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our fifth annual women's issue

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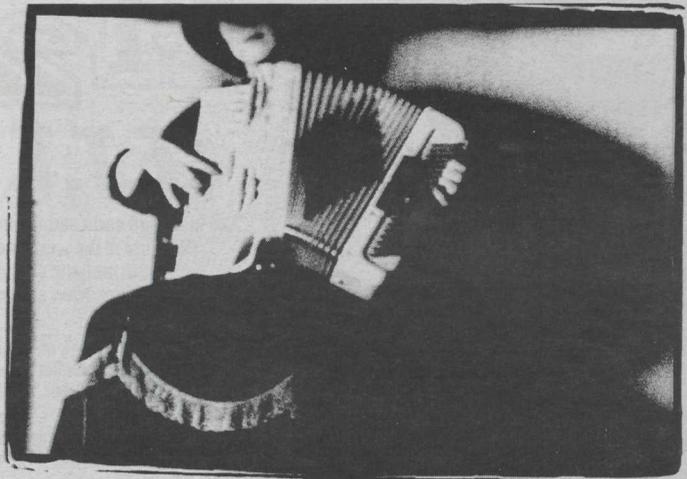
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DISCORDER

ISSUE 204 • MARCH 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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Cover

COLLEEN HESLIN TOOK THIS GORGEOUS PHOTO OF LOCAL ACCORDIONIST IDA NELSON (BEANS, RADIOGRAM) AND WE LIKED IT SO MUCH WE PUT IT ON THE COVER. LAYOUT BY OUR BRAND NEW ART DIRECTOR, JENNY WATSON!

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MAR
10

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MAR
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MAR
15
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MAR
18

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APR
10

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APR
13

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Radio Interview

Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell can be heard Thursdays from 9-11 pm on C.I.T.R. 101.9 FM

DISCORDER: Who are you (names, instruments played, favourite kind of monkey)?

Sanné: [Vocals/guitar] Homosapien.

Walter: [Bass/Baboon]; I don't understand how they can have such serious expressions while possessing such colourful bums.

Alex: [Drums] ???

Cage, we here at Radio Hell are honoured to have you doing your **FIRST EVER** performance as Cage with the lineup we see before us! That's exciting! You don't look like you are new at this, though. From where has each of you come, and how did you end up where you are?

Alex: We haven't come a hell of a long way.

Walter: Sanné's house.

Sanné: Nanaimo Station, and how did we end up here? Jake's van.

Walter, were you, in a past life, a jazz bass man? If not, do you wish that you maybe could have been? Do you wish Alex would use a brush more often as he's beatin' the skins?

Walter: Despite my best efforts, I cannot recall anything about my past lives, as to being a jazzy bass man, it would probably be a sight better than being the potato farmer I probably was. Alex using brushes? That's just being cruel.

Have you ever been caged? Or been cage dancers?



[Silence (consulting lawyers)]

If you could change one thing about the Vancouver music scene, what would it be? Is it perfect just the way it is?

Alex: I would change it to Seattle.

Walter: There is no scene and that's just perfect.

Sanné: Yeah.

Given an unlimited budget, what one piece of gear would Cage blow it on?

Alex: Neil Peart's drum kit from 2112.



Walter: I want Gene Simmons' bass.

Sanné: I want Mick Jagger's butt.

Lastly Cage, tell us...would you rather make jam or music?

The two are not necessarily incompatible.

Ask yourself a question and answer it.

Question: Can someone really accuse one of being a post-modern feminist apologist wimp and expect it to be an insult?

Answer: Well yeah, someone did, and he was really angry. I almost peed myself laughing while trying to spitter out, "Them's fightin' words!"

http://www.passive-aggressive_records.com
 <dxjake@altavista.com>

Sanné Lambert with Cage

Vancouver Special



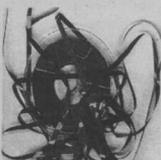
BY CHRISTA MIN

It's funny. There really are good bands in Vancouver, but they choose not to send me demo tapes. The best local bands try really hard to pretend that they're not from here. They're ashamed to be associated with Vancouver's world-renowned music scene. Come on, everybody. **Bryan Adams** is from our beautiful city. Aren't you proud, damn it?

This month I have something good to write about. **PIANO's** demo tape is impressive. Of course, I had to hijack the tape from someone else because the band didn't send me a copy. Piano play model pop songs with strings! The lead singer's voice is comforting, and the back up vocals blend in quite nicely. It might make the band very happy if I compared them to **Low**. Yes, imagine Low as teenagers and you might just hear Piano. Unfortunately, the tape takes a turn for the worse on the second side. Piano turns into a heap of bad samples and loops. Sampling the same samples as **The Beastie Boys** is

never a good idea if you ask me. Yeah, yeah. I know what you're thinking. People say it to me often. Who asked you? <p_ano@hotmail.com>

I went through a ska phase. It lasted for about 16 minutes. I don't know where **NOT FOR THE CROWD** is from, but they



taped over **Joe Jackson's** Look Sharp. Some might say that's terribly wrong. Well, their tune "Luciano" ain't half bad. Danceable, at least, although a little boring. And the horns are meek. Yup. Ska music. [No address]

If I said, "**DWAYNE DIB-**

LEY AND HIS MAGICAL HAIRY AIRY OLAS," what would you think of? Garbage, you say? Good thought. With songs like "Morning Boner" and "Pig Fucker" you know you have a winner. Dwayne Dibley sounds like a sixer of bad beer. He likes to use metal fonts and umbrellas as well. Included in the tape was a sticker of a pair of breasts. Thanks, thanks a lot. [PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, BC, V5N 4A6]

Before putting this tape in, I held it up in the air and said, "Please be good, please be good." I knew it wouldn't be horrid because I have heard **ROBERT IAN HERRE's** music before. Some of his songs are well written, but I could do without the hippie rhythms and the reverbs on his guitar. His vocals are much lower than I remember. Maybe it's not the same guy. On the inner cover, Herre printed "The Mocking Bird," a Bukowski poem. I like Bukowski too, but I'd never admit it. (2-3318 Main St., Vancouver, BC, V5V 3M7) •

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7 inch

BY JULIE COLERO

SWF, S'9", brown hair and says, looking for some cool people to listen to records with. I enjoy listening to pop, rock, and punk, as long as they're done tastefully. Maybe we could go to rock shows together? Or maybe we could even start a band! Okay, I know that pleases partners in crime will get me nowhere in the stuck-up world of indie-rock elitism. I just thought I'd give it one sad little try, hoping that there might be a few of you out there willing and able to take on the never-ending onslaught of new vinyl releases made available to the masses. This month's column is supposed to be short, so I'm not going to tell you about the best of the best or the something or other, and then the really bad ones, cool

THE MOVES are a really tight three-piece queer-core band on Mr. Lady. Sara Cooper, Sara Show and Rachel Cohen rock out like the big movers and shakers of their scene, sounding like **Excuse 17** and **Slant 6** and whoever

else you'd like to compare them with. The Aside, "Magneto Single-Fire," is all fuzzy, and the B-side tunes are alternately tangy and rock-solid. "14-Nes" reminds me of a **Longstocking** tune, so you know that's in my good books. The Moves have a full-length out soon, but the single is well worth scooping up. (Mr. Lady, PO Box 3189 Durham, NC 27715)

Here's another hot tip for you: get your hands on the new **MICROPHONES** single, "Moon Moon." I've never been much of a fan, but the two songs that appear on this 7" are both wonderful. I'm especially endeared to the b-side, "I Lost My Wind," a sweet little pop song full of pretty harmonies, fuelled by a strong melody and some clever lyrics. The a-side is a very dynamic tune, slow and intricate at times, frighteningly loud and chaotic at others. The band has quite nicely packaged the song's lyrics within a musical framework that could fill the tale of tides all by itself. Charming. (K, PO Box 7154 Olympia, Washington 98057)



Just to mix things up a bit, I'll tell you about the disappointments of the month. Usually, Peek-a-Boo Industries puts out good records. I love **Junior Varsity**, and I like **The Kiss Offs** a whole lot. **Silver Scooter** isn't half bad, either. So what's up with the two new releases I got, **GOLDEN MILLENNIUM** and a **ROAR! LION/BEACH BIRDS** split? Ouch! These records both stink like stinky stunk. Golden Millennium is an "all-star" band featuring members of The Kiss

Offs, **The 1-4-5s**, Spoon, and Silver Scooter all joined together in order to wear lots of make-up, glitter wigs, and tight pants. Oh yeah, and they play glam rock, too. I know what you're thinking — "Covers of 'Suffragette City' and '20th Century Boy' on one album? I just can't get enough!" Boy, are you dumb. It's no good. Neither is the RL/BB split. Roar! Lion is slow, out of sync, and a big old let-down. The guitarist is sloppy, and the vocals are just no good. Dang. The Beach Birds have a horrid vocalist, and provide two songs with lyrics that make me queasy. These love songs stink! They're so bad that they're funny, but I wouldn't encourage you to pick this up just for the novelty of it all. If you do, however, care about **The Primadonnas**, then you'll want this, as this is their new name. No wonder I never bothered listening to that band. (Peek-a-Boo, PO Box 49542 Austin, TX 78765)

One last dishonourable mention — this one goes to the single with the worst cover art. **THE ONYAS**, a garage rock band out of Australia, have released a three-song piece of crap, complete with raunchy

naked lady orgy pictures on the front. Someone must have had a lot of fun cutting and pasting the lady-bits together for optimum girl-on-girl-times-infinity appearance. Unfortunately, all the orange, pixelated flesh in the world could not distract me from the fact that the Onya's music is boring and unoriginal. Stupid boy garage rockers! (Junk, PO Box 1474 Cypress, CA 90630)

"Black Forest No School Violence meets Italian Metal Scremo" — what does that mean? I listened to the **HEARTS-HIDE / COSTA'S CAKE HOUSE** split that this quote claimed to describe, and was not graded with any new insight. This is crazy loud hardcore music, and I think it's pretty cool, but what do I know? The Germans scream loud, the Italians scream louder, and everyone plays really, really fast. (Get Up And Go, C/O



Nanouk De Meijere, Marienstr. 2, 76137 Karlsruhe, Germany) I think that I maybe don't hate country music. **JOE PERNICE** is a bit country-popyak, and he's cool. On a split with **CHETICAMP**, his song, "The Two of You Sleep," tugs at all the right heartstrings. I don't really get what's happening to the poor guy, but the song is slow, sad, and very pretty. Cheticamp's tune, "Little Rebound," is a gentle pop song that serves as a perfect, equally pitiable b-side. Does everybody have such a rough life, or only blossoming country/pop stars? (Poster Girl, 123 Queen St. W., Box 146 Toronto, Ontario M5H 3M9)

Being brief is great. You can either buy the good stuff to enjoy, the bad stuff to mock, or the foreign stuff for the joy of collecting weird stamps. That's more than enough to keep you all very busy. *

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DJ SPOOKY THAT SUBLIMINAL KID

EP Subliminal Minded-The EP LP/CD Bar None (AHOAN 109)

Spooky's latest! with guests Pharaoh Monch (Organized Konfusion), new solo album on Rawkus!, Thurston Moore (Sonic Youth), Kevin Shields (My Bloody Valentine), DJ Wally, etc. All the high minded funkiness and sonic textures that have been causing heads to be bobbed or scratched for the last few years now.

Aggression needs an outlet, so see and hear it here with Bad Religion, Blink 182, Less Than Jake, MXPX, Good Riddance, Face To Face, Sick Of It All, Hatebreed, Bouncing Souls, Life Time, Squirtgun, Shelter, Weston, Acorn Orange, Earth Crisis, Ignite, Battery, and more.



RELEASE

A Punk/Hardcore Music Documentary VHS Video Victory (VR 108)



SNAPCASE

Designs For Automation LP/CD Victory (VR 100)

Explosive and emotional, Buffalo New York's Snapcase have charted new territories that have propelled them to the forefront of heavy music. Snapcase are much more than music; they are a movement, a lifestyle, a commitment; see why on Designs For Automation.

UNDER THE RADAR



GRADE

Under The Radar LP/CD Victory (VR 109)

"I don't want you to think of a melodic band with some screamed parts or a heavy band with some melodic parts. The music defines the band. It is unlike anything being done in hardcore today." — Backseat Magazine

KOCH INTERNATIONAL

S DISORDER

Video Philter



BY TANIA BOLSKEYA

I am strong. I am invincible. I am woman! Helen Reddy was trying to egg her gender mates on to greatness in a time when women were finally waking up to the fact that being ovaried in Western society sucked, but even she must have cringed just a little at the bold-faced lie behind the sentiment. I can be strong (as my friends like to add, smelling). I am at times impervious. Rarely am I invincible (except at "Isaac Asimov's Superquiz"). Sometimes I question being a woman at all. Yeah, I've got breasts and the rest of the requisite equipment, but I just don't feel the race memory in my mammaries. I don't gab with the gals. I don't think men are idiots, inconsiderate slob, or sports obsessed dweebs. I've never said, "You go, girl."

I knew that if I were to search the annals of film history, I would be able to find some kind of answer to the question which plagues my life every time

my mother suggests a luncheon and shopping date: What is Woman? Plugging the word into the Videomatica database, a barrage of definitions, or the promise of such, came screaming back at me. *A Woman's Tale. The Truth about Women. A Woman's World. The Women.* The estrogen high was making me giddy. A little research, however, quickly dispelled my intrigue. While I'm sure it's a humorous and touching tale, the words, "Martha is a modern spirited woman trapped in a decrepit body," on the back of *A Woman's Tale* (Australia, 1985) made me drop the box quickly and walk away. [The only word more unappealing than "decrepit" is "douche."] Though it promised a witty look at British high society, *The Truth About Women* (UK, 1950) was going to have to wait until I didn't have a pathological fear of upswept hairdos before it was revealed. The latter two femininity omnibuses, *A Woman's*

World (USA, 1958) and *The Women* (UK, 1939), I must confess to having already imbibed. The only thing I learned about women from these standard studio pictures was how annoying a "good" woman could be if seen through the Vaseline-smeared lens of classic Hollywood. (If you hate Jane Allyson in those adult diaper ads, you'll really loathe her in *A Woman's World*.) The only redeeming part in either of these films is that of the catty bitch, played in *The Women* by Joan Crawford and in *A Woman's World* by Clifton Webb. Me-ow. Having a little of the pussy and the dog present in my own personality, I cannot refrain from holding back on the trio of "women's" films that I did view this month. Staring off with what I thought was a safe bet, I look in *The Women Who Made Movies*. A blatant misuse of 56 minutes proved my reward. Purporting to be a look at the forgotten women of the early

cinema, the documentary was so badly organized that it was difficult to understand where, when, and who the narrator was discussing at any given time. Bugged down by amateurs, the thesis of the project seemed to be the unintentionally patronizing, "See, women did it too!" *The Women Who Made Movies* never revealed any of its subjects as artists or people; instead nauseatingly vague flattery was thrown around as freely as dung at a cow chip-tossing contest. While I hate to so harshly criticize a project which probably had only the best intentions, a film this poorly executed does nothing to create or sustain the legacies of the women it's trying to celebrate.

A celebration of womanhood — of the double-D variety — is the main thrust behind the 1956 Jayne Mansfield vehicle, *The Girl Can't Help It*. While the film is an interesting study in the correlation between director Frank Tashlin's work as a cartoonist and his live-action career, its moronic, painfully unironic story-line makes it a chore to watch. Edmund O'Brien (DOA, *White Heat*) is a former gangster who wants to marry the daughter of his business partner, Mansfield. As he puts it, "I can't marry no one who ain't famous!" so he hires the nebbish

Tom Ewell (*The Seven Year Itch*), a washed up ogre, to make her a singing star. The problem is, she just wants to cook, clean and pump out the puppies. (Eat enough for all!) Contrary to reputation, Mansfield is the only actor who shows any talent in this mid-'50s mess. The plot is so thin that about a third of the 90-minute film is given (thankfully!) over to lip-synched performances by the greatest rock 'n' rollers of the day. Unfortunately, these musical segments are the only statically staged action in an otherwise garish, ridiculous farce.

