DISCORDER

IN THIS ISSUE!
FUNDRIVE

Let's get *digital.*

February 2015

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR.

FREAK HEAT WAVES

BRASS || DID YOU DIE
NEU BALANCE || NATASHA BROAD
FUNDRIVE

NOTICE OF INTENT TO DIGITIZE BACK ISSUES OF *DISCORDER* MAGAZINE

We are so excited that Digital Initiatives is going to help us release every issue of Discorder online!

With the help of UBC Digital Initiatives, CiTR is planning to scan back issues of *Discorder* Magazine and make them available online. CiTR has never had formal copyright agreements with its contributors, and all content has been produced by volunteers and disseminated for free to eager audiences. Likewise, CiTR does not have express permission from *Discorder* contributors to publish the magazine electronically and make it available to eager readers online. When *Discorder* began, the founders had no idea we'd be published on the Internet—sorry Mike and Jennifer—and it would be impossible for CiTR to identify all of the contributors and obtain permission to republish their work electronically. Who knows where all you creative people are and what cool things you are doing.

Therefore, CiTR is shouting out to our alumni and asking any authors, illustrators, and designers who object to let us know as soon as possible. Please contact me at stationmanager@citr.ca if you have any questions or concerns, or don't want your contribution published online. If we do not receive objections, we will assume that permission has been granted. If objections are made, we will omit these issues from the archive. However, we hope you see the value in releasing this content to the public.

Please share this notice with your peers and fellow alumni! We will begin scanning shortly and need to spread the news far and wide.

Discorder provides an incredible history of Vancouver's local music scene, and we're very excited to share this with our readers.

Sincerely,

Brenda Grunau
CiTR Station Manager and Publisher of *Discorder* Magazine
stationmanager@citr.ca

UPCOMING SHOWS

RICKSHAW THEATRE

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FEB 4 — KARMA TO BURN
SIERRA, MENDOZZA, 88 MILE TRIP, CRATERS

FEB 6 — HELLCHAMBER
CITY OF FIRE, LA CHINGA, THE THICK OF IT

FEB 7 — IS THIS A JOKE? COMEDY SHOWCASE RON FUNCHES, BENT MORIN, RICK GLASSMAN, DINO ARCHIE

FEB 11 — ARIEL PINK
JACK NAME

FEB 13 — PIRATEFEST 2015 ALESTORM, SWASHBUCKLE, THE DREAD CREW OF ODDWOOD, CRACKWHORE

FEB 14 — CRYSTAL PISTOL NIM VIND, DANGER THRILL SHOW, BLOODY BETTY, STARBOYS, & MORE

FEB 17 — NAPALM DEATH & VOIVOD EXHUMED, IRON REAGAN, BLACK CROWN INITIATE, & MORE

FEB 19 — ST. PAUL & THE BROKEN BONES
SEAN ROWE

FEB 20 — CRO-MAGS BISHOPS GREEN, P O W E R, VACANT STATE, ACQUITTED

FEB 21 — ADHAM SHAIKH & DRUMSPYDER DJ NILS, LADY RA, THE SAMAR ORIENTAL DANCE ENSEMBLE

FEB 25 — AN EVENING WITH MACHINE HEAD

FEB 28 — GUARDIANS OF THE MYSTICS CATURDAY CREW

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SPECIAL GUESTS

MAR 10 — ENSLAVED
YOB, ECSTATIC VISION

Additional show listings, ticket sale info, videos and more:
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If Robocop, Stanley Kubrick, and an N64 video game developer collaborated on a mixtape, it would probably sound something like Freak Heat Waves' new record, *Bonnie's State Of Mind.* Originally from Victoria, the experimental trio have created a dystopian soundtrack that you can still get down to. We caught up with the band during their visit to the rainy city to discuss recording, composing, and "making it all up."

LOOKING BACK, MOVING FOWARD PG.20

February brings with it one of the most wonderful times of the year: Fundrive! Whether you're wondering what "Fundrive" is or you're a seasoned Fundrive pro, this feature will provide all of the information you need to get excited about CiTR and *Discorder's* annual fundraiser.

NEU BALANCE - PG.24

From the depths of Vancouver's DIY dance music scene, Neu Balance debut their new exploratory album, *Rubber Sole*. *Discorder* speaks with Sam Beatch and Sebastian Davidson about provoking thought, collaging sounds, and what it means to have a "Rubber Sole."

DID YOU DIE - PG.44

From the minds behind shoegaze darlings Fantasy Prom, this seasoned Vancouver three-piece hit the ground running in September, releasing a single a month leading up to their debut EP, *Careless*, in January. The band hope to carry their simplistic, honest approach to music into their next venture: a full-length album.

BRASS - PG.60

"It was weird. It wasn't the crowd we're used to, y'know? They didn't throw beer cans." Music Waste 2014 marked the beginning of a new chapter for local punks BRASS, as *Discorder* learns about how the band nearly broke up, their debut album, and Devon Motz's favourite guitar smash.

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Writers: Alex de Boer, Victoria Canning, Esmée Colbourne, Garth Covernton, Fraser Dobbs, Najma Eno, Joshua Gabert-Doyon, Sam Hawkins, Jonathon Hernandez, Natalie Hoy, Erin Jardine, Emma Kansiz, Jonathan Kew, Erica Leiren, Christopher Lennox-Aasen, Jacky Manoukian, Mark PaulHus, Yasmine Shemesh, Adam Smylie, Hannah Thomson, Sam Tudor, Chris Yee, Eleanor Wearing, Jasper Wrinch

Photographers & Illustrators: Tara Bigdeli, Marissa Hooi, Alisa Lazear, Rachel Lin, Dana Kearley, Kim Pringle, Konstantin Prodanovic, Alison Sadler, Nolen Sage, Karl Ventura, Jon Vincent, Ming Wong

