M, 19, vocals, "Shine-lucky-star-box."

J2: John H, 19, acoustic guitar, "Youthpersimified."

**Who is Boy Vs. Girl? Did Fridge Art Tiarra see them?**

A1: I don't know. I just joined this band...

J2: Foolishly, I [and ex-Fridge Art Tiarra member Sarah C] released our demo under the title Boy Vs. Girl—the Losers Weepers cassette. In retrospect, I have no logical explanation for doing it.

J1: Fridge Art Tiarra was just our old name. We have some new members and songs, so we changed it from the lengthy, incomprehensible Fridge Art Tiarra to our new, happier and less meaningful name, Cheshire Blue.

**Your latest shows have been more "performance-oriented." Why the change?**

J1: Well, we haven't really taken focus off our songs. We've just added some different stories and poetry to read, to hold the entire show together.

A1: Basically, John has written some mini-operas. The reasoning for this was mainly because I didn't know what to say to the audience between songs.

J2: We're practicing with different show styles so we can have something really interesting when we go on tour. We're planning to go

down the West Coast in July and play some shows.

**A1: Your new songs seem more lyrically penetrating. Explain your song "Arriva," please.**

J2: Well, I wrote it after a high school friend told me he was bisexual. I was just trying to put myself in his shoes, to understand the difficulties he was facing from society and his family, etc.

**Are you trying to add more honesty to your lyrics?**

J2: Yeah, I guess there hasn't been enough brutal honesty in our songs... especially when I compare our stuff to people I really respect, like Lou Barlow maybe.

**Arleigh, ask Jordan a question:**

A1: Jordan, where does depression stem from and what are its necessary ingredients?

J1: Well, sadness comes and goes, I guess. I think it is the easiest solution for most, but it's solely a temporary one. There are always two sides to everything, good and evil reside within (almost) every emotion, action, and event. I guess for a happy life, you need to be... content. Or, no, Happiness comes through others. Sometimes. What kind of dumb question is that?

**Any advice to leave with us?**

A1: Yes, read Miyu's excellent "Happiness" column in DISORDER. I really love reading it every month.

Contact:

604.943.5091 [John]  
-henvill@hotmail.com-  
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# Vancouver Special

BY JANIS MCKENZIE & CHRISTA MIN

## local cds

I've got a book from the library at home right now, called *Sixties Rock: Garage, Psychedelic, and Other Satisfactions*, by a music professor named Michael Hicks. I picked it up because there's a picture of the amazing (and generally unknown) 1960s band **The Music Machine** on the cover and there's a whole chapter on the development of the "fuzz guitar" sound. I thought I could spend a few happy hours reading about Dave Davies cutting up an amp speaker with a razor blade and that sort of thing. But, as usually happens with books like this, the nuggets of "how did he get that sound?" and back-stage gossip are overwhelmed by phrases like this: "The result is clearly heard as triple plagal motion; they approach the tonic at the beginning of each two-measure segment by no less than three falling fourths" (describing a

song by an obscure band called **The Shades of Night**). Now we all know that the Shades of Night weren't thinking about tonics and triple plagal motions — they were playing bar chords up and down the necks of their guitars and finding out what sounded cool and what didn't, and that is what separates the music scholar from folks who actually play in bands. Or at least it should. That's my basic problem with a self-titled CD I received from a band called **PLASTICINE**, from Kitchener. It's not just as if they've practiced too much or spent too much time in the studio, or even that they're too technically good as musicians to give their CD any kind of quality of freshness. It's more like they've studied the life of all the pop songs and pop musicians, and put together a look and sound that is precisely calculated to have a particular effect. These four young men look appropriately earnest, gaunt, and stylishly dressed on the CD cover, and one of the

singers has a likeable **Elvis Costello/Dave Edmunds** kind of delivery. But there's something terribly sterile about this CD, which harkens back to **Pablo Cruise** and **10cc** as much as to the **Rockpile** guys, whose tracks vary from controlled-rock-out to wimpy, clever, and slightly ironic ballads with what might be considered to be a twist. As if this weren't enough, there's an attempt at blue-eyed soul falsetto jazz-fusion sensitivity on the (god help us) live bonus track. If Plasticine's songs were catcher and had a gorgeous gift of singing harmonies, they might be up there with Vancouver's **Roswells**, but no such luck. Visit Plasticine's website at [www.plasticine.net](http://www.plasticine.net) for their side of the story.

On the other hand, no one could overstate the **SMUGGLERS** of **across-intellectualizing** the pop song. These boys are Vancouver's own ultimate eternally adolescent noisy politically-inconcerned-wing garage party band, and Rosie, their lat-

est CD, is one of those that demands a bit of jumping up and down to Recorded Music just a few days at Mushroom Studios by Kurt Bloch (of **The Fastbacks** and the **Young Fresh Fellows**), this is a relentlessly energetic and enthusiastic offering, featuring guest appearances by **Rose Melberg** (who shores lead vocals on the title track), **Ford Pier**, and even CBC Radio celebrity **Leora Kornfeld**. The extremely sweet **Kinks** cover, "I'll Remember," provides a bit of contrast to the general themes of 120-mil-an-hour (clumsy) sex, hard drinking, and smotened rock to talk that permeate this record — at least up 'til the extended, and often funny, bonus material at the end. I'll let you decide for yourself how much of the offensive schtick (i.e. talk of fifteen-year-old girlfriends) is meant ironically and how much of it is just the way these guys are. Go see **them** at [www.theshugglers.com](http://www.theshugglers.com).

Maybe I'm just grumpy because some vile individual broke into my house last month and stole the CDs I was just about to review for the March issue, including exciting recordings by **The Bell Jar** and **Buck**. If I can get my hands on replacement copies, I hope to review them here soon. Sorry, impressive female-content bands out there. I feel like I let you down, force, kids.

And now to *Return of the Jedi*, with art by Shin-ichi Hirotsu. Hirotsu is a great artist, but his style is a lot less detailed and very shoji ("giri" manga style): lots of simplicity and feminine-looking men. But he has the action down and is really adept at drawing battle scenes and the like. It's really explosive, especially the final book. Adam Warren's cover for book 2 of the third series makes it a worthwhile buy. Die Jabba, die! There isn't as much recurring humour as there was in the other two series, but I had to complete the collection.

The only thing bad about this manga series is the price: each book costs \$14.95. If you can't afford all that adoration (IARS! I bet you want that movie at least 5 times! That's over \$40!), just remember that the best series is the first. I would also have liked it if Dark Horse had included artists' bios and it's a shame because they should be taking this opportunity to not only expand people to a new style of art through a well-known series, but also to give people the opportunity to pick up their stuff by the artists. Coincidentally, Dark Horse has just put out the first book for the *Phantom Menace* series, drawn by Kia Asmiya. I didn't care for the new movie too much, but, being a completist and all, I was pleasantly surprised to find that I

## local demos

I know that nobody reads this column. If people actually read it they would complain that I use this valuable print space to commentate on whatever the hell I feel like, regardless of the music that I'm supposed to be writing about. Let me demonstrate the secrets of my cryptic writing style.

I hate all genres of music. I hate all the connotations that go along with them. When I place a band inside a genre, it usually means that I have nothing to say about them. **PSUEDO-NYMPH** is electronic music. **HYMPP**, upbeat, danceable music. You may like it. I don't know [my favourite phrase] anything about these people, except that they should leave John Donne out of it. "For Whom the Boss Falls?" Leave the poor man alone. (No address.)

The worst part about this job is meeting the people when they give you their demo because I just might run into them after I've reviewed their music. Bad music does not necessarily equate to bad people. **I'M NOT FRANK** is quite bad. The lead singer can sing in tune, and the band can all play their instruments, but why must they resort to writing bad songs? The best part about this band is the lyrics. "With trips on hiatus/my white ass has no status/cause I'm a bim with

a home/I'm a cat with a bone." I don't even forget to put them in a genre. They would be filed under the pop/rock category. <rollingston@hotmail.com>  
I was listening to **MEAN REDS**, and someone said, "HEY! It's the band that sounds like **Powerman**, but it's **Powerment!**" Mean REDS are Indie Rockers. Their three song demo is damn catchy with all their "doo doo doo doo's". But don't be thinking that I was actually singing along. Once **Powerment** finally breaks up, you can just listen to these guys. (494 West 58th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V5X 1V5)

**THE DENMOTHERS** are rock 'n' roll. I wish this **Murder City Devils** thing would hurry up and die. C'mon, Seattle, it's one for the next big thing. It's a funny consolation. The Den-mothers are better than the MCDs. That "compliment," however, wouldn't make me feel any better. It's like saying, "You smell better than a public bathroom." I'll give the Denmothers props for their ridiculous song titles (like "Saudi Arabian Rain Forest Riot") and for that five second bitchin' guitar solo. If you're going to play bad music, make up for it with eight-finger tapping. <nonalloy@coisette.com>  
Excellent reviews, don't get angry after reading this. Local bands rejoice. If no one else is going to do it, I will. I'm firing myself. I quit. \*

# Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

Starting July of 1998, Dark Horse Publishing released a group of small, digest sized books — extremely faithful adaptations of the Star Wars trilogy, drawn in manga style. I say "extremely" because the dialogue was word-for-word the same as in the movies, i.e. it starts with a black page and the words, "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away..." You can almost hear the music. Okay, I can't continue this charade. This isn't a review but a thinly-veiled love letter to Star Wars.  
I'm sorry, but it had to be done. This series is probably the most fresh, fun, innovative, and faithful adaptation of the movies yet. So, yeah... if you don't like Star Wars (horrible new movie aside), stop reading now. Okay, who's still with me?  
The manga series is both familiar and novel. Three different artists interpreted the first three movies and Adam Warren did all the covers. Each series has brand new panels and brand new angles. And, though my memory isn't the best, or maybe because I'm paying more

attention to the dialogue 'cause I'm reading it, I swear I saw a couple of new lines in the books. It's all of the manga artists are unfamiliar to me, but my favourite is Hisao Tamaki, the artist for the *New Hope* series. His art is clean and crisp. Tamaki also uses a lot of humorous gimmicks — like making C-3PO sweat and spasmodically flap his arms whenever he's agitated. Tamaki's action scenes are so energetic. A lot of it has to do with the trillions of little manga lines he uses, but I got more hyped up reading the first bottle in the book than seeing it in the movie. Each climax of the first series ended differently than in the movies, so it added a whole new perspective.

In the back of most of the books were sketches from the artists. A large majority of them focussed on the art of Adam Warren, which is great. I mean, Warren's a great artist and all, but he only did the covers, not the books.

The second artist for the *Empire Strikes Back* series, Toshiki Kudo, is a little different.

(Check out his Chewie!) It grabbed me so quickly that I found myself reading the book out loud in my (empty) apartment. I even tried to get the accents right. Kudo makes amazing use of the panels. Like that moment on Hoth when Han goes to Leia, "Ariad! I was going to leave without giving you a goodbye kiss?" Kudo manages to get that into it's almost excruciating to read. The difference between Kudo and Tamaki is that Kudo puts a lot of gore into the comic — he actually shows that one rebel who gets caught under the AT-AT's foot. **BLAM!** Blood and guts everywhere. Kudo also manages to infuse a lot of cuteness into his comics. There is an adorable scene with Yoda and R2-D2 fighting when Luke first gets to Dagobah. Little green gremelin with stick beats on little metal head with skinny metal arm. **Boff! Boff! Boff!** Kudo is really heavy on the symbolism, to the extent that the Imperial symbol and the Rebel symbol are constantly hanging overhead in a lot of the panels. It's all about the

did like the comic adaptation. Wanna know why? Asmiya drew the first two books without having seen the movie. He saw set designs and costumes but he didn't see any of the film itself because of all the initial secrecy. So it's almost like a brand new movie! And though it still isn't as good as Tamaki's books... well, everyone should have some Star Wars adaptation in residence.  
Why not win friends and influence people by showing them another culture's perspective on the whole *Star Wars* thing? You'll be the coolest guy around and they all look really nice together on a bookshelf. Now all you need is the *Star Wars* Cookbook; that's a whole different story. \*



# Das Book



BY GIBBY PEACH

## IAN MCEWAN

### Amsterdam

(Vintage)  
DAVID NANDI ODHIAMBO  
*disse/ed banded nation*  
(Polestar)

The greatest film-makers in the world are from Iran.  
Also, contrary to popular opinion, volunteer freelance writers are not the glamorous, well-connected social butterflies that I'm sure you all think we are. Our lives are not a big potpourri of brushes with celebrity, comps for big fuckin' rock 'n' roll shows, fame, fortune, star-fucking, etc. I know... all of you out there in reader-land are surely thinking "But I thought those DISCORDER kids were really livin' large. Fancy cars, cocaine." Honestly... we're all a bunch of over-stressed fuckups who never get our shit in on time, each month putting our editrix Barbara on the verge of a nervous breakdown [Verge? —Ed.] Sure we get to rock out to "99ers Maiden in the office, but truth is, we are all pretty boring, boring, boring. Shocking, ain't it?"

More truth: we all think that we're pretty fucking important. Our egos are big enough for us to figure that everyone gives a rat's ass what we write — or think, for that matter. We all laugh our little asses off when fuckwads send us ridiculous letters of chastisement, assuming that we'll take them seriously. Sorry, kids, we really don't give a fuck what any of you think [unless, of course, you send us letters professing your undying love or offering us free shit — but none of you do].

So it was with little fanfare that my column for the March issue was greeted upon arrival in the DISCORDER office. When I turned in last month's column, I, of course, figured that it was some hot shit. I pictured some local literary bigwig reading it, ringing our office, and trying to track me down. But who was I kidding? It was a week and a half late, full of haughty, overblown language, and to be

honest, it rarely dealt with the books at issue [see a pattern?].



was pretty excited that I'd gotten away with using most of my column to criticize people from Kitziano, though. I laughed at their SUVs. I laughed at their Ikea furniture. I laughed at their cat-sized dogs, their country clubs, their cargo pants. I patted myself

on the back for using "you're everyone in vests" campaign. You're 'Kits' if you think everyone invests." All the cool kids, I was sure, were gonna come up to me going "everyone invests... nice." I finally got to the point by comparing people from Kits with people who like Ian McEwan's book *Amsterdam*. I wrote, "If you enjoy this book, may your Bread Garden cinnamon bun accidentally brush against your new Fido right before you get a call from your plastic surgeon, in Friday afternoon rush hour traffic on Robson, causing the phone to stick to your face, knocking your Starfucker's macchiano all over the leather interior of your 2000 Mercedes Kompressor, forcing it into the path of a bus of sun-burned German tourists. So there. I was so proud of myself."

In hindsight, I think I was probably too mean to McEwan. I still think that his book sucks ass but, hey, he probably put a significant amount of his life into it. And, hey, the Booker judges loved it.

But, you know what? Fuck it! I hated this book. It's not like anyone listens to my opinion anyway.

My disgust for McEwan's rich, classical music-loving white folks' novel was somewhat offset by my enjoyment of David Nandi Odhiambo's *disse/ed banded nation* — an almost complete antithesis to McEwan's shitty book. Poor, Black jazz musicians

in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. I was overjoyed by the fact that Odhiambo's writing was unpretentious, his publisher was small, and his characters weren't a bunch of vacuous spazz-balls. I was hoping that the whole city of Vancouver would read my

month's column? you might be wondering. Well, in the frenzied atmosphere that existed in the DISCORDER office one week after the deadline (when I finally handed in my fuckin' column), Barbara accidentally squashed it. Our fucking super-Mac G3 fancy sea-through piece of junk sent it to the trash. And I didn't even care much. Because I don't write rough drafts, it was gone to the dustbins of history. Forever. Like Morrissey, I usually bear grudges, but Barbara's mistake simply meant that I wouldn't have to read two "review" books for this month.

So what's my point really? What the fuck am I getting at? Well, here's the word, nerds: Abbas Kiarostami, arguably the greatest living director, is coming to the Pacific Cinematheque on April 10th. I rip off his ideas on a regular basis but no one ever seems to notice. Go check him out and you'll see what I'm talking about. So, yeah. The Iranians beat our asses at film! Oh, and one more thing... the Spanish are pretty good, too. Anyone who can write our office and tell us what I'm referring to will win a free spot in next month's week-late column. The fame, fortune, glitz... ah fuck it, you'll get to see your name in print. •



review and run right out to the (now Chapters-zed) East End Book Co. and pick up *disse/ed banded nation*. But who was I kidding?