The last of my journeys into celluloid womanhood also suffered from farcical ridiculousness. Thankfully it was redeemed by a gratuitous use of male nudity, drag queens, lesbians and the word "pussy." Andy Warhol's *Women in Revolt* was truly the grossest diatribe on women's liberation that I have ever had the pleasure/pain to witness. In a style that could be termed *Dogma '71*, the burn-outs/artists that hung around Warhol's Factory created a seemingly ad-libbed statement on feminism in which most, if not all, of the women are plagued by drag queens, and everyone is subjected to the most blatant exploitation. It's okay, though, because they're

exploiting themselves. Women in Revolt champions everyone's right to sit around in a bed wig screaming at your hairy, naked houseboy while pondering the dilemma of whether to join a feminist group or make out with your lesbian friend. If you ever have a hankering to see a "women's picture" that outlasts John Waters and out-slacks Slacker, or you just want to see the girls in Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side" look like, this is your picture.

At the end of this column devoted to the truly worst in women's movies, I must add that there are some great pictures out there, far and above women. I don't want to be greedy and say, "No pricks allowed," so I'll let you discover them, as well as your gender, by yourself. *

Happiness by Miyu
in the morning, you lie in your bed trying to figure out what yesterday meant because if you could understand, you would know what to do tomorrow, but today you have to get up, and you wish that you could fall asleep again, and you can't.

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7 DISORDER

girls rule?

by tamara gorin

Young women are in. Girls rule, spangly nail polish and barrettes are fashion accessories no girl with breasts bursting forth from a baby tee can do without, and the Women's Movement has abandoned young women to our bad music choices. All those women from the '60s and '70s refuse to let us enter the movement, don't know. What the hell is that about?

At the risk of sounding like the Marxist I used to be, young women must understand this idea of a capitalist conspiracy, meant to distract us away from the fight for women's liberation and lead us stampeding into the malls instead.

Unfortunately, the women's movement earnestly addresses this supposed criticism as if young women delivered it first [The UN defines a youth as 14-35 years old — no joke]. In the States, Ms. magazine led the way, publishing excerpts from Listen UP! Voices From the Next Feminist Generation. In Canada, the National Action Committee on the Status of Women worked extremely hard to make room for young women in recent years. There are magazine articles, discussions on activist radio, questions raised from the mic at

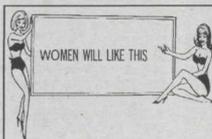
conspirators at Take Back the Night the year Riot Grrls emerged in Vancouver. The proliferation of events and strategies led by young women is great — Rock for Choice is only one example — and older women come out in force to support this work, lending bodies, ideas, money, and yes, sometimes criticism, towards their success.

This emphasis on the supposed gap between older feminism and younger women's activism is as odd. An activist for about 12 years now, I have access to resources, information and power within women's groups and so does any woman who makes a commitment to the work. In fact, in the Vancouver women's movement, there is a large group of women aged about 28-35 who hold a lot of power and influence in the groups we volunteer and do paid work for. The number of younger women coming into influence after us has not decreased; in my organization alone at least half of the women working are under 25.

"Older women" (read 36 and up) [I'm sorry, sisters, but those are the capitalist demographics] are not hoarding power. They spend a lot of time training, teaching, listening, encouraging, and learning from younger women. All while continuing their other work and projects. I saw true joy on the faces of my older women friends and

co-conspirators at Take Back the Night the year Riot Grrls emerged in Vancouver. The proliferation of events and strategies led by young women is great — Rock for Choice is only one example — and older women come out in force to support this work, lending bodies, ideas, money, and yes, sometimes criticism, towards their success.

This emphasis on the supposed gap between older feminism



nists and their younger counterparts means that race and class oppression and their intersections with sexism slip away too. Women's oppression is redefined into boxes devoid of politics; one is now labeled "young women's issues." Instead of "the personal is political," the personal has become primary. Young is not just an age but an inescapable state of being and, it is argued, an oppression on equal footing as that faced by women of colour and poor women. This simply isn't so. I'm 30, on the edge of "young." I gave birth and am raising a child. I negotiate com-

plexed love relationships, fight with government ministers, protest in the streets, pay parking fines, deal with debt, was on welfare, have opinions on world events, vote. I have not been a girl since 1988, but instead I insist on womanhood and my status as a fully autonomous adult.

Still, when corporations of various sorts package their stuff, they consider us girls, no matter how much living we've done. They infantilize us and refuse our agency daily, unless our choice is about the newest and wettest lipstick to slick our lips with.

One last clue to the conspiracy in the spirit of anti-APEC and anti-WTO: North American and European women are busily and complacently Spice Girl-ed to death while women half our age work for 1/8 of our wages or less to make the crop we consume in pursuit of youth and frivolity.

When those of us considered young participate in all this ruckus, we refuse equality with older women, refuse our place as adults in the world. They say to us: "We have work to do, will you join us?" Some of us relate as if they just asked us to clean up our rooms, as if they are our mothers, people to rebel against. It's women's oppression we must rebel against, not other women. All the style and wit we put into

our wardrobes can be harnessed on behalf of women's liberation. Just think of the parties when the work is done.

To find out how to hook up to local women's groups, call Vancouver Rape Relief and Women's Shelter @ 872-8212, we'll send you a pamphlet or sign you up for training. See you

at IWD, March 8th! [Supportive men welcome.]

Tamara Gorin is a collective member at Vancouver Rape Relief and Women's Shelter, a lesbian feminist, and a femme dame whose favourite MAC lipstick colour is "Captiv*."

Holding Hands : A Manifesto by Miyu

It is wrong to hold hands and talk about politics at the same time. If you hold the same views it's even worse because you'll be holding hands in ridiculous solidarity. You may as well be trying to hold hands through the voting booth curtain. In fact, it is impossible to have a serious conversation while holding hands. Better yet, it is impossible to be taken seriously while holding hands. It is stupid to hold hands in the winter. Your hand would be much warmer in your pocket. It is disgusting to hold hands in the heat. If you have to wipe your hand down the side of your pants afterward you shouldn't be touching that in the first place. It's a public disturbance to walk down the street while holding hands. Everyone must detour around you because you take up the whole sidewalk, and they can't damn well walk through you. And you're going to the same place after all. You're not going to lose each other. No one's going to get stolen for Christ's sake. It is silly to hold hands while watching a movie. Why don't you read a book and hold hands while you're at it? Holding hands is a distraction. It is hard to keep a straight face while holding hands. It's not supposed to be funny, and it's not meant to be sad. You can't be thinking about death at your mother when you're holding hands because you can't walk around like that, with the wrong expression on your face. It is dangerous to hold hands because it just might mean something, especially the first time you do it. But who knows if that's what you mean. Holding hands. It's nice if you can find the right time to do it. *



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PEGGY LEE

BY JULIE COLEIRO

DISORDER: I was told that you have had some involvement with the Women In View series at the Western Front.

Peggy Lee: I have in the past. I don't really know what's happening with that series. A band developed out of that, which has continued, and we're hoping to do a tour next fall. We're planning to play at the Front next fall. One year we worked with an Indian woman singer and did her material. Other years it's been open improvising.

What kind of training do you have?

Classical. I did my bachelor's degree in Performance at the University of Toronto, and then I went on to the Banff Centre and did a year there. That was all strictly classical. At the centre, they also had other things happening, like projects for your spare time — working with artists and filmmakers. I got interested in that, and started thinking that I might not necessarily just want to audition for orchestras. I thought I might try doing a little more experimental work. That's why I moved to Vancouver.

Is there a better experimental scene here?

I wouldn't say that, it's just that if I went back to Toronto, where I was known for a certain type of music, I'd be expected to do the same type of thing. If I moved to Vancouver, where nobody knew me, I could decide what I wanted to do. I wasn't really sure what I wanted to do, but I had a feeling that it wasn't playing *Les Misérables*, which is probably what I would have done if I'd gone back.

What were the first steps towards finding something for yourself outside of the traditional classical scene?

Well, I played in a pop band for a few years, called Memory Day, and it was good. I got used to playing amplified, for one, and dealing with playing with drums. I got used to playing without written music. There wasn't really much improvising involved, because we all had our parts to play the same every time, and it became a little limiting. I was lucky, because I met some dancers that were working out of the Edam Studio at the Western Front, and I started to improvise with them. That was the first improvising that I did. It was over six years ago that I met the musicians involved in the NOW Orchestra, and they quickly invited me to play with them. At the same time, Tony Wilson, a guitar player, asked me to play with him. Also, Ron Samworth formed a band called Talking Pictures, with Dylan Van Der Schyff and Bill Clark. Suddenly, I was playing with

a lot of great improvisers, and they were also all composers. I was submerged in a scene that was very busy. We were playing at least once a week [at the Glass Slipper]. I was lucky to discover a lot of people here at a time when I was looking for exactly that.

When you did your degree, were you trained in composition?

No, not at all. That's the thing — I don't know if other schools are more open that way, but the U of T didn't even consider that someone in performance would also want to compose. I had a friend that wanted to, but they told him he couldn't, and so he quit and became a psychiatrist. It wasn't really expected. That's what I found interesting in the creative music scene out here, was that it wasn't a big deal. Everybody wrote music.

With the Peggy Lee Band, did you compose all the parts, or just your own?

I wrote all the music. Obviously, there's a lot of improvising on that album, but I wrote all the music for that. That was my first venture into composition. I really thought about those musicians that I wanted to play with, and how they would sound, and they inspired the writing. They're amazing.

And that came together well?

It was a real treat. Right from the very beginning, everything was working, which I realize isn't that common. Even with Talking Pictures, it took a while, because it was a new group, and I hadn't done much improvising. I wasn't a bass player, but I was fulfilling a bass function. That group took a little bit of time, but now it feels so easy when we improvise. We like to rehearse, but even when we don't, we have a very easy communication.

How many groups are you working with right now?

I don't want to forget anything... The main ones are the Tony Wilson Sextet, Talking Pictures, The New Orchestra Workshop (NOW), my band, and Standing Wave. That's kind of a different thing; it's composed music.

How does the group work with the composed pieces? Are there aspects to new composition which are radically different from other classical music?

If possible, we try to work with the composer, so that if they have a language that is going to be something new, they can guide us through that. I don't find, at least with the music on the CD... it's difficult



In one of my first steps towards becoming more musically aware, I took to listening to some of the music coming out on Spool, a new Canadian label that supports a roster of classical, improvisational, and new music artists. Peggy Lee, a local musician who works wonders with her calls in many of Vancouver's finest ensembles, recently released an album on Spool of music she composed, performed with a group of talented collaborators.

PHOTOS BY DIANE KADOTA

music, but it doesn't really break from the tradition of written classical music.

Since you're working in so many different areas, do you find there's a lot of mixing? Do you take aspects from the one and add them to the next?

Definitely. People sometimes think I'm playing jazz, [but] I wouldn't really know what to do if someone put a standard in front of me and told me to improvise on it. My improvising comes from my background, which is classical and new music. As much as I appreciate all kinds of improvised music, that's just my language. Everything complements each other. The thing about a group like Standing Wave, although it's generally written music, we do sometimes go into the world of improvisation. I think it takes a little while for a whole group of classical musicians to be comfortable with that.

Do you think that the musicians you're working with are willing to take chances? Yeah, that's the nice thing. The worlds are not as separate as they used to be. There's an appreciation for what an improviser can bring to a score, and what an improvising musician can put in front of you. Ron Samworth's piece was mainly graphic, not really written notes, but just lines and dots and stuff.

And you managed to interpret that?

Yes, and it felt really good. I think that we're becoming quite cohesive. We're not just interpreters of written music, we can actually create sounds ourselves. I think that the music on the Standing Wave CD is

very diverse, but it represents what we're trying to do.

And as for your own band, are you continuing with new compositions?

[The Peggy Lee Band album] was recorded last June, and since then I've really only written one piece for the band. We haven't played much, so whenever we play, it's nice to play the music on the CD. Tony Wilson has brought a couple of compositions to our repertoire, and I think that Chris Torry, the bass player, is writing something for us. It's continually developing. It's difficult to get six people together, and it's hard to find venues... It's good that we did some shows with Veda [Hille]. She did two shows at the Culch, and I've played with her for a long time, so she asked me to have my band open. Veda's audiences are very open-minded, and I think we reached a new and appreciative crowd. Our music isn't like hers, but they complemented each other.

Can I ask a couple of questions about Spool, your record label? Is it a local label?

Vern is here in Vancouver, and his business partner Daniel is in Ontario. [They] had talked for a while about starting a label. When [Dylan and I] recorded an album, *These Are Our Shoes*, we sent it to Verge, hoping that they would distribute it, and they were very enthusiastic about it. It worked out that our release and *Sponge* became the first albums out on Spool. The label is small, but very dedicated. It's nice to have people that really believe in the scene here. •

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Vancity's Premiere Phemcees: Nddi Cascade & Matriarch QB

by oksana kolibaba
photos by ann goncalves



Vancouver is notorious for its active hip-hop scene, and who better to talk to than the two lyrically gifted and spirited emcees Nddi Cascade and Matriarch QB? I was fortunate enough to catch both performers doing what they do best on Saturday, February 19th at Sonar. I picked up a strong sense of versatility within their musical ability, and that certainly didn't go unnoticed on the dance-floor. QB set the fire with a mixture of deep, soulful vocals and skatzy rhymes, while Dana D and Bulldog dropped down some fine hip hop and drum 'n' bass. Though hip-hop is their forte, Nddi was feeling it enough to give the jungle vibe a try for the first time and let her rhythmic voice be heard, sending the now tightly packed room off the hook. On the hip-hop circuit for the past five years, Nddi Cascade (aka Cassandra Onyiahkwe) has spread the word at numerous events and has earned the title of best hip-hop emcee at the DJ Soundwar in 1998. QB (aka Kaytee Shakaun) has been dynamically speaking her mind in Vancity since she relocated from the East Coast two and a half years ago. Though fairly new to the West Coast scene, this talented woman is currently hard at work in the studio, producing a 10-track album. I recently welcomed these two highly driven artists into my home to discuss a broad range of issues, including their experiences of being women in the music industry.

ROOTS

MC QB: Hip-hop culture. I suppose that it's always been in my blood. Hip-hop has always been an evolving music since I can remember, so I hung in for the game. I first got into R&B as a kid, and was really into old dance jams like Mr. Lee's "Get Busy." That was the whole '93 Heritage explosion. Bad Boy dropped with Biggie, and then all that Wu stuff came out.

Nddi Cascade: I wrote my first little rhyme in grade 6 and I liked poetry too, so I would just put words together. Then one day I just grabbed the mic. It was a natural thing, a fire that came out from within my chest. I could just flow off of that. Some

of my most inspirational characters in the hip-hop world from then until now are Michael Jackson, old Sali 'N' Papa, Maestro, early Wu material, Black Moon, Hieroglyphics crew, Bahamadia, Lauryn Hill. As far as what I'm listening to now, Common, Mathematik, The End, Talib Kweli, Mos Def, and my crew Astral Majesty consisting of Eternia, Pro Found, NeXtraterrestrials, Mindbender, and Conspiracy, and a lot of conscious roots reggae to keep balanced.

PROCESS

NC: I'll be watching a program on The Learning Channel and I'm going to write a rhyme about this... or I'll be going through my journal and I'll discover some lyrics. Once I went through my journal and made everything rhyme. I don't know if I want to give my secret out, but that's what I do. [laughs]

QB: I write about struggle. There's been a lot of really interesting things that have happened in my life that I feel have led me to being who I am. I do a lot of reflecting on my own life and that pushes me to ask: what do I want to say? What have I learned as a person? What do I feel that I want to learn from writing this piece of music? Music, especially hip-hop, is a real learning experience for me and I always feel that if it's not moving me, it's not going to move anybody else. If I'm not writing about something that I feel strongly about, then people aren't going to feel strongly about it. If you don't take yourself seriously, then you just won't be taken seriously. Not that that's my main priority, 'cause I make music for me and I'll get that straight. I really think that it comes from inside of you. You are always going to be a part of what you are saying and obviously if you don't feel right about it, you shouldn't be doing it.

NC: It's really interesting with me cause I don't really deal with one producer right now. Usually it's a unit-emcee, dj, producer together. With me, I'm solo, by myself. When I write rhymes, usually I'll hook up with a producer and somebody will lay a beat down and I'll twist my rhymes to fit that beat. There comes a time when I feel like I need someone to unify it.