Cover: Photography by Nolen Sage

Editor: Jacey Gibb

Art Director: Ricky Castanedo-Laredo

Under Review Editor: Alex de Boer

Real Live Action Editor: Robert Catherall

Ad Coordinator: TBD

Copy Editors: Robert Catherall, Alex de Boer

Proofreaders: Alex de Boer, Robert Catherall, Garth Covernton, Barnaby Sprague

Calendar Listings: Sarah Cordingley

Accounts Manager: Eleanor Wearing

Student Liason: Joshua Gabert-Doyon

Web Editor: Avery Rawden

CiTR Station Manager: Brenda Grunau

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EDITOR'S NOTE

CITRS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUNDRIVE

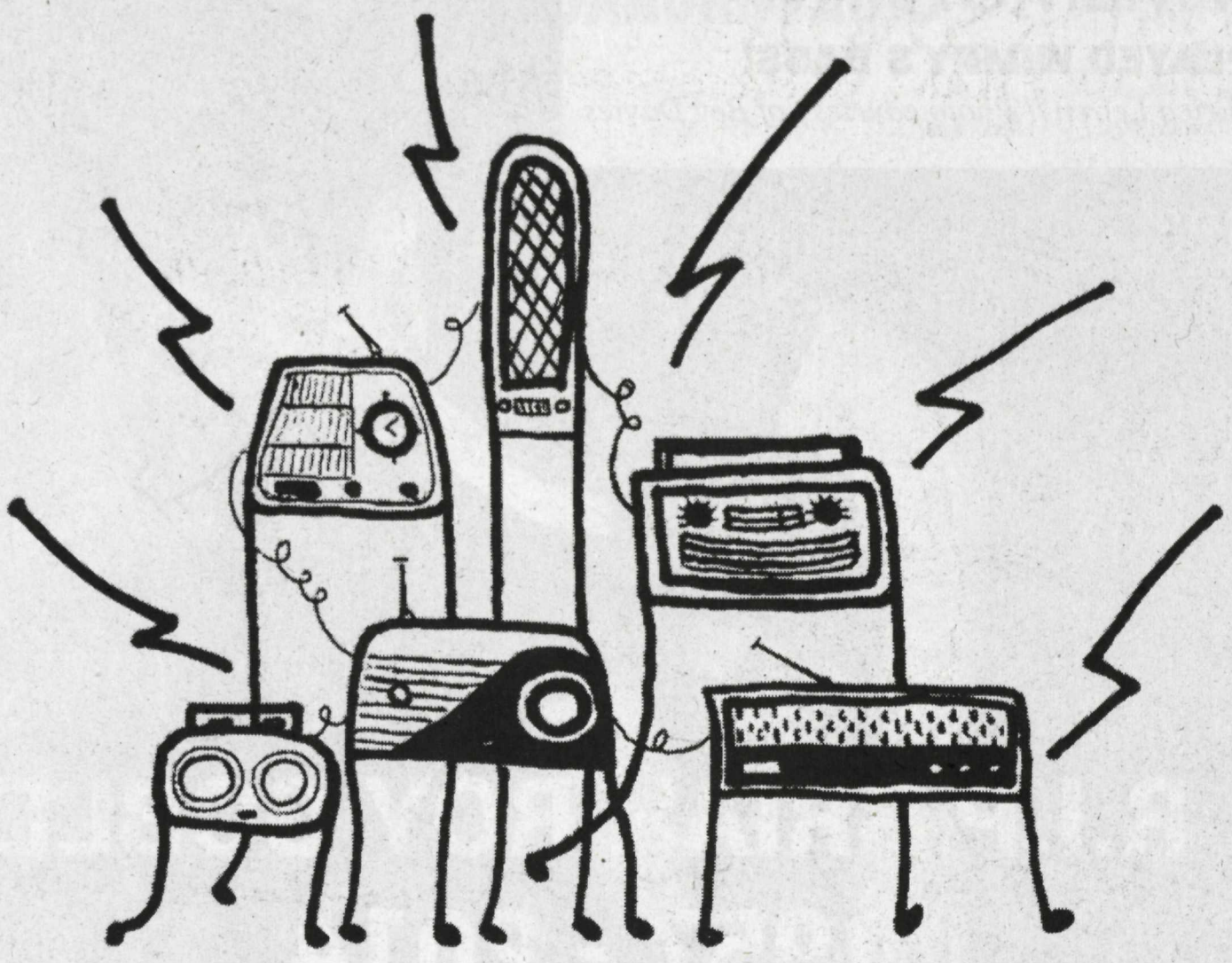
Illustrations by Alisa Lazear

Fundrive: it's a theme that runs heavily throughout our first issue of 2015 and one you're hopefully already familiar with. Every year, CiTR — and through direct association, *Discorder* — has a large-scale fundraiser for the station and magazine. Even though the majority of people involved with both CiTR and *Discorder* are volunteers, there are still a lot of costs that go with managing the two: day-to-day operating costs, buying and maintaining equipment for the station, actually printing this magazine, and so on. At the end of the day, media can be an expensive endeavour and the student fee collected by CiTR only goes so far.

Most years Fundrive has a tangible goal for everyone to work towards, with past objectives including purchasing new soundboards for our on-air studios and helping cover the cost of our big move into the SUB later this year, which leads me into the theme for 2015: "Let's get digital." I won't go too heavily into the details of this upcoming Fundrive — CiTR's current student executive president Eleanor Wearing's already done a great job of that on page 20 — so instead I'll turn to an anecdote-based approach.

On the Sunday of every production weekend, the staff and volunteers of *Discorder* converge in the lounge at CiTR to proof our upcoming issue and eat copious amounts of pesto hummus. It's a nice chance for everyone to catch up on the month that was, but it's also the root behind a memory that I think perfectly encapsulates the importance of Fundrive and CiTR.

After one of our proofing parties last year, a man came into the station with his teenage daughter and asked me if he could look around; he'd been a DJ at CiTR years ago and happened to be on campus that day, so he wanted to show his daughter the place where



he'd spent so much of his time during university.

As someone with weekly office hours at CiTR, I admittedly don't pay much attention to my surroundings anymore, but the way this guy saw the station still resonates with me. From the faded comic strips that line the station hallway to the perpetually messy listening lounge, it was like he was looking at an old friend he hadn't seen in years. We eventually came to the station's record library, a small enclosed area with shelves upon shelves of physical records, and he grabbed an older one to show me little notes scrawled on the back.

"DJs would leave comments for each other on the album covers," he said, "things like 'Don't play track seven. People always play track number seven and it sucks.' or 'Number three is the only decent song on the album.' Sometimes there would even be people arguing via the comments." It's the kind of history you take for granted, considering if I want to hear a hundred different opinions on a new release, all I have to do is do a quick Google search.

It was a scene straight out of a coming-of-age drama, when the two of them started to leave and I heard the father say to his daughter, "And that's why you're going to UBC." I'd be hesitant to say adoration for CiTR and *Discorder* is hereditary, but it definitely has a way of permeating generations.

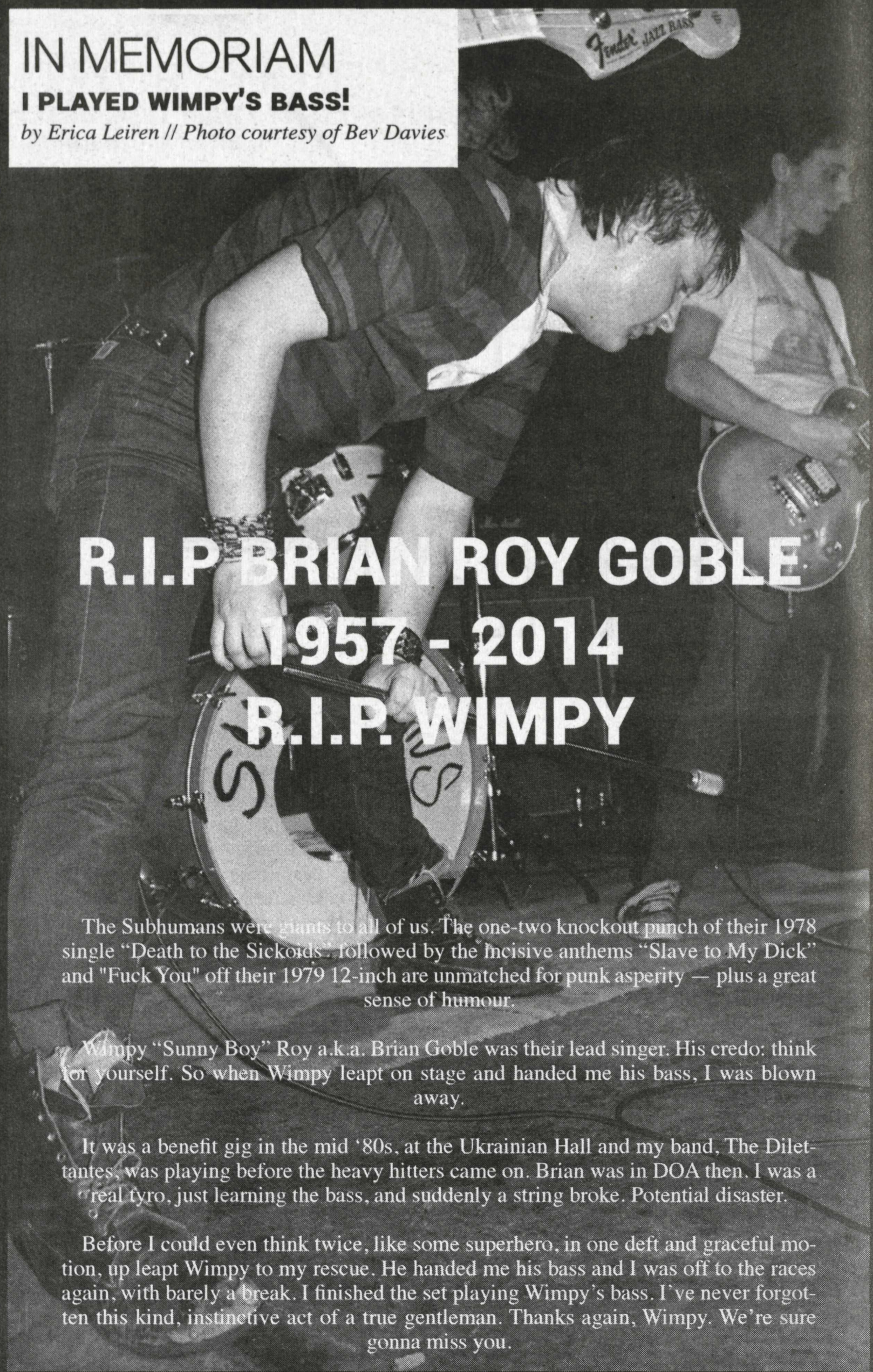
So it goes,
Jacey Gibb

✖

IN MEMORIAM

I PLAYED WIMPY'S BASS!

by Erica Leiren // Photo courtesy of Bev Davies



R.I.P BRIAN ROY GOBLE
1957 - 2014
R.I.P. WIMPY

The Subhumans were giants to all of us. The one-two knockout punch of their 1978 single "Death to the Sickoids", followed by the incisive anthems "Slave to My Dick" and "Fuck You" off their 1979 12-inch are unmatched for punk asperity — plus a great sense of humour.

Wimpy "Sunny Boy" Roy a.k.a. Brian Goble was their lead singer. His credo: think for yourself. So when Wimpy leapt on stage and handed me his bass, I was blown away.