A month later, I still agree with what I initially wrote. So what happened to last

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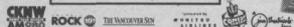
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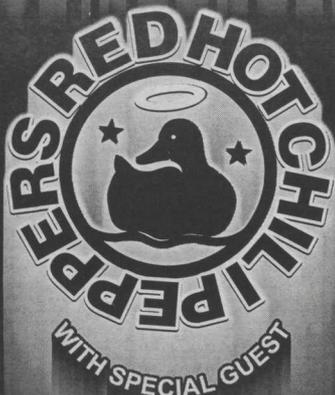


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7 inch



BY JULIE COLERO

This month I received the new **Riff Randells 7"**, and I don't know what to do with it. After reading Billy Hopeless' vapid, unsubstantiated fervor seen the band play[?] criticism of the band in his column in *Drippy*, I have no intention of dishing out criticism unless it makes sense to do so. Unfortunately, I have my suspicions that it might, so I'll just leave this one untouched. This band has already got its Mint vibe on, and I've seen pictures of the lovely ladies of the band plastered all over town, so I might as well leave the band to its own stardom-bound devices. The Riff Randells don't need my support (and certainly not Billy Hopeless') to make it big. What are we but a bunch of lame-o rock critics, anyways? Nobody listens to us. And on that note, here's a bunch of info about some great 7"s you'll never look for, or buy. Stupid.

Today at work, I saw a **Kittie 7"**. It was pretty and blue and featured their big hit, "Brackish." Lk. If you want some real cat action, seek out

**POLICECAT** instead. This band, straight outta Glasgow and featuring Jonathan Kilgour of **The Pastels**, doesn't rock hard à la **Korn**, and it doesn't feature scantly clad youths, but it does



have its own special charms. "Give Us This Day" is a killer A-side tune, a slow rambling country/clumsy sort of song, featuring pleasant guitar work and almost-unique harmonies. This band could strike some as too cute, but they'd be missing the point. What is the point, then, exactly? I'm not too sure, but I fell great listening to this record. Sometimes, cute works. [Fanzatic, PO Box 5935 Kansas City, MO 64171]

On another record from the same label, **TEACH ME TIGER** offer up a weird piece of dub, done in the bedroom, and some rather shallow pop songs. The pop songs have nice boy/girl harmonies and come across all syrupy-sweet, but are not nearly as interesting as the dub routine. Just in case you almost care, there's a **Godzuku** member involved. Gatocha, pop suckers! [Fanzatic, see above.]

Got any more room on yer pop palette? Here are a couple of tunes for you, courtesy of Germany's **BARTLEBEES**. I thought that their contribution to last year's **Selector Dub Narcotic** compilation on K achieved new heights in pop perfection [I have a certain weakness for foreign ditties], and have been disappointed by everything else I've found by the band. This release is better than the last few I've heard, thanks to the contribution of Dean Wareham of **Luna** on the Ripside. Well, not like you can really hear him or anything, it just helps to know he's there, guiding these Euro-poppers on a straighter course. I like that the

singer's voice is crap, and that his lyrics are nearly indecipherable. What I could make out, however, sounded pretty painfully endearing. What sweet nonsense! [Music Manter, PO Box 9342 Portland, OR 97207]

Something a little more jugged came my way courtesy of **THE MOONEY SUZUKI**. As far as I can conjure from hearsay, this band is from back east and has released a pair of 7"s prior to this one. The result of four men with big hair banging out rock tunes on guitars and keyboards is strangely enticing, and is certainly all the rage these days. Although I am at a loss to provide you with the hows and whys, The Mooney Suzuki is a cut above most of those other hot new rock bands. The songs on this release are smart and catchy, and I'd bet you anything that this band is in cohorts with **Tricky Woo...** [Telstar, PO Box 1123 Hoboken, NJ 07030]

If you're looking for some seriously brain-hemorrhaging music, look no further than the new **ERSATZ/NOGGIN** split release. This thing blows my mind in the most wonderful ways possible. Ersatz create another hauntingly beautiful song full of dissonance and sonic disturbances. I am falling in love with accoridans. Noggin provides insanity wonderful. A mix of screaming, moaning, frenzied instruments [count that violin! On destruction!], to make this the best thing ever. I want to think to

this record; it reaches all the sleep bits of the brain and wakes them right up. [Brimming Vessels/Garbage Society Manufacture, no addresses given, but this is available at Singles, Zulu, and Scratch]

I can't help but revert back to pop mode for the last release of the month — the **Patty Duke tribute 7"**. The man behind the



**THE MOONEY SUZUKI** Patty Duke fanzine has banded together the all-stars of twee to pay homage to that lovely lady who came way too far before my time for me to be able to feel nostalgic. I suspect that, to some people, Patty Duke means quite a lot. To me, she provides a good excuse to find songs by **GAZE**, **ROSE MELBERG**,

**BUCK**, and **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF KAREN** all on one fantastically pink piece of vinyl. Now, I don't much like the **Buck** tune, "Sure Gonna Miss Him," as it's a little too rough around the edges, but it seems like **stand** **Buck** fare, and my bias really ought not to amount for much. **Gaze's** "Whenever She Holds You" does me much better, featuring **Miko**, **Megan**, and **Anne-Marie** on vocals, and serves to remind us all how good things were going before they fizzled out. Oh well, there's always **The Birthday Machine**. **THOK** serves up "Tell Me Momma" in a rather non-descript poppy way, but it's really the **Rose Melberg** song, "I Love How You Love Me" that works for me. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and I'm starting to develop a new appreciation for this belle dame. Right. So you can get all these fine songs, plus a copy of the latest issue of the zine, if you do some mailing. I bet the guy that runs this label makes a great pen pal. [Top Quality Rock and Roll, PO Box 1110, Southgate, MI 48195] +

H a p p i n e s s by Myu

If you're not with your friends they are talking about you, about what you did wrong, about how you were wrong, about how there's something wrong with you. And they're right about you. They know you because they're your friends, and they'd feel sorry if you died because they would've done something for you, but right now your friends aren't there for you because they have no idea where you are. \*

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TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY APRIL 25/26 8:30pm  
**BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND: SUPERSTAR THE KAREN CARPENTER STORY**

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# UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE VS. SONY/BMG

Article and photos by Tobias Van Veen



**"Please do not purchase this record from any large commercial chain store.** These stores have never supported this type of music and only do so now in order to appear cool and current. If you decide to buy this record please only purchase it from a knowledgeable specialty shop or a local Mom & Pop store or smaller business that has supported the music from its inception. Super chain stores have never had the time or focus to search out cutting edge underground music. They can only read once the specialty shops and underground labels have created a market for the music, then all of a sudden they and the major music labels start wanting the music because they know they can overpower the small labels and work their network of retailers that made this music possible with their massive advertising campaigns and prelab artists, that do weak imitations of what the music really is. And worst, it's 10 or 12 years late. We have two questions for you: 1) Would you watch or read news that was 12 years old? 2) How long you gonna let them do this to you? Support your local retailers and specialty shops. Out—UR."

It is well known that the majors constantly rip off independent artists. Tracks are blatantly stolen, and bands are gobbled up and spat back out as the flavour-of-the-month. This time around, the majors have picked on the wrong people — Underground Resistance. UR is a collective of techno, electro and house producers in Detroit, Michigan. Musically, they are an integral and outspoken part of Detroit techno's history.

Started in 1993 by Mad Mike and Jeff Mills, UR immediately took a political stance with their music. Focusing on Detroit as the failed modernist city, UR picked up on the beginnings of Detroit techno started by the "big three" — Juan Atkins, Kevin Saunderson and Derrick May. They mixed a message with the music, often through the words of the anonymous "Unknown Writer" whose poetic words of resistance can be found written across Detroit's dead warehouse sprawl. The music was also different from the traditional Detroit sound. Harder and coarser, the work of Jeff Mills became increasingly dissonant, minimalist and angry, while Mad Mike's experiments blended elements of funk, jazz and blues with incredibly diverse beat structures and themes. Jeff Mills, aka the Wizard, gained his fame in techno as UR's first Assault DJ. After Mills left around 1994 to found his own label, Axis Records, DJ T1000, aka Alan Oldham, stepped over as UR's Assault DJ. The UR Mission is to "deprogram the programmers" — play the music, the independent fighting music, to show what can be done, what can be felt, what can be thought. Fiercely independent, UR distributes through its own company, Submerge, and actively promotes an anti-major message, and often an anti-racist, Black Power message as well.

T1000 left around 1997 to work on his own projects, and by this time UR had grown to more than a dozen producers, artists and DJs. The identities of several of them remain unknown, such as the Martini, whose Detroit-techno-acid trance projects are now infamous, and Drexicy, the otherworldly aquamarine electro assault crew. It was

into this climate that DJ Rolando stepped.

Part of the third or fourth wave of Detroit producers, Rolando came from a skilled DJ background, and immediately began putting out subtle techno-house tracks under the moniker "The Aztec Mystic." He was soon instated as a UR Assault DJ, and began to tear up dance floors everywhere with his skilled beat-juggling style, following in the footsteps of Mills and T1000.

The Knights of the Jaguar EP was released during the summer of 1998. A beautiful, moving track, "Jaguar" captured the essence of Detroit: sweeping, haunting and beautiful strings; a subtle melody; a crying sense of beauty compressed by a driving 909 kickdrum and punctured with a bassline with debts to the Motown roots of Detroit. It was monumental. It was Detroit techno all over again. And Dirk Dreyer of Sony Germany saw the perfect opportunity to make a quick buck by getting two progressive trance producers to produce a strikingly cheesy smash club hit. This is where the trouble began.

Although picking out the bad guys in this sort of game can be sometimes too easy [and perhaps too simplistic for the case at hand], Dirk Dreyer plays right into the hands of this evil person. Without permission from UR or Rolando, Dreyer either commissioned or convinced [it is very unclear] two German trance producers to do a tone-by-tone "remix-cover" of the track. Covers are usually done several years, if not decades later, and with permission; remixes are done with the artist's permission and with the intention of creating something new. A tone-by-tone track, however, is a rip-off which skirts the law. It's not really a remix, and it's not really a cover, either. You're just sort of copying it and then calling it your own, throwing out anything too mature or subtle and turning it into a cheese-dance hit for the rave kiddies.

When UR found out about this, Dreyer tried to contact UR through Submerge. He claimed that he had "tried to license the track for a compilation via our vinyl partner Discomania but we did not get a response." This lack of response, for Dirk Dreyer, somehow meant "yes." So, "As we don't want to be seen as guys who rip off or bootleg a well known track, we have chosen the way of re-recording the track tone by tone." What sort of legal precedent is being set here? Dreyer states himself in his letter that "the philosophy of Underground Resistance is not to cooperate with the industry is well known." UR responded with the only way it knew how. Unable to fight in the courts, UR went to its supporters, and to the internet community, with Cornelius Harris as the UR spokesperson.

Harris outlined the campaign: "We urge all concerned individuals to flood Sony's offices worldwide with calls, emails, and faxes expressing their concerns. This kind of crap has to stop and it has to stop now." Websites popped up across the internet, mailing lists such as 3113 and Global-techno started email campaigns and a petition list. DJs and producers refused to play Sony records and returned Sony promotional products. The end result was a victory, albeit a bitersweet one. Dreyer and Sony decided that "Sony Music will not commercially release the track rather [sic] on CD maxi or compilations. We are quite sure that a different company will use the idea and milk the cash cow." How killing — ending with a blow to the stomach and a slap to the face. Who picked "Jaguar" up next? BMG.

With many UR supporters basking in this false victory, BMG stepped in to license the track from the same "2 cheesy trance DJs" (in the words of Mad Mike).

This is what happened [Cornelius Harris]: "In the new German dance charts, "The Jaguar" is at #4 with the label BMG, no longer Sony/BMG make a deal with the cover version producers after Sony has cancelled the record." UR's response was to proceed with a remix project of "Jaguar" which was originally cancelled after Sony misappropriated the track. This time, however, UR's own remix release was to be a rallying cry from the underground, fighting back with remixes by Jeff Mills, Octave One and ASO West producers. Meanwhile, DJ Bliss from Renegade Rhythms, who has a comprehensive website on the whole issue, began hunting through the corporate structure of

BMG to try and figure out exactly who was responsible. At the same time, BMG was flooded with more emails from UR supporters. Cornelius Harris tried to get in contact with BMG but was given the run-around, same as everyone else.

Eventually, Richard Griffiths of BMG UK responded with this: "The [BMG Germany] maintain that they released a cover of "Jaguar" in the form of a maxi-single which they licensed legitimately from a label in Cologne, which had in turn licensed it from a Frankfurt DJ." They then referred Harris to their lawyers. Might is right — money talks. UR, like most independents, does not have the money to fight within the courts. BMG claimed to know nothing, even though this was on their website [translated from German]:

"The original of this number from Aztec Mystique was not to be missed this summer. This title is not only the highlight of every Sven Väth set, but also the first Technohouse consensus hit since years. Without exceptions, every top DJ — no matter if into Techno, House or Trance — spins this song and the feedback from the crowd is without comparison. Because the original of this title will not be released, a production team from Frankfurt has re-recorded it and added a Trance remix which will blow your hairs away. "The Jaguar" — available on 02/14."

DJ Bliss then sent a long email with all the names from the petition, and demanded:

1. Complete removal of said product
2. Payment of Licensing Fee and Royalties for all shipments made occurred to this point (including promo)
3. Open apology in all major press [US, Europe, Asia, Africa, & Australia]
4. Provide publishing and licensing rights to Mad Mike and Rolando for the cover of "Jaguar" so this will never happen again.

According to the Renegade Rhythms webpage, there has been no further response.

This should not be taken lightly. As Cornelius Harris says, "While this is an unethical and unprincipled act in and of itself, it is also a very dangerous act. In doing this, a major label, Sony [and now BMG], has determined that it has the right to stomp all over an independent label in its pursuit of profits. With this as a precedent, the question that should concern any and everybody in the music community is who will be next? It is imperative that Sony [and BMG] be held accountable for their actions."

What can you do? Get online. This is where the fight brews. Go here: <http://www.renegaderhythms.com/ur/> You'll find the complete text of all the letters, links to information, interviews, UR and other websites, and the UR vs. Sony/BMG mailing list.

Email BMG's CEO. Buy the original record. Tell your local record store not to order the BMG rip-off. Boycott BMG and Sony. Let your voice be heard.

And go here: <http://www.submerge.com>

Note: At press time there was a rumour going around that BMG had dropped the Jaguar rip-off. However, no confirmation of this could be found. \*



I've fallen in love over the internet.

Not the banal love from a Hollywood film where someone like Meg Ryan would be playing my love-sick role. No. This is the sort of feeling that manifests itself in slow, beautiful songs; a feeling that can only live in ether, a love that is made — built slowly — of small words and soft music. Every time I sit down to check my e-mail, I get a surge of excitement: did he mail me? Did he? And there is always my playing and strangers speaking quietly about love.

I've been interviewing Peter Green by e-mail. He's the head-man of the awesome Double Agent record label, a label that carries a wide variety of tastes and genres — Unisex, Rose Melberg, Push Kings, My Favorite, [Smooth] Operator, even re-releases and remakes of Dan Green, Peter's father, a songwriter from the '70s. And, of course, Class, of which Peter is one of the awesome members.

And he doesn't know that I've tumbled innocently in love with him, someone I've never met. But that's okay. It's not really supposed to be mutual. After listening to Class solidly for the last 2 months, with all its melancholy sadness and beauty, I'm beginning to understand that, sometimes, love is better felt from far away, unrequited. It is staying purer and, somehow, more wonderful. If you've no idea what I am talking about, just pick up any Class CD, turn all the lights off, and you'll understand.

Class is a two-person team from Massachusetts, an electronic cohesion made up of Peter Green and Leigh Tasi. They have been described as making music where "you can envision the time for in the future — a sad future where lovers can be separated by the distance between planets and computers run our worlds with a cold mechanical efficiency" [Steven Byrd, www.pitchforkmedia.com]. I'd never done an email interview, but it seemed fitting thing to do with Class. The formless ether is probably the only way their sentiments could honestly be filtered through.

pop, how's that? ]

**On First you do some acoustic and some electronic, and the two blend great. Are you mainly into the computer thing, or does it really matter?**

I finally got digital sound editing software [and] the amount of editing control I have now is incredible. The Figurine remix is the first thing I did with this new setup. I'll eventually incorporate our acoustic side into future Class releases.

**A Quiet Life has quite a few remixes of "Strobe Light." Where do you stand on the whole "remix as artform" debate? Is it a new work? A collaboration? A rip-off?** Certainly not a rip-off, we asked them remixers to do "em. I really like the ones we got for different reasons. [Smooth] Operator did the basic add-a-funky-beat remix. Flouchart sampled some sounds we used, and created an entirely new composition using those sounds in new ways — very creative. Martini Car, well, I'm not sure what he did, but I like his remix because it thumps with an intensity I couldn't emit myself.