QB: I get someone to drop me a beat, but I do a lot of rap-truck work so what I do is formulate my four, put them to beats that I've got at the time. Bounce it on that beat. I think it's best if you produce a beat first... the beat gives you the feeling. The beat will move you in some way. Sometimes that doesn't work, 'cause maybe you've got these gangsta lyrics and you're running into some DJ Premier beat and you know it's just not gonna work out. I feel you have to get the beat first.

More Than Just Beauty

NC: I will dress as I feel, that's the bottom line. If I dress up "feminine," I find that sometimes I'll get these duds heads coming up to me in the club saying, "Oh, I thought you were an emcee. It didn't seem like you were." If I go up on the stage like that, people who've seen me before will say "What's up with her, I thought she was all hard."

QB: Going into the club carrying billies and slugs... [laughs]

NC: At the same time, people who see me for the first time might think, "Oh, she on that Foxy Brown

tip, yeah, she look good," you know what I'm saying? I had that when I got off stage. Guys would say, "You know, you're so beautiful." They're not saying that those lyrics were beautiful!

QB: I wanted to dress up, I should be able to wear silletos and a mini skirt with my ass hanging out. It shouldn't make a difference about my emcee status. That's it: next show, it's coming out... g-string, lilies out, silletos heels, wigs, fake eyelashes, Lee Press-on Nails, that's it! Seriously, though, seeing you perform is enough to show that you [Nddi] aren't like those other girls. Vancouver has a scene that's split, divided. There are these chickenheads who only go out for the weekends for the men. The majority of them dress like that because they feel that they have nothing talented to offer, so they offer themselves up as, basically, a stock. So even though we have talent, we feel like we can't present ourselves in a "feminine" way, because we are portrayed negatively. I find that a lot of times when I do dress that way, I feel like I have to pull people aside and talk to them, really try and put out who I am as a person. I dress how I want to dress. It's about self-confidence, straight up. This is me, this is what I do. I'm really happy with what I do, I feel proud about myself. It doesn't matter what anyone else thinks.

NC: I don't like to be too extreme. I like to keep a balance. That's what I'm all about. My whole point of existence right now is to achieve a sense of balance. I'll dress "feminine," I'll dress "masculine," you know what I'm saying? And that's just me, a reflection of who I am. I'm half and half everything: racially, socially, everything. The only advice I give to women who feel like they have nothing else to show of themselves other than their body is sure, you look nice, but appreciate yourself for who you are and not just how you look.

QB: That's right, try to work some other angles in, you know. You can still look nice.

NC: You can still dress like that, but it's your disposition. Don't utilize it to spread negativity or to please other people.

QB: But you know what, though? I think tits and ass are a good thing, cause for me it's femininity. I'm not a size 10 or anything, but I've got some nice titlles and my ass is alright, you know. [laughs]

What you got hook I look at it this way: if I can feel sexy on my own because of who I am, then I shouldn't feel wrong about feeling sexy as an individual. It's different for everybody.

NC: It's just the context in which you find it. There's nothing wrong with being nude, the beauty of being nude. It's pure, natural, earth, root, you know what I'm saying? Some people say that porn is good, everyone should look at it. I'm like no, look at the context. The way that they're spread, the make-up they're wearing. Look at Foxy Brown and L'Il Kim. They're like, "I'm a woman and I can dress like this." That's cool, they're confident. But it's the make-up, the fabrication of their bodies, the fake boobs. And that's where it all goes wrong. If they just came out naturally...



QB: See, I'm not really down with that either. **DISCORDED:** We need to look at who defines what is considered attractive.

QB: Exactly. I'm a fat girl and I'm proud of who I am. It's not like I'm trying to go out and be a size 10. I don't care about that. I'm out for the music and not anything else.

NC: Some women choose to come out like that. But a lot of women want to come another way, but then the record label says, "No, you gotta do this and that, because we gotta make money." That's straight up wrong!

NC: Bottom line: it's all about the skills.

QB: One of the things that bothers me about being a "female emcee" is that I find that we're automatically put on a lower level. For instance, when I'd like to do something on stage, I find that there's more of a hassle for me to get on the mic, than for a male emcee who may have half as much lyrical skill than me. I don't feel that women should get a head start because we're women. I know for a fact that I fight just as hard as a man does, and sometimes I feel I fight harder. And it's not like I'm asking anyone to feel sorry, 'cause I'm actually thankful that you make me do that because it makes it all that more satisfactory for me! Being a woman in this game, some men automatically think that you're easy to push around, or that you're not going to represent as hard. I've always been eye-to-eye with men my whole life. I've never played any games and I'm not about to start at 23. Come on boys, let's get it together! This is about music. This is something that doesn't have a sex. This is something that is for the masses, not for a particular genre of genitalia.

So what can we do about it?

NC: Write about it, talk about it with people. Mind you, it's a gradual process. You can't preach about it, you can't be so extreme about it and say, "Whatever, no more men at our shows," you know what I'm saying? You can't say that. Go out and support women in the hip-hop scene and let's have an all-female show, that would be cool. Just don't be as extreme as to say that men aren't allowed in the show or that all men are weak when they're on stage. They're not going to listen to you other than that, it'll just get worse. That's what we're going to do about it. We're going to be natural to cure the insanity.

Words of Wisdom

QB: Don't sell out. Don't give out.

NC: Be strong and know who you are. Don't be afraid to discover your different sides. Don't let anyone push you into any position that you don't want to be in. That's it.

Keep your ear to the ground for their next appearance: contact <cascaade@axion.net> or check out <http://astralmajesty.fly.to>.

THESE ARE THE FEMINISTS IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD

by Gloria Steincurt

This is basically just a chance for people to take a brief glimpse into the psyches of a few passionate people who not only challenge society, but carve a beautiful life outside of it, by simultaneously creating and surviving their reality through activism and art.

Deborah Bell

Deborah is the Coordinator of The Women of Our People Native Women's Sexual Assault Centre. A phenomenal mother, social worker and advocate for Aboriginal women, she still finds the time to be kind and patient with me while sharing her invaluable knowledge and experience.



photo by linda

Deborah Bell: The Women of Our People was started by Aboriginal women for Aboriginal women. Right now we don't have the government funding that we used to get to run the sexual assault program. And it's because we didn't have the ability to administratively run it with one staff person, and we don't use volunteers. The ministry wants us to use volunteers. They would like us to use funds to pay staff to train volunteers to work with sexual assault victims, and we just never could do that, because of the smallness of our community, and we never wanted to breach the confidentiality of the victims that utilize our services.

DISORDER: So the government couldn't understand that an Aboriginal Women's Sexual Assault Center couldn't work the same way as the government-run Centers?

From their point of view, they tried their best to accommodate us and in part I think they did, but we have some unique needs and one of them is that we need to have funding for more than one staff person. I just burnt out, really. I talked to our board, and they were quite shocked that our contract to provide family support to Aboriginal women was severed without any notice. But despite the fact that we've had no funding, the board's feeling is that we started the organization and it's continuing on as it's own entity and we

have to organize and find other strategies to service our community. We will continue.

Would you define yourself as a feminist?

What is your own definition of feminism?

It's such a controversial thing, especially in the Aboriginal community, because our leaders, who are all men, hate feminists. Everybody gets into this lingo, but I totally support the emancipation and empowerment of women.

I would describe myself as a feminist, yeah. In our culture our whole history is defined by men but it's women who actually make a difference. I talk about my grandmothers rather than my grandfathers. But the men talk at the Big House and make all the speeches at funerals, and the women aren't allowed to say anything. But it's women who have to cope and do everything. Women are having their voices muffled and silenced. That's why I like working for the Women of Our People.

The Women of Our People's main focus is to support Aboriginal women who are sexual assault and incest victims in their journey to healing. In whatever route they take. Whether that's the court system, or whether that's healing circles, or just sharing on a one to one basis.

Cunt

For the sake of brevity, I am depicting the individual responses of the musical group Cunt in true feminist fashion: collectively.

I saw Cunt at the Purple Pavilion for the Sugarbushmagazine.com launch party. The ladies improvised most of their set with expressive, impressive results. My favorite song was "Don't Mess With a Mennonite Man at Night."



photo by colleen heath

Why did you call yourselves Cunt?

Cunt: "Cunt started way back. I just wanted a punk band called Cunt, and it turned out that this wasn't a punk band. Cunt was basically just a whole bunch of girls getting together and interpretive dancing, smoking up..."

"I don't think it's very deep, it's just an idea. It wasn't any political thing, it was just thought it would be funny..."

"I like the word Cunt because I like the fact that a lot of people recoil in terror when you say it, and I just think it's really fun to make people recoil in terror, especially when there's no good reason for it."

"It's like the worst swearword or the worst name that you can call someone. The great thing about it is that all these people know who we are already just because of the name..."

What about the music you make together?

"It's all improvised. We have kind of loose song ideas, but they're not really structured in any kind of way. We might play one or two of those and just improve the rest of the night. The thing with this band is that pretty much anything goes. Whatever anyone wants to try they can do. It's our one rule so far. Except there always has to be a slide whistle song."

Do you think it's useful or relevant to define yourself as a feminist?

"Yep, I think it is."

"I don't, I'm just a person and I wouldn't call myself anything other than just me."

"But I do think that things that are meant to be used negatively against women, if you turn it around and say, 'Yeah, I'm a Cunt and I'm proud of it.' That makes me feel good."

"I think it's just an adjective, it's like saying you're tall or you're short; I don't think it should have negative connotations."

What are Cunt's plans for future domination?

"Cunt's plans for the future consist of sitting out on the front porch when we're 80, whittling and singing tunes. Still singing."

Naomi North

Naomi is the Program Coordinator at Vancouver Status of Women. Combining her dramatic background with her quiet, grounded strength, she is the closest thing to activist perfection that I have ever seen.



What is your own personal definition of feminism?

Naomi North: Feminism for me is acknowledging the fact that every single human being should have the right to self-determination — which means far more than equality — and addresses issues of equal access at the same time.

How do you practice feminism in your everyday life?

Um, that's a damn fine question. Am I a feminist at all? I practice feminism by working really hard to be as aware of my many roles in my life that I play. In all my relationships I try to have an awareness of power imbalances whether it's a situation of privilege or a situation of oppression for me. I'm always thinking of the ablist mistakes that I make. I look at my own internalized poverty-bashing shit, having grown up on welfare and living low-income most of my life. I'm also look-

ing at my relationship to people who are homeless. Inter-racial and ethnicity issues. Trying to stretch myself to think about how I perpetuate oppression.

Tell me about the work you do at Vancouver Status of Women.

My fundamental belief is that every woman should be able to self-determine and reach her maximum potential, and be given all the support she needs to accomplish that. In the work that I do I endeavor to provide whatever support I can to make that happen or contribute to a woman's ability.

What do you wish men would do to contribute to the feminist movement?

I wish that men would stop men's violence. I think they have a lot to learn from how women have mobilized in the last thirty years. I think men have a huge role in ending violence. Like, get on with it. I think the key role is to challenge themselves and other men to stop the violence.

Lama Mugabo

Lama is an educator, facilitator, and video-maker involved in a variety of projects promoting grassroots action and global change. In addition to speaking 7 different languages, he is wonderfully funny, sincere, brilliant, handsome, and a blast to party with.



How do you define feminism?

Lama Mugabo: I think that the word feminism is still a threat to people that are less progressive, it's like communism or something, because they don't know the meaning, or they haven't really taken the time to understand, to adjust, so it's very threatening. The way I see it, we need to right history's wrongs, and [feminism] puts women in the centre.

How do you think men can practice feminism?

To people who are sold to the idea it's a non-issue, but men who are not in touch with their sexuality, feelings and beings have issues with it because they see it as a threat. For me, someone who is misogynist or homophobic or so on is not a friend. I tend to look at feminism along the lines of racism and homophobia, because I think it's difficult to separate them. You cannot separate them, it's all oppression. I don't think that I can fight a woman's fight. I can help them, I can be an ally, but I can't fight for them. *

Miss Murgatroid wears crazy fuckin' glasses, looks like a school marm, and plays the accordion like Malmsteen rocks the geeezee. She does the metal sign on the cover of her album *Myoclonic Melodies*, and even calls her accordion her "axe." Most importantly, her real initials are A. Rose. She is more rock than you.

DISORDER: Yo! I just got back from Paradise City [Portland] and, while there, I made some casual observations. Among them were: all the cool kids say "y'all" constantly. Everyone has a garden. They all play Patsy Cline when you are at their house. And everyone loves their cat. Can you explain any of these phenomena?

Miss Murgatroid: Well, as far as the cool kids speaking with a drawly southern slur — that's probably due to the overdose of caffeine they absorb. I hear the state government is pumping caffeine into the atmosphere. And you know what happens on a caffeine diet, don't ya? Southern Accents! Now, I have no idea what is going on with the Patsy Cline thing. Perhaps these "friends" of yours are actually the lengthy arm of some disturbing country music lovin' sinister cult. It is the year 2 grand after all,

so don't be shocked if you find them all dead with curlers in their hair, Keds on their feet, and a red bandanna covering their faces when the bell tolls. Perhaps they will ascend to Patsy Cline's own personal heaven or hell — who knows. And, oh yeah, I love my cats. Others should love my cats. They are the best cats. If we all felt like this, the world would be a better place.

When you play in P-town do lots of young'uns come out, or are there a bunch of old geezers looking to hear "The Beer Barrel Polka"?

It's always a combo. When I play all-ages shows I get a much more diverse crowd. I love tormenting new sets of ears. Whenever I play in LA, though, my 88-year old grandma comes out to see me — but she knows not to expect polka. I have taught her well.

Why no tour for your new album [Miss Murgatroid

recently released a collaborative effort with violinist Petra Haden called *Bella Neurox*? We did a sort of "satellite" tour. Also, I have a day job, so I don't really have the time to devote to a regular 3 or 4 week van-across-America tour. We do have a booking agent, though, and she has kicked open new areas for us. I would be really into opening for a fancy band for a week or so. We'll see.

Now, you are the president of Nail Distribution so, obviously, you know a little about record distribution. Right? Right. Why then, after looking all over Canada did I have such a hard time finding both *Myoclonic Melodies* and *Bella Neurox*?

"Cause we do such a sucky job — just kidding! No, usually it's easy to find stuff when it's a new release, but once it becomes a part of the catalogue, things start to disappear. Everybody out there has more power than they think about this matter, though. You can torment your local store to carry something so that they, in turn, torment their local distributor who, then, torments us. We sell to Scratch, FAB, and Sonic Unyon in

by G. Peach

Canada. They all have access to our records. If you start a phone campaign, I'll give you an original work of art by my cat Charlotte (she is the title of one of our songs, after all). You grew up in LA. You just turned 30. It seems like you were in the City of Angels at a pretty exciting time (musically). How did the LA "scene" affect your music?

Well, the fact that my "real" last name is Rose and my dad's name begins with the letter A caused a lot of exciting mayhem when it came to mistaken calls. I think I started doing impressions of Axl when this began. My parents didn't know what was going on. It was quite funny. The LA music scene in the '80s was actually pretty lame. I wasn't quite hip enough to be in the punk scene, so I skirted on the edges of goth and pop. I was in the front row for Echo and the Bunnymen. I also hung out a lot with the band The 3 O'Clock. They were friends with my pal Noelle, so I spent many nights at Carriers in Fairfax talking about them. I did have a huge crush on their guitar player Jason, who is now some sort of major label artist. All I know is that he actually



came to my 18th birthday party. What a dream! I see pix of him occasionally in mags and I still swoon. With all the millennial mumbo-jumbo over and done with, people seem to have forgotten that the year 0 was skipped and the baby Jesus will be 2000 at the end of this year. So, really, the world will end when the clock strikes 2001! Do you have any plans for accordion world domination when the apocalypse comes?

I suppose I would have better things to do than stand on a bridge with my accordion if the apocalypse was impending. Besides, I would rather spend my last moments with my best friends, my favourite snax, the man of my dreams [yet to be discovered] and my two lovely cats [Jasper and Charlotte]. So there! *

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Le Tigre

by Barbara

It's a sound that native English speakers can't really make. The press release sent out by Mr. Lady Records suggests that we should try saying "lay tee-gruh." Those as insufferably pedantic as myself will find this unacceptable. It's hard for me, because Le Tigre is a band that I want to talk about to everyone. For the first little while, I stubbornly huffed out barely voiced velar implosives until I nearly choked on my own uvula. However, I quickly discovered that no one understood me.