It was a benefit gig in the mid '80s, at the Ukrainian Hall and my band, The Dilettantes, was playing before the heavy hitters came on. Brian was in DOA then. I was a real tyro, just learning the bass, and suddenly a string broke. Potential disaster.

Before I could even think twice, like some superhero, in one deft and graceful motion, up leapt Wimpy to my rescue. He handed me his bass and I was off to the races again, with barely a break. I finished the set playing Wimpy's bass. I've never forgotten this kind, instinctive act of a true gentleman. Thanks again, Wimpy. We're sure gonna miss you.

STRICTLY THE BEST JINGLES OF JANUARY 2015

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Loscil *+	Sea Island	Kranky
2	Animal Bodies *+	The Killing Scene	Hard Beat
3	Energy Slime *+	New Dimensional	Mint
4	Love Cuts *+ / Burnt Palms	Split Tape	Lost Sound Tapes
5	Rec Centre *+	Monster of the Week	Self-Released
6	Moss Lime *	July First	Fixture
7	Ariel Pink	pom pom	4AD
8	OK Vancouver OK *+	Influences	Kingfisher Bluez
9	Lié *+	Consent	That's Cool
10	Frazey Ford *+	Indian Ocean	Nettwerk
11	Ace Martens *+	Silent Days	Self-Released
12	Johnny de Courcy *+	Alien Lake	Neptoon
13	Defektors *+	Black Dreams	Shake!
14	Slim Twig *	A Hound At The Hem	Paper Bag
15	Various *+	Mint Records Presents: Hot Heroes	Mint
16	Babe Rainbow *	Music for 1 Piano, 2 Pianos, & More Pianos	1080p
17	Century Palm *	Century Palm	Mammoth Cave
18	Poor Form *+	Demo	Self-Released
19	Dada Plan *+	A Dada Plan Is Free	Self-Released
20	Peaking Lights	Cosmic Logic	Domino
21	Young Braised *+	Northern Reflections	1080p
22	Spoon River *+	The New Sun Ahhhhh Hotel	Tonic
23	Nicholas Krgovich *+	On Sunset	Self-Released
24	Neu Balance *+	*Rubber Sole*	1080p
25	Zola Jesus	Taiga	Mute
26	High Ends *+	Super Class	Dine Alone
27	Gazelle Twin	Unflesh	Last Gang
28	Secret Pyramid*	The Silent March / Movements of Night	Students of Decay
29	Ian William Craig*+	A Turn of Breath	Recital
30	Amelia Curran*	They Promised You Mercy	Six Shooter
31	North Atlantic Explorers*+	My Father Was A Sailor	Anniedale
32	Skinny Kids *+	Strangers	Kingfisher Bluez
33	Flying Lotus	You're Dead!	Warp
34	The Vicious Cycles *+	Bad News Travels Fast	Teenage Rampage
35	Leah Barley *	Close Your Eyes	Self-Released
36	Shooting Guns *	Wolfcop: OST	Sundowning Sound Recordings
37	John Orpheus	John Orpheus Is Dead	Bruzen Vl Gada
38	The Barr Brothers *	Sleeping Operator	Secret City
39	Aphex Twin	Syro	Warp
40	Various *	Misery Loves Co. Complete Discography Vol. 2	Misery Loves Co.
41	Underpass *+	Assimilation	Desire
42	Fashionism *+	Smash the State (With Your Face)	Hosehead
43	The Cyrillic Typewriter *+	Best Suit	Jaz
44	Art Bergmann *	Songs For the Underclass	Weewerk
45	The Vaselines	V for Vaselines	Rosary
46	The Courtneys *+	Mars Attacks	Hockey Dad
47	Fanny Bloom *	Pan	Grosse Boite
48	Oh Susanna *+	Namedropper	Sonic Unyon
49	Dean Drouillard *	UFO Houses	Backward Music
50	Earth Girls	Wrong Side of History EP	Grave Mistake

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played on the air by CiTR's lovely DJs last month. Records with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those marked (+) are local. Most of these excellent albums can be found at fine independent music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them, give CiTR's music coordinator a shout at (604) 822-8733. Her name is Sarah Cordingley. If you ask nicely she'll tell you how to find them. Check out other great campus/community radio charts at www.earshot-online.com.

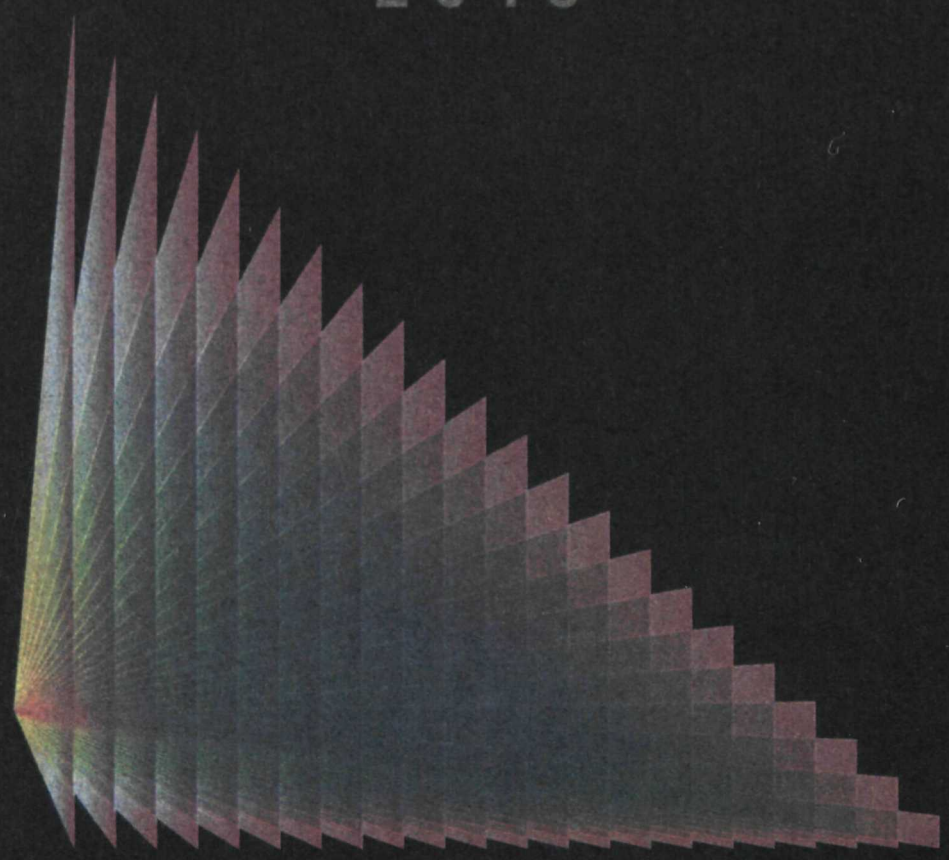
CiTR 101.9 FM

P R E S E N T S

FUNDRIVE

FEBRUARY 26 – MARCH 6

·2015·



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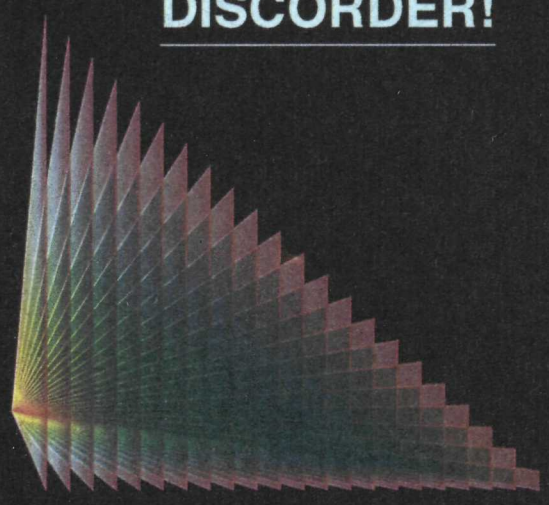

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DISCORDER REVISITED

DEREK'S BOHEMIAN RHYTHM SECTION

by Erica Leiren // Photos courtesy of Neil Lucente

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a rock 'n' roll band in possession of a charismatic singer, a smokin' guitar player, and a cute bassist must be in want of a drummer.

"My dear Mr. Bailey," said our guitarist over the phone one day, "have you heard of The Hip Type?"

We discovered later that Derek Bailey was a nice guy and a real chick magnet. Tryouts for our new drummer were being held at our practice space and by the time Derek showed up, we'd already gone through a slew of duds.