I research the Double Agent website, [www.doubleagent.com] and I find an interview with Class in Portuguese. Translating it with Babelfish, it reads out a nonsensical collection of words, all seemingly unrelated to each other. When I comment on it to Peter, he sends me back his favorite section, highlighted.

**Sonar which is the white public of the Class?**

Class: I do no know, really, I do not know. We do not touch to the living creature, then, I never found as much fans.

**Sonar: Voices does not want to touch to the living creature? You do not find a band important to touch the living creature?**

Class: We do not want to touch to the living creature. We compose musics, record generally and never more we touch.

**How does your dad feel about Double Agent re-releasing/remixing/re-doing a bunch of his stuff?**

It's great. It keeps my dad and I in close touch.

*Our e-mails become less frequent as I get busier. In the back of my mind I think, I don't want this to end, but it can only end in tears. A week goes by, enough time to let me float in a Class-induced trance for awhile. I write back.*

February 11 2000

**I've been listening to "Overdose" from First over and over again. What's the sample near the middle? It's beautiful.**

That's a sample from 2001. That song is a classic example of one we wrote and recorded in a few days and never thought about again. **Did you and Leigh go to school for professional music training?**

I majored in Anthropology and minored in Art. Leigh majored in English, minored in Studio Art.

**Are you still acoustic or have you done the full tilt boogie to the electronic thing?**

I haven't touched my guitar in months, but I will definitely use it on our next release.

**Does anyone ever say you/Class remind them of The Magnetic Fields? Or that The Magnetic Fields remind them of Class?**

In the past, yeah. I know what they [sound] like, but I don't have any of their recordings, so I can't really comment.

*A package arrives today and it's full of Double Agent goodies. New Rose Melberg and Unisex albums and a Push Kings LP. I get to keep the pen that has their little signature rocket that moves up and down, like one of those "remove the underwear" pens. I love it.*

# CLASS

BY ANTHONY MONDAY

or,  
music to fall in love to

January 26 2000

**DISORDER: I've never done an e-mail interview before. How do you want to go about this? Do you want it as a conversation thing, or a whole bunch of questions at once?**

Peter Green: Send some questions, and I'll reply. The conversation thing.

January 31 2000

Okay, um, I guess I'll start with the basics. Who are you? Leigh and I met as freshmen at Tufts University and we've been close friends ever since. I started recording/releasing songs under the name Zaius in 1994, but once Leigh agreed to play music with me, we formed Class. We're not a typical band — we only record. Whenever I feel like it, I compose some songs and ask Leigh to come and add her magic to them. We could never reproduce many sounds. We never perform live, we never even practice. Our recordings capture a quiet, creative afternoon.

**Discography? I am aware of 1996's First and the 1999's A Quiet Life. Are there more? Are you involved with other projects, or is Class pretty much it for both of you?** We had a 4-song 7" out before the first CD. I was also in the Jen Peeps; we released one 7" on Double Agent. It was me and three and Rose [from] The Softies. I've also been remixing some people — most recently, Figurine.

**The style of music you guys make has a definite niche. Did you come by it organically, as a progression from other projects, or is just something you felt needed to be made? How would you classify your music, if you're into the labeling thing? Either pop? Ambient?**

You can definitely see our sound change with each release. The first 7" is entirely acoustic. Then I bought myself a keyboard for recording. First, A Quiet Life was also completed on a 4-track just before I installed my new computer recording studio, so the next release will evolve light years further. I'd say I've melodic, intelligent, ambient

*It seems to fit somehow — instant ESL food poetry. It adds to the beauty of Class.*

*I love checking my mail these days; the honeymoon bliss phase, I guess. I find another tidbit on their website that furthers my enamoredness of him: pictures of Donovan. Peter's cat. With his own page dedicated to him and his friends, Donovan is shown lending a paw in the day to day running of the record label.*

February 4 2000

**Donovan is cool. Does he like music? Does he have preferences?**

I've only really noticed him react to Björk's Homogenic. There's a lot of extreme stereo pans and weird blips that catch his attention.

**Yeah, she does that to me, too. Why the name Donovan? A tribute to the '80s pop star Jason Donovan? The Australian hunk-a-hunk-burning-love from Neighbours? Thanks, yeah, Donovan is my best buddy. No, he's not named after Jason Donovan, he got his name from the '60s pop star, Donovan. Everyone calls him "D."**

*[Donovan] and me against the world now  
Hey now, look up there in the sky now,  
See the stars are shining just for us."*

**I love that song. Do you like Space? All the Brit-pop stuff? What are your influences? What's in your CD player right now?**

Yeah, I like a lot of Brit stuff. I always have Massive Attack, Blur, Tricky, Everything But The Girl, Slowdive in my CD player. [That] isn't really indicative of my tastes; I usually buy vinyl. These days, I love Ian Brown's new LP, Dr Dre's Chronic 2001, new Unisex, demos.

**Cool. Is your family into the music too? Do they listen to it at home? Does your father still write music?** No, no, no. But they are proud of me and Double Agent. My dad's a printer now, so we do get to work on projects together sometimes.

February 21 2000

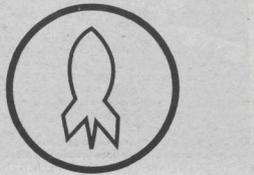
**Hey Peter. This is the funnest interview I've ever done — perhaps it's the sheer looseness of it, or perhaps it's the new Double Agent pen I now own that has an excellent rocket ship that goes up when I turn it upside down, and then down then it's turned over again, then up and down and up and down.**

I'm glad you like the pen. I'm almost out of them, so hold onto it very tight!

*And I suddenly think, that's it. Over. How can it be over? I'm still sitting here and he's not emailing me back.*

*Okay, so I wasn't really in love. The honeymoon phase was probably just a lunar mishap. Perhaps it was the mood I was in. Perhaps it was the fact that I was chatting with a smart and witty and talented creature. Perhaps it was my hormones. I like to think it was the music playing as I checked my e-mail every day — Class.*

*With a little Class, anyone can fall in love. •*



# radio berlin | hot hot heat tour > winter > december 1999

Between December the 3rd and 18th of 1999, Radio Berlin (Vancouver) and Hot Hot Heat (Victoria) played 12 shows between Vancouver and San Diego. We left Vancouver in two vans (which we spent many hours in!) and enjoyed the freedom of being on the road. Along the way we played with some good bands such as The Locust, Vue, and I Am Spoonbender, and experienced the hospitality of great people in many cities. The following photographs were taken to record some brief moments of a great two weeks on the road...



1. Coin-operated amusement at Museum Mechanique in San Francisco.



2. Radio Berlin in the kitchen of the Bottleneck loft/warehouse in Oakland, CA. L to R: Warren, Josh, Jack, Chris.



3. Hot Hot Heat destroying the Dustbin in Portland, OR.



4. Radio Berlin playing on the eve of departure in Vancouver at the Church of Pointless Hysteria. Photo by Lori Kiessling.



5. Killing time in the van.



6. Crossing the bridge on a beautiful Portland afternoon into the state of Washington.



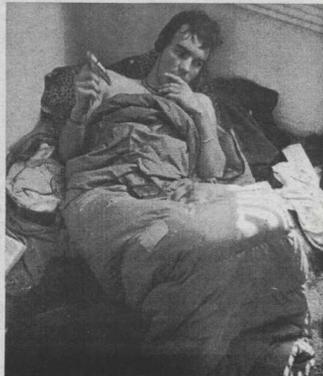
7. San Francisco's Vue live at the Boomerang in their home city.



8. A day off spent at the beach in San Francisco with Jonah of Vue as our guide. L to R: Josh, Jack, Dustin, and Jonah.



8. A brutally chaotic Locust set the Che Cafe located on the UCSD campus in San Diego.



9. (to right) Warren Hill, the "angel of the morning," emerging from slumber.



10. At the beach in San Francisco (L to R): Jack, Dustin, Chris, Matty, Jonah, Steve, Paul, Josh, Chris, and Warren.



11. Sex Pistols (Hot Hot Heat) live 1999 Reunion Tour at their San Diego date.



12. San Diego skateboard prodigies profilin' in front of Pokéz.

All photos by Chris Frey except where noted. Layout by Chris Frey and Jack Duckworth. Comments and inquiries about these photos can be sent to Chris Frey at <sdrobot@home.com>. More pictures of this tour and information about Radio Berlin can be found on our website at [www3.bc.sympatico.ca/sevenssegment/radioberlin/](http://www3.bc.sympatico.ca/sevenssegment/radioberlin/).  
Written correspondence can be sent to 1682 Frances St., Vancouver, BC, V5L 1Z4, Canada or you can e-mail the band at <radioduckworth@hotmail.com>.

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13 DISORDER

# Joel R.L. Phelps

interview by Christa Min  
photos by Ann Goncalves

**I**ve decided that it is useless to write in the third person. It is deceptive to describe the music of Joel R.L. Phelps objectively, pretending that I am listening to it from afar and thinking about it critically. I tried to do this interview from an objective point of view. I asked him if he would do it by e-mail. I wanted to only see the words, not to hear them and be affected by them. And I was scared as hell to do it in person.

Maybe the whole idea of interviews is stupid because music is not literary. I can try to describe what The Downer Trio sounds like, but no matter how comprehensive I am you won't be able to hear the music in my words. I can only tell you how it makes me feel.

I don't like talking about "feelings." I don't walk around with flowers in my hair, crying all the time. Words like "exquisite" and "beautiful," I barely know how to pronounce. But here I am, letting myself be a freakin' hippie in front of everyone who reads this.

For the short length of a Downer Trio set, or the hour that one of their records spends, I feel inextricably happy. And I'm not sure I deserve to listen. Their music makes me want to be better. So this display of ridiculous emotion is for you. I want you to be able to feel what I do when I hear Joel R.L. Phelps and the Downer Trio. Read this if you like — to laugh at my stupidity and with Phelps' wit — but for your sake, listen to the music.

**DISORDER** Is it ridiculous to do this without Robert and William? How involved are they in the songwriting?

**Joel R.L. Phelps** Robert and William PLAY the songs... by that, I mean they are sensitive, intuitive players with a clarity of vision that brings the songs to life. In my opinion, the reason that jazz tunes can have so many recorded versions is that, at the heart of it, the real song is probably the one that hasn't been played yet. The one you try to pull into being when you play it. The magic happens when you can play it in such a way that you're convinced (and perhaps the listener is as well) that THAT'S THE ONE. Go see Silksworm or Sheila; and you can see what I mean. So it goes beyond give and take, follow-the-leader, improvisation etc. It's a transformation not just of the song and its parts but of the players as well. As a player if you can really give yourself to a song, it gives itself to you and it becomes yours.

I believe William and Rob make the songs their own and give them back to me. Unless the song sucks... then no amount of hippie mumbo jumbo can save it.

So, to finally answer your question — generally speaking, the songs are constructed from the parts I present for inspection, and then we see what's gonna happen.

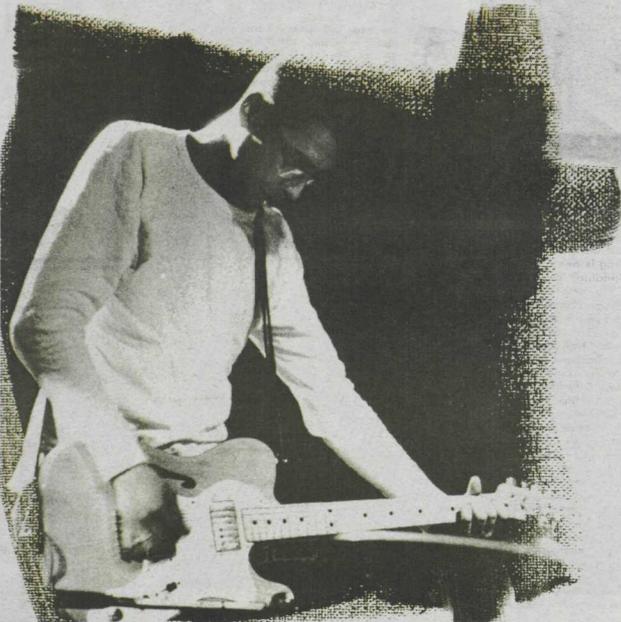
**I heard a live recording from about a year ago, and you were playing "Get the Chills." I guess you hadn't come up with the lyrics yet. You had a melody, but the words were being improvised. Is that how your lyrics come about, just playing and then singing whatever words the music evokes?**

Sometimes, but it varies from song to song. I don't have much of a method or routine, really. They just come this way they come. Sometimes with some songs I'll get the feeling that the words are just, you know, in there somewhere so I'll play with them as they develop until I feel like they're done. In the case of "Get the Chills," I guess I felt like it was worth performing even though I had to play a bit of

**what, exactly, your songs are about. Are you writing your lyrics with universality in mind, so that everyone can relate, or are you more concerned with privacy, not telling too much about your own experiences?**

I don't mean to be evasive except in cases where I feel a need to avoid intolerable embarrassment.

habit but out of need, "do you know what I mean?" So, no to universality. After all, I know that when I ask if anyone else feels like me and if I'm the only one that feels the way I do, the answer is no to both. **Stupid coincidences: I hate the Beatles, but my friend forced me to listen to The White Album. Your album is called Blackbird. There is a song called "Blackbird" on The**



catch up. Some, like "Now You Are Found" — concerning my sister, who committed suicide this past December — come more fully formed and undergo less tinkering. It seems the need to express can either help or hinder the process. So I just have to make do.

**Your lyrics are quite fragmented. Each line in a song provokes the same emotion, so there is a definite theme, but the phrases themselves are ambiguous. You use specific names and details, but it's hard to say**

And, honestly, the lyrics are that way simply because that's the best I can do. I could never write a good story or a decent poem and I'm uncomfortable with the words outside of their context within a song. I'm fortunate to have notes and rhythms and sounds because I need them to help me say what I mean. For me, memories come as fragments, and that the words do too only highlights my need and inability to convey the events clearly. I can name the names and say "this is when I..." but in the end during conversation I find myself saying, not out of

**White Album. Everyone talks about how The White Album is a complete album, that the order of the songs construct a journey. I think Blackbird does the same, but better. Your CD is white. Please tell me that you hate the Beatles and you have no idea what I'm talking about.**

Although I don't hate the Beatles and the record is white, that's pretty much where the trail goes cold. **Who is the Reverend Robert Irving? I'm assuming he's a real person because you**



didn't like music school so I changed my major three or four times and then finally called it quits and moved to Seattle with Silkwood in 1989. I'm pleased that you enjoy the horn parts. I didn't want them to sound too gimmicky, but I thought it might sound cool to hear a saxophone section that was comprised of only one voice rather than the mixed voices of most jazz groups. As I only own one horn, an alto, that was my natural choice. So I just played a central part that could place certain notes and rhythms more or less where I wanted them and then improvised the surrounding parts. Unfortunately, when a single player plays these parts their faults are tripled, but even so I think the sound is pretty nice and it was a worthwhile experiment. I'd like to try again with a tenor or soprano one of these days.

**I think if you took all the bad things out of *Arene Rock*, you'd be left with *Ein Heit*. You guys actually made a Rush song sound good. Are there any plans to release another album, or is *Ein Heit* something that only happens when all six of you have nothing else to do?**  
I know we'd all enjoy making another record. It's hard to find the right time when we can all be in the same city with the time and means to make a record, but I'm sure we'll manage it at some point. It's a treat to play with those folks, and in a way it's kind of a double reunion for me, so I look forward to it.

**Do you feel a lot of support from the music press in Seattle? It seems to me that Seattle likes to support the worst Northwest bands. Month after month, *The Rocket* features bad bands. Also, it's a bit strange because sometimes you headline, and sometimes you're the opening band. Do you find that you get a more positive response from the East?**

The East certainly has a very different feel in many ways, and we've always enjoyed our visits there. Around here we get to play once in a while and make our records, and a fair amount of nice folks seem to come out and see us, so it's fine. But swimming we appreciate some relief from that swirly upsurge feeling when we leave a city that's had a case of the cools for years. And I like opening shows if for no other reason than I get to go home earlier if the other bands aren't enjoyable [I'm not getting any younger, you know] or I can enjoy a good band without having the jitters. And there's another practical reason for it. Obviously we never would have played a room like the Seattle Opera House had we not opened for Billy Bragg. And opening for Mark Eitzel for a couple of weeks was the best thing that ever happened to us. As for bad bands... well, there certainly are plenty to go around.