"What?"

"Luh'iiiiif."

"Who?"

"Luh... Kathleen Hanna's new band."

It's a convenient little gloss on reality, one I prefer not to use. After all, Kathleen is only one third of Le Tigre. Film-maker Sadie Benning (director of *Flat Is Beautiful*, *The Judy Spots*, and other Pixelvision works) makes up another third, and writer and artist Johanna Fatalem completes the lineup. But everyone knows this:

The players and their other projects are not the most interesting part of Le Tigre. Their debut album excites me — musically, intellectually, aesthetically. It's bright, positive, loud, funny, and well put together. When they get the mixture of punk energy, girl-group melodies, and experimental creativity right, as on "My My Metracord," it's gloriously danceable. Le Tigre's music is also smart — in a way that seems to evade some of their critics. "Hot Topic" name-drops Ur, Urvasi Vaid, and Gertrude Stein, for Christ's sake. Le Tigre's feminism is both unapologetically clever and accessible.

DISORDER: How and when did the three of you come together and decide to create Le Tigre?

Le Tigre: We met at some point in the early '90s when there were a lot of incredible things happening in the world of underground/punk feminism. There were a lot of really incredible girl bands forming and touring, new fanzines starting, intense penpal alliances were forged. Kathleen was touring with Bikini Kill, Sadie was touring with her videos, and Johanna was writing fanzines. Our paths inevitably crossed. We started working together after Kathleen's Julie Ruin record came out. Since it was made as a recording project, the idea was to re-work the songs so that we could play them live and go on tour. Johanna would help with performing the music, and Sadie would make visuals — slides or video projections. But when we started working together we realized we really wanted to write new material and have a collaborative relationship with more fluid roles. We ended up

as Le Tigre (although we plan to play a couple of Julie Ruin songs in our set too).

Is the line-up of Le Tigre flexible, do you swap instruments/roles? Who plays what on the album?

Le Tigre: We all sing and play guitar on different songs. Kathleen does most of the singing. Sadie and Johanna do the programming [beats and sequencing]. Johanna plays keyboards, and Sadie punches in some samples live. Sadie did the turntable stuff on the record. Since we use recording processes and programming to experiment with ideas, sounds, and structures, the way we play the music live doesn't necessarily reflect who made up which part. We all collect samples, make tapes, write down ideas to talk about when we get together. The process is also sort of strange because Sadie lives in Chicago while Kathleen and Johanna are in New York City.

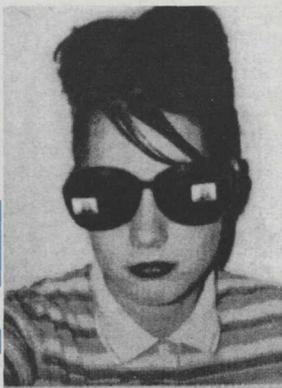
Why did you decide to release your album on Mr. Lady?

Kathleen Hanna: Mr. Lady was started by one of the best artists in the world, Tammy Rae Carland, and her girlfriend Kaig Wilson. Tammy and I have been friends for years and years and I not only trust her implicitly but also really like the videos she makes and puts out through the label. At a time when so many people were forced to be ashamed of their ideals, Mr. Lady sprung on the scene calling themselves a lesbian feminist business, and further [claimed] that their feminism is a part of a larger anti-racist, capitalist-hating program bent on changing the world. What they were doing inspired me to not give up, so I only made sense to collaborate with them, business-wise.

Mr. Lady seems to me to be a proud descendent of the lesbian separatist movement. Do you feel that separatism is still a valid and useful thing?

Kathleen: Of course lesbian separatism is still valid and useful! As long as straight white men own and control the majority of every imaginable resource — including physical and psychological space — separatism will always be important. I am sick and tired of people always wanting to pick various forms of separatism apart (and, you know, claiming it's "reverse discrimination") rather than analyzing the sexist, racist bullshit that makes separatism both needed and incredibly important in terms of nourishing people who are so often derailed.

Johanna Fatalem: I see Mr. Lady as a lesbian-owned business committed to supporting art informed by radical values — I'm not sure if I would locate them within a separatist history. Personally, I feel that any politics of exclusion is problematic by virtue of its underlying reliance on notions of stable categories or identities. At the same time, I believe that it is better to participate in something problematic





(imperfect, provisional, and experimental) than to allow unresolved questions [to] exclude us from political mobilization. I'm really proud that our band is involved with Mr. Lady.

Your song "My My Metrocard" briefly mentions New York Mayor Giuliani's attacks on sex workers. Could you explain what is going on (for the benefit of readers here in Vancouver who probably haven't heard of this)?

Johanna: In the interest of "cleaning up" New York, Giuliani has re-zoned areas previously associated with adult entertainment and pornography. This has put a lot of people out of business — including sex industry workers. He's a fucking asshole in a lot of ways. **Kathleen:** He has also been publicly abusive to the family members of people killed by the cops and supported police violence against People of Color. I could go on and on.

There are a few lyrical and non-lyrical moments on your album that hint toward a discussion of academia and academic life (or, more simply, knowledge and the hunger for it). Do you feel that academia is an inherently repressive and classist institution, or are there ways in which it can (and should) be changed to better benefit people?

Kathleen: I think that many colleges, universities, etc. employ teachers who perpetuate the status quo, thus alienating any student who isn't white, straight, young, middle class. However, it would be impossible to categorize the multitude of academic experiences people have into a blanket statement containing words like "classist and repressive." I personally met my share of sexist, dehumanizing, anti-radical experiences in college [my art was censored, I was sexually harassed by my first professor, etc.] BUT I still feel incredibly lucky and happy that I went. I learned so much in school — a lot of what I learned I used to analyze the way oppression functions in my life, both in terms of my own privilege and beyond. I am wary of the idea that school is inherently classist, as I feel [this idea] discourages people who are working-class, working poor and/or on welfare from discovering or continuing to discover some of the amazing things college has to offer. This idea also erases all the people who have worked ten times harder than the trust-funded kids and are currently working towards making the college experience safer and better for everyone.

Johanna, can you tell us about your zines?

Johanna: I did a fanzine called *Snarla* for three or four years with my closest friend from high-school. I think we did about six issues. It circulated mainly through girls in the west coast punk scene. In terms of content, it would probably be grouped into a confessional genre of zine associated with Riot Grrrl Press in the early/mid-'90s, although we tended to deal with stuff in a slightly more aloof and abstract way.

When I moved to New York to go to art school the terms of my work shifted away from the identity-politic issues of a punk scene to more theory-driven projects — I was fascinated by the sexual politics of conceptual art's recent history and the social structure of art school and the gallery system. *The Opposite, Part I* was "a fanzine about art," my first attempt to deal with disparate areas of culture (for example, modernist painting and feminist underground punk music) with the same language. *ArtaudMania!!! the Diary of a Fan* was along the same lines, but a more specific project: I chose a figure (Antonin Artaud) that punks and academics shared an interest [in] so that a collision of their discourses made sense. My *Need to Speak on the Subject of Jackson Pollock* is actually the transcript [in zine form] of a semi-faculous lecture I gave to accompany two paintings I made. It was my final semester of art school, and in a lot of ways the lecture was a final "fuck you." It was intended to ridicule the retrogressive values of a couple of the teachers in the painting program I was in, and continued valorization of Abstract Expressionist art and ideology among fellow students.

I am working on a new fanzine that will hopefully be done before *Le Tigre* starts touring extensively.

Who is your favourite feminist theorist, writer, or activist?

Johanna: It's really hard to choose just one. Right now I am really into Donna Haraway's ideas about feminism and technology and *The Need's* new record.

Kathleen: I like Sarah Lucia Hoaglund.

Is "Dude Yr. So Crazy" about a real person or a "type"?

Le Tigre: Both.

Kathleen has said that Julie Ruin was a character that she "invented." Are the members of Le Tigre also "performing" roles in this band?

Johanna: I don't have a character worked out yet. But I do have a ritual eyeliner routine I do especially for *Le Tigre* shows.

"Hot Topic" names a number of avant-garde women artists. Do you find that assumptions about women in the avant-garde are different from the assumptions about women making rock music? Are they the same? I'm thinking specifically of Yoko Ono — she was a very avant-garde artist, yet she tends to be perceived as a talentless groupie.

Johanna: Who perceives Yoko Ono as a talentless groupie? Sexist jerks are sexist jerks whether they are judging conceptual artists or pop stars, you know?

Kathleen, what is your involvement with Atari Teenage Riot? I read a review of one of their shows which claimed you were singing with Add N to (X).

Kathleen: I sang a few lines on an ATR song called "No Success" but I don't even know who Add N to (X) is, though if someone wants to send me a tape I'd love to receive it!

Johanna: Add N to (X) played before an ATR at a show we were at, but we missed most of their set. I've seen them before. I think they are really interesting.

What are your touring plans? Will you be playing any shows with The Need?

Le Tigre: We will be touring the east coast with The Need from April 7th to April 28th 2000. Please check for exact dates on the tour page of the Mr. Lady website at www.mrlady.com.



Under Review

ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA



ALien RADIO STATION

Magnetic Trajectory Concern

(Sweet Tooth)

It has basslines to rumble the floors, and funky drums to make it all better, and yes, it's Canadian. It's not hard to see the influences of dub and jungle throughout the album. **Alien Radio Station** goes for the minimal approach, and prefers to keep the bass as the anchor to most of the tracks. The seductive shuffle of "The Pyramids Didn't Walk Here" makes it one of my favourite tracks. I hear saying something like "dark" or "mysterious" because it seems like everything I've reviewed lately seems to be that way, so please insert your favourite word with the same affect here. Who needs self-hypnosis when you can get *Magnetic Trajectory Concern*?

Samuel Kim

BLACKALICIOUS

Nia

(Mo' Wax)
RAMASUTRA

The East Infection Tox

Start running, Why... there's a brown music brigade and it's taking up arms against y'all White folks, over the past, oh, five centuries or so, have displayed their own unique ineptitude in a number of fields. Consider, for example: white TV (*Friends*, *Dharma* and Greg), white sport (golf, polo), white food (hamburgers, hamburger helper, tuna helper, tuna casserole). I mean I could go on and on but the examples I've given are pathetic enough. I may as well write the white obituary while I'm at it. It's in the white music arena, however, that one comes across the truly disturbing, flea-ridden underbelly of Western Civilization. We have, recently, been bombarded with such noxious examples as **Korn**, **Britney Spears**, **N Sync**... like I said before, I could go on forever. But, why bother? Our darker brethren are pumping out some quality shit that proves white people are the watered-down, piss-filled Coors Lite of the socio-cultural landscape.

Even though I thought it would suck when I snagged it, **Ramasutra's East Infection** is the kind of album that will embarrass most whities. The ones familiar with Ramasutra Borcar (a slick Montreal-based

DJ) and the brain behind this album) might whine that there's too much Indian stuff in it and not enough **Chemical Brothers** pop. But fuck them all the way back to Europe. Sure there are a few weak moments on *The East Infection* but, hell, if it can make a luddite like me sit through over 60 minutes of computer-generated music then you know it's gotta be pretty damn good. As for **Blackalicious' Nia**... after listening, I called each of my parents and gave 'em hell for marrying white and burdening me with chikil-coloured skin that will never, ever wash off. Nia is my most-listened-to album of the month.

Here's some advice for any individuals of similar mind to myself (brown, red, white, yellow, whatever you may be): arm yourself with Blackalicious and Ramasutra so you can fight the white parasite before it ravages any more of our glorious earth. And **John Tesh**... you've been warned.

gibby peach

BOWS

(Too Pure)

Bows is the new project from Luke Sutherland, ex of idiosyncratic Scottish lo-fi act **Long Fin Killie**. The lucky few who heard anything of that band's quasi-dream pop will find much to relate here, and more besides.

Sometimes **Mogwai** collaborator Sutherland has previously been responsible for music characterized by a winning combination of sparse-but-eloquent instrumentation and quirky-but-touching lyrics. His new project is a self-consciously contemporary development of this style, providing a lush, electronically enhanced backing to LFK-style tales of awkward outdoor life.

This approach has its strengths and weaknesses. Many of the songs on *Bows* are marred (like so many records nowadays) by the lazy deployment of dotted drum'n'bass and trip hop clichés. For the most part, though, Sutherland makes good use of the new tools at his command. The beats are rugged but intricate, the samples otherworldly but a strangely familiar.

At a time when many musicians wrongly assume that access to high-tech gear will open a gateway to strange, undiscovered sonic realms, imagination and character are

at a premium. *Bows* has just enough of these qualities to make it out from the crowd.

Sam Macklin

BUGSKULL

Distacted Snowflake
Volume Two

(Scratch)

Bugskull's Sean B is just one of a great many lo-fi space rock obscurists committed to documenting the intergalactic travels of their narcotized minds. B is clearly committed to boldly going where **Stars of the Lid**, **Windy & Carl**, et al have already been. But, seeing as this is B's fifth LP and all, it seems unnecessarily glib to write the "Skull off as generic and indulgent."

What marks this Portland-based act out from the competition is an other-worldly variant on that most treasured of qualities, namely soul. This, in turn, may stem from a disconcerting mix of sparse, non-humanistic live playing and organically gritty electronics. Either that or it comes from the B's laconic vocals which evoke the stoned mumble of **Specimen Three/Spectrum**, **EAR** main-man Sonic Boom (who must be something of a godfather figure to acts of this ilk). It is indeed rather fly stuff at times, with some tracks descending into the realms of truly shambolic noodling. Nevertheless, as a whole, it's surprisingly accomplished and, often, really very lovely.

Sam Macklin

CHOKO

Foreword
(Smallman)

What is to be said? The ritual search of the Review Bin produces many punk bands of the Fat Wreck Chords type or something sickeningly similar. What has become of the state of punk music today? Is it utterly boring and routine. Well you know who? I think we have something here. The headlines were wrong punk isn't dead. It just moved. To Winnipeg? This is an excellent melodic punk album: upbeat, fun and sincere. Admittedly this isn't musically groundbreaking, but that doesn't mean it can't be an enjoyable listen; it's quite fun, actually. So go get in/on your transportation of choice and buy this CD.

jay D

COWBOY JUNKIES

Rarities, B-Sides, and Sad
Slow Walzes

(Latent)

The **Junkies** released this collection of orphaned songs from their own Latent Recordings imprint, which they used to release their first, and in my opinion best, record, *Whites of Earth Now*. A big fan of both that record and the subsequent *Trinity Sessions*, I sort of kicked the habit when the Junkie's third release, *The Caution Horses*, saw them veer away from druggy blues and into the Adult Contemporary market. So I was enthused by the possibilities that this record had in store. Hit and miss. In that genre. The opening track, about being horny, is dominated by labulous feedback and epitomizes the country blues runch that a stoner like myself can relate to. After that there's some great mellow moody shit, and other tracks are a bit too folkly for me, but hey, if you're a fan of the Cowboy Junkies or the idiom in which they play then you've got yerself a goodtimes record.

Curt of Ages

DESTROYER

Thief

(Cave Canem)

Thank God for local freaky dealers. I'm a sucker for hard sells. Since Dan **Destroyer** [I heard this term from "Bovee Now Waves" Patty Schmidt] has crazy songwriting skills and lyrics I will never be able to decipher, Vancouver will once again limp past another potential national treasure. Dan tells you, "Hey! Give it more than one full listen! My songs are like the movie *Airplane*. You'll pick up things you didn't hear the first time." This is gold medal pop: melodies that lift and lower you someplace nicer, and a voice with great emotional force. It's been a while since I've been rocked by a CD, but Destroyer is easily a gem for all to cherish.

Chris-orrific

DJ RAP

Learning Curve

(Sony)

Well, I thought this would be rather interesting to review, particularly after last month's interview with **Andrea Parker** [who just happens to be one of my favourites within the electronic scene]. For those who don't remember, Parker mentions **DJ Rap** in her discussion of her frustration with how the market is prone to focus on the idea of a "female DJ" rather than the "female DJ" rather than the DJ. As Parker mentioned, DJ Rap does happen to be a beautiful woman, but it would be a shame to just leave it at that. DJ Rap is no newcomer to the scene either, and although this may

mark her Sony debut, she's been around since the early '90s producing and remixing.