Why we were looking for a drummer? Scott, who'd been Hip Type's drummer since before I joined in 1986, had a feel like no other. But that didn't stop Tracy from kicking him out for missing too many practices. Scott's girlfriend really monopolized his time and the band came second. Tracy wrote the lyrics for our single, "Glass Pussy," about that particular girlfriend. Sadly, she died from a heroin overdose a few years ago, much too young, but she lives on in the song: "You know she's not made of glass / There's never been a girl like that / She can smile and break your back / Glass Pussy, she's a girl like that."

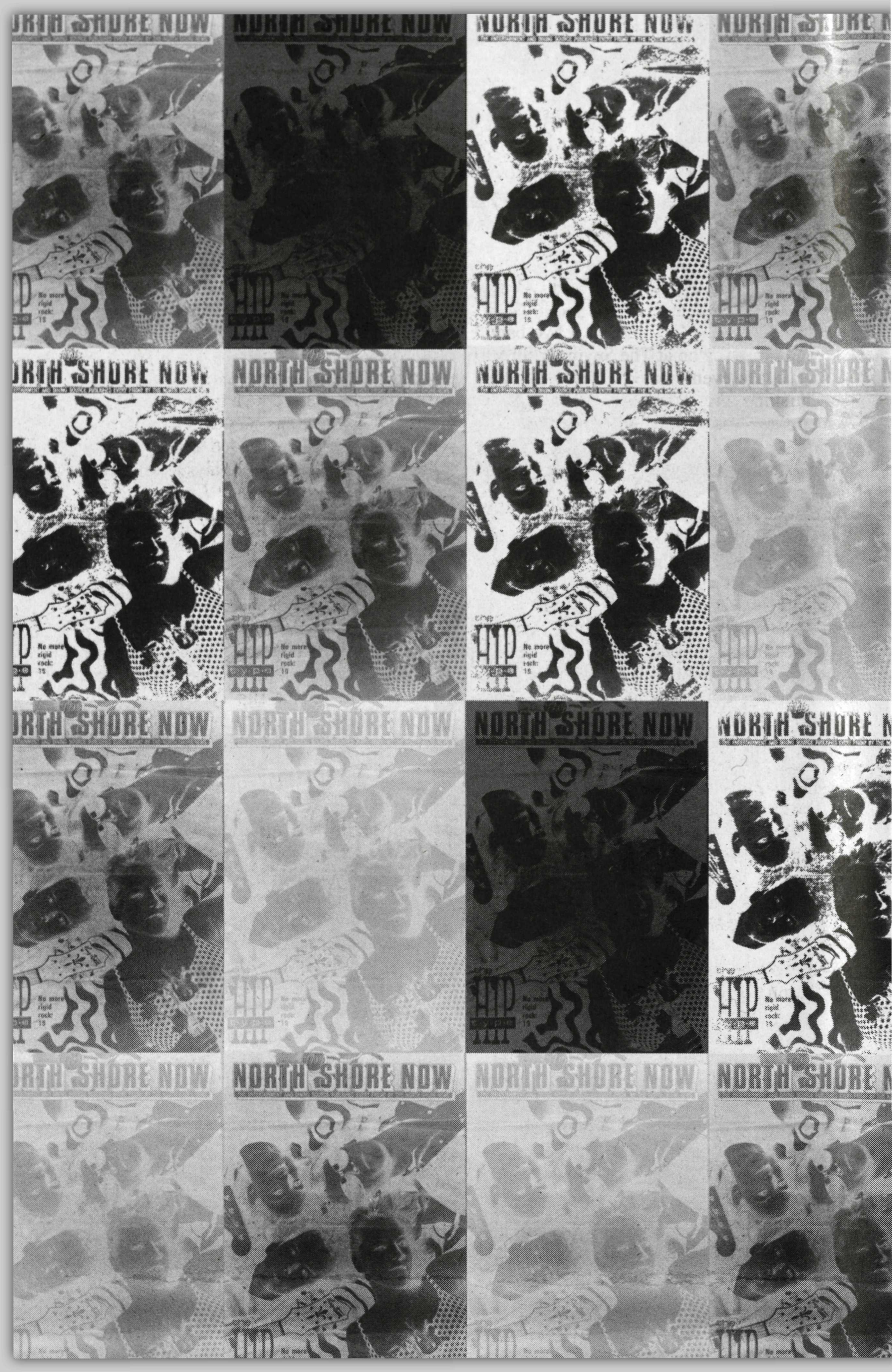
Together, the drums and bass are the rhythm section of the band and you need them working together to get the band to rock. I like to play "in the pocket," which means that the bass hits every time the drum's bass kick pedal does, so that the bottom end gets reinforced nice and tight. Done right, the bass playing "in the pocket" with the drums is the backbone of the songs. It frees up the singer and guitarist to be as freewheeling as they like because there is a solid foundation behind them.

When Derek showed up for his tryout, we knew right away he was the right drummer for us. He was a hard-hitter, seemed like a good fit for our group, and seemed like an overall nice guy. The fact that he was also good-looking didn't hurt either. I mean, you don't want to ah-ha it up too much, but being easy on the eyes never harms a band's appeal. (Think of all the times you've been to see a band you like: the music had better be good, and there needs to be at least one person in the band who's nice on your eyes. More than one is better. None sucks.)

As soon as Derek left, the three of us convened on the couches at the front of our practice space and agreed: we'd found our new drummer, and it was going to be a lot of fun playing together.

And it was. Derek hit hard and true and although he didn't say much, he got along well with the rest of the band. His good looks went over well with our audience too. He had a surfer physique, chiseled jaw, and dirty blonde shoulder-length hair that mussed perfectly. Rapt in concentration, seemingly oblivious to his audience appeal, it only took a few of our faster songs — and they were pretty much all fast songs, except for our opener "Faster Pussycat" and the love song

NORTH SHORE NOW
HYP
TYPE


NORTH SHORE NOW
HMP

"Under You" — and Derek would strip off his shirt. He'd finish the set bare-chested, muscles rippling, much to the secret delight of Tracy and me, along with our appreciative audience members.

One time an enthusiastic young DJ and fan of The Hip Type who we knew from CiTR asked us if we'd like to headline a five-band bill he was putting on at The Seymour Street Arts Club. He even created a theme for the pre-Christmas gig: "Amelia Earhart's 50th Annual Christmas Party," on December 20, 1987 at 7:36 p.m. precisely. The mastermind of this affair was a friend of my sister's from the North Shore's mod scene, and the evening was planned not only to showcase some of his favourite bands but also to launch his own new band, The Evaporators.

The hilarious, dada-esque on-air and stage name he used was Nardwuar the Human Serviette. Nard's manic enthusiasm could at times verge on annoying, at least to our lead singer, Tracy, but when he asked The Hip Type to headline his extravaganza, we were happy to join in. It was an awesome night, with the bands on the bill including The Wee Beasties, King Martin K. & the Tribal Beats, and The One-Eyed Jacks.

Derek was with us right to the end of The Hip Type in 1988, when Tracy and Pat split up and then so did the band. But before that happened, we had many adventures together.

The Hip Type's swan song was our Honey-Trap recording session, where we laid down six songs along with the help of Dennett Woodland at Grapevine Studios. We broke up right after that and never released any of the songs, even though we considered them to be some of our best. One song, "Darker Than This" was included on Grant McDonagh's Zulu Records' excellent and definitive double CD *Last Call: Vancouver Independent Music 1977-1988*. It can still be found and is well-worth looking for, both for the music and the impressive liner notes.

Where are they today, these two spectacular drummers I played with in The Hip Type? Scott is playing in his new band Pill Squad with Tracy. (Yes, they ended up happily together.) Pill Squad have a playful punk sensibility they gig regularly at LanaLou's and other local venues. I'm not sure where Derek is today, but with his talents I imagine he's in charge of his own remote Gulf Island, living an idyll of bliss surrounded by an adoring crowd of lovelies. Wherever you are Derek, you were one of the best to play with. The last I heard from you was a posting on The Hip Type website sometime ago where you referred to me as The Hip Type's "hot" bass player. I'd no idea! What a nice surprise and a lovely compliment. So this is right back at you.