**Your music affects people greatly. I imagine that your fans have an annoying tendency to tell you all about how they feel, and how they relate, not necessarily to your music, but also to you. Is this a problem for you?**  
No, not at all.

**What music affects you?**  
Oh, all kinds, I guess. You'd laugh if I told you the half of it.

**Do you look forward to playing live? It's difficult because what you were feeling when you wrote the song may not be what you're feeling every time you sing it. In a way, a good show is when everyone is truly convinced that you mean what you're singing. Even then, you could be a very good liar, but the audience believes you. How much of playing live is "putting on a show"?**

I often look forward to it. I always fear it. There are so many things that can go wrong and right during a set that no matter how I plan or prepare I can always be surprised by what happens and my reaction. Sometimes I wish I'd stayed in bed. Sometimes I feel like the lucky dog in the right place at the right time. And when all the psychological rewards and punishment for even playing at all are considered I guess in the end you just have to do the best you can until you quit. And how much is putting on a show, well, I have to wonder too...

**Is there a show that you've played that is more memorable than others?**  
I'm afraid I'm too tired to recall. Really. Sorry.

The Victoria show was memorable because the next day before we crossed over to Vancouver we went to The Bug Museum and got to see and hold all sorts of giant insects. And they were giant and beautiful and creepy and neat.

The Vancouver show was unusual for me because after we ended the set a beautiful young woman and her friends asked me to play "Unless You're Tired Of Living," as her boyfriend had recently died. I felt sad for their losses as well as my own, embarrassed that they would think I could comfort and ashamed that I could think so too. I played it and bad.

**The art work on all your albums is exquisite. Do you choose it from what you have already seen, or do you come up with an idea and then try to fill it? Who did the cover for *Blackbird*?**

Paul Gillis and Robert Mercer designed the *Blackbird* artwork using Paul's photographs.

Sometimes we've used artwork that we're already aware of, for example, Eileen M. Ward's painting for The Downer Trio, or Laura Cinnetto's photographs for 3. But we had nothing to do with the creation of those images. We were just lucky enough to know talented artists who liked our music enough to feel comfortable letting their work be associated with it. Julia White let us pick several of her paintings to use for *Warm Springs Night*. J. Bryant gave us two or three possibilities for cover photographs and the four of us agreed on the ones you see on the front and back cover then he created the inner image and designed the insert poster with Taure, using her photos. Timothy Cook offered two of his drawings for the "Alta Alata"/"Spokane Motel Blues" single. Paul lent photographs of Mexico and he and Robert designed the cover around them for *Blackbird*. Except for the sticker,

Had Robert and Paul [and William and I too far that matter] known that the distributor would feel so strongly about the need for a sticker, they would have almost certainly chosen to leave the cover free of any text whatsoever. But who knew?

**As far as I know, *Moneyshot* has only released three 7"s, two of which you played on. Whose label is *Moneyshot*? It feels very small because distribution seems very limited. I could only find the 7" in Seattle. Is a live Downer Trio EP coming out soon, or is that plain old gossip?**

*Moneyshot* is owned and operated by the charming and dear Timothy Cook, former partner in *Ein Record* and he is putting out a live acoustic record so soon as I stop fucking it up.

**Last questions: What were you doing during WTO? Shopping or smashing the windows of the Gap?**

During the daylight hours I was working, and at nightfall, after navigating the maze and arriving home, I watched the proceedings on TV while listening to the tear gas explosions outside my downtown window and wondering when those folks were going to take your sorry home. Peaceful protest? Sure, why not, but some folks are just a little too bummed they missed Woodstock '99.

#### Selected Discography

*Warm Springs Night* [Ein Record, 1995]  
*Alta Alata/Spokane Motel Blues 7"* [*Moneyshot*, 1996]  
3 [Pacifico, 1997]  
*The Downer Trio EP* [Pacifico, 1997]  
*Blackbird* [Pacifico, 1999]

For a complete discography and much — probably way too much — more, visit D. Turnove's enduringly obsessive website: <http://rip.madintheuniverse.com> \*

thanked him on L'Ajra. I only ask because that song is one of my favorites... who am I kidding? They're all my favorite. That's the Reverend Robert L. Phelps, my father, who, after more than 40 years of pastoral ministry, retired this past December and lives in Whitefish, Montana with my mother, Alita L. Phelps. You know, I always find Comsat Angels and Dramarama records in the bargain bin. No one seems to like these bands anymore. Only after hearing your covers did I realize that they were good songwriters. What were you doing in 1986? Why have these bands stood out for you? The Comsat Angels wrote many greats, and though the sound of the records took a strange — and some might say unfortunate — turn they continued to write good songs and their records are still dear to me. The second record, *Sleep No More*, is the home of "Our Secret" [from 1981 I think] and "Lost Continent" came from the Robert Palmer-produced [1] *Chasing Shadows* [1986].

What was I doing? Still dropping in and out of college [the scales would finally tip toward "out" a couple of years later] playing what we thought was a final Ein Heit show in a Missoula parking lot and later meeting Rob in Bozeman where I fled for a quarter at MSU.

If you ever see the first Comsat Angels record, *Waiting For A Miracle*, you need to purchase it and then find another one and send it to me. Thank you. When did you start playing the saxophone? Your horn arrangements, especially on the EP, are incredible. The harmonies are beautifully unusual. Have you had much formal music training, theory lessons or anything?

I started to play as part of my school music program in the fourth grade and continued through college, playing in the various sorts of outfits that come with that territory. I had started as a music performance major at UM in Missoula, but I really



# DJ A-Trak

by Jan-9 and Lauren  
photo by Jan-9

**A-Trak:** I come in peace.

**DISORDER:** I want you to tell me how you relate to Ralph Wigum.

Aw, he's my hero, he touches me right here [lightly punches his heart]. Ralph is a real hero. I don't really relate to him at all, that's the whole thing. I just think he's an amazing character. I'm a Simpsons fanatic and Ralph is one of my favorite characters. Everything he says is so simple yet so deep.

**Like what?**

Like, "My cat's breath smells like cat food." It's so naive, yet what more do you want?

**But why is it so deep?**

Because it goes straight to the root of what he's trying to say. Ralph is great.

**Okay... um...**

I'm not done [laughs]. I think that anyone who knows Ralph... Let's look at it the other way around: anyone that doesn't know Ralph can't call themselves a true Simpsons fan. The whole record is a shout out to the true fans of the Simpsons out there. My song "Enter Ralph Wigum" has nothing to do with him — it's a dark, moody, introspective type of song. Ralph is this happy, simple kid and I was like "I dunno... I'll name it as a tribute to Ralph," and as a tribute to dancing popcorn.

**Yeah, I've seen the cover [of the Enter Ralph Wigum 7"]. So what's with you and dancing popcorn?**

The cover was made by the illustrious El Captain Funkaho. Peanut Butter Wolf is doing a series of 7"s on Stones Throw, and the first 7" that he put out was by El Captain Funkaho. Funkaho designed some stuff for Stones Throw also. He just finished some stuff for the new Quasimoto album. He actually sent me a choice between two covers. There was one that looked like some cheesy '80s Russian rock album cover with a guy's hands on a piano and there were some words in French that said "caution" or "warning." He was like, "Ah, Alain speaks French!" It was a choice between that and the dancing popcorn.

**How did you get hooked up with Stones Throw?**

In the fall of '97, there was the Deep Concentration tour and Peanut Butter Wolf was one of the resident DJs for the tour. Me and Kid Koala did the Montreal/Toronto shows, and that's how I met Peanut Butter.

We got along right away. About a month later, he called me up to see if I wanted to do a song for this compilation. Then, Peanut Butter was doing well with his label — Stones Throw is one of the most prominent independent labels, I think — so when he asked me to do the 7" for him it was, like, obvious.

**What do you think about scratching being really trendy right now? Lots of people want to be DJs, and I've noticed that they focus mostly on scratching — they don't even care about mixing. The scratching isn't even really melodic, they don't try to incorporate it musically. They just focus on the technical aspects.**

I don't know. People are noticing that scratching is this hip thing right now and I think that's good because, you know, it will help the sales of DJ's albums and more people will come to our shows. I look at it as a positive thing.

**What hip-hop artists do you like and listen to?**

The Roots, Gang Starr, Tribe, Pete Rock and CL Smooth.

**Any Canadian artists?**

I like Saukrates, he's got some sick beats. Swollen [Members] has done some dope stuff. I like some more obscure, weird hip-hop, the MF Doom kinda stuff.

**So how old were you when you started scratching??**

Hmm, how did I start? When I was 12 or 13 my brother was getting into hip-hop more and more. Once I saw him trying to scratch — and I heard scratching on the albums we'd listened to — and I just started scratching like that on my father's turntable to see what it was like. One day after school I just showed my brother the stuff I was doing and he was like, "Wow, I can't do that, you should start working on this!" I had just done my bar mitzvah so I had a little stash of money in my bank account. He was like, "Buy a turntable!" That was tough because I had to convince my parents. I told my father, "Yes, I'm going to buy a used Technics 1200 turntable." "But we have a turntable!" "No, but I want to scratch!" "But we have a turntable!" That was a bit of a hassle. Eventually I got to buying my used turntable and a mixer, and I saved up more money and bought another turntable and started practicing in my basement, listening to records and trying to emulate what I heard. Later, I started being exposed to



the DMC videos and stuff, and I was trying to keep up with all the newer techniques and stuff.

**Out of all the titles you've won, which one do you value the most? Will you be defending next year?**

I don't think I'm going to defend any of my solo battles because I don't think I'm going to do any solo battles this year. Ever since the '97 DMC I felt that I still had something to prove because people were saying that I wasn't against any really good DJs in the world finals, that it was easy for me because I was younger. In '98, I didn't win. Last year I really had a lot to prove, so winning IFFK and Vestax and placing second in IFF scratching and DMC teams was really good for me.

**Do you have any beef with any crews? Scratch Perverts perhaps?**

No, no beef with any other crews. Scratch Perverts are cool.

**Are you going to have a scratch album coming out?**

One day, I keep on talking about it, I'm probably going to be putting out an album, probably on Stones Throw. I haven't put out a single song yet. I will put out an album. That's probably the main reason why I'm not going to battle this year — I wanna tour in the summer, I want to put out an album. You can't record music and battle at the same time because it's different creative energy, it's not the same mindset.

**How about the Allies, anything you want us to report?**

Our official name for the year 2000 is The Sixty Six.

**Who's in the Allies?**

The Allies is myself, Craze, Infamous, JSmoke, Spiktaular and Develop. Anything you want to say about Obscure Disorder?

Buy the record. Obscure Disorder is my group, and we have a new record out. It's called 2004, it's out on Fat Beats, and we've sold almost 6000 units. Everybody should go buy it. \*

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# Video Philter



BY DYLAN GRIFFITH

I can't quite remember the name of a particular movie I've seen in it in, but I know the scene well enough: the pretty young actor, ego swelled by the success of the latest vehicle for his limited talents, screws up his face in an expression of earnest ambition and declares that while he does enjoy acting, what he really wants to do is to direct. Thankfully, the bean counters who get movies made are a little too tight-fisted to hand the directorial reins over to any fresh young hottie on the block, so that when an actor does get behind the camera, chances are that he or she is possessed of genuine talent, skill and intelligence. Almost all of the actors-directors whose debut films I screened for this month's column have proven themselves as actors both artistically and, to varying degrees, commercially, making them all pretty safe bets for directorial success.

Take Kevin Spacey, for example. Two-time Academy Award nominee and star of such fine and financially successful films as *The Usual Suspects*, *LA Confidential*, *Seven* (not to speak, but it sure made a bucket of money) and, most recently, *American Beauty*, Spacey has shown himself to be an actor possessed of enormous ability, one who expresses more with well-timed pauses and subtle changes in expression than most actors get out of a full-on hissy fit. Sadly, none of that which makes Spacey a great actor is in evidence in *Albino Alligator*, a plodding, cliché-ridden work of staggering banality and humour-

lessness which features a contrived and thoroughly implausible plot (the perpetrators of two separate crimes end up together in the same New Orleans bar, occupied by a manageable handful of soon-to-be hostages; police arrive, siege unfolds, blah, blah, blah...), a complete lack of character development, and the feature film debut of Skeet Ulrich. Who would have thought that the man responsible for making a pathetic middle-aged hero/homicide could create a film wherein the only fresh element is a two-bit, watered-down Johnny Depp wannabe?

Despite working with such talented actors as Faye Dunaway, Gary Sinise and Joe Mantegna, Spacey-as-director never generates much interest in his characters, nor does he build up the requisite tension that this sort of material requires. In fact, the only tangible sense of tension I felt was from wanting to see how much more embarrassing this tedious debacle could be.

Just the opposite was true of *Big Night*, the first film by the actor-directing tag team of Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott. Filled with fully fleshed out characters and believable relationships, and covering an emotional range from the sweetest undertone to as-biting (literally) over-the-top-dram, this charming tale of two Italian brothers desperate to save their fledgling restaurant without catering to the lowest gastronomic denominator is so infused with passion and joy that I regretted its ever coming to an end. Tucci and Campbell, working from a script co-written by Tucci and

Joseph Tropiano, maintain a perfect pitch and pace throughout the film, never faltering on a false note or hackneyed sentiment. Having assembled a superb cast (including the aforementioned Tucci and Scott, as well as Tony Shalhoub, Tom Holm, Isabella Rossellini, Minnie Driver, and *The West Wing*'s fabulous Allison Janney), these boys exploit their ensemble for all its worth, letting each individual actor shine while producing a work in which the writing and the company as a whole emerge as the true stars. Films directed by actors should, logically, contain excellent acting, and in *Big Night* the fine performances abound.

Exemplary ensemble work is also a standout feature in part-time actor, part-time professional film AND cheese Gory Oldman's directorial debut, *Ni! By Mouth*. If all the money he made playing villains in trash like *Lost in Space*, *Air Force One* and *The Fifth Element* went to financing this beautifully complex and nuanced portrait of familial dysfunction and abuse, it was worth every vapid moment spent at the multiplex. For every stock situation and trite bit of business in *Albino Alligator*, Oldman presents another layer of emotional depth, creating a sensitive and insightful film in which every character feels real and honestly represented. Oldman has a genuine compassion for the characters he's created (he wrote the script as well as directing) and he deals with issues surrounding violence and complicity in violence with great sensitivity and intelligence, never resorting to a

simple dichotomy between abused and abuser. The brutish Ray is never apologized for, but the cycle of violence he has been caught up in is clearly delineated, as well as being mirrored by a parallel cycle of enablement.

Dealing with somewhat similar subject matter is Frank Whalley, an actor whose behind-the-camera debut makes a liar of me and my theory about only proven veterans getting their moment at the helm.

Whalley is by no means a lightweight — he did just fine alongside Mr. Spacey in *Swimming with Sharks* — but he's still quite young, and none of the work he has done has really distinguished him as a master thespian. He does have some influential friends, however, and I can't help thinking that Val Kilmer, Ethan Hawke, and John Leguizamo, all of whom appear in *Joe the King* (the latter credited as an executive producer as well), had more to do with this film getting made than Mr. Whalley. Like *Albino Alligator*, but to a lesser degree, *Joe the King* deals in stock situations, flat characterizations, and uninspired acting and directing.

Whalley wrote the script himself, and from the little specific details I assume it's at least somewhat autobiographical. But truth does not a good film necessarily make, and this movie is a glum, superficial take on the coming-of-age-in-a-shitty-family genre. As the kid, Noah Fleiss is rather

bland and indefinite, while dad Val Kilmer is a pot-bellied, belabored cartoon whose only honest moment comes about 80 minutes too late in the final frames of the film. Leguizamo and Hawke add nothing with their cameos, and the mother's character is so under-developed as to be barely present at all. Whalley should be congratulated for getting this little, personal film made at all, I suppose. Just don't rush out to see it anytime soon.

Do rush out to see another autobiographical film written and directed by a fairly young actor: Steve Buscemi's *Trees Lounge*. Buscemi, who also stars, crafted this story of a lost and lovesick barfly from the details of his own pre-success days in New Jersey, and the poignancy of the tale is downright painful at times. Sad, funny, pathos, inspiring — Buscemi's film rings true from beginning to end, and scenes of our hero's many missteps and humiliations are by the always excellent Chloë Sevigny) or begs for a final, redeeming change with his just-given-birth ex-girlfriend are wonderfully horrible to watch, and, like the film as a whole, what makes them work is the light, humorous touch with which the scenes are played out. Buscemi

has a solid sense of the ridiculous, and this, along with the empathy he creates for his characters, makes for some fine bit-ter-sweet film-making.