Learning Curve is a very solid dance album with pop sensibilities. When I say pop, however, don't start thinking you'll see this album crashing the top 40 charts in North America any time soon. It's probably still more comfortable in a club setting, but the melodies are strong, the arrangements are smart, and the lyrics... well, I guess they'll do. I was expecting to have more drum 'n' bass involved, but only with the last track do you see that come through. If you like, you can import the UK version, which has a couple of more tracks in that genre. Undoubtedly, many will label this as a crossover and sell-out album, or as some Brit magazines promised, DJ Rap would become the new ambassador of club music to the uneducated. Well, I don't think either exactly happened, but this is a smart piece of production, and hopefully, it's a sign of things to come.

Samuel Kim

DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM MEETS THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

Sideways Soul

(K)

I have always been a big fan of both of these bands, but this album is much more interesting than anything either of them has previously released. This **Dub Narcotic** version of "Soul Typeset" on the **Blues Explosion Experimental Remixes** album was proof that these two bands were meant to be together. Something about the mixture just seems to work.

This **Dub Narcotic Sound System/Blues Explosion** jam session is a fresh take on all that seemed to be getting old with both these bands. Here **Jon Spencer**, **Judith Bauer**, and **Russell Simms** provide a wicked *A/B* act, replacing Larry on the bells. Calvin lists out the classic monotone vocals while **Jon Spencer** adds in the odd "damn," "yeah, hey Judah," or "do it." You won't find any of the classic **Dub Narcotic** beats here, just good old **Blues Explosion** Rock 'n' Roll drumming.

If you have ever been a fan of either of these bands, give this record an honest listen. I have to confess that I had stopped buying **Blues Explosion** albums because they were all starting to sound the same to me. Moreover, I can't say **Dub Narcotic's** most recent album, *Out Of Your Mind*, did much for me either. This record has definitely rekindled my interest in both of these bands.

Mike Davis

THE HIGH LLAMAS

Snoubug

(V2)

You may have heard of **The High Llamas**, with reference to the name **Sean O'Hagan** (the song writer) and **Microdisney** [a related side project]. I saw them the last time they came to the Starfish Room, and well, they didn't impress me much. This album is fortunately not nearly as boring: it's poppy, fun, and light-hearted. **Jim O'Rourke** helped record the record at Abbey Road. This is a good album to listen to while eating oranges in the sun.

LoP Loog

HOLLOWPHONIC

(Sweet Tooth)

Be apprehensive when an album has a "Dream Sequence I and II." This is music you take for insomnia on the plane. These are six minute-plus soundscapes with vocals that are reverbed up the ass. It's still kind of cool, with long keyboard and guitar tunes and ridiculously slow programmed beats. Still, it wears. It does remind me, however, of **My Bloody Valentine**, but with an even more laid-back atmosphere.

Chris A23

KID DYNAMITE

Shorter, Faster, Louder
(Jade Tree)

If I'm the one to break the news, you're in for a treat. **Kid Dynamite** has just broken up in the wake of their new record's release. The record, however, is more optimistic, heartening back to the days when post-hardcore bands were just called hardcore. They're not really hardcore in the **Snopace** sense, though; they sound more like **Rancid** when Lars sings than anything else. Nonetheless, this is a refreshingly energetic record and I hope a few of their more anemic-sounding live releases provide a little two for two from it.

godfrey leung

THE KISSING BOOK

Lines & Color

(Magic Marker)

Looking for something to listen to during family games to **Monopoly**? Well, here is the solution. **The Kissing Book** weaves sweet infectious pop gems filled with heartbreak and hand-holding. Some comparison could be made to **Belle & Sebastian**, but this is not simply derivative. They definitely did their homework on '60s pop, even in the artwork department. This album would fit right in with your parents old LPs. I have to say that on a sunny day there is nothing quite as filling as a sugary sweet pop album. That said, today is sunny, so The

Kissing Book has found its way into my stereo. There is nothing left to do but enjoy the sun and smile.

jay d

LUNAR DRIVE
All Together Here
(Beggars Banquet)

Hmm, I think my editor is out to get me. [Am] — Ed.] She keeps enticing me with those groups that blend "traditional," "ethnic" sounds with modern technology. And what am I reviewing now? Another CD that blends traditional music with technology. And I normally love it. **Valvin Singh, Jo, The Government** — all awesome music that go that route. But **Lunar Drive** irks me.

I think it's because this one, to me, lacks a certain authenticity. [Aha! My trap worked!] You have discovered the problematic nature of the "ethnic" marketing gambit! — Ed.] I could be totally wrong, but it really seems like a bunch of white guys have gone down to Navajo country and picked them up some sounds of their crazy ethnic peeps, cause it'd be a good marketing move. **Deep Forest** all over again, but this time on an alternative label. I mean, I could be wrong. I don't know about the label, and I don't know the people involved, and I'd be the last to intentionally offend someone, but with songs like "I'm in love with a Navajo Boy" and "Way Hey Hey" and "Trees Wave Bye" it all comes across as a little formulaic, a little watered down. A little too safe. A little too white.

That's not to say it's not interesting in its own right. It is — it's got some good drum 'n' bass, some nice trancey stuff, some dance stuff all mixed well with "traditional sounds" and if you're looking for something like that, **Lunar Drive** is for you.

I'll stick with something else.
Anthony Mondy

MADDER ROSE
Hello June Fool
(Cooking Vinyl)

Hello June Fool contains what we expect from **Madder Rose** with Mary Larson's fine vocals and acoustic guitars scattered about. Fortunately, they save us from the unplugged coffershop approach by occasionally throwing in some slow and funky drum loops and samples. It works and the melodies remain distinct and memorable which is one of the great things I like about this album. You'll have no problem humming along, but maybe it's this very accessibility that hurts it somewhat. The tempo remains generally the same throughout the entire album, so it's difficult to not wish for a track that would stir things up. Yes, it's a good listen, but I can't imagine running

back into a burning house to retrieve this CD.

Samuel Kim

MORPHINE
Night
(Downtownworks)

It's all about simplicity, and playing with dynamics. It's about subtraction more than production. — Mark Sandman, 1952-1999.

Night has fallen, ripe with metaphor, and it's bitterly-earned by my knowledge of **Morphine** frontman Mark Sandman's death. The music on **Morphine's** sixth release is sensual, luxurious, and way too sexy — as usual. The ultimate noir band will from now only exist in recorded form, and thankfully **Night**, like all their other recordings, is a stellar record.

Hancunt

THE MOVES
The Moves
(Mr. Lady)

It's very hard for me to articulate what it is about this album that I like. This Massachusetts tri-parakeets quite earnestly of the kind of pop-rock that I seldom if ever like, yet it works. In a cryptic, inexplicable way, of course. At times **The Moves** sound like another **Excuse 17** (call-and-response vocals, alternately choppy and strung-out guitar). Mostly they sound like themselves. I feel bad about it, but I really have nothing else to say. **Plivovise Daimin**

THE NEED
The Need Is Dead
(Chainsaw)

It's already stated many times that **The Need** is "the best band in the universe" and that it is my mission in life to spread their good Word, so it's no surprise that I would never, ever let anyone other than myself write this review.

The Need is about biology confronting technology. Characters have body parts removed, strap on replacement limbs, couple in "unnatural" ways. The Need is a rock band deconstructing our assumptions about the body and its relationship to gender. Their eponymous debut CD dealt with these matters more explicitly, but **The Need Is Dead** takes the themes to a more abstract and sophisticated level. "O Sally How's It Feel With A Fake Hand?" is a song title that says pretty much everything. The Need creates a lyrical universe where dyke sex is the unquestioned norm.

Musically, **The Need Is Dead** is subtle and sophisticated, full of artifice but hardly phony. "Dear Diary" makes me think of **Kate Bush** hallucinating on her deathbed, backward masking and all. On other songs, **King**

Crimson (I can't get rid of this association; it's probably a remnant of seeing guitarist Radio Troggy trapeze around Yoyo A Gogo wearing a Red T-shirt) and **Essential Logic** battle for control of the Need's musical ancestry. "Blaw Candy," "Eva Carriere," and "Mona Tinsley" are quiet and dreamy while retaining their creepy edge. The deciding blow for this album's supremacy comes with the epic "Dark Sally" and "Hellfire," heavy metal masterpieces that bring in every suburban rock room.

I've proposed to Radio in DISORDER before. I'm doing it again. Radio, please. I'm the one in the front row begging for more.

Barbara

NEKO CASE AND HER BOYFRIENDS
Furnace Room Lullaby
(Mint)

I can remember being 11 and heading back to Alberta for a family reunion. (We're the outcasts of the extended family because we live in the city.) Anyway, on these trips my dad would take great pleasure in torturing us with Alberta radio stations. I swore then that I'd never like country.

That was a half-life ago and since then I've discovered some pretty hep country bums. Namely: **Neko Case** bums. Now I loved her and **Her Boyfriends'** previous release, **The Virginian**, but this new one, **Furnace Room Lullaby**, has sent me a swoonin'. "Twist the Knife," for example, mends me to tears: "Tenderly, tenderly, please take my breath from me/You be my guest, and I'll let you stay/Leave me the cheque/I'll pay with the rest of my life."

This stuff, urban as it may be in origin, makes me wish I was

such a modern girl with modern problems. All I want is a porch-swing and an uninterrupted horizon. But who am I kidding? Neko and her BF's are modern folks too. Just call me old fashioned when I say, "Neko Case and all your boyfriends, will you marry me?" Aw, shucks. *Erin*

PLONE
For Beginner Piano
(Mataador)

I've got an oxymoron for you: likeable keyboard band. Really, who knew that all those piano lessons as a kid could equal electronic coolness later on in life? Bill Bainbridge, Mark Canellaro and Mike Johnstone are **Plone**, three English lads with a gigantic keyboard collection and spooky sound effects. They have an ear for making tunes that could pass for space-age incidental music; you can visualize a scene to go with each track. There's a simplicity about the music that's refreshing; no pretension happening here. I guess if you think Dr. Seuss in a band with the Teletubbies, if you hate the Teletubbies, you might find **Plone** a wee bit annoying) produced by a happy electronic act like **Mouse on Mars** (on a downtime day), after everyone has been watching many episodes of **Scooby-Doo** (pre-Scrappy-Doo), you have the idea. You can't dance to it, but in a fix, you could happily write essays to it. I think I'm going to dust off my piano and see if neat space-age sounds come to me.

Doretta Lau

POP STAR KIDS

This Is:
(Play Ground)
Supposedly the '80s are back and this is the evidence!
These New Wave-y tunes

are backed with drum machines, and synthesizers.

The Pop Star Kids are two punk kids named Anthony and Andee who were kids in the early '80s, but are definitely not kids now. Their songs about sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll are all pretty cliché, and go well with the cover art and the display of their photos along with the likes of **The Cure**, **Madonna**, **Jimi Hendrix**, and **Siouxie and the Banshees**. As a whole, the package is pretty fun. I suppose it's best not to light it, but rather to embrace the cheesiness of the '80s.

LoP Looq

SATURINE
American Kestral
(Motorcat)

It is so hard to write a sad pop song in the era of **Ron Sexsmith** and **Stephin Merritt** triple albums. **Saturine** can write good, solid tunes. It just seems more albums have than 11 song discs, where the last 10 songs serve to back up the first one. I dig the dude's laid-back, **Robert Pollard**-like voice and lines like "I hope your wings are dry, this world is made of fire." The guy knows how to cry, but it falls on deaf ears. I was the guy that wondered why my poetry class wrote about death when I wrote about puppies with superpowers.
Chris A23

SUPERSUCKERS
The Evil Powers of Rock 'n' Roll
(Koch)

This is one's pretty self-explanatory: kids. "The Evil Powers Of more reviews on page 19, jerk."



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the (sugar refinery) calendar of consequence March - 98

03 Under the Pri table with ofaku and howard hylte
12:45 am to 10 into cbc. brave newwales for the beans sugar sessions recorded Nov 99

04 diversions SAT JAZZ

05 Nipja tunes amon tobim wiggys smalls and s trainski. 1.1m. tea tickets \$10 adv. 15 door

06 tippy agogo MON

Every tuesday!

milennium project - sweet jazz

08 CUNT you just have to see it

09 thony mortal engine every thursday in march jazz

10 plectio- old school hip hop

13 July fourth totall 7hr marathon

15 the radio

19 year 5000 from USA

22 Sean Macdonald last gig

24 coloritix

1683-2004

17 DISORDER
0002

FRIDAY MARCH 31 - RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS NEKO CASE & HER BOYFRIENDS



Flash camera photo by Mike Cook. Neil's photo by Gina Battarone.

Carolyn Mark Party Girl

Last January, Carolyn Mark embarked on what would become a year-long recording project. Carolyn's musical travels took her from Victoria to Vancouver to Edmonton to Toronto to Montreal to Ottawa to Regina to Calgary to Edmonton — the goal being to record a song in each city. Now, with the final chapter added — Carolyn's "recording by mail" song with Tara and Rick

White — we have *Party Girl*, eleven songs fully grounded in the time and place of their creation. Involving primarily Carolyn, usually together with her "Room-mates" Tolan McNeil and Garth Johnson — but also including accompaniment by such folk as Ray Condo, Ford Pier, Greg Keelor, Dave Lang, Paul Pigat, Oh Susanna, and others — *Party Girl* is Carolyn's cross-Canada musical Polaroid collection.



Riff Randalls

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w/guests

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THE CARTELS

Saturday 25th 9:30pm
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NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

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saturday, march 6
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bob murphy

wednesday, march 8
the mike weathers band

friday, march 10
8:00pm-11:30pm
the bill coon trio

midnite-8:30pm
bunco & the single
malt quartet

wednesday, march 18
selassie i power

friday, march 19
st. patrick's day party
with the
catharin o'clellian
band

saturday, march 20
8:00-11:00pm
leanne overbach
& the ross barrett band

midnite-8:30am
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Real Live Action



JOHN REISCHMAN & THE JAYBIRDS
LUCKY PENNY
Monday, January 17
W.I.S.E. Hall

Bluegrass — it's not just for breakfast anymore! What with high-profile releases last year by the likes of **Steve Earle** and **Dolly Parton**, we could be looking at a gosh darn beginning-of-millennium bluegrass revival. And who better to lead the charge than one of North America's finest mandolin players, who just happens to reside here?

John Reischman has put together a fine group of local musicians on guitar, banjo, fiddle and standup bass, and despite his prowess on mandolin he was happy to stand back and give each instrument a chance to shine. The stage setup was unplugged with two old-style mics to pick up the music and vocals. There was enough of a mix of instrumentals and songs (with great harmonies), originals and old standards to keep everyone happy. No slouches here, but worthy of special note was bass player **Irish Gagnon**, also of **Tumbleweed**, whose high, lighting harmonies were a stand-out.

Opening the evening was **Lucky Penny**, a local bluegrass band doing one of their first live gigs together. They're young and rough around the edges, but their energy and playfulness helped make up for the lack of polish.

Great people-watching in a crowd that includes a mix of Gram 'n' Gramps Valley types, old country hipsters, and plain ole folks. The fact that this hall was packed on a Monday evening is a testament to local bluegrass and this allegedly poor live music scene we keep reading about elsewhere.