FREAK HEAT WAVES

THE FUTURE THAT ALREADY HAPPPENED

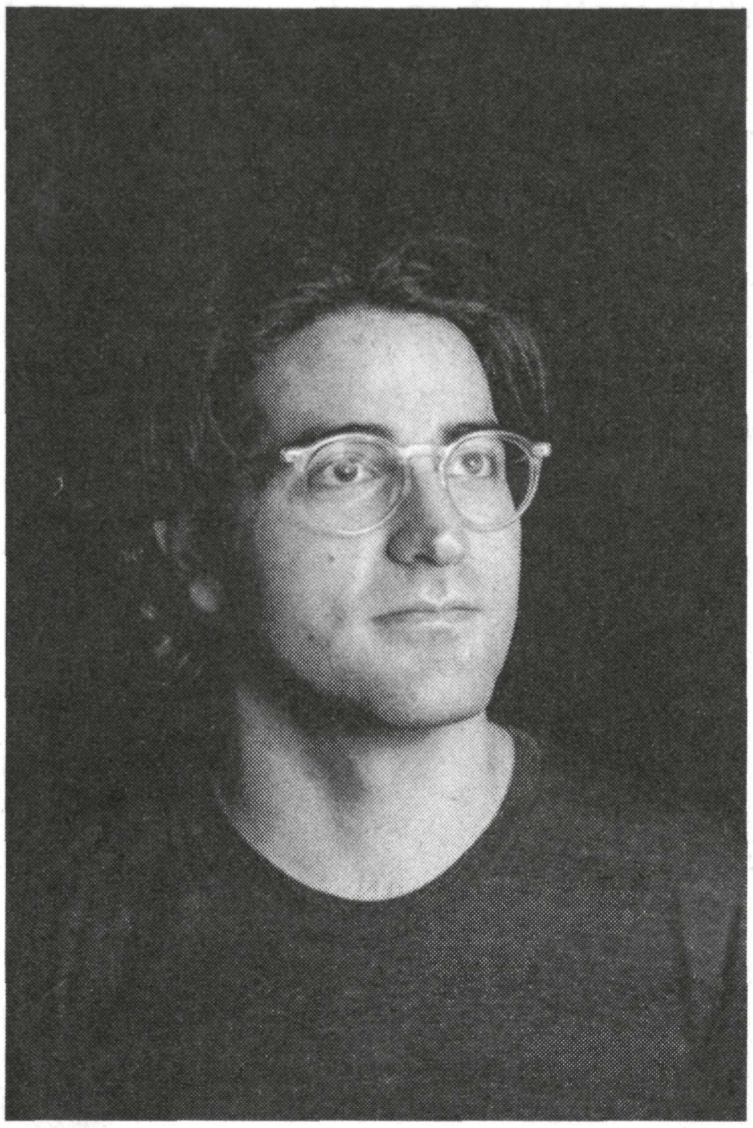
by Sam Tudor // Illustrations by Karl Ventura // photography by Nolen Sage

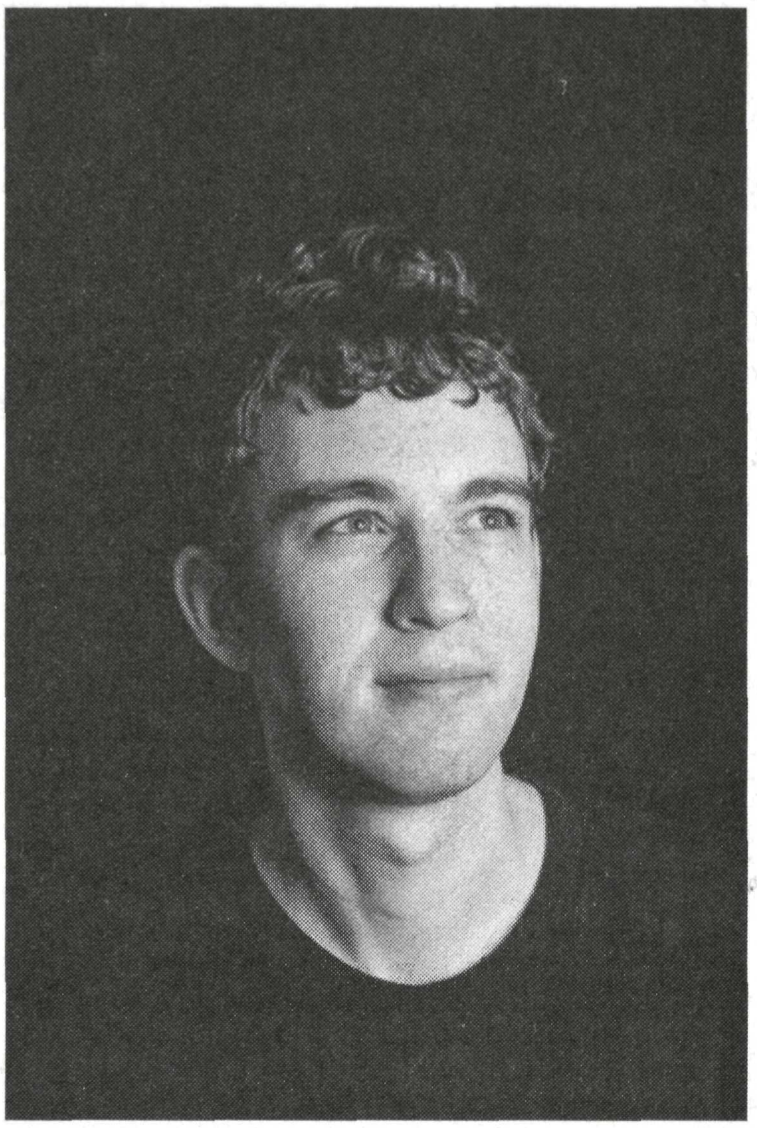
The first time I listened to Freak Heat Waves, I was on a mostly empty transit bus. Desperately trying to shake my reputation as a lover of docile songwriters who use forest metaphors, I was listening closely for something I could understand in a record labeled as a "strange and sexy look into an alien nightclub." Post-punk had not been my forte in the past, but I had a stubborn determination to understand it. About halfway through the album, an interesting thing happened: a female vocal jumped in, saying something that sounded vaguely like "Cambie Street." It took me a second to realize that it wasn't the song, but the automated voice of the bus. For a brief moment Freak Heat Waves and the BC Transit robot were performing a duet.

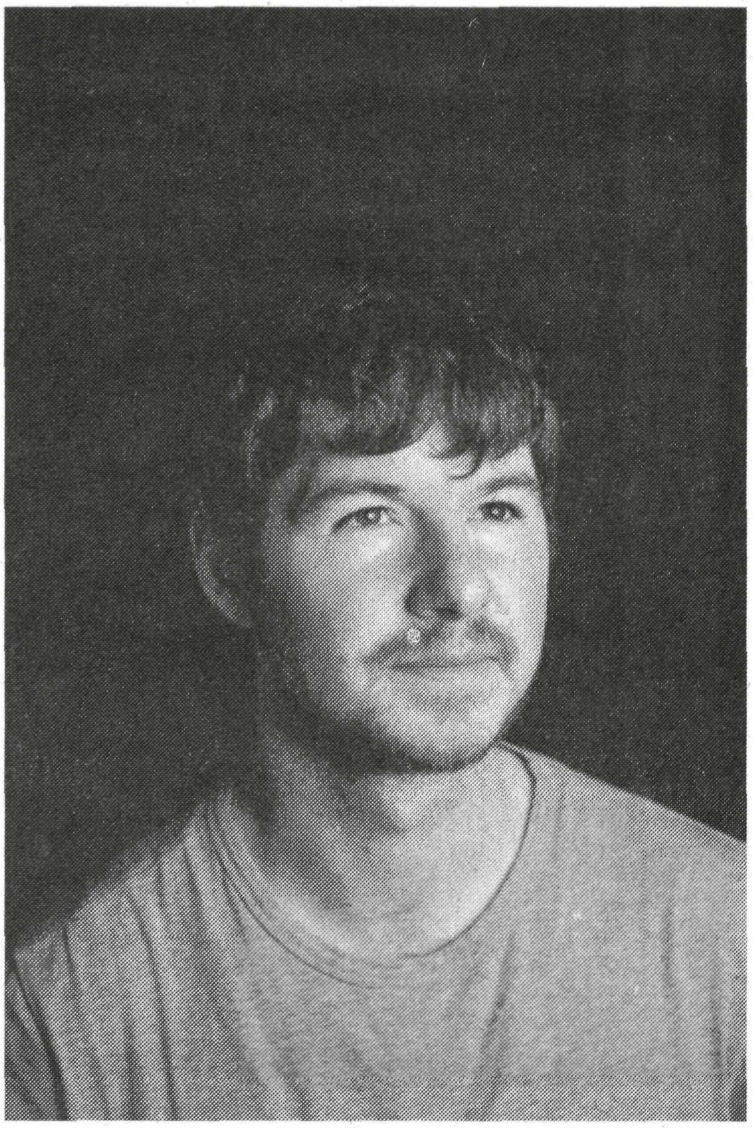
The fact that I couldn't differentiate between the song and the vehicle I was in has stuck with me.