The final film I viewed for this actors-as-directors odyssey was Tim Roth's *The War Zone*. Well acted, sensitively directed, but ultimately a bit too grim and relentless, this desperate tale of incest and crappy real estate suffers from a lack of the humour that Roth's that saves Gary Oldman and Steve Buscemi's films from a fatal case of the doldrums. As these other actor-directors have shown, dark material is best served up on a platter garnished with dollops of humour and hope, both of which are absent from this grey requiem. Ray Winston, the heavy in Gary Oldman's film, does another fine turn here, so do the rest of the cast, but the mood of the film is just too bleak for any emotional connections to be made. An earnest documentation of suffering stands as much chance of losing its audience to alienation as it does of garnering empathy for the tragedies undergone, and in *The War Zone* the former is true. Faced with so much unhappiness, I just couldn't care in the end.

Well, I hate to end on a downer, but that's just the way it goes. The always effervescent Tania Bolokaya will be back to amuse and entertain you next month. Until then, have a swell April. •

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# Under Review

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## ADRII

### (Mineral Music)

This, like, We had it on *playlist* for a while and I started to get into it. Then it went into the strange world of archiving and I lost it for a while. But, like all good things, it returns.

Adrii's *Proa* is a local gal with a really good ear and some obvious electronic talent. Unlike a lot of "new" artists dealing with this "new" medium, she doesn't seem to be entirely focused on turndown, or funky axis rhythms, or super 'm float-in-space-and-in-it-pretty sort of music; although the files of her songs do seem to suggest that that's where we're heading too — song titles like "EIF" and "Dream" and "Tender Dove" just make all my dreams go off and I think, *Oh shit, prepare to be boarded by the inhabitants of Kooky Hippie World.*

But, thankfully, she is not from that planet.

She makes sort of a nice balance between ambient and techno. While that seems to be an oxymoron, or at least inapplicable — as the two seem to be the same thing — it's not. She's got all the relaxing and ethereal qualities of "good" ambient, but she also has the edge from the electronic side of things to keep her from floating too far into that "bad" ambient dimension. The beats and melodies sort of leech the ambient to a solid world which we can use as a base.

And she does seem to push the boundaries of "what a song should be." My personal favourite is the first track, "Existential," which has enough bits and sounds to keep me interested for 9 or so minutes.

An excellent first release. While I can't yet decipher a distinct personality that usually grows and draws me to an artist, I think it'll come with time and practice, and I think when it does, the music will be stellar.

Anthony Mondy

## BAD LIVERS (Bad & Mood Sugar Hill)

Here it is, kids: the mid-life crisis album from Austin's bad boys of obscenity. Anyone familiar with the *Livers'* work has come to expect a goodly amount of genre-hopping and unclassifiability. The *Bad Livers* have always had a love-hate relationship with the bourgeois and folk community. One thing aren't they? They've never hidden their punk rock roots, and did a hilarious cover of *Iggy Pop's* "Lust for Life" on an early project.

But this time, even their

record company felt the need to come up with a new buzzword: *grastrognostics*. This CD has two distinct personalities, but more like Texas roots and thrash/punk. Given the *Livers'* penchant for experimentation and Donny Barnes' college training as a studio engineer, the "tiddippin'" into the stream of samples and effects was probably inevitable. Some of the extra electronic layers enhance, most distract. At its worst, it becomes the 21st century answer to 20th century mashuratory guitar solos. *Moby* they ain't!

Exactly half the 10 tracks on this CD suck and the other half range from good to brilliant. The odd-numbered tracks are, ironically, the easiest to take for fans accustomed to classic BT material such as *Hogs on the Highway*. The even-numbered tracks are, well, uneven. Track 2, "I'm Losing," Frinstance, is a ballad (as opposed to flout-out) thrash wannabe. Track 6 redeems itself partially at exactly 1:20 into the track when the sampling ballast ends and the song begins. (And you gotta admit the title, "The Legend at Sawdust Boogers," is cool.)

Even those good/odd tracks could do with some tightening up. The first 25 seconds of "Big Magnet" warn in a simple kind of way that "you're gonna have to give over and yadda out what that's all about." Yadda yadda. Lose that and it's an A-1 track. Best track by far is "Little Bitty Town." Danny Barnes is in fine vocal form and nails that getting odd/falling-out of love experience "gettin' older, gettin' over the hill. I live in a little bitty town and all we do is just hang around."

This CD is going to generate a lot of discussion this year, so check it out yourself and make up your own mind. Don't let anyone tell you that you "don't get it" if you don't dig it all. *Chocun a son goat*. As far as me: nice work, *Livers*, but after programming my CD player to separate the wheat from the chaff, I'm left with only half an album.

Vof Gormier

## CROOKED FINGERS

### (Sawdust Boogers)

Well, kids, for me, it doesn't get much better than this one. Eric Bachmann, former singer and guitarist for North Carolina's *Archers of Loaf*, has put out another solo release, this time under the moniker *Crooked Fingers*. Combining some of the softer, more melodic electric guitar bits and gritty, rough vocals of the last two *Archers* albums with the lushness and

fully-orchestrated aspects of his solo albums (under the pseudonym *Barry Black*, two of my all-time favorite releases in their own right), this one might well be his masterpiece. The thing that I've liked best about all of Bachmann's projects is his lyrical talent. His voice is capable of stretching from high-pitched and sweet to raspy and growling. Whatever the vocal method, his words always come out sounding great, and the stories he tells never fail to make you laugh or cry. My favorite track on this one has to be the second song, "New Drink For The Old Drunk," where Bachmann tells a tale of an old drunkard roaming around town, begging for some alcohol to satisfy his cravings. The lyrics in the chorus get me every time: "Hours pass by half-forgotten, night turns black cause it's rotten, we slide right to the bottom, our tongues made out of cotton."

Basically, I think that this is one very fine record.

Chris C.

## THE CURE

### (Bloodflowers (Fiction/Electra)

I like to pretend that *Wild Mood Swings* doesn't exist. If a band has put out one great album, I don't really care if they put out bad ones — I just won't listen to them. It gets difficult when an album is half good and half bad.

*Bloodflowers* has some pretty stupid lyrics. "39" is the worst. Smith sings, "The fire is almost out and there's nothing left to burn. I've run out of thoughts and I've run right out of words." That fire metaphor's so original! There's an irony in there somewhere, but it's still a stupid theme. Being 39 isn't even close to being old. I can't complain about the music on this album — it's very *Cure*.

One more complaint: the layout and typesetting in the booklet. Why they would choose to make it so unattractive, I don't know. Smith's photographs are obscured, and CAPITAL LETTERS ARE FOR JACKASSES IF YOU ASK ME.

The good parts of this album make the bad parts tolerable. "There Is No If" is a quietly sincere, and quite a lovely song. Smith reverts to his classic parallel structure, and it works well.

I realize that writing this review was pointless. *Cure* fans are freaks, and they already own *Bloodflowers*. They don't give a damn about what I think. They all probably love *Wild Mood Swings*, too.

Christa Min

## DJ SPOOKY VS DJ

### SCANNER

### The quick and the dead

### (Sulphur/Sulfur)

### DJ ME DJ YOU

### Rainbows and Robots

### (Emperor Norton)

I have no idea who Scanner and Spooky are. I've heard their names, sure, I've heard their names; how could I not when all my friends spout on about this DJ and that DJ and when they were lost seen spinning their wars.

I know, I know, by admitting that I don't know who SCANNER and SPOOKY are I'm probably losing my elite status as an "electronic" geek and my membership will be denounced and I'll probably never again be invited to Sonar, or the Purple Onion, or some equally idiotic place to watch some guy/corp play with their records. And that's just fine by me... I can stop pretending I know who these DJs are and get on with my life. I'll just stick to my limited knowledge and learn slowly who all these people are and how the hell to differentiate them from the next idiot with a fetish for vinyl.

And, you know what, that record doesn't help me in that quest. I like it, sure. It was fine, yeah, great, whatever. But it ended up being a blur of background dark noise that sort of made me feel like the recording levels were all too low.

If I knew who these two geeks were I'd probably say, "Wow, cool, look what this DJ is

doing with that DJ's re-mix of the other DJ." But I don't, and I don't think that someone should have to do extensive research just to enjoy an album. It should be enjoyable in its own right, and the research, if done, can add to it. But it shouldn't be a prerequisite. Perhaps I'm just bitter and tired, but sometimes it feels like the DJ culture is a little claque that stands in a circle and laughs at joke — and I'm in high school again and I don't get the joke and I'm not standing in that circle, or anywhere near it.

Maybe I'm over-reacting, judging a little too quickly or rashly, but this album just elicited a few too many reactions about the progression and future and current state of electronic music that I can't just shut up. And so maybe I've been ostracized from that little club now, and I'll never again hear about another DJ coming to town again. Fine. I guess I can stop saying "Oh, yeah, that one, I hear he's really good," when, really, I've no idea what the fuck they're all about and who wipes their bum for them.

Then I started to listen to **DJ Me DJ You**. The rant that had forced me into "bitter reviewer mode" was grabbed up by shiny happy Ms. Pac-man monsters. Whereas the Scanner/Spoopy CD made me angry and irritated, *DJ Me DJ You* lit up my day. An antithesis that brought me back from the ugly, negative high I got from the other album. This one is light and fun and

accessible and full of little delights. It's just made me run out to grab a friend and said, "Hey, lets spend a fun afternoon listening to this CD and enjoying life."

It's awesomely deliciously fun, fun, fun, willy.

See what I mean? Good music does not have to be pretentiously cream-filled with attitude.

Down with the oppressors, but up with DJ Me DJ You.

Anthony Mondy

## DYNAMIC SYNCOPATION

### Dynamism

### (Ninja Tune)

Good shit. Downtempo hip-hop that has been spending a lot of time in my CD player lately. And it's Canadian! Slick, well-produced, a well-oiled DJ scratching wax in the production, rounded beats and a dab of the funk. Solid lyrics and rhymes slip in on track 3. There is little out of place on this album and it's the best thing I've heard in awhile. It's moody without being heavy, it's downtempo without depression, it's slick without cheese, it's sampled without sickness, it's crafted without 4 inch nails. I just wish it was longer than 7 tracks!

Tobias

## THE EVELY TAMBOURINES

### Library Nation

### (Sno Pop)

I don't know what goes on in the libraries of their nation, but there seems to be inspiration to spare for **The Evil Tambourines**. If

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memory serves, this Seattle two-piece (Tobias Flowers and Andy Poehlman) are up-and-comers in that city's hip-hop scene, and if this disc is any indication, they will soon be seen and heard for beyond that city's fogscope. *Library Nation* is an eclectic mix of beats and samples and rhymes and instruments that didn't do much for me the first time around, but has since grown on me with ferocity. The crazy horn sample on "Saturn" has been with me all week, and none have been known to deny the call to disco from the first lines "Rollerskate!" I don't know which one's the DJ, but he lives no brighter than on "The Evil Tambourines Theme Song," an atmospheric journey that instantly turns into jazz and, just when you're about to latch on to it, a pop song. I don't know which one's the MC, either, but comparisons with the **Luv Finix**'s *Criminals* will rain down upon him if they haven't already done so. During the good songs, it's hard to remember that this is The Evil Tambourines' debut, and therefore bound to encounter limited success. Asks the critic: What's with hip-hop songs that only have one beat? Whose job is it to cut instruments short when they aren't going anywhere? And music producers (even those with shiny discs) contribute great vocals? Why must R'n'B chicks contribute anything? These are tough questions, demand that are going to question some serious head-scratching, but once the Tambourines realize that they don't have to do all those things that hip-hop bands are supposed to do, they'll be a serious force to reckon with. Please come to Canada.

#### FUNERAL ORATION

**Disography** (Hopeless)  
**Funeral Oration** is a Dutch punk band that has been around forever and sounds different enough to warrant checking out. I think they kick ass. I wouldn't start his thing. I'd start with the album, *Believer*, is really good and probably a wise purchase. Now, about this album: it isn't a discography, it's a two disc set with the first disc being a bunch of old 7's and album tracks and some older, unreleased stuff. The second disc is a live studio recording of a whole bunch of crap that actually sounds pretty good. There is definitely some awesome stuff on this album, but, like I said before, start somewhere else.

Dave Tolnai

#### HACO

**Happiness Proof** (Mescalina)  
**Haco** has compiled a collection of eccentric and mature songs on this, her second solo release. From the title, it's not well known in the Japanese underground for her part in the neo-psychedelic group, **After Dinner**. She's been releasing

music in one form or another since the late '70s. Having recently seen her live, I was impressed by her genre-hopping sound and distinct voice. **Haco** sometimes sounds like **Kate Bush** (in Japanese, of course) and even, at times, like one of those **Miranda Sex Garden** banshees. Despite the fact that she compares to artists like more traditional Western-style vocalists, her music is in no way comparable. The tracks on this album range from pure experimental tinkering with drums, keyboards, guitars, and samplers, to shoegazing drone accompanied by Haco's story-telling lyrical style. Although a little difficult to find this side of the Pacific, *Happiness Proof* is worth the hassle, indeed. The album title speaks for itself.

Robert P. Willis

#### JUNIOR VARSITY

**Criminals** will rain down upon him if they haven't already done so. During the good songs, it's hard to remember that this is The Evil Tambourines' debut, and therefore bound to encounter limited success. Asks the critic: What's with hip-hop songs that only have one beat? Whose job is it to cut instruments short when they aren't going anywhere? And music producers (even those with shiny discs) contribute great vocals? Why must R'n'B chicks contribute anything? These are tough questions, demand that are going to question some serious head-scratching, but once the Tambourines realize that they don't have to do all those things that hip-hop bands are supposed to do, they'll be a serious force to reckon with. Please come to Canada.

Jamaal

#### KINSKI

**Space Launch For Franche** (Independent)  
**SISTER SONNY** **Lovesongs** (Jetset)  
 People seem to be getting very excited about this ambient soundscape CD. I'm interested, Randy. But not when it is done bodily. Friends do not automatically make music dynamic. Increasing the tempo does not necessarily increase the intensity. Reverend does not instantly create a soundscape.

**Kinski** is attempting to build a "wall of sound," but their wall is a rejected piece of plywood that they fry desperately to hold up. To keep with this stupid metaphor, ideally, the wall would be built and not just thrown up; it would be layered instead of flat and thin.

The only redeeming quality in **Kinski** is Lucy Atkinson's bass lines. They oppose the rest of the band's bad notes and rhythms.

**Sister Sonny** is quite a bore. At least I justly dislike **Kinski**'s *Lovesongs* just made me think that **Sister Sonny** tries to create an environment instead of a wall, but they can't do it. This is not to say that they're bad, but I don't think they succeed in what

they're trying to do. If I were eating a meal and **Sister Sonny** was playing in the restaurant, I could barely notice. They're not loud enough to make me stab utensils in my ears, but they're not good enough to make me listen. They are made for the background.

Christa Min

#### LAMBCHOP

**Nixon** (Merge)  
 Front madman Kurt Wagner sounds like for all the world like he is yearning to communicate something desperately and sincerely important. This impression is magnified by the help of many truly gifted band members. Often 12 or more play on **Lambchop** albums, and always in a heartwrenching and quietly orchestrated fashion. But study the lyrics and find yourself in the scratch your head mode. What Wagner is saying something like a country two-pep genre all their own. It's not hard to come to the conclusion that **Lambchop** is pulling the wool (no pun originally intended) over our eyes, that this is ironic poetry. But looking for clues of tongue-in-cheek from Wagner is just trying to find sanity in Syd Barrett. It's a secret that probably does not even exist — so just listen and think.

Bleek

#### THE LAPSE

**Heaven Ain't Happenin'** (Southern)  
 This month seems riddled with ex-member releases. **The Lapse** is no exception, consisting of **Chris** (**Naive**), **the Van Pelt** and **Toko** (**Blonde Redhead**, **The Van Pelt**). Beyond past accomplishments these two are definitely up to something interesting. The songs on *Heaven Ain't Happenin'* deviate greatly from each other, some sounding reminiscent of the Van Pelt, and others sounding, um, like **The Lapse**? There are even a few acoustic, ballad-type songs belted out by **Chris**. The vocal duties are split down the middle on this release — which works nicely, in my opinion, as both vocalists have voices with ample amounts of character. If you are in the mood for a strange juxtaposition of wall-jumping music, by this.