Vol Cormier

DJ ROLANDO
COMMODORE
Wednesday, February 2

It is rare that certain types of good music hit Vancouver. Although we have been inundated with our fair share of the British super-hip-hop trance-djs, it is rare who get some true djs with skills who are not of the hip-hop or house variety. February 2 was indeed a day for such djs, when promoter Hamish McArthur teamed up with the

Canadian Federation of Students to bring two djs from Detroit, spinning Detroit techno. Detroit techno is not rave music. Its roots go back to the birth of Chicago house and hip-hop, **Kraftwerk** and **Afrika Bambaata**, and a Roland 909 drum machine in the early-mid-'80s. Inspired by Alvin Toffler's *The Third Wave*, Detroit techno has a futuristic sound and philosophy, with a heart of funk and soul reflecting Detroit's Motown roots. It is complex, involving and intelligent music, and, as we heard from

Rolando and **Grant**, sometimes hard, fast, dark and gritty. Mike Grant played a pounding set on the Commodore's augmented sound system, producing long and smooth mixes, dropping **Surgeon's** "Learning" and **Richie Hawtin's** "Spastik." Mike Grant is a regular resident at Tresor in Berlin, and the German style of non-stop, pounding beats from his Detroit native was evident in his velvet mixing. DJ Rolando came on after Grant had pummeled the sweaty and oppressed dance-floor, and although starting with his infamous track "Jaguar" from the **Underground Resistance** *Knights of the Jaguar* EP, moved from the funkier side of Detroit into the hard pounding minimalism of **Jay Denham**, **Jeff Mills**, and **Rob Hood**. Using doubles and hip-hop tricks, Rolando impressed the crowd with his beat-juggling tricks, throwing records in and off the beat, in the mix, without cueing — this is something you expect from hip-hop djs, but in the commercialized pop-dom of semi-rave dj stardom, it is something rare indeed. Rolando has skills. And not just dj skills — his production work as a member of the anti-corporate, anti-major label, independent **Underground Resistance** has been incredibly successful. His title track of last summer, "Jaguar," was so successful with technoheads that it was stolen by two German pop-rance producers and sold to Sony and then to BMG for a CD compilation and twelve-inch, all without permission, copying the original tone-by-tone and turning it into a trance, disco, blue-eyed-white-trance remix. This is why the CFS and MCArthur booked these two djs, especially Rolando, as their official alter-party to the Day of Action protest; UR has taken up the fight against BMG and Sony with the

support of the underground techno community. Although Sony Germany, after increased pressure from djs and producers and listeners from around the world, gave up plans for the illegal remix, BMG has now gone ahead with the plans. Information on resistance can be found at www.submerge.com. Voice your opinions and let the majors know this kind of action

about its allegiance to the distinctive Hot Club de Paris sound and, while it's a pleasant one, two sets of it (no opening band) was pushing it a tad. Even with some original tunes thrown in, the rhythm guitar strumming and tempos started to sound samey. Very nice licks pulled off in guitar and bass solos, but nothing to get up and dance about. Great sitting-on-the-left Bank, left-in-hand type music; lovely and sane way to pass a damp Sunday evening.

Val Cormier

JUSTINA MAJ
Sunday, February 6
Vancouver Academy of Music
When I was a kid, I hated prac-

Brendel, that's for sure. What was she going to do with all those flowers anyway?

I sat there, with my arms crossed, my forehead wrinkled, and left before the encore. No, I'm not bitter. I just went home and put my face on the cold piano keys, slammed the lid on my head, and cried like the stupid kid that I used to be.

Gary

HOLY BODY TATTOO: Circa Wednesday, February 16 Vancouver East Cultural Centre

If you could commission the soundtrack to your dreams and visions, who would you call? The names on your hit list would provide a huge clue to the flavours

Tango ran through the show as a metaphor for human relationships — hardly a novel idea — but by setting it in a much larger landscape, Gagnon and Gingras turned it into a tantalizing image of life. Right from the top, as they danced methodically around the stage to the Lites' Martin Jacques singing "Send in the Clowns" in tango rhythm, you knew that this would be a nice litled rite. Jacques' end-of-pier drag queen voice does the same glorious things for his covers of old nuggets as **Tom Waits'** warm growl does for "There's A Place for Us."

A whiplash-inducing sequence followed, in which the dancers sat in chairs and proceeded to abuse their upper tor-



is unacceptable!
Tobias

PEARL DJANGO
Sunday, February 6

W.I.S.E. Hall
This Seattle group performs gypsy swing in the **Django Reinhardt/Stephan Grappelli** mode, so I was surprised to see the hall set up with a large dance floor, as though the swing djs were gonna break out at any time — wishful thinking for this mellow but surprisingly large Sunday night crowd.

It's not often one sees three guitarists on stage, two of them beautifully crafted by rhythm guitarists (and token Cuckoo) **Shelley Park**. The violin-playing remained the focus, even though it was, sadly, low in the sound mix. This group makes no bones

ting the piano. I hated taking lessons, I hated theory, and most of all I hated playing in front of people. Like every stupid kid, I begged my parents to let me quit. After seeing me play my last recital (if you could call it that), my mom shook her head and agreed that I should quit forever. Ever since then (don't tell my parents) I've regretted it.

Justina Maj practices for over eight hours a day. She is considered to be one of the best, perhaps the best, young pianist in Canada. She played three hours of **Chopin** in front of 300 people. I wasn't impressed. Sonata 3 in B Minor? Big deal. Sure, she's quick and accurate, sure people in the audience leap up and shouted "Bravo." She's not

in your psyche. Noam Gagnon and Dana Gingras are the choreographer/dancers who make up **The Holy Body Tattoo** and when they scooped last year's Alcan Performing Arts Award, the resulting coin (\$50,000) allowed them to bring in **The Tiger Lillies**, **The Dirty Three's** Warren Ellis and the production talents of ex-**Banshee** Steven Severin as well as a creative army of film, set and lighting designers.

Only nominally a Vancouver dance company, HBT has spent much of the time since its birth in 1993 touring Europe, where its work has been both appreciated and nourished. This shows in the wonderfully wild sophistication that dripped through most of the vignettes making up *Circa*.

The erotic push-pull of the

ses with mechanistic, violent flinging. This and a few other segments reminded us of what the pair had been up to in previous works. She on the floor in doggie position, for example, was so violently shaken by Him that I thought her eyeballs might pop out and roll across the stage. That sort of thing. Although staggeringly watchable, these sections felt somewhat cut off from the atmosphere of the whole — like side-trips into postmodern danceville. More successful in this vein was an arm and head ballet, frantically

turn to page 22
for more real live
action

synchronized to the rollicking tehee-hee of "I'm Crucifying Jesus" (Jacques again). Gagnon and Gingras have chosen strong collaborators and things always worked best when they stayed cooped up to them.

Now and again a bloodcurdling curtain would be raised to reveal a screen and it was movie time. William Morrison's film footage of Euro cityscapes, street scenes, tango studios and clips of the dancers in rehearsal would seep into us to the fractured tango score of Ellis' violin. The graveyard scenes were particularly beautiful, reminding me of the really old bits of Highgate Cemetery. One recurring clip that continues to irritate and haunt me was of Gingras dragging a chair across the floor while sitting in it — head flung back, arms gripping the sides as if tied, feet in three-storey high heels. It came across like a combination of de Sade and old Surrealist film. I tried this later, at home, and had to use some very interesting muscles to make any progress.

If all this sounds fragmented, it's because it was, but in a way that felt closer to the truth than narrative flow ever can. It was as if the performers were unrolling a map of desire and the end result was a constellation full of gaps and logjams. At the show's close, the two were slyly joined up as the two stood in a shaft of glitter that rained onto the stage. Poignant like the shabby glitz of an old vaudeville curtain, reminding us what a sad circus life is, it was the set design equivalent of sending in the clowns. No wonder the dancers were smiling.

Penelope Mulligan

LYDIA LUNCH 30 HELENS

Sunday, February 20
Richard's On Richards
The longevity of Lydia Lunch's career may be seen as proof that every cultural movement, no matter how obscure, begets at least one or two legendary figures. Anyone remember the late-70s/early-80s NYC-centred explosion of Brian Eno-sponsored free jazz rock noise

known as No Wave? Not many, but likely, but its aftermaths did throw up the avant-garde stylings of Arto Lindsay and the magnificent poison-pen rants of La Lunch.

Most of those who made it to Richard's for the Vancouver installment of Lydia's Dirty Little Secrets tour seemed to have NO notion of her checkered history. Most of them had apparently come to lend moral support to spirited local comedy troupe **30 Helens**. (As if in acknowledgement of this, Lydia performed first, like she was the support act.) These were clearly not, by and large, people who had followed Lydia's ascent from guitarist with **Teenage Jesus and the Jerks**, through collaborations with **Sonic Youth** and **Michael Gira**, to her current status as feministish demagogue extraordinaire.

The fact that Lydia is still working and receiving critical acclaim is almost certainly a product of her own inexorable will to survive (not just artistically but psychologically and even physically). Her progress seems to come from a shark-like need to keep moving, writing, testifying.

An unflattering appraisal, perhaps, but so what? Lydia Lunch hardly portrays herself as the bac-lamb prettie type. Like many truly creative people, she derives strength from being in touch with her evil side. Indeed, if the excerpts from her autobiography *Paradoxia* that made up the first half of her spoken word set are to be believed, she's more in touch with her evil than most. Her stories are non-judgemental (moral event), bitterly hilarious tales of scamming and tricking around the back alleys and squats of punk-era Manhattan.

The few spectators who greeted Lydia's recounted victories over adversity by bellowing "you go sister"-type platitudes were missing the point somewhat. The true importance of her autobiographical tales is not that they provide a role model for young women but that they comprise an object lesson in hip aesthet-

ics. It's the style, not the content of this work that is truly invigorating. Her prose pacing is dizzying, her charisma (in person and in print) captivating, her **William Burroughs-meets-Bill Hicks** delivery utterly captivating.

The second half of the set, which involved Lydia reading from her internet sex advice column **Tough Love** was less impressive. The impact of this section was more reliant on Dr. Lunch being right rather than just being impressive. Still, she managed to take her readers' ludicrous misses (mostly made up, apparently) and have her wicked way with them. She used them for what they had and moved on. And that just about sums up the (black) magic of Lydia Lunch.

Sam Macklin

SMUGGLERS

CHIXDIGGIT
BLACK HALOS
THE GOBLINS
Friday, February 25
Commodore

As it says in **The Smugglers'** hit song "Vancouver, BC," "The sun don't shine and the rain comes pouring down!" Thus it was fitting that on the night of the big CD release party for **The Smugglers'** new album, *Rosie*, it poured and poured. And poured.

This is no way stopped the crazed masses from packing the Commodore Ballroom to capacity for a night of out-of-control rock 'n' roll shenanigans. It was a bit shocking to see the Commodore so full, but then it made sense considering the bill. The swank ballroom was abuzz with anticipation: mod rockers, punk kids, other-nu-fucks, CBC radio whiz-kids and Betacam-carrying videographers all eagerly awaited non-stop rock.

Thee Goblines took to the stage at 8:45 pm sharp in their signature cheerleader-sweater and white bedsheet outfits. Zealous fans rushed to the front of the stage to take part in this interactive extravaganza. Audience members were pulled on stage to help Nordward's

"air-percussion," a strange music-cleane conga line was started, a stage-crowd guy was recruited to drive an imaginary car for the tune "Honk My Horn," and crowd members helped use a gigantic homemade slingshot to fire a giant puffy ball off the stage to Nordward on the dance floor. The resounding highlight was when Thee Discobins took the stage with gold capes and super-hero outfits, then played disco-influenced rock!!!

The Black Halos were up next, led by the strange and wild Billy Hopeless. With their all-black outfits, rock-star hair, tattoos and **AC/DC**-ish bass-pulse, The Black Halos were a fireball of non-stop rock energy from the first to the last note. Billy Hopeless teased (or should I say scared?) the audience by slowly removing articles of his clothing. Losing first his shirted dog-collar, then his vest, stirred and belt, he undid his tight vinyl pants to reveal his skimpy black underwear. From there he pulled at his underwear to reveal as much skin as possible, stuck his hand down his pants and then licked it, and finally stuck his microphone around there too. Oh yeah, his on-stage hijinx also included a precarious perch on top of the speaker stacks!

After spending a cold, lonely winter in Calgary,

Chixdiggit played their first live show in 3 months for the throngs of ravin' fans in front of them. With singer KJ standing in his low-down, spread-leg stance, Chixdiggit tore through crowd favourites such as "Trip Hip Hearty" and "I Drove The Coquihalla." The boys seemed to be having a grand old time, and KJ led numerous crowd cheers for the Ballroom, the other bands, and the band of honour — **The Smugglers**. KJ dedicated their closing song, "I Wanna Hump You," to **The Smugglers'** front man Grant Lawrence and roused the crowd into a cheer of "Grant!" "Lawrence!"

After much anticipation and a closed curtain between sets, California's queens of **R-O-C-K The Donnas** took to the stage. After a brief glitch due to Donna R blowing her sub, this furious foursome blew into a lengthy set of material from all three of their releases. Once again they proved they are truly a rock 'n' roll machine.

Vancouver's own Canadian Ambassadors of Rock 'n' Roll, **The Smugglers**, appeared in matching white sport-coats and their signature rubber boots. Fueled up and ready to roll, their frenetic energy never waned for a moment as they ripped through a marathon set of all the crowd's favourites.

Old tunes such as "Your Mom's The Devil," "Especially You," "She Ain't No Egyptian" and "Melee In Madrid," as well as brand new ones such as "Rock Thy Neighbour," "Booze Can," "She's Another Thing," "Kings Of The Party" and "Danko Jones' Pants." Of course, no Smugglers show would be complete without the dance contest, and this time the lucky winner walked away with a smokin' hot bowling lamp! During their new album's title track, "Rosie," **Rose Melberg of The Softies** joined singer Grant Lawrence for a duet and the two of them throw roses to the crowd. During their totally unpredictable encore, Billy Hopeless stumbled on stage and sang a duet with Grant Lawrence, and Donna R battled Nick Smuggler and Dave Carswell in a guitar-kick contest which she easily won. They ended off the night with yet another one of their scuzzing hits, "Rock with The Smugglers Tonight!" and bid adieu to their adoring fans. It was a classic Smugglers show complete with their trademark choreographed dance moves and singer Grant Lawrence's horribly cheesy, yet somehow still kinda cool, stage-talk. It was a truly great rock 'n' roll party that no one should have missed.

Rob Brownridge

SMALLMAN RECORDS AND SK8 PRESENT

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LAYAWAY PLAN

CHOCO

ANOTHER JOE

WATCH FOR GUY SMILEY ON TOUR IN WESTERN CANADA IN LATE MARCH

For all tour information please go to: www.smallmanrecords.com

Just stop by these local venues to fill out an entry form... and win!

- MARCH 02 Williams Lake BC All Ages
- MARCH 03 Kamloops BC All Ages
- MARCH 04 Surrey BC The Juice Joint - All
- MARCH 05 Whistler BC The Best Pub
- MARCH 07 Trail BC All Ages
- MARCH 08 Kimberley BC The Drive Pub
- MARCH 09 Fernie BC Central Hotel
- MARCH 11 Vernon BC All Ages
- MARCH 12 Banff AB
- MARCH 13 Lake Louise BC Powder Keg
- MARCH 15 Jasper AB Pats Pub
- MARCH 16 Hinton AB All Ages
- MARCH 17 Edmonton AB The Ribbar
- MARCH 18 Calgary AB The Metropolitan Centre - All Ages
- MARCH 19 Edmonton AB The Ribbar - All Ages

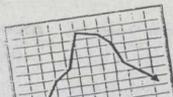
Logos: **WAAZ**, **apitero**, **SPIN**, **etnies**

Logos: **smallman records**, **Choco Features**, **Another Joe Planscene**, **Layaway Plan Force of Fuap**

April Issue Deadlines:

Copy: March 15th
Ad Booking: March 22nd
Artwork: March 28th
Streets: March 31st

CiTR Charts



WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON CiTR 101.9 FM

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

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

march long vinyl

1 kid koala	carpal tunnel lullaby	ninja tune
2 neko case	furnace room lullaby	mint
3 smugglers	rosie	mint
4 beekeepers	the world won't...	independent
5 veda hille	you do not live...	independent
6 danko jones	my love is bold ep	soundking
7 destroyer	thief	cave canem/triple crown
8 le tigre	mr lady	s/t
9 buck	buck in black	sfri
10 squarepusher	selection sixteen	interscope
11 songs: ohio	the lioness	secretlycanadian
12 loud	taikoelectric	independent
13 various artists	silence descends	western front
14 kids of wideyn highway	let's get busy	ipeacac
15 hall caminos	s/t	independent
16 stompin' tom connors	move along w/...	emi
17 b'eh!	bright eyes	endearing
18 sonic youth	goodbye 20th century	syf
19 joe keithley	beat trash	sudden death
20 modest mouse	building nothing...	up
21 rheatics	story of harmelodia	universal
22 electronics	neutron lullaby	drive-in
23 supersuckers	evil powers of...	muscle car
24 takako minekawa	fun?	emperor Norton
25 bob log III	trike	fat possum
26 arling and cameron	music for...	emperor Norton
27 pan american	360business/360...	kranky
28 deadbolt	oodoo trucker	headhunter
29 zen guerrilla	trance states in tongues	sub pop
30 rothko	truth burns ep	foundry
31 french paddleboat	conversions in metric	scratch
32 sally nimms	cowboy sally's twilight...	bloodshot
33 swollen members	balance	battle axe
34 morphine	the night	dreamworks
35 dj vadin	life from the other side	ninja

march short vinyl

1 readymade	the black alone	endearing
2 destroyer	the temple	endearing
3 dj o'trak	enter ralph wiggum	stones' throw
4 spiffrits	slick black cut	junk
5 RC5	in the bottle	my fat ass
6 pedra the lion	helicopter	homemade
7 tremolo falls	s/t	faint
8 huevos rancheros	wild turkey surprise!	mintall
9 girl summer fun band	s/t	magic marker
10 kepler	s/t	spectra sonic sound
11 geoff farina	steely dan	southern
12 starlet	diary & herself	parasol
13 subway thugs	s/t	oink!
14 midnight evils	powerhead	d a r t
15 busy signals	s/t	sugar-free
16 microphonas	moon moon	k
17 dump/ambchop	split	third gear
18 going stang	split and dream	kitridge
19 kama/sarah dougher	sink	mr lady
20 smash up derby	blow all the hell	saxxon wirlie action

march indie home jobs

1 p:ano	all of november, most of october	sweet sixteen
2 ruff randalls		lister bangs
3 the nasty		the torch
4 the birthday machine		je ne sais pas
5 the medic		heip wonder
6 new hedron		crystal blue
7 full sketch		soundtrack
8 the radio		no one has a clue but you
9 swank o'hara		korosooka
10 kid kordene		gold digger
11 killifiers		tourist in your own town
12 hot hot heat		jesus loves me
13 high phukovsky		in their sleep
14 coupon		don't make me sorry
15 mark		teenage blues
16 new electric riot		the orange peeler
17 sparrow orange		i wanna see u die
18 dwayne dibley		the light changed before i could blink
19 david lester		bridge and tunnel
20 sex in sweden		

TOP TEN FAVORITE SEX TOYS BY TYDIA LUNCH (exclusive to DISCOVER...)