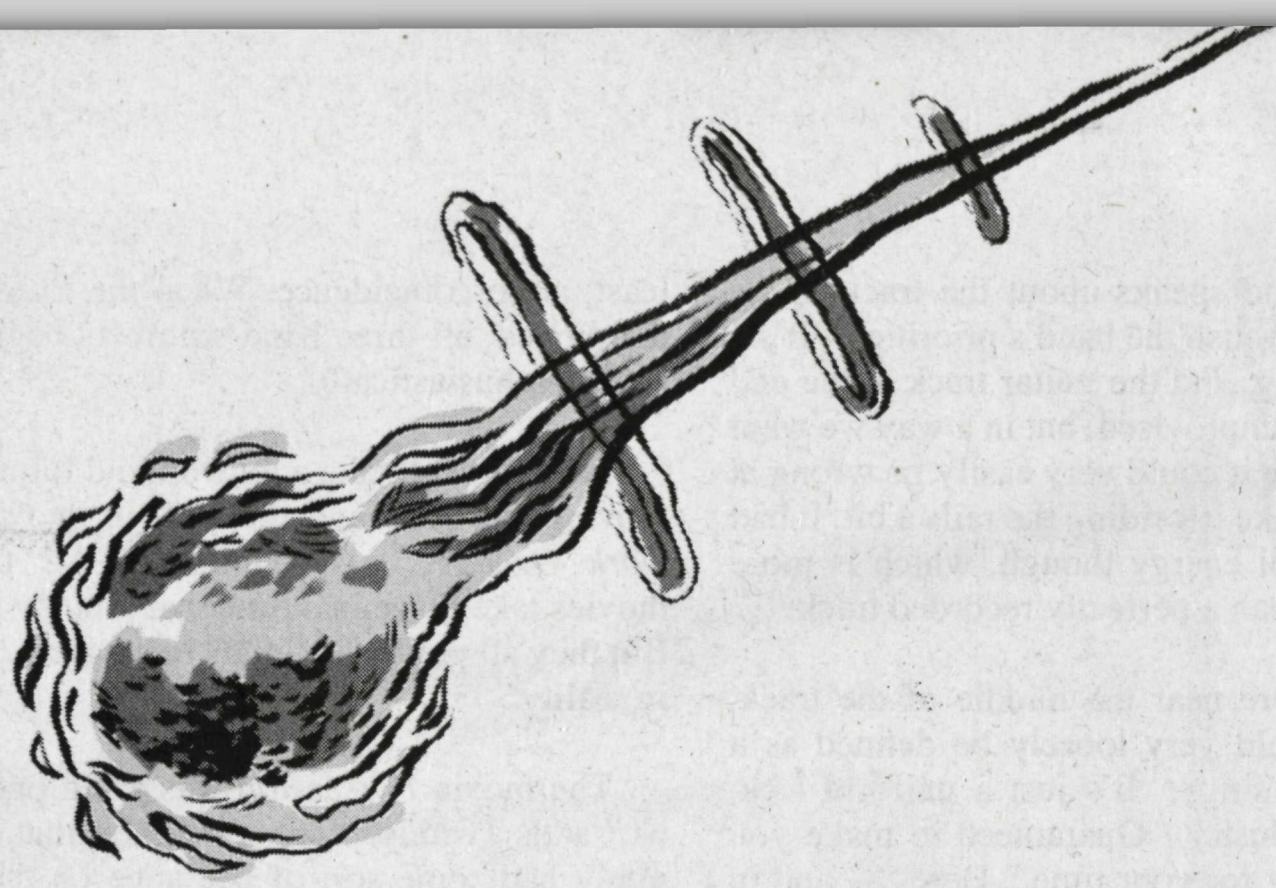
It's easy to characterize Freak Heat Waves as '70s influenced retro-futurism and be done with it; but when the retro-futuristic sound fits so seamlessly with the tangible world we live in, it makes me wonder if Freak Heat Waves is more grounded in reality than they let on. This was the first point of conversation when we all met in a Kitsilano apartment to talk about the band's new record, *Bonnie's State Of Mind*.

Freak Heat Waves is loosely defined as a trio. Consisting of guitarist/vocalist Steven Lind, drummer Thomas Di Ninno, and bassist James Twiddy, it is a band with a constantly shifting structure. Each member is heavily involved in production, and each member is prone to switch instruments and do something different at any time. "We're not really pinned down to our positions in the band." says Di Ninno. "Actually, we talked once about how amazing it would be to do a whole record where we don't play anything. Whatever it takes to get the sound we hear in our heads, that's what we want to do."









"IT'S ALMOST LIKE A COMPILATION ALBUM. IT'S VERY INSPIRED BY MIXTAPES AND THE IDEA OF A MIXTAPE. WE DIDN'T JUST WANT TO RECORD A LIVE SET AND HAVE ONE UNIFORM SOUND. EVERY SONG CAN AND SHOULD BE A MIND WIPE OF THE LAST SONG."

In speaking to Freak Heat Waves it also becomes evident that the experimental process is almost as important to them as the final product itself. "We seem to really like demos," laughs Di Ninno, referring to almost a year's worth of test songs being altered, scrapped, or just lost in the ether. "We spent months sending different tracklists back and forth. I think we had 36 pieces of music to choose from when we started tracklisting."

Recording locations were equally as inconsistent. Although the band hails from Victoria, the record was done on Pender Island, in Medicine Hat, in Montreal, and elsewhere. There isn't a hometown for these songs — this lack of unity is something intentional.

"It's almost like a compilation album," says Lind. "It's very inspired by mixtapes and the idea of a mixtape. We didn't just want to record a live set and have one uniform sound. Every song can and should be a mind wipe of the last song."

The band also credits their label, Vancouver's own Hockey Dad Records, with a flexibility and openness that you would never see on something bigger and less directly connected to local music. "Ryan [of Hockey Dad Records] was always supportive of anything we wanted to do. He basically told us to bring a record to him and he would make it happen."

Perhaps the best example of Freak Heat Waves' decision-making process on *Bonnie's State Of Mind* is the song "Dig A Hole." As in most of the songs, Steven Lind's vocals prove that "monotone" doesn't necessarily mean "emotionless." Sometimes he sounds like a sort of lethargic prophet telling people off. Other times his voice takes on a sickly nature, like someone speaking from a hospital bed. In "Dig A Hole" he sounds like some sort of demented, all-seeing robot. If Freak Heat Waves have created a dystopian soundscape, then Lind is the Dalek bearing down on you in a dimly lit hallway.

When Lind speaks about the track, he is quick to establish the band's priorities: "It's a scrappy song, and the guitar track at the end was totally improvised, but in a way we want it to feel like it could very easily go wrong at any time. Like it's riding the rails a bit. It had a really cool energy though, which is more important than a perfectly recorded track."

Somewhere near the middle of the track, in what could very loosely be defined as a hook, Lind sings, "It's just a uniform / No pride of industry / Guaranteed to make you want money for your time." Here — and in many of the other songs — there are hints of an attack on the idea of financial security and regular old class structure. But Lind, Twiddy, and Dininno are all quick to dispel any idea of an exact meaning. "There are aspects of feeling exploited [in the song]," says Lind, "but I'd rather paint a broad picture of the world that is partly real and partly not. I like when a line can stand on its own, regardless of the other lines on the song. Less black and white. There is an implied meaning to everything but you can't try and nail it down."

This ambiguity leads to interesting definitions of the Freak Heat Waves aesthetic. A friend of mine called it "porno-pop-punk," while another compared the feel to older dystopian narratives, things like Orwell's *1984* or Paul Verhoeven's *Robocop*. And this, at least, is no coincidence. When the films are mentioned, all three band members begin to speak enthusiastically.

"I think we all take a lot from old futuristic movies like *Robocop, Repo Man* or *Clockwork Orange*," says Dininno. "All those movies take place in a time that already past. But they all predicted things that have a basis in reality."

"The movie *Possession* was a big one for us," adds Twiddy, "that was a film that definitely had some sort of bearance on the album."

But to say that Freak Heat Waves is all about retro-futurism would be doing the band a great injustice. They have an aesthetic, no question, but they are adding something distinct to a well established genre. That's the thing about *Bonnie's State Of Mind*. It reveals some sort of meaning without actually defining it. In caring little about "truth," Freak Heat Waves ends up being an uncommonly truthful band. I'm still not sure if it's frightening or really cool. Probably both.