Jay Davillard

#### MARY LOU LORDD/SEAN NA NA

**Mary Lou Lord/Sean Na Na** (Kill Rock Stars)  
 Spring is in the air, I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve like the geyser in the snow, and I've created a silly song. Strangely, by third listen, I had already mastered the lyrics and was more than happy to sing along. Some goes for the rest of the album. Every

kill me if I play *Half of Whole* one more time. This release features six songs total, three by either songwriter. I hadn't heard of **Sean Na Na** before, because I'm not actually a hipster, indie rock kid) but I really dig his random lyrics. And, well, I'm assuming everyone knows **Mary Lou Lord** and her folksy sound. I like that she sounds all country on "Bang Bang," but real country. Yeah. Not bad for a couple of indie rockers.

Isla van Holan

#### PAVO

**Pavo** (**Pavos and Works**)  
 An Austin, Texas instrumental, post-rock, guitar/drums duo, **Pavo** sounds, to me, a whole lot like **Vancouver's own Beans**: the same reverberated guitar melodies, the same stuttering, clunky drumming, and the same sort of chaotic rockouts that the Beans provide can all be heard on this CD. Much like most other post-rock albums coming out these days, the tracks aren't especially dissimilar to each other. This is probably because the lack of vocals makes it difficult to establish differences between songs. Still, there are some very decent guitar-plucked textures and melodies on **Pavo**, and the messiness of the guitar and drums battling it out on some songs makes for a more unique sound than you might imagine. This is a worthwhile listen, especially if you're looking for something to fill the void that **Gastr Del Sol** left when they called it quits.

Chris C.

#### SMOG

**Dongs Of Sevotion** (Drag City)  
 I know, I know — everyone loves **Smog**. Nobody wants to hear me rant and rave about how wonderful a musician and songwriter he is, no matter how cleverly I package the battery. Unfortunately, with a new record coming out this week, you won't be able to avoid gushing, kind words from myself and others. The best part of it is that all the praise is utterly deserved.

I loved my first listen of this record by trying to compare it to **Knock Knock**, the last **Smog** album, and the one that made me weep in the knees last year for months on end. The reason I say "wasted" is that this record is so very different from what came before; **Bill Calahan** reinvents himself for every new album he creates. Trying to find a "batter" or "worst" song, or style, is pointless. It's all wonderful.

I must admit that, at first listen, I was disappointed. I took an instant dislike to "Dress Sexy As My General," with its call to a silly song. Strangely, by third listen, I had already mastered the lyrics and was more than happy to sing along. Some goes for the rest of the album. Every



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song is now firmly embedded in my memory, and I catch myself singing snippets all over the place. I do have to admit that I have a favourite song already: "Bloodflow," an amazing tune complete with **Janetakis** Richman-esque guitar (you know, that really happy stuff) and some chanting of the end by the Donagates. The last song of the album, "Permanent Smile," is so beautiful that it creeps me out — and it should, as Calahan is singing from the perspective of a man talking to God and singing of death.

Please, people, if you do not already love Smog, learn to love him. This new album is wonderful in so many different ways, as was each one of his many previous releases. If that doesn't sell you, he dated **Cat Power**. So there. He really is the coolest guy in the whole world, ever.

Julie

#### THE SPITFIRES In Too Deep Again (Lunk)

This CD kicks off with some blazing guitar work and keeps on pummeling the listener throughout its 14 stellar tracks. This is what rock 'n' roll should be all about: loud and obnoxious. The production on the latest **Spitfires** disc is hands-down better than on the band's 1998 release on Sonic Swirl, but nothing is taken out of the mix that doesn't dismiss the fact that the Spitfires are currently Vancouver's best live band. The songs are all memorable, especially the title track, and my favourite, "One Good Reason," that tears along in wild AC/DC fashion. I like the fact that the band has managed to capture the energy of its raucous live show on CD. Drummer Ryan Seven and bass player CC Voltage lay down a thunderous rhythm while guitarist Daen Oh beats the hell out of his guitar, leaving singer Juson to scream his banshee lungs out. With the addition of new guitar player Dave Patterson, who doesn't play on the CD but has added a dangerous cool to an already entertaining live show, the band seems on the verge of great things.

Kevin Keating

#### SWEET TRIP Alone (Darla)

An over-easy, well-done ambient/ethereal d'b'n CD-EP. **Sweet Trip** are grabbing a style of their own that is somewhere between early **Orbital**ish techno, dripping "sweet" **Taste** and **Aux 88** electro. There is an overall pasty layer of **Higher Intelligence Agency** that gives the whole sound one of relaxed, San Francisco on a sunny morning, warehouse alight with sweating bodies meeting the sun, single triggered MIDI Juno 106's blending with the insistence of the signifying chain. The sounds are well crafted, well

sequenced, and not immune to melody. A very good EP, one that I would pop in easily after **HIA's Colorforms**. I anticipate the full-length with comatose greed.

Tobias

#### TARA JANE O'NEILL Peregrine (Quarterstick)

Formerly of screams-math-rock band **Rodan**, **The Sonora Pine** and **Retins**, **Tara Jane O'Neill** brings her soft voice and even softer guitar pieces to this solo record. A somber mood is presented throughout, and some dark, jazzy chords and notes in combination with **Ida Pearle** and **Kara Schickel's** (of **Ida** and **Beeker**, respectively) delicate strings and piano parts make for competent-sounding musicianship. The lyrics seem personal and sad, and definitely add to the intended mood of the record. You might well catch some of the difficult time-structures that **Rodan** were famous for, but this album has little or none of the older band's aggression. It's all sparse, quiet gloom on here, boys and girls. On the whole, I think that **Peregrine** is neither the best, nor the worst project that **Tara Jane O'Neill** has been a part of. Still, I would probably buy some of her other band's records before purchasing this one.

Chris C.

#### THE THIRD EYE FOUNDATION Little Lost Soul (Merge)

**Matt Elliott** is an alumnus of English guitar-scapers **Flying Saucer Attack**: As **The Third Eye Foundation** he has, over the course of five albums, moved away from six strings towards a state-of-the-art, sample-based sound. Throughout he has maintained his idiosyncratic and affecting aesthetic characterized by a disconcerting marriage of grishness and mark.

TEF's debut **Semtex** simulated the sort of drum 'n' bass-influenced work **My Bloody Valentine** had allegedly been recording — skittering beats battered against dissonant guitar storm. More recent works have expanded on MBV's solitary sample-based miniature "Touché." Meanwhile, **Elliott's** acclaim and popularity have grown to a degree remarkable for someone whose work reaches formidable peaks of intensity.

Advance reports suggested **Little Lost Soul** would represent a mellowing of the Third Eye sound. In fact, although this is **Elliott's** most inoffensive and simply beautiful work to date, the sheer density, otherworldliness and layered, polytonal rush of the music is still intact. The most noticeable stylistic shift is a greater emphasis on ornate vocal samples, evocative of "Vinnie Riley" by **The Durutti Column**.

This is probably the best Third Eye LP yet, but it's not

sheer quality alone that makes it an essential purchase. This truly innovative and visionary album is a mocking laugh at all the dreary instrumental indie-rock of this electro-kitsch masquerading as futuristic experimentalism. Its translation of clamorous technical complexity into simple emotional impact is indicative of a musician realizing the potential of his chosen instrument. With every piece of music and environmental sound ripe for sampling, **Matt Elliott's** only potential limitations are his technical ability, courage, and imagination.

All the evidence suggests he is not even remotely inhibited in any of these regards.

Sam Macklin

#### MARY TIMONY Mountains (Matador)

A solo album from the frontperson of colourful US indie-rockers **Helium** raises certain expectations. On first listen, **Mountains** is disappointingly unobtrusive. It's got plenty of good tunes and cool sonic flourishes but it lacks rhythmic energy or anything forceful enough to make it immediately memorable. Boy is it a grower, though!

The album's understatement is actually a large part of its charm. **Timony** admirably rejects hysterical expressionism in favour of a dispassionate delivery which allows her arrangements organically from the surrounding music. It's helped along by her remarkably imaginative way with harmony, structure and arrangement. These songs are certainly not as conventional as they initially appear and represent a subtle display of daring and imagination that many lesser musicians could learn a great deal from.

A couple of negative criticisms do spring to mind: first, one can't help but wish she'd be a little more demonstrative occasionally. Second, is there anything on here that she couldn't have done with **Helium**?

It's a bewitchingly idiosyncratic piece of work nevertheless, that has more in common with **Nico** and **Jefferson Airplane** than anything on the contemporary left-field rock scene. Give it some time and you'll discover a cache of rich chords, weird scales, eclectic instrumentation, colliding musical opposites and rambling structures all deployed for maximum atmospheric effect.

Sam Macklin

#### TOOG 6633 (Le Grand Magistry)

Would **Brel** or **Gainsbourg** have twiddled with the knobs and keyboards available to **Toog**? Does it matter? Comparisons probably should not be made anyway, I mean just because it's all French doesn't make it **YéYé**, right? The Frenchman with the Gilles-Weinstein body is actually **Gilles Weinzapfel**, a guy who has accompanied **Momus** and

**Kahimi Karie** on their last two North American tours, first as **Gilles** and then as **Toog**. If you are familiar with **Momus** work of late, perhaps you can imagine the "analogue baroque" that tweets through **Toog's** 6633. **Toog's** take is even more French-twee. A real nightmare for your average homophobe, you dig? English lyrics are provided for folks like me and they reveal the prose of a thoughtful artist, or perhaps just the ramblings of a drama-queen. Having said all that though, there is much on this disc I quite enjoy. **Muscleman beware!**

Bleek

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS The Good Jacket Special (Mint)

If you happen to have some pesos left over from the weekend's sin and debauchery, and your kitchen cupboard is well-stocked with **Kralf's** finest, then I

would recommend that you spend the remainder of that fun money on something worthwhile. For a small price, you can help **A Loving Spoonful**, a meals-on-wheels program which provides nutritious meals to people living with HIV and AIDS, and get to listen to some brilliant, pop-intellectual sounds from Vancouver's finest contemporary underground artists.

**Vancouver Special**, a benefit album released by **Mint**, is a surreal journey of musical Zen, a non-drug-induced meditation with a bit of kick. The music is largely hypnotic and mellow — the perfect soundtrack to **Vancouver's** gray and rainy decor. Yet, despite the depressing, "Help! Help! I'm being oppressed!" avant-garde feel, this collection of music is a platter of vibrant, diverse, seductive beats which becomes clearer after a brief, self-imposed exile from the bustled traffic of pop radio. Each artist delivers a well-crafted, sometimes intoxicating

experience for the mind and soul.

"Jackets Say It Best," and the CD jacket itself is quite the noticeable, eyesore lure. This album will put a smile on your face.

Howie Choy

#### YO LA TENGO And Nothing Turned Itself Inside-Out (Matador)

**Yo La Tengo** has now been together for thirteen years. This is their twelfth full-length release. They have stripped down their sound, got rid of their signature layers of electric guitar, and come up with a sound that focuses on strong vocals backed up by a solid yet soft instrumental section. This album is the perfect listen for any lazy Sunday afternoon. Set the volume on your stereo to medium and listen closely, because you will most likely find this album strange, yet powerfully moving.

Mike Davis

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with a fab rendition of the Purple One's "Little Red Corvette," complete with a story in the middle involving love, a video store, and strippers who've seen better days. Long live the Purple King!  
Val Cormier

**PEPPER SANDS  
THE RIFF RANDELLS**

**THE GOBLINS**  
**Friday, March 10**  
**The Marine Club**  
If the turnout for this first night has any indication, two things will have happened by the time you read this: the *Good Jacket Presents...*, Vancouver *Special Concert* series will be over, and the series will have raised quite a bit of money for A Loving Spoonful.

This show marked **The Gobblins'** second show since *Narciswar's* recovery, and things were a little ratty. Not *The Gobblins*, whose keyboard-and-drums shenanigans were just as I recalled from the last time I saw them—the people out of practice were the audience members. In the space of a few short months, we had almost forgotten that Mario Cuomo works at Domo. Fortunately, the audience woke up, started participating, and had to much fun that not even the *Gothblin* could put a stop to it.

It would be easy to shrug off **The Riff Randells** as three well-dressed girls (and an equally well-attired guy) with instruments and a thing for **The Ramones**. This, however, would be missing the point: *The Riff Randells* rock. While their lyrics may be a tad on the simple side, it doesn't matter, because they have stage presence and seem to be having a good time as well. To paraphrase *Rock and Roll High School*, *The Riff Randells* are songwriters, not groupies. Someday, they might be great.

During a seemingly endless intermission, **The Ewoks** took the stage and played a song. Their garagay organ, drums, and guitar sound was quite the pleasant surprise.

Also surprising, but not in a good way, were **Pepper Sands**. Weren't they fronted by two females, poppy, and, well, consistently enjoyable at one time? The band that was onstage tonight, however, sounded like it might as well have been called **The Matthew Good Sands**. Fortunately, some songs that sounded like the *Pepper Sands* of old made the set list, affirming that yes, it was the same band. And yes, these songs were appreciated, albeit by an ever-dwindling crowd.

Carl Moore

**JOEL R.L. PHELPS  
KINSKI  
FCS NORTH  
Saturday, March 11**  
**Brickyard**

No, I am not falling out of love. I just need to be honest. This show was not the best thing I have seen in the last many years, or even the last few months. Mr.

**Phelps**, you need to start your shows so much earlier! Or, if that plan is not to your liking, don't bring along bands like **Kinski**, a rather trying act which played for much too long. Damn. I mean, *Phelps* didn't even get to finish his set before they turned the lights on!

True, the show got off to a late start. Arriving at 11 pm, I was in time to catch **FCS North's** first song. I had heard their 12" release, but was unprepared for the awesome musicianship that I saw. The band is quite strange in that they make music that you might hear in an electronic club—all danceable and stuff. The drummer was amazing to watch because of his mad skills, and the bassist... well, he just kept making funny faces while alternately twanging or pressing sampler buttons. This was more exciting than their usual post-rock show—there was some definite action going on.

Oh, **Kinski**. You look nice. You have lots of pedals. My friends *Randell* and *Scott* love you. The rest of my friends, I learned, DO NOT. I just thought that the set was boring, and much too long. Wall of sound, wall of fuzz, wall of hurting ears, wall of watchers waiting for the man.

When *Phelps* finally took the stage with his band, **The Downer Trio**, it was to some immensely annoying cacophony, and some lame dancing girls at the front. Was it a *Kinski* cover, I wonder? Anyway, someone yelled during the quiet bit of the first song, and threw everything off wonderfully. I really hate people when they mess up good music. Once things were sorted, the band managed to piece together a fairly strong set, the best part of which was saved for last. During the final song, the drummer from *FCS North* joined the *Downer Trio's* drummer on stage, on the same kick I am a big fan of drumming beats, and it's hard to beat four sticks beating down upon one little drum kit. Ah...truly fantastic. Unfortunately, that's where it all ended—the lights were turned on, and we were hustled out. Stupid two am. Maybe it's the curse of *Joel Phelps*; last time he played until 2:30 (after sound difficulties). Better luck next time, if there is one. This was no magic show, but *Phelps* always has the power to pull out a few musical tricks.

**YO LA TENGO  
LAMBCHOP  
Friday, March 17**  
**King Cat Theater, Seattle**

It's been one of the busiest days in recent memory, beginning with filling in for a radio show in the morning, a class orientation in the afternoon and then the drive down to Seattle to see two of the most impressive live bands now. I'm surprised how well everything has gone off. Not my kind of luck, ya know. I stand in line at Seattle's King Cat

Theater (theatre to Canadians) for nearly 20 minutes. Someone in line is talking about travelling down the coast to see 3 more **Yo La Tengo** shows. I'm originally from Seattle but don't remember any bands playing here before. When I get to the doors I ask if I am on the guest-list and am informed that that is another line altogether. Back in line.

Fortunately my friends (who have come all the way from Merritt, BC) have already located some groovy-seats. Right away I see **Yo La Tengo's** Ira Kaplan conversing with a couple of **Sleater-Kinney's** and I butt in. I ask Ira how the tour is going, how he likes touring with **Lambchop** and I tell him that I think they are so good that they bring tears to my eyes. Then I feel like a dork and say "but I guess you had a hard time of getting all the time." Well I never got tired of hearing it," Ira says.

The stage has to be as large as it is in order to hold the 12 **Lambchop**s and all of their hardware. Two guitars, basses, Hammond organ, plenty of drums, Sax, horns, steel guitar, vibraphone and some percussion consisting of a line of hanging open-end wrenches and an old loquacer thinner conister. Everything comes together with lush, swooping melancholy just a-drippin' of the stage. By now *Lambchop* have accumulated a vast catalogue and, considering that they could be heading out on their own shows, the set was rather short. Kurt Wagner's smooth and sentimental crooning about topics ranging from the surreal to the wretched break the ice for an intimate night.