- 1. Electric Vibrator:** Every gal needs at least one. To count on your partner to always make the pussing thing is totally unfair and a recipe for disappointment. A Wold or Sunbeam "mini-me" hand held plug in, or for extra horse power & only for the extremely desensitized by the Hitachi Magic Wand... which is like using a jack hammer to melt butter.
- 2. The Chili Pepper:** A sleek, tapered 10 inch red hot replica, not of the male member, but more akin to a huge jalapeno pepper. Sexy, cool, face it: there's enough prickles walking around... our sex toys do not need to replicate them.
- 3. Black Double Headed Dildo:** Insert one end in, and force your partner to fiddle the other. Works especially well when trying to separate the men from the boys — boys will usually accept the invitation no questions asked. "Men," on the other

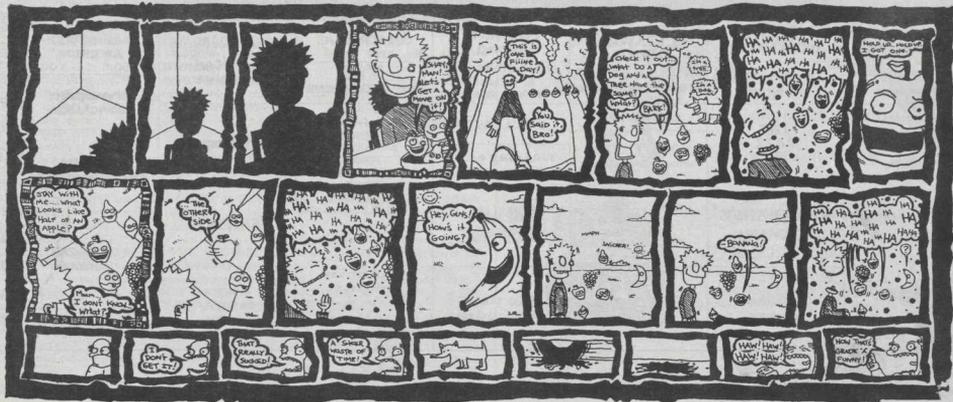
- hand, may have to be forced into it. Women usually have no problem pleasing their female partners... whatever it takes, they'll usually give.
- 4. Medical Tubing:** The best bondage available. Cheap, sterile, reusable, and cuts off enough of the circulation to pound the pumping blood straight to the nuggs. Looks hot and is a refreshing change from standard chloroquine rope, black nylon or sticky zaffre tape.
- 5. Flat Tipped Tongue:** Great for squeezing those places you'd rather not touch... just yet.
- 6. Chapatiks:** Yes, chapatiks. Wonderful for tongue-tying that blabbermouth that just won't leave the bulshit out of the bedroom. Pull out tongue (use tongue), place a chopstick over end and under tongue, clamp them together with black electrical tape. Clever change from standard ball gag.
- 7. Nun's Habit and Priest's Vestments:** Nothing is hornier than blasphemy, except the proper equipment to actually crucify someone with.

- 8. Butterfly knives, Switchblades, Hatchets, Machetes, surgical stainless steel scalpels; in a pinch, razor blades.** Add the delicate essence of enough fear to pump the adrenal overload necessary to give me a proper hard-on.
- 9. My self:** Only I know truly what I need to take me over the edge and into the valley of no return.
- 10. Another human being** who is advanced enough to realize that whatever happens in the bedroom is confidential that is, unless I work it into one of my sordid tales of psychosexuality, in urgent need of making some sublimely ridiculous point) and that ANYTHING that CAN happen between consenting adults should be experienced at least once, and the weirder the better, because there is nothing more obscene than straight vanilla sex, which as we all know is fine when the imagination is exhausted and the flesh is weak, but should be forever verboten if you have any desire to keep the Cumt Fresh. •

Good Tasty Comic (still in India...)

<jdasilva@hotmail.com

by Jason Da Silva



BY JASON DA SILVA '00

On The Dial



YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CTR 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. Cars open.

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

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
3:00-5:00PM Real-cowwhi- caught-in-ya-boots... country. **CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING** alt. **5:00-6:00PM** British pop music from all decades. **SANT 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 from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

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 from the 1930s to the 1990s, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and 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 Decker, Loba 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
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 ambient.

BLUE MONDAY alt. **11:00AM-1:00PM** Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlamp to, hosted by Corvan.

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 Céline 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 TBirds.
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. **EOP-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.

March 6: Young New York pianist/composer Mike Ledonne and his new album *Then and Now*.
March 13: Dinah Washington's *The Queen of the Blues 1945*.
March 20: Baritone saxophonist Serge Chaloff's *Blue Stage*.
March 27: Live at the Newport Jazz Festival: Cannonball Adderly Quintet, Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band, Oscar Peterson Trio and Dizzy Gillespie Quintet.

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 Torrid rush-rock, sleazy surf and pulsating punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn with Bryce. Kill-ya-!

TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES 11:30AM-1:00PM Tales of puppy love gone awry, all backed up by a sad sound-track 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.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6AM							
7	reggae linkup	BALANCED MIXING	MORNING SPORTS SHOW	The B-Freals	Real Time sound system	stadium at dawn	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE	against all odds		
9	are you serious? music	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	WORLD HEAT	Fool's Paradise	Reel Music	GARBOT IN THE RED	The SATURDAY EDGE
10				THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM	SPIKES MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES	the ether table	5KA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE
11		BLUE MONDAY/ pop scene	Tragic Animal Stories	STAND AND BE CUNTED	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	SARAGAMA
12PM	Rockers Show	SOUPE DU JOUR	The surfers show	the shake	STEVE&MIKE	High on Grass	POWERCHORD
1		A WALKABOUT THE WORLD	BELT OUT THE BLUES	DJ in a coma	THE ONOMATOPEIA SHOW		
2		EVIL VS. GOOD	hips tits lips power	ROTERASTASY	RHYMES & REASONS	WARWAZ	LUCKY SUBARU
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE		BEFORE THE IDEAS			BLACK NOIZ	
4	Chips with Everything / Sant Tropez	BIRDWATCHERS	ROCK HOCKS	MACHELS SONG	CLUBE GARY SEARCH	NOOZE & ARTS	POSTY
5			ASSOCIATIVE		SELLS TO REAL		
6	Queer FM	FILIBUSTER/AUDIO VISUAL	FLEX YOUR HEAD	roche's song	OUT FOR KICKS	ForEastSide Sounds /AFRICAN RHYTHMS	RADIO FREE AMERICA
7		pirate radio/esp-up-arp	RADIO LLINKATHIKO	AND SOMETIMES WHY/ BY THE WAY/ REFLICA REJECT	ON AIR WITH GREGORY HARR		
8	HELLO INDIA		L'A BONNE	POLIS OASIS	Live From... THUNDERBIRD HELL	homeboss	synoptic sandwich
9	GEETANJALI	THE JAZZ SHOW	VENUS FLYTRAP/ WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLANDHAR	HIGHBRED VOICES/ moods, grooves and explorations		SOUL FREE! pipedreams
10	The Show						
11		VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Aural Tentacles	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR		SHITMX	
12AM	CHILL-OUT ROOM						TABLETURNZ /EARWAX
1		psychedelic airwaves	WEST COAST POPPIN'	first floor sound system	plutonian nights	THE MORNING AFTER SHOW	
2							REGGAE LINKUP
3							
4	vibe						
5							
6							

HIPS TITS LIPS POWER

3:30-4:30PM Featuring that Feminist Collective from CITR. **BETWEEN THE LINES 4:30-5:00PM**

10:00 VOICES 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 BOMBBA 9:00-10:00PM** Spanish language music and talk.

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

VENUS FUTTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Back in the saddle again. loveden@hotmail.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 SUBURBAN 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 9:00-11:00AM Japanese music and talk.

SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights 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 "Eat, sleep, ride, live... to MotorDaddy's regret."

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-Poth.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleaterkinney, 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-WA WU WU 7's new and old, local cassettes and demos.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

The rootsy-worldbeat-blue-grass-palca-alt-country-cajun-conjunto show that dares call itself folk. And singer-songwriters too.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JAILLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungral "Chakkkh 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 Tolino to Gander, 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 comix oh yeah and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

CULTURE GAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM

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

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Bikanastocks, 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 bands from 10-11.

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

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

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haliche with guest DJs and performers.

<http://sine.ranch.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.

SKA-TS SCENE-K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to djka.9@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Spice and A.V. Shack bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, unkillified, sample heavy beat-lain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats. Versatile at any style.

HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:30PM Join your hosts for a skilleickin' good olde time. The best in bluegrass and down-home groove.

NARVARAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good lunch! Back on the air once again!

BLACK NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM 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

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

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & 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.

SHITMIX alt 12:00-3:00AM

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 9:00-9:00AM

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

9:00AM-12:00PM Celtic music and performances.

SAREGAMA 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only live metal show, local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead 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 KJFC (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

TABETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore headz rock/beatz drop dem heazup/distort da source fall foraez with neediz on wax/my choaz runs rampant when I fee da jazz..." Out.—Guy Smiley

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

CITR 101.9FM presents

a day of programming by women

for everyone

Interviews readings live bands and DJs

musik luna all styles politics panel discussions

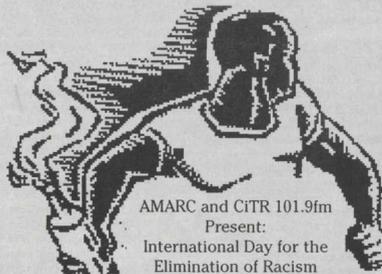
noon to midnight

wednesday march 8 2000

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FIGHT RACISM

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Elimination of Racism

A special day of
programming:
March 21 2000
5pm to midnight
programming by CITR and other
campus/community radio stations in
North America

CITR
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Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MARCH

FR1 3 Ming & FS@Sonar; Anna Lumiere Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Knoxville Girls, Jerk With A Bomb@Brickyard; No Use For A Name, Mad Caddies, Consumed@Masonic (ahhhhh) Building (all ages!); Kim Mitchell@Commodore; Metalwood@Capilano College Performing Arts Theatre

SAT 4 Choke, Retreads, Layaway Plan, Frontline@Jazz; Not So Strictly Ballroom@Let's Dance Studio; James Forrest with Bob Murphy@Jazz Cellar; Arthur Fankarelli, DJ Skinny@Brickyard
SUN 5 Peller Murphy@Commodore; Figure 4, Erase, Bleeding from the Forehead@Jazz; Another Joe, Choke, Layaway Plan@Boot Pup (Whistler); Scott Fields, Peggy Lee, Dylan van der Schijff@Western Front; Fred Eaglesmith & The Flying Squirrels@Richard's; Open Jazz Jam Session@Jazz Cellar

MON 6 Open Mic Night@Jazz Cellar
TUE 7 Ricardo Lemvo@Richard's; UBC Humanist Society Abortion Debate@Norm Theatre (noon)

WED 8 Mike Wintersley Band@Jazz Cellar; The Female Coz@Blinding Light

THU 9 Guster, Owlery@Richard's; Electrolush@Lavalounge; Sahara Macdonald Band@Jazz Cellar; Talking Pictures@Western Front; Johnny Legend Psychotic Film Festival [see My Breakfast With Blossia]@Blinding Light

FR1 10 In Reach, Seed, Afterthought, Part of their Plan, September@Jazz Joint; Sector 9@Brickyard; Roots Literary Magazine Reading@UBC Bookstore (12:30 pm); Pepper Sands, Riff Randalls, The Goblins@Marine Club; Lowry Olferson@White Rock Playhouse; Flygirl 2000@Denman Station; Bill Coon Trio, Bunco & Single Mal Quartet@Jazz Cellar

SAT 11 Women & Resistance 2000 (feat. Submission Hold, Tegan & Sara, Chloë Sevigny, 127, Loud, Caspa Wynn@Vancouver East Cultural Centre; Robin Holcomb@Western Front; Joel RL Phelps, Kinski, FCS North@Brickyard; Stewart Goodyear@Vancouver Music & Music; Bossanova, Clover Honey, Vancouver Nights@Marine Club; Mike Henry & The Big Dawg Band, Christine Duncan@Pitt Meadows Rec Hall; Dollhouse@23 W. Cordova; Alvin Cormisto Quartet, Noel Bennett Trio@Jazz Cellar; Stretch@Chameleon

SUN 12 DJ Craze@Sonar; Eric Liddle@Orpheum; Loud Taiskelectric Release Party@Western Front. The T.A.M.I. Show@Blinding Light
MON 13 Open Mic Night@Jazz Cellar; Kardinal Offishall,

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 APRIL ISSUE IS MARCH 25TH!