Freak Heat Waves new record, Bonnie's State Of Mind, *comes out on Hockey Dad Records this February 3.*

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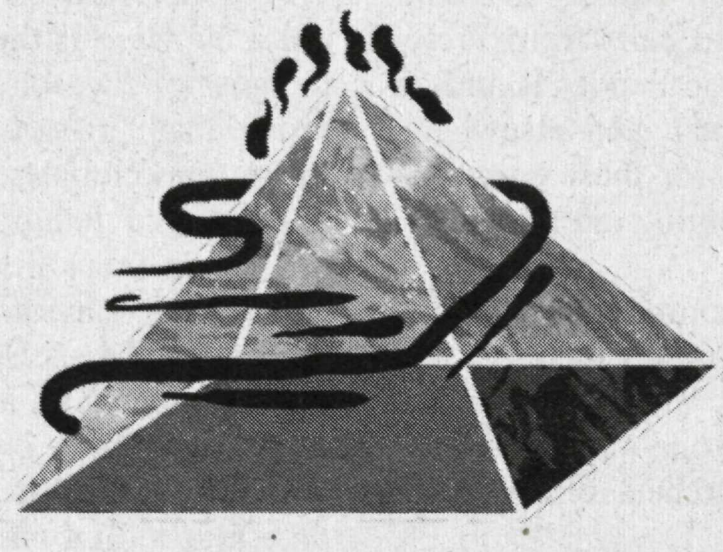


NO
DUMPING

FUNDRIVE

LOOKING BACK, MOVING FORWARD

by Eleanor Wearing // Illustrations by Ming Wong

Everyone has their own story of how their relationship with CiTR or *Discorder* began. My story starts in February of 2013, when I signed up to volunteer for Fundrive, the annual week-long fundraiser where CiTR and *Discorder* volunteers, programmers, and staff come together to raise money for the station.

At this point, the organization was still a mystery to me. I had no idea about all that went on at the station, I didn't understand the relationship between CiTR and *Discorder*, and I was completely oblivious of the importance of both to Vancouver's local arts and music scene. Despite this, I remember being impressed and intrigued by the energy in the station and the way so many people were working together to ensure Fundrive's success. By the time I left the Fundrive Finale party at the end of the week, I was hooked. I had met a slew of other rad volunteers, saw my first Gal Gracen performance, drooled over the fancy silent auction prizes, and experienced the excitement of reaching a fundraising goal. Though CiTR was still a mystery in many ways, it was a mystery I wanted to be a part of.

Fast forward two years and Fundrive is upon us once again. This year's theme is "Let's get digital" and the money raised will go towards two projects: the digitization of CiTR's collection of historic reel-to-reels, and the creation of a new website that will integrate and highlight CiTR and *Discorder* content from the past and present. Together with the completion of the digitization of *Discorder*'s archives later this month, these projects will make the history of CiTR and *Discorder* accessible like never before.

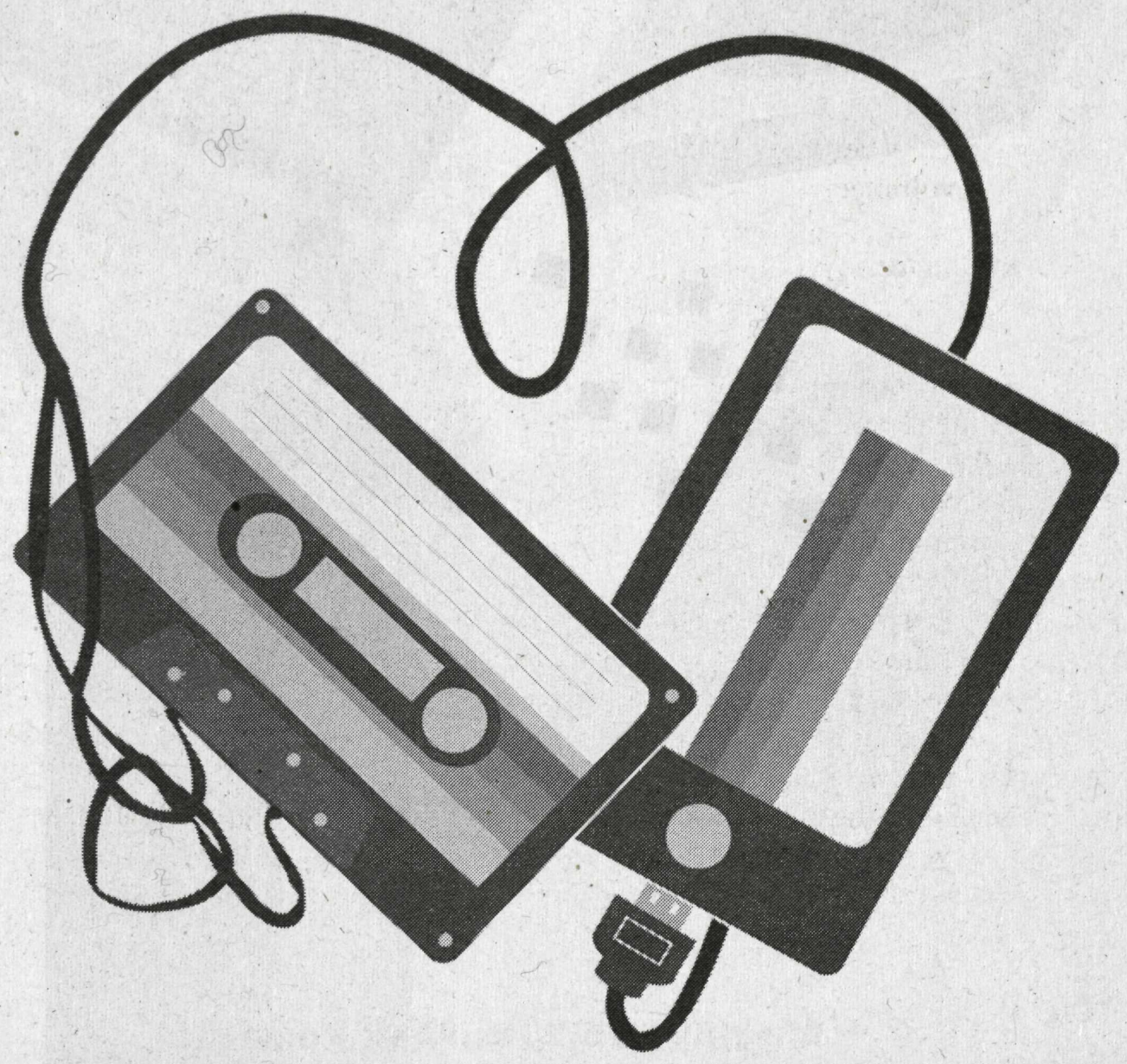
One of the things that makes these projects so exciting is how they will expose people to the impact that CiTR and *Discorder* have

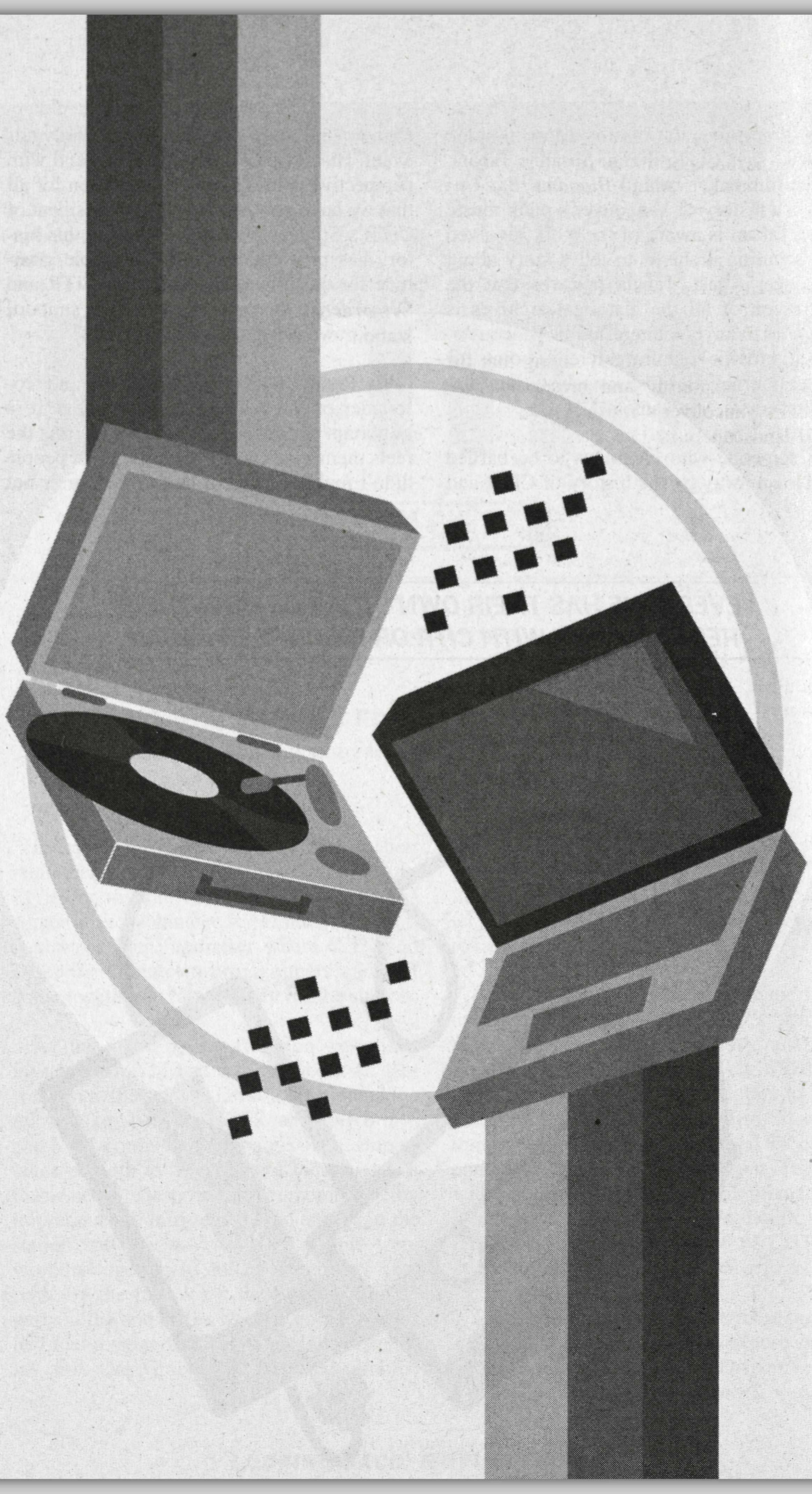
had on Vancouver. "If it's not online, it didn't happen," says CiTR alumni Susanne Tabata. As the filmmaker behind *Bloodied But Unbowed*, a history of Vancouver's punk music scene, Tabata is aware of the work involved with scouring archives to tell a story about Vancouver's past. Tabata believes that the digitization of all the historical archives is important to anyone interested in Vancouver. "It [will provide] cultural reference points for writers, journalists, musicians, historians, designers, artists, you name it."