Eventually along swaggared the 3 cuddly unmade beds known as **Yo La Tengo**. Things began in a grandiose fashion as Ira, James and George morphed the room's atmosphere with the new album's 17-minute plus "Night Falls On Hoboken." Ira's guitar feedback experiments revealed a beautiful chaos which would be revisited now and again throughout the evening. The band was then joined by **Mac MacCoughan (Superchunk)** and **David Kilgour (The Clink)** for the remainder of the night, helping out with extra guitar and keyboards, etc.

The new album was represented in a major way here by some older material hearkened back to years gone by. Unfortunately, some great stuff off of *Electro-Pura* and *I Can Hear the Heart*... was MIA.

I could't help but conjure up images of **Sonic Youth** and **Marty McFly** when Ira would declare World War 3 on his guitar, and I pried everyone who is ignorant of the greatest band since **The Velvet Underground**.

Seeing most of *Lambchop* return to join in a "Little Honda" for an encore was enough to make a cynic believe in the magic of pop-fantasies again. I wished it could sit there and listen for the rest of my life.  
Bleek

**BLACKALICIOUS NIA**



With almost 147 years of hip-hop experience behind them, *Blackalicious* *Ghost Xcel* and *The Gift Of Gab* produced and created their innovative debut full length, *NIA*. Features labelmates *Lyrics Born*, *Latel The Truth Speaker*, *Erin Anova*, *DJ Shadow*, and *DJ Quest*.

"...a little bit of heaven, each of the 16 tracks is a distinct masterpiece itself... I'm so very feelin' this."  
-*Montreal Hour*

"Brimming with booming beats and lyrical lucidity, *NIA* will stand as one of the year's finest hip-hop albums without an explicit-content sticker."  
-*Now Magazine* (Toronto)

**DIVINE STYLER WORD POWER 2: DIRECTRIX**



Over the course of two decades, hip-hop has given us very few originals. *DIVINE STYLER* is one. Combining lyrical dexterity and musical experimentation, *WORD POWER 2: DIRECTRIX* is both the last and first hip-hop album of the millennium.

"Divine styles lyrics that approximate *Koolhaas* *Kelth's* *Gamma Rays* ramblings, and backs it all up with attention getting beats. There's no filler on this one...every track is deserving...so infectious you'll be hearing it everywhere within two weeks."  
-*Montreal Hour*

**QUANNUM SPECTRUM**



*Quannum* consists of *Lyrics Born*, *Latel The Truth Speaker* (collectively known as *Labyra*), *Chief Xcel*, *The Gift Of Gab* (*Blackalicious*) and *DJ Shadow*.

*Quannum Projects* is the label which rose from the ashes of *Solefides*, an artist-run collective realized within the hallowed halls of *KQV's*, the campus radio station at the University Of California at Davis.

*Spectrum* is a collaborative sampler of the immense talent behind the label (together with friends *Arassic* & *Divine Styler*, *Sole Of Mischief*, *Ec-9* from *Company Flow* and *Dun The Automator*). A veritable scholars guide to the West Coast underground and a road map of where they're all and where they're headed.

**ANDREA PARKER KISS MY ARP**



A prominent figure on the club scene, *Andrea* is a DJ, composer, singer, musician and producer with a penchant for weird and wonderful experimental soundtracks. *Parker* has worked with and remixed tracks for leaders of the underground dance scene including *Depeche Mode*, *Lamb*, *The Orb*, *Ryuchi Sakamoto*, *Phillip Glass* and *Steve Reich*.

"a compelling debut from perhaps one of the only truly individual females around in music today. *Parker* has crafted the missing link between *Posthears* *Dummy* and *Bjork's* *Homogenic* - Straight

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# On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CITR 101.9FM

**SUNDAYS**  
**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 imo all styles and fashion.  
**BLOOD ON THE SADDLE** 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowhit caught-in-yr-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, US, etc.), '60s sound-tracks 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 and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.  
**HELLO INDIA** 8:00-9:00PM  
**GEETANJALI** 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies, Ghazals, Bhajans and also Quawwalis, etc.  
**THE SHOW** 10:00PM-12:30AM Strictly Hip-Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly

Vinyl With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.  
**THE CHILL-OUT ROOM** 12:30-2:00AM Hip-hop and R&B with DJ Klutch, techno and house with DJ Dexter. Lotsa great tracks—come smell what we're cookin'! Stay up late and listen.  
**VIBE** 2:00-6:30AM  
**MONDAYS**  
**SALARIO MINIMO** 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "sala"!  
**BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS** 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters,

James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.  
**BLUE MONDAY** alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schloomp to, hosted by Schloomp.  
**POP SCENE** alt. 11:00-1:00PM  
**SOUPE DU JOUR** 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.  
**A WALKABOUT THE WORLD** 3:00-4:00PM  
**EVIL VS. GOOD** 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.  
**BIRDWATCHERS** 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports department for their eye on the birds.  
**FILIBUSTER** alt. 6:00-7:30PM

**AUDIO VISUAL** alt. 6:00-7:30PM Critical theory, debate and dialogue on art and culture, set to a soundtrack of breakbeat, worldbeat and other eclectic sounds.  
**PIRATE RADIO** alt. 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.  
**EEP-OP-ORP** alt. 7:30-9:00PM  
**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.  
**April 3:** Evolution by trombonist/composer Graham Moncur III.  
**April 10:** Pianist/composer Andrew Hill with trumpeter Woody Shaw and drummer Idris Muhammad.  
**April 17:** The Birth of the Third Stream: orchestral compositions by Mingus, Giuffrè, Russell and Johnson.  
**April 26:** Pretty for the People by A.K. Salm  
**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** 3:00-6:00AM  
**TUESDAYS**  
**THE MORNING SPORTS SHOW** 6:00-8:00AM  
**WORLD HEAT** 8:00-9:30AM  
**THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM** 9:30-11:30AM Tardid trash-rock, sleazy surf and pulsatin' punk provide the perfect corsor kick to your head every Tuesday morn with Bryce. Kill ya'll!  
**TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES** 11:30AM-1:00PM Tales of puppy love gone awry, all backed up by a sad soundtrack of indie-rock. Cry in your beer please.  
**THE SELFISH SHOW** 1:00-2:00PM Poetry, piano and pretension.  
**BELT OUT THE BLUES** 2:00-3:30PM Music for families and little people.  
**HIPS TITS LIPS POWER** 3:30-4:30PM Featuring That



	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6AM				The A-Freaks	First Floor sound system		
7	reggae linkup	SALARIO MINIMO	MORNING SPORTS SHOW	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	against all odds	shadow at dawn	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW
8				Fool's Paradise	Reel Music	CAUGHT IN THE RED	
9	are you serious? music	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	Spikes Musical Pins and Needles	the ether table	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10			THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	STAND AND BE CUNTED	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SARAGAMA
11	Rockers Show	BLUE MONDAY/ pop scene	Tragic Animal Stories	the shake	STEVE&MIKE	High on Grass	POWERCHORD
12PM		SOUPE DU JOUR	THE BRITISH SHOW	DJ in a coma	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW	WARFAUR	LOOKT SUBATCH
1	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	hips tits lips power	MOTORBABY	RHYMES & REASONS	BLACK NOIZ	
2		EVIL VS. GOOD	THE I20 RAINBOW SHOW	RACHEL'S SONG	CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH	NOOZE & ARTS	How's Day
3	Chips with Everything / Saint Tropez	BIRDWATCHERS	10,000 VOICES RADIO ACTIVE	rachel's song	OUT FOR KICKS	FarEastSide Sounds /AFRICAN RHYTHMS	RADIO FREE AMERICA
4	Queer FM	FILIBUSTER/ AUDIO VISUAL	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY/ BY THE WAY/ REPUGNA REJECT	ON AIR WITH BREAKED HEAR		synoptic sandwich
5	HELLO INDIA	plate casual exp-op-orp	RADIO KLINKATHIKO	FOLK OASIS	Live from... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homebase	SOUL TREE! pipedreams
6	GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW	LA BOMBA	STRAIGHT PUTTA JAZZ IN PAR	HIGHBRED VOICES/ moods, grooves and explorations		
7	The Show	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	VENUS FLYTRAP/ WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	plutonian nights	SHITMX	TABLETURNZ /EARWAX
8	CHILL-OUT ROOM	psychodelic airwaves	Aural Tentacles	First Floor sound system		THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	REGGAE LINKUP
9	vibe		WEST COAST POPPIN'				
10							
11							
12AM							
1							
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6							

Feminist Collective from CTR.  
**BETWEEN THE LINES 4:30-5:00PM**  
**10,000 VOICES 5:00-5:30PM** Poetry, spoken word, etc.

**RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM** Activism, issues and fucking up the corporate powers that be.

**FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM** Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.

**RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO 8:00-9:00PM** Greek radio.

**LA BOMBA 9:00-10:00PM** Spanish music and talk.

**WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM** Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, etc.

**VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM** loveden@hot-mail.com

**AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-3:00AM** Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

**WEST COAST POPPIN' 3:00-6:00AM** 100% West Coast rap. Huge giveaways, with your host like no other Shawn Powers.

**WEDNESDAYS**

**THE A-FREAKS 6:00-7:00AM**

**THE URBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM** A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.

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

**SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 10:00AM-12:00PM** Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by artists on local artists.

**STAND AND BE CUNTED 12:00-1:00PM** DJ Hancunt urges women to get down with their cunts while listening to women in jazz, funk, rap, soul, world beat, disco and beyond.

**THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM**

**DJ IN A COMA 2:00-3:00PM**

**MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM** "Taj, sleep, ride, listen to MotorDaddy."

**RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM** Info on health and the environment, consumption and sustainability in the urban context, plus the latest techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Hosted by M-Patch.

**AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM** sleater-kinney, low, sushi ... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things.

**REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM** Independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Little Twin Stars.

**BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM** Let's give alternative media a chance-VIVA VINYL! 7's new and old, local cassettes and demos.

**FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM** The rootsy-worldbeat-bluegrass-polka-alt.country-conjunto show that dates call

itself folk. And singer-songwriters too.

**STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM** Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive

Bhungal "Chakki de phutay."

**HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM** Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

**FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM**

**THURSDAYS AGAINST ALL ODDS 6:30-8:30AM**

**REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM** Soundtracks and classical.

**THE ETHER TABLE 10:00-11:30AM**

**CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM** From Tofino to Grandeur, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

**STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM** Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby! (hardcore).

**THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM** Comix comic conix oh yeah and some music with Robin.

**RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM**

**CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM**

**REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM** Movie reviews and criticism.

**OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM** No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

**ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM** Roots of rock 'n' roll.

**LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM** Local muzak from 9. Live bandsz from 10-11.

**HIGHBRED VOICES alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM**

**MOODS, GROOVES AND EXPLORATIONS alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM**

**PLUTONIUM NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM** Loops, layers and oddities. Naked phone stuff. Resident hitchhike with guest DJs and performers. sine.nrcd.org/pluto

**FRIDAYS SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM** With DJ Goulash.

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

**SKAT'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM** Email requests to djska\_@hotmail.com.

**THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM** DJ Splice and A.V. Shack bring you a flipped up, freshed out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-boat trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

**HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:30PM** Join your hosts for a skilletficken' good olde time.

The best in bluesgrass and

down-home groove.

**NARDWUA THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM** Have a good lunch!

**BLACK NOIZ 4ish-5:00PM** Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

**NOOZE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM**

**FAIR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM**

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

**HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM** Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

**SHTMIX alt 12:00-3:00AM** The Shitmix council convenes weekly. Chairman: Jamaal.

Correspondents: DJ Marr, the delicious yet nutritious Erin, D.C. Cohen, the Rev. Dr. K Edward Johnson and Wine-Jug Huton.

**SATURDAYS THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-8:00AM**

**THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM** Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8:30AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

**SAREGAMA 12:00-1:00PM**

**POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM** Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes and other rarities. Gerald Rottelshand and Metal Ron do the damage.

**LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM** From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna, Jim and Paul.

**RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM** Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJIC (Los Angeles, CA).

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

**PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM**

**TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM**

**EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM** "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock imo junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when i free da jazzz..." Out. —Guy Smiley

**REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:00AM** Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your milochindro quake. Hosted by Sister B.

**S H I T M I X**  
**FRIDAY @ MIDNIGHT CITR 101.9FM**

MAR.10	THE SMUGGLERS	- INTERVIEW + NEW ALBUM
MAR.17	JAMAAL + DJ MARR	- SHITTY MIX
MAR.24	KEVIN	- MICCHECK PRODUCTIONS
MAR.31	MAGNUS	- BREAKBEATS + SELF PROMOTION
APR.07	MARVELOUS MARK	- LUSCIOUS LOLA'S LOUNGE LICKS
APR.14	THE NEW CONGRESS	- COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT



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april 7: robert shea (map music) — an eclectic cascade of inspiring soul-sonics.

april 14: jay zone — pure techno, straight ahead.

april 21: guest dj to be announced

april 28: stéphane novak (pilgrims of the mind) — brings the month to a close with atmospheric sounds from his own collection.

**homebass**  
 9 to midnight  
 every friday  
 with DJ Noah

# Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN APRIL

**FRI MAR 31** Arthur Ellis 2000, Tranchant, Sex In Sweden@Brickyard; Neko Case&Richard's; Tammy Vees Quartet, Gord Gardina Trio@Jazz Cellar; Trent Harris' Plan 10 From Outer Space@Blinding Light!

**SAT APR 1** Sense Field, By A Thread, All-State Champion@Brickyard; Backstabs@Pac; Cheryl Hodge Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Billie Holiday, Hugs@Marine Club; Trent Harris' Plan 10 From Outer Space@Blinding Light!

**SUN 2** Forty-Fives, Saddle Sores@Brickyard; Lazy Cowgirls, Hell Caminos, Nasty On@Pac; Open Jazz Jam Session with Noel Bennett Trio@Jazz Cellar; Superdemo [SFU Film Processing Block Festival]@Blinding Light!

**MON 3** [11] Bukam@Sonar; Hard Rock Miners Singalong@Railway Club; Open Mic Night@Jazz Cellar

**TUE 4** Rockefins, Big John Bates@Railway Club; Splitting Adam@Purpore; Civil, The Pie's The Limit & Luv@Blinding Light!

**WED 5** Capuzi Park, sauk duck, Secret Three@Brickyard; 945, Ruba, Electric Kooland@Railway Club; Parlour Sessions concept show "Water"@Sugar Refinery; Threat From Outer Space@Jazz Cellar; Tracy Sankaran@UBC Recital Hall [12:30 pm]; Civil, The Pie's The Limit & Luv@Blinding Light!

**THU 6** Train, Str, Wood@Commodore; Gluecifer, Gaza Strippers@Brickyard; Butch Murphy, Lowblows@Pac; Young Offender, John Wood@Railway Club; Jenny Galt, John Roper Trio@Jazz Cellar; LBS@Marine Club; Workshop in South Indian Rhythms@UBC Recital Hall [11:30 am]; We Are Traffic: A History of Critical Mass@Blinding Light!

**FRI 7** Murder City Devils, Danko Jones, Catheters@Brickyard; Mansoufs of America, iPS, Surrounded by Idiots@Pac; Maeln Mad, Redman, Outsidaz@Commodore; Allan Dobb, The John Gogo Band@Railway Club; Bob Murphy Trio, Bunco & Single Malt Quante@Jazz Cellar; Ray Condo and His Ricochets@Marine Club; UBC Comelon Ensemble with I Dewa Patu Sebata and I Nyoman Wenter@UBC Recital Hall [12:30 pm]; We Are Traffic: A History of Critical Mass@Blinding Light!

**SAT 8** Nebula, Zen Guerrilla, Spiffires@Brickyard; Bob Wiseman, Selina Martin, Submission Hold, Ivan Dryi (benefit for Poverty Action Network)@Langley Civic Centre; Clumsy Loveli@Railway Club; Springer Drummm Group@Jazz Cellar; Bulpuz@Marine Club; Migs@Sonar, Showdown in Seattle@Blinding Light!

## SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE MAY ISSUE IS APRIL 24TH!

**SUN 9** Ferron@Norman Rathstein Theatre; Bob Wiseman, Bob Snider@Sugar Refinery; Drum Heat 2000 [at Sel Ferreras, Fano Sor, Pepe Danza, Tracy Sankaran]@VCC [3:00 pm]; Showdown in Seattle@Blinding Light!

**MON 10** Percussion Masterclass (w/Evelyn Glennie)@UBC Old Auditorium [11 am]

**TUE 11** Type O Negative, Cool Chamber@Commodore; Beachwood Sparks@Starfish Room; Society of the Spectacle@Blinding Light!