Monolith, Checkmate, DJ Mastermind@Sonar

TUE 14 2000 Maniacs, Young Hot And Nasty, Teenage Cruisers@Blinding Light

WED 15 Power Crown, Charlie Drown@Brickyard; Anson Funderburg & The Rockets@Tale; Salassie 1 Power@Jazz Cellar
THU 16 Methods of Mayhem, Crazytown@Commodore; Electrolush@Lavalounge; Julius Papp Maxi Records CD Release Party@Sonar

FR1 17 uprooted@Black Sheep Books; Capozzi Park, Evan's New Band, July 4th Toilet@Marine Club; Celtic Connection St. Patrick's Celebration@Croatian Cultural Centre; The Tiller's Folly@Fort Langley Community Hall; Flygirl 2000@Denman Station; Catherine O'Mellann Band@Jazz Cellar; New Town Animals, New Electric Trio, Nasty On@Ms. Y's Cabaret

SAT 18 CITR PRESENTS King Apparatus, Easy Big Fella@Commodore; Salteens, Run Chico Run, Young and Sexy, Fiery@Brickyard; Canned Ham, Full Sketch, Demon Skull@Marine Club; Dollhouse@23 W. Cordova; Bunco & Single Mal Quartet, Leanne Averbach & Ross Barrett Band@Jazz Cellar; Full Moon Fling [feat. Jack Assassin, Wow!]; Chameleon
SUN 19 Fiona Apple, Jurassic 5@Orpheum; The Birthday Machine@Starfish

MON 20 Open Mic Night@Jazz Cellar
TUE 21 King Anderson's More Art Than You Ever Thought Possible@Blinding Light

WED 22 Salsesores, Carrels@Brickyard; BYO@Blinding Light
THU 23 Veal, Hawksley Workman@Marine Club; Electrolush@Lavalounge; Evidence@Blinding Light

FR1 24 Veal, Hawksley Workman@Jazz Cellar; Destroyer, Secret Ties, Pipe-dream@Marine Club; Flygirl 2000@Denman Station; Alita Duproy Quartet, Midnight Special@Jazz Cellar; Better Dead Than Red: Paranoic Propaganda Classics@Blinding Light

SAT 25 CITR PRESENTS: FLAMING LIPS, LOOPER@COMMODORE; Montana, Notes From Underground@Brickyard; Susan Aglukark@Vogue; Jerk With A Bomb, The Radio, Tremolo Falls@Marine Club; Dollhouse@23 W. Cordova; Junction, Noel Bennett Trio@Jazz Cellar

SUN 26 Steve Lacy, Rossell Rudd Quartet@Performance Works
MON 27 H2O, Antioch Fling, Saves the Day@Starfish
TUE 28 Wild Goose Yajzel@Blinding Light

WED 29 Pied Pumpkin@Commodore;
THU 30 Broken Record Chamber@Western Front; Luna@Starfish; 30 Helens@Richard's; Electrolush@Lavalounge; Sahara Macdonald Band@Jazz Cellar; Full Cilt [Vancouver Women In Hip-Hop Showcase]@Chameleon
FR1 31 Charlatus UK, Stereophonics@Commodore; Radio Berlin, Battles, Sinoia Caves@Marine Club; Structural Damage@Western Front; Robert Minden Duo@St. Mark's Trinity Church; Neko Case & Her Boyfriends@Richard's; Flygirl 2000@Denman Station; Gord Grdina Trio, Tammy Vets Quartet@Jazz Cellar

SPECIAL EVENTS

WOMEN AND RESISTANCE 2000

A CELEBRATION OF INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY ON SATURDAY, MARCH 11TH AT THE CUTCH. SUBMISSION HOLD, TEGAN & SARA, CHE: CHAPTER 127, LOUD, CEASE WYSS AND SPOKEN WORD ARTISTS MORGAN BRAYTON, ZOE EAKLE AND SARA! HUN PROVIDE EDUCATION AND ENTERTAINMENT. TICKETS \$8 IN ADVANCE FROM TICKETMASTER, \$9 AT THE DOOR. DOORS AT 7:00, SHOW AT 7:30. BE THERE!

THE GOOD JACKET PRESENTS... VANCOUVER SPECIAL

FROM MARCH 10TH TO APRIL 1ST THERE WILL BE A WONDERFUL SERIES OF SHOWS AT THE MARINE CLUB FEATURING LOCAL BANDS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE VANCOUVER SPECIAL CD, TO BE RELEASED ON APRIL 4TH. EACH SHOW \$7 AT THE DOOR; IF YOU WANT A FULL PAST, IT'LL COST YOU \$34 IN ADVANCE. FOR INFO, CALL MINT AT 669-MINT.

SONIC BOOM 2000

THE 12TH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF BC COMPOSERS, COURTESY OF VANCOUVER PRO MUSICA, AT THE WESTERN FRONT ON MARCH 24TH, 25TH, AND 26TH. A FESTIVAL PASS IS \$25; INDIVIDUAL NIGHTS COST \$10-12. THESE SHOWS WILL FEATURE CHAMBER MUSIC BY A WIDE VARIETY OF BC COMPOSERS. CALL 781-5043 FOR THE GOOD WORD.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Café 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Arts Hotline 284 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St. 654 3636
Bossix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St. 683 6958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonald) 732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St. 687 3366
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie) 893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St. 685 3978
Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195
Cambie 515 Seymour 684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard) 689 3180
Chameleon Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs) 738 1959
Chanelan Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 659 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC) 622-3017
CITR Radio 101.9FM 233-6138 SUB Blvd. (UBC) 688 8701
Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville St. (downtown) 682 4629
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place 683 3757
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 681 1531
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall) 682 3453
CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St. 683 5637
Cordova Café 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 870 0154
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Denman St. (at 17th) 683 8774
Crazytown Music 518 W. Pender St. 683 2201
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End) 652 3207
Dr. Sun Yat-Sun Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St. 682 4388
DV8 515 Davie St. (downtown) 734 7469
Firehall Arts Cinema 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
F.W.U.H. Beauty 552 Beauty St. (downtown) 687 7464

Fraderic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 822 9364
The Good Jack 225 E. Broadway (at Main) 872 5655
The Grid Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Holt Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
Hush Records 221 Abbott St. 662 7017
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
Juiper Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St) 606 6655
Luna 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott St. (Gastown) 685 7777
Lu-A-Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown) 685 3288
Mediolana 1926 W. Broadway 683 6099
Miron Pavilion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond) 683 6099
Moon Bosa Gallery 231 Carrall St. (2000) 608 0913
Noun Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano) 738 7151
Nepton Records 5750 Fraser St. 324 1229
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Pacific Cinéma 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 3456
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminister) 525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pin Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Puff/Beakstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.) 738 9804
Puff #14712 Robson (at Granville) 684 1967
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown) 602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 665 3050
Raffaels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593
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. (uptown) 738-7734
Ride Cinema 3131 Arbutus St. (at 16th) 738 6311
Scrape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main) 877 1676
Scratch Records 726 Richards St. 687 0499
Seylwyn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 941-6864
Shadblow Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
Shells Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th) 508 9233
Sonar 66 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6695
Starfish Room 1055 Homer St. (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main) 688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Kitsilano) 681 8915
Thunder Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 988 2043
Tribeca 536 Seymour 688 8385
Tru Valu Vintage Robson (downtown) 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 St. (Granville) 738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2235
Virtu/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vinyl Rekids 716 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 311 7099
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main) 876 9343
Woo 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278
Wing Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 874 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Anderson (the Drive) 254 5858
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 4128
Yule Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 738 3232

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NEKO CASE

& HER BOYFRIENDS

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THU
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16

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AFTER ALL, IT'S QUIET WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

METHODS OF MAYHEM

**TOMMY LEE / TILO
STEPHEN PERKINS
CHRIS CHANEY KAI**

SAT
MAR
25

The Flaming Lips

with guests **LOOPER**

THU
APR
06

train

special guest **stir**

spring 2000 tour

FRI
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METHODMAN REDMAN

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TICKETS ALSO AT **FWOH**

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PETER MURPHY

2000

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MERCAN DREBE

TICKETS ALSO AT **ZOLA AND MOJO**

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KING APPARATUS

GUESTS: **EASY BIG FELLA**

FRI
MAR
31

the Charlatans UK & Stereophonics

SUN
APR
09

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Russian Roulette with Nine, Acid - Red of Nails - The Human Blockhead - Electric Chair
Fire Eating - The Iron Tongue Man - Scare with Poltergeist Activity - Bug Eating
Razor Blade Swallowing - Gun Walking - Human Dissection - Limping out scene.

TUESDAYS	DISCO TRONIC	WED. MAR. 29	PIED PUMPHIN
THURSDAYS	7 55.3 NIGHTS	SAT. MAR. 11	CORONATION BALL
FRI. MAR. 03	HIM MITCHELL	SUN. MAR. 12	DAL RICHARDS
		FRI. MAR. 17	DJ DERRICK CARTER
		FRI. MAR. 24	EDWIN
		SAT. APR. 01	TOO SHORT
		FRI. APR. 14	BEEMIE MAN

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DIRTY THREE WHATSOEVER YOU LOVE, YOU ARE CD/LP

U nfolded dew drop petals of the night sky. Enchanted. Charmed. Increasingly pitch black. Without words, they are instrumentalists! Swagging, boozed up, the violin has really crunk a cup-full tonight. Low E string a steady, brooding catwalk of resin brushed hairs. The bow dances alongside a fury of sullen reverb-drunk twang guitar and vexed jazz drumming. Think back to the intoxicating moments you shared with the **DIRTY THREE**, and now remember... **Whatever You Love, You Are**

CD 16.98 LP 16.98 TIED + TRICKLE TRIO EA1 EA2 CD/LP

Thesis Topic. "The hybridisation of modern music." This German trio's latest dissertation hits the mark as jazz, dub, post-rock and electronica, hydro-cally combine into the sonic vernacular of today's musical eclecticism. A dense, yet highly listenable record, **EA1 EA2's** reference tones are sure to please. One can pick up on the **Davis/Hancock** electric and acoustic horns and follow them through **Kratomv's** processed low-end prog filters to the precise aloys of **Tortoise's** more up-tempo swells. This is one thesis deftly you might want to sit in on.

CD/LP 16.98

NEKO CASE & HER BOYFRIENDS FURNACE ROOM LULLABY CD

You gotta love the internet. How else would you be able to listen in on BBC's "The John Peel Show" live (or pretty damn close to it) on a daily basis? Because were it not for the wonders of Real Audio, you probably would not have been able to hear him (kind of) praising **NEKO CASE's** brand new album recently. "Now is that a great voice or what? Not a great name but a great record." Yes, **Neko's** sophomore album is finally here, after more than eighteen months of spit and polish — the end result is a gleaming gem of twelve songs, some again involving contributions by another collection of hand-picked musical talents such as **Ron Sexsmith, Bob Eggen, Brian Connolly, Carl Newman, Kevin Kane, Linda McPhee and Evan Johns**. **Neko** performs at **Richards On Richards** on March 31st.

CD 14.98

DO MAKE SAY THINK GOODBYE ENEMY AIRSHIP THE LAND- LORD IS DEAD CD

Along the lines of Vancouver's own **Beans** as well as **Constellation's** other better-known troupe **God Speed You Black Emperor**, **DO MAKE SAY THINK's** fantastic second album is full of adroit, surging, dynamic and epic instrumental songs. While not as dark and brooding as **Godspeed** or as burlesque as the **Beans**, **DO MAKE SAY THINK** tastefully synthesizes the best elements of prog and post-rock experimentation. With a six person membership of multi-instrumentalists including two drummers — god bless them, **DO MAKE SAY THINK** are able to fully develop their themes and ideas, remaining consistently provocative and smart, never becoming too heavy or indulgent. Once again **Constellation** wisely reminds us to listen to our own. Highly recommended.

CD 16.98

GIANT SAND CHORE OF ENCHANTMENT CD/LP

Moderately musing about his latest desert rock oeuvre, **GIANT SAND's** **Kevin Colb** remarks: "The overall sound could be summed up as a mix of slow burning hot buttery Memphis moistness with the crispy quiet crackle of Tucson thirsty-ness." Released on Thrill Jockey records, **Colb's** inventive vision and varied song-writing skill has found a new porch to rock, and from it, **Chore of Enchantment** extends a beautiful welcome mat to all Assemblage guests including **Juliana Hatfield, Jim Dickerson (Big Star), Paula Brown, and Evan Dando**. Praise the fruits of the desert!

CD/LP 16.98

SAVATH + SAVALAS FOLK SONGS FOR TRAINS, TREES AND HONEY CD

Thike Chicago. An original six city that burns with tradition. In the past it was recognised mainly for its blues tradition. Today, Chicago is synonymous with a new breed of great bands and even greater record labels: **Drag City, Thrill Jockey, Bloodshot**, etc. Update your palm pilots with this stunning debut from Chicago's latest upstart record label **Hefly Records!** Having brought you the slick beat collages of **Euphonia** and the spare post-rock efficiency of **Illium**, **Hefly** gets into some digital funk destruction with this oddity titled and stylishly designed "soundkidds" platter. Cut ups, digital dumps, glitch-rock, beats and bleeps. Their time is now!

CD 16.98 Avail. March 7th

BOWERY ELECTRIC LUSHLIFE CD

Long time Zulu loves **BOWERY ELECTRIC** return with a new album of smooth atmospheric anthems. With higher fidelity production, a concerted nod to dreamy up-front vocals and wide bandwidth sounds, **Lushlife** is a celebration of exuberance, grandiose melodies and beats, and soaring **Spiritualized**-like audio cathartic beauty! 10 songs, including the sublime **Fremont** **Night**, to lift you out of slumber and into the city of night. Catch the fever. Stay a little longer in the floating world.

CD 16.98

WILL OLDHAM GUARAPERO - LOST BLUES CD/LP

Featuring a collection of old **Palace** standards, unreleased singles and two tracks from the infamous never released "Guarapero" sessions — which featured members of **Gastri Del Sol** and **Thrill Three** — this **WILL OLDHAM** sampler represents the entire gamut of this enigmatic songwriter: the desolate spirit spurred by love loss; the roaming poet who traverses mountains and valleys singing in the American idiom; the ghostly apparition that haunts the post-colonial blues bedroom... We'll leave you to discover his other characters. Recommended.

CD/LP 16.98

KID KOALA CARPAL TUNNEL SYNDROME CD/LP

Nip/Tune starts the year of 2001 with a new high watermark in DJ turntablism. Having held court with the likes of **Moving Mark** and the **Beastie Boys**, Montreal's **Eric San**, a.k.a **Kid Koala**, sets out to drop his own Technics 1200 science. Beautifully packaged with **Koala's** comics and loose graphics, this full-length debut has lots of playful bounce, samples galore and an occasional heavy **Shadow**-esque beat. Those who've witnessed his set know of his deck wizardry. Those who haven't should cross your fingers and hope he tours again! This gives new meaning to the term wax poet! **Chop Chop!**

CD/LP 16.98

SPITFIRES IN TOO DEEP AGAIN CD/LP

These hard working local rock and rollers probably don't want to be blindly thrown into any kind of simple surge of media interest. And they don't need to be. Nope, they get by just fine using the tried and true basics of plain good old solid rock and roll — loud, fast, hard and with attitude. All dues have been paid. By the way, this is the best way to maintain a respect for the tradition. Everything else is candy. **The SPITFIRES** know this and live it. Rock on brothers and sisters, rock on.

CD 16.98/LP 12.98

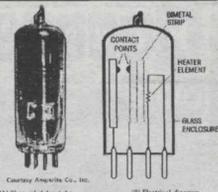
MARY TIMONY MOUNTAINS CD/LP

As the principle songwriter for indie-rock avatars **Helium**, **MARY TIMONY** earned mystic status within the tough East Coast rock underground. Quotically dissonant songs loaded with imagery and an outspoken verve made 1997's **The Magic City** that year's stylish ode to alienation. **Mountains**, her first proper solo outing, picks up on this bold existentialist stance. **TIMONY** flexes her considerable compositional muscle to pan this nice set of serene ballads. Just wait for the reviewers to compare her to **Nico**...

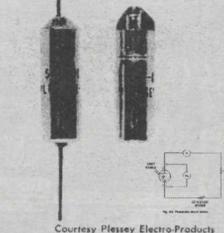
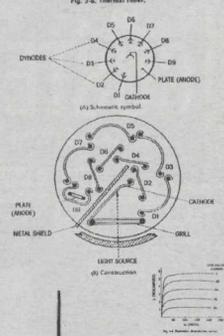
CD/LP 16.98 Avail. March 7th

OTHER NEW RELEASES:

- DIWANE - Come Clean CD/LP** Loud fast punk from those that can't be named.
- ETIENNE CHARRY - 36 Erreurs CD** French pop with experimental verve, tres chic!
- AROVANE - Atol Scrap CD** Electronics a la Funkstörung and Autechre.
- ISAN - Digitalis CD** Soft haunting beats from the Acher Twin school.
- JAPANICES - Down the Elements CD/LP** Epic instrumental Elephant 6 pop.
- VARIOUS - Clicks & Cuts CD/LP** The new MILLE PLATEAU sampler is in!
- BAD LIVERS - Blood & Mud CD** Acoustic soap box punk. Cool.
- DAMN PERSONALS - Driver Driver CD** Spencer Davis meets Sweet.
- HOT SNAKES - Atomic Midnight CD/LP** Powerful turbulence a la Rocket From the Crypt.
- RED CRAVOLA - Malefactor Ade CD** An archival recording from this seminal group.
- DYLAN GROUP - ur Klang Search CD** A new vinyl platter.
- MEKONS - Journey to the End of the Highway CD** A wild ride into the rootsy canyon!
- TOWN AND COUNTRY - Decoration Day CD-EP** Thrill Jockey's new composition-heros.
- APPLES IN STEREO - Look Away CD-EP** New school west coast pop.
- THE VUE - a CD/LP** For Radio Berlin fans...



Courtesy Amperex Co., Inc.
(A) Thermal delay tube. (B) Electrical diagram.



Courtesy Plessey Electro-Products

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