**WED 12** Cunt@Railway Club; Los Habaneros@Jazz Cellar; Society of the Spectacle@Blinding Light

**THU 13** CITR PRESENTS HUEVOS RANCHEROS, CHIXIDOKI-FUNKY PLANET, Radiogram [CD Release Party]@Railway Club; Zen, Merlyn's Engine@Marine Club; Ivana Santilli@Sonar; Eye of Newt Collective, Judith of Bethuliah@Blinding Light!

**FRI 14** Bobby Conn, Destroyer, July 4th Toilers@Brickyard; Libeatos@Jazz Cellar; Waltz Darling, Wasabi Shooter@Marine Club; Miranda July's Nest of Tens@Blinding Light!

**SAT 15** Orchid Highway, Run Chico Run@Railway Club; Hard Rubber Orchestra The Ice Age@Kerrisdale Arena; Buzzards, Rockin Daddys@Marine Club; Miranda July's Nest of Tens@Blinding Light!; Pilgrims of the Mind@Neptune Soundbar (Victoria)

**SUN 16** Miranda July's Nest of Tens@Blinding Light!

**MON 17** TUE 18 Animal Charm@Blinding Light!

**WED 19** All-State Champion, Holden@Brickyard; Animal Charm@Blinding Light!

**THU 20** Shiner, Radio Berlin, Red Light Sting@Brickyard; Robert Wilson, Tri, Basso Solo@Railway Club; Stone Escher@Marine Club; The Flicker Tour with Norwood Cheek in Person@Blinding Light!

**FRI 21** SNFU@Commodore; Beekeepers@Railway Club; Brad Turner Quartet@Jazz Cellar; George Kuchar's Chigger Country and Tinseltown@Blinding Light!

**SAT 22** Supersuckers@Brickyard; Patti Smith@Commodore; Jack Tripper@Railway Club; Reverberators, Metalunas@Marine Club; George Kuchar's Chigger Country and Tinseltown@Blinding Light!; Hanson Brothers@Graceland (Seattle)

**SUN 23** Dearly Embrace@Blinding Light!; Shelby

lyne@Commodore  
**MON 24** Giant Sand, Radiogram@Starfish Room  
**TUE 25** Superstar@Blinding Light!  
**WED 26** Headstones@Commodore; Orientals, Blackouts@Brickyard; Superstar@Blinding Light!  
**THU 27** Fishbones, Beekeepers@Pac; Waffehand, Uberband@Railway Club; Raft of Medusa, Dismal, Vuggi, 454 Super Soap@Marine Club; Just Say No@Blinding Light!  
**FRI 28** I Brake@Cobaret@Brickyard; Roswells, Minimalist Jug Band@Railway Club; Alta Dupray Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Evil Roy Slade@Marine Club

## SPECIAL EVENTS

### MORE VINYL THAN ANYONE NEEDS

OOH, THE VANCOUVER RECORD COLLECTORS' ASSOCIATION IS HAVING THEIR SPRING RECORD & CD SALE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 2ND. IT WILL BE AT THE UKRAINIAN COMMUNITY CENTRE, 3150 ASH STREET (NEAR 10TH), FROM 11AM-5PM. ADMISSION IS \$2. I HAVE SOO MANY PAPERS TO WRITE BUT I'M GOING TO GO ANYWAYS BECAUSE I'VE BEEN WAITING SIX MONTHS FOR THE GODDAMN THING.

### MIRANDA JULY'S NEST OF TENS

THE CANADIAN PREMIERE OF MADAME JULY'S NEW FILM (WITH JENNIFER REEVE'S CHRONIC AND ASSORTED SHORTS) WILL BE SHOWN AT THE BLINDING LIGHT! APRIL 14TH, 15TH AND 16TH. SHOWS ARE AT 8:30 PM.

### ICE SKATING AND NEW MUSIC, TOGETHER AT LAST

HARD RUBBER ORCHESTRA PRESENTS "THE WORLD'S FIRST NEW MUSIC ICE SHOW" ON SATURDAY, APRIL 15TH AT 8 PM AT THE KERRISDALE ARENA.

## VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

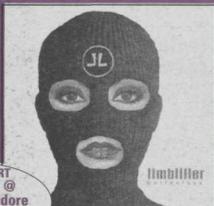
Amsterdam Cafe 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 7200  
 Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128  
 Arts Halline 684 2878  
 Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St. 254 3636  
 Bossix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie) 689 7374  
 Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354  
 Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St. 873 6958  
 Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald) 732 5087  
 Blinding Light 16 Powell St. 878 3346  
 Boomtown #1022 1522 Burrard (at Davie) 893 8696  
 The Brickyard 315 Carroll St. 685 3978  
 Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195  
 Cambie 515 Seymour 684 7757  
 Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6059  
 Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard) 689 3810  
 Call Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs) 738 1959  
 Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 609 0806  
 Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC) 822 3017  
 CTR Radio 101 9th 2236 138 SUB Blvd. (UBC) 688 8701  
 Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville St. (downtown) 682 4629  
 CN Inax Theatre 999 Canada Place 683 3757  
 Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 683 1531  
 Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall) 682 5345  
 CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St. 683 6337  
 Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 879 0154  
 Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial Dr. (at 17th) 878 8774  
 Crowsnest Music 518 W. Pender St. 683 2201  
 Denman Place Garden 1030 Denman St. (West End) 682 3207  
 Dr. Sam Noy Sen Cinema Main Hall 578 Carroll St. 682 4388  
 DVB 518 Davie St. (downtown) 734 7469  
 Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th) 689 0926  
 Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 687 7464  
 F.W.U.H. Beauty 552 Beauty St. (downtown) 687 7464

Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678  
 Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 822 9364  
 The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main) 872 5665  
 The Grid Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057  
 Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211  
 Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131  
 Hush Records 221 Abbott St. 662 7017  
 Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007  
 Jubilee Cafe & Billiards 128 Burrard (near Denman St) 605 6465  
 Lo Quana 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626  
 The Lotus Club 455 Abbott St. (Gastown) 685 7777  
 Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown) 685 3288  
 Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway  
 Minoru Pavilion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond) 688 3456  
 Moon Base Gallery 231 Carroll St. (Gastown) 688 0913  
 Naam Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano) 738 7151  
 Nepton Records 5750 Fraser St. 324 1229  
 Orpheum Theatre 5mito & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050  
 Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 2648  
 Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown) 525 0371  
 Paradise 27 Church (West Westminster) 686 1732  
 Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 876 2747  
 Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 682 3221  
 Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 681 6740  
 Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 685 7050  
 Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 798 0804  
 Puff/Beaststreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.) 684 1Puff  
 Puff #14 712 Robson (at Granville) 602 2427  
 Purple Cinema 15 W. Water St. (Gastown) 665 3050  
 Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia  
 Raffals Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1932  
 The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 685 5585  
 Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour) 681 1625

Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown) 687 6794  
 Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2712 Robson St. (upstairs) 738 7734  
 Kedge Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th) 738 6311  
 Scrape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main) 877 1766  
 Scratch Records 726 Richards St. 687 0499  
 Seyllyn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 291 6864  
 Shadbolt Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864  
 Singing Glee Society 3296 Main St. (at 17th) 876 9233  
 Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6695  
 Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown) 682 7171  
 Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096  
 Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (at Main) 688 3312  
 Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004  
 Theater E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 681 8915  
 Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 10th St. (N. Van) 988 2473  
 Tribeca 536 Seymour 688 8385  
 Tru Vito Vintage Robson (downstairs) 685 5403  
 Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 254 9578  
 Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165  
 Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville) 738 7015  
 Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2235  
 Vert/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999  
 Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 876 8337  
 Vinyl Rekids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326  
 Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 331 7909  
 Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville St.) 685 6217  
 Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main) 876 9343  
 West Bar 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278  
 Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 874 4687  
 W.I.S.E. Hall 1892 Adams (the Drive) 254 5658  
 Woman In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 1242  
 Yole Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 681 9253  
 Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 738 3232

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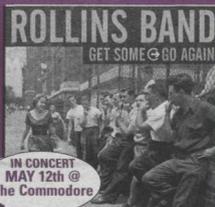
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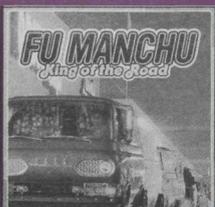


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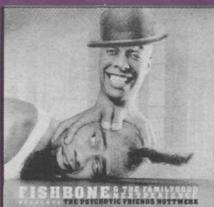
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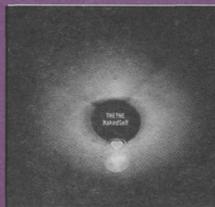
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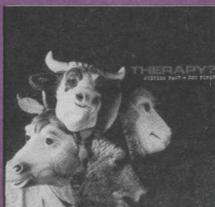
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# SONIC COMMENTARY

NEW RELEASES TO BREAK ANY SOUND BARRICADES!

## SMOG DONGS OF SEVOTION CD/2LP

Having penned one of last year's top enigmatic loner pop records, **Knock Knock, Bill**

**Callahan** returns with another evocative collection of oddball social commentary. Like a vocational school for misfits offering courses in relationship skills, **Dongs of Sevotion** embraces the dysfunctional nature of today's modern experiences and stretches them across a star-crossed canvas where primal emotions — love, doubt, hatred and carefree ambivalence — litter a near-perfect palate. A remedial songwriter, **SMOG's** healing powers work their audio-pathic wonders as "Dress Sexy At My Funeral" is the new St. John's Wort.

CD 16.98 2LP 20.98

## PEDRO THE LION WINNERS NEVER QUIT CD/LP

Packaged with simple pen and ink line drawings, **PEDRO THE LION** know full well the value of stark images and unadorned compositions.

Their work features pared down arrangements of voice, guitar, bass and drums, and economical structures that work towards a casually plaintive mix of self-reflective confessionals and poetic lo-fi folk rock. Somewhere between the indie ethos of **Modest Mouse**, the melodic paths of **Built To Spill**, and the sad introspection of **Seahedz**, **PEDRO THE LION** are about to make good on their own **Winners Never Quit** promise. Reconsidered!

CD 16.98 LP 19.98

## SIGUR ROS NY BATTERI CD-EP/12"

At last new material from these notorious Icelandic blues-rockers! Laden with "hammer of the gods" bowed feedback, spooky **Cæxtra** Twin-estruo vocals, and dynamics like UK counterparts **Mogwai**, **SIGUR ROS** seem set to expand beyond their old world Northern continental success! Many have pegged these guys for high international recognition. So far what we've heard we've enjoyed.

CD/EP 14.98 12" 14.98

## FOR CARNATION S/T CD/LP

Much anticipated and long overdue new recording from former **Silver** front member **Brian M**. This dark subdued somewhat blues influenced recording is kind of like a mildly-yet-distinctly American trip-hop without the "trip" or the "hop". For some reason **Massive Attack** comes to mind before any hundred post-rock knock-off. Of course this comparison has more to do with backgrounds than surfaces. In any case, the result is striking and evocative. This is highly recommended.

CD 16.98 LP 19.98



## VARIOUS VANCOUVER SPECIAL CD

Finally a comprehensive compilation exploring the burgeoning local sonic architecture! Released through Mint Records, Vancouver **Special** rekindles the spirit and musical magic of **Sean Raggett's Good Jacket** bootlegseries, showcasing many local luminaries performing in support of **A Loving Spoonful**. With all proceeds going to this valuable cause, why not check into your own **Vancouver Special**? Featuring: **Destroyer, Vancouver Nights, Pepper Sands, Radie, Riff Raffles, Rossanova, Bottles, Capuzzi Park, Jerk With A Bomb, New Pornographers & Neko Case, Radio Berlin, Evan Smyth, The Secret Three, Clover Honey, Goblins, Pipe Dream**, and many more. **Work Available April 4th.**

CD 12.98

## VARIOUS AT HOME WITH THE GROOVEBOX CD/LP

These are the kids you went to school with. You know — the ones who's **Science Fair** projects always blew-up to the gymnasium. Mom starts with a penchant for experimentation, **Becky, Sonic Youth, Pavement, Air, Buffalo Daughter, Money Mark, Will Oldham, John McIntire and Sean Lennon**, all rewire their gadgetry for a time topology on the Roland **Groovebox**! Like a 1000-in-1 electronics kit, the **Groovebox** has the tools necessary to connect the dots between all those magic numbers, 303, 808, 909, and sequence an integrated dance music module of your dreams. Celebrate the machine! Celebrate the sound! Celebrate machine-sound!

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

## A SILVER MT. ZION HE HAS LEFT US ALONE, BUT SHAFTS OF LIGHT SOMETIMES GRACE THE CORNER OF OUR ROOMS CD/LP

Dispay, the decomposition of sounds. Repetition: the eternal return. Cracking wheels above the static airwaves through dark weathered camera lenses. The break-up of orchestrated melodies drifting into the ephemeral light like lonely neo romantic urban memoirs. While forwarding some of our country's most evocative music, Montreal based Constellation Records have quietly carved out their niche in the international avant-rock edifices. Only the ninth release in the Constellation catalogue, **A SILVER MOUNT ZION** presents a focused, emotionally charged and melodically subdued set of enigmatic compositions. Features core members of **Goodspeed You Black Emperor**. **Vinyl Available mid-April!**

CD 12.98 LP 12.98



## RADIOGRAM UNBETWEEN CD

**Ken Beatty's** free-folk rock crew kept cohesive again on this new smart full length, resonating with complex multi-instrumentation and intelligent arrangements of distilled songs full of inebriating emotions. **RADIOGRAM** unpacks the mythballed memories of our collective consciousness, animating the dusty roads that stretch far beyond the picture frame, to find a new landscape of post-**Wickie/Giant Sand** beauty. Join **Radiogram** for their record release show April 13th at the Railway, or even better yet, opening for **Giant Sand** April 24th at the Starbuck Room!

CD 12.98

## VARIOUS SONIC COMPILATION CD/LP

Mint advertisement electronic work from the increasingly recognized label **Sonic**. Featuring such key acts as **Mousse on Mars, Litings, Microstoria, Vert, Wang Inc., F.X. Randemiz, Scratch Pet Land, Du, C-Schultz and Hajosh**. Eclectic experimentation is the guiding theme for these digital deconstructions. Virtual machine music for modern actor-networks!

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

## MIRA CALIX ONE ON ONE CD

Combine the ugly-sexy electro bounce of **Aphex Twin's Windowlicker**, the dense sound clouds of **Autechre**, and **Secret's** sonic interpenetration of the night sky, and you'll arrive at this surprising new listen courtesy of Warp Records! Under the after-glo **MIRA CALIX**, **Chantal Passamonte's** 16 track debut it's dragging into the emerging pocketbook electronics scene, nically jumbled beats, looped power-pop tones, distorted bass, and sparse angelic voices across the desktop! Pencil in **CALIX's One on One** meeting!

CD 16.98

## OTHER NEW RELEASES:

**ALVA NOTO** Prototypes CD The electronic art of the error.

**ASS PONYS** Some Stupid With A Flame Gun CD New portraits of torpor, neglect and stupidity from these pop-rock paint brushes.

**DELTA 72 000** CD/LP Let's boogie down with some garage soul production.

**FUNKI PORCINI** Zombie CD/EP/12" Two horror soundtracks from this best-kept!

**MOLES** Untame the Sky CD Richard Davies 1992 debut. An original West Coast popster.

**MONKEYWRENCH** Electric Children CD/LP Mark Arm still has the best hair in rock!



## BEACHWOOD SPARKS S/T CD

When I was fifteen I took a summer job washing dishes at Elmo's Burrito. The pay was good. I fit in with my **Gram Parsons** water-fall hair and unbuttoned cotton shirts. My dune buggy needed new tires and the plan was to drive it, when I got legal, to LA to the swan one of the legendary **Beach Boys** outdoor gigs. All the Byrds would be there, the Burrito Brothers too... It was the West Coast scene, and I wanted my dimes' worth too. My friend silk-screened shirts with Mozart's face and the words "Baroque Pop" in **Van Dyke Parks** script across the top. We could sell these for gasoline money — if it were even planning to come back.

CD 16.98

## CAROLYN MARK PARTY GIRL CD

Canada's... the ill-conceived, taunting, spirit-crushing, engine-destroying, sprawl of cruelty... So says **CAROLYN MARK**, in the liner notes to her debut solo CD on Mint, and she should know. 1999 saw Ms. **MARK** travel across the country, her mission to record a song in every major Canadian city. What she wound up with is the musical Polaroid collection that the **Georgia Straight** calls "Her wonderfully roasty, wickily twangy debut." Hop on!

CD 14.98



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