As someone who continues to be baffled and blown away by the history of CiTR and *Discorder*, Tabata's words feel incredibly relevant. History provides perspective and with perspective comes a new appreciation for all that we have now. As the current president of CiTR's Student Executive, learning this history has provided me with incredible gratitude for those who advocated for CiTR and *Discorder* in the past. Without their support, who knows where we would be now?

To Randy Iwata, CiTR alumni and co-founder of Vancouver's Mint Records, it is important to acknowledge the weight that the reels themselves hold: "Because most people didn't make records of that time, there's not

EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN STORY OF HOW THEIR RELATIONSHIP WITH CITR OR DISCORDER BEGAN.





much else that exists. The onus, the responsibility, the pressure is on [CiTR], to have recorded this period in time. The fact that the reels have been saved for so long is incredible. All of the reels, all of the print that *Discorder* produced, it's part of the cultural fabric of Vancouver. [CiTR] needs to take advantage of the fact that they exist."

Now, it might go without saying that the tradition of capturing and preserving moments in Vancouver's music, arts, and political landscape continues to happen today. What has changed though is the volume and nature of media and information we can access daily through our computers, phones, tablets, or whichever gadget is most popular — all of which have effectively transformed the meaning of radio and print media.

For former CiTR program manager and current programmer Bill Mullan, this gives particular importance to the creation of a new website.

"The notion of integrating *Discorder* and CiTR, the radio and the print, online, that's a natural fusing of media," explains Mullan. "What I particularly like about [the website] is that I think it will pull the station together; it will take all the strands going out in different directions and bring them to a common platform. It will be easier for people to know what everyone else is up to."

Considering the projects that this year's Fundrive will support, along with CiTR and *Discorder* moving — for the first time in over 45 years — into a station in the new Students' Union Building, it seems more important than ever to let people know what we're up to so they can join in.

And so, please consider this a personal invitation to come take part in this year's Fundrive, one of my favourite times of the year. Whether it be through volunteering at the station, donating to receive rad swag like a CiTR cassette tape featuring notable recordings from the past (thanks, archives!), or raging at the Fundrive Finale, history shows that you're going to have a good time.

Fundrive takes place from February 26 to March 6, ending with the Fundrive Finale at Pat's Pub on March 6.

APPROPRIATING THE PARTY

by Esmée Coulbourne
// Illustrations by Alison Sadler
// Photography by Jon Vincent

Best enjoyed while lying on the floor next to speakers and a subwoofer set to max, Neu Balance's *Rubber Sole* is a record ideal for losing yourself to. Within the album's warm bass and lush, ambient sounds, sweet conversations emerge, taking the listener on a hazy trip.

After five years of working together, Sam Beatch and Sebastian Davidson's (a.k.a. Neu Balance) debut release is on 1080p, a Vancouver label which deeply reflects both the band's and the city's electronic sound; *Rubber Sole* pulls from genre, replacing suggestions of dance beats with ambience. By exploring themes of dystopia, through extremes of lo-fi haze textured with hi-fi sounds, Neu Balance travels through the opposing forces of dissonance and consonance — or in the words of Beatch, "what is totally fucked and what is totally pop."

Within *Rubber Sole*, Neu Balance create a juxtaposition between minimal music, moments of textural sound, and the blatant expression of pop and commercialism in their branding. Beatch and Davidson even paid a voice actor $5 on fiverr.com to do shout outs, West Coast radio show style. Beatch believes, "It's hilarious, it's superficial, [and] it's a detachment. It's a way to communicate to people without using microphones." *Rubber Sole* presents itself as tongue-in-cheek goofy, in an ironic way.

Instead of being just two guys with a keyboard, a drum machine, and Abletunes, Neu Balance's album is the product of their skills building rich electronic textures, sometimes getting stuck on one amazing loop. In technical terms: "Audio is abstracted from processing through multiple stages of analog mediums, tape, ghetto samplers, etc., and then sequenced live by computers."

Beatch believes that sound design is a major focus in their work: "We treat our sound design with subtlety and heavy attention to crafting sonic-detail. While we utilize blatancy in creating signifiers for dance music, the future, and the commercial world because we are confused for an American company."

Absorption in creation — not presentation — is the pinnacle of Neu Balance's enjoyment. "Listening to a sound we've made for five hours straight is interesting," says Davidson. "With electronic music, you will get to the final moment in your song before anything else. The main idea before the intro."

This being said, producing live is important to the duo, their goal always to "appropriate the party when confronting people with dance music ... really engage with people," to create movement to "try to make computers speak in a human way," and to play with signifiers of dance music within their sound. Mirroring Neu Balance's album, their live sound is more a maximal, direct, fucked, future psychedelia. They achieve this through the use of two connected laptops, not setting anything in stone. As a result of the spontaneity and random human error, the duo create rich, multi-layered compositions.

Neu Balance actively challenge the notion that computer-based music can only feel cold, and the performance of producers is not human, even if accessible. As explained by Beatch, "Bullshit, but it is a lot different ... we try to be live humans making sounds on the spot and engaging the dancefloor. Once you've produced a song to the point where you press play on it, you don't want to perform anymore."

When producing live, the duo rarely speaks and use separate computers to construct and layer their sounds. To the audience, who only sees the pair periodically ignore each other, it can be surprising that Neu Balance achieve coherence. Having been asked by people regularly: "How the fuck do you know what the other guy is doing?" Neu Balance ultimately answer: "We just practice."

"When we're jamming, we don't have to talk much," says Davidson. "We can go to each other's laptops, and if we want to turn the other's sound off to see how [the beat] sounds without something or need space for new sounds and experimenting that way."

"I think that having another person validates what you're doing," continues Beatch. "[Sebastian] has great input, and helps my ideas, creates feeling sometimes in ways that I couldn't."

Both Beatch and Davidson enjoy being part of the Vancouver dance scene and are disparaging of the "No Fun City" label Vancouver's been accused of. Instead they are thriving inside the city's DIY dance community, spreading the word via friends, friends of friends, and word of mouth. It has to be secretive and DIY because of the likelihood of being shut down, coupled with the fact that it's getting harder to find places to play. At one point, Davidson asks: "Can we say 'Fuck the police!' in this?" over top of which Beatch adds, "The great thing about Vancouver is that instead of being beat down ... people will start new venues."

While some readers might be curious as to what genre the duo fall under, Neu Balance don't consider themselves vaporwave and dislike umbrella terms like outsider electronica. *Rubber Sole* is a multi-genre conceptual album that builds off the local dance music culture that they readily identify with. Beatch explains: "We love the culture around it. It can be very transformative getting people dancing, and giving people that experience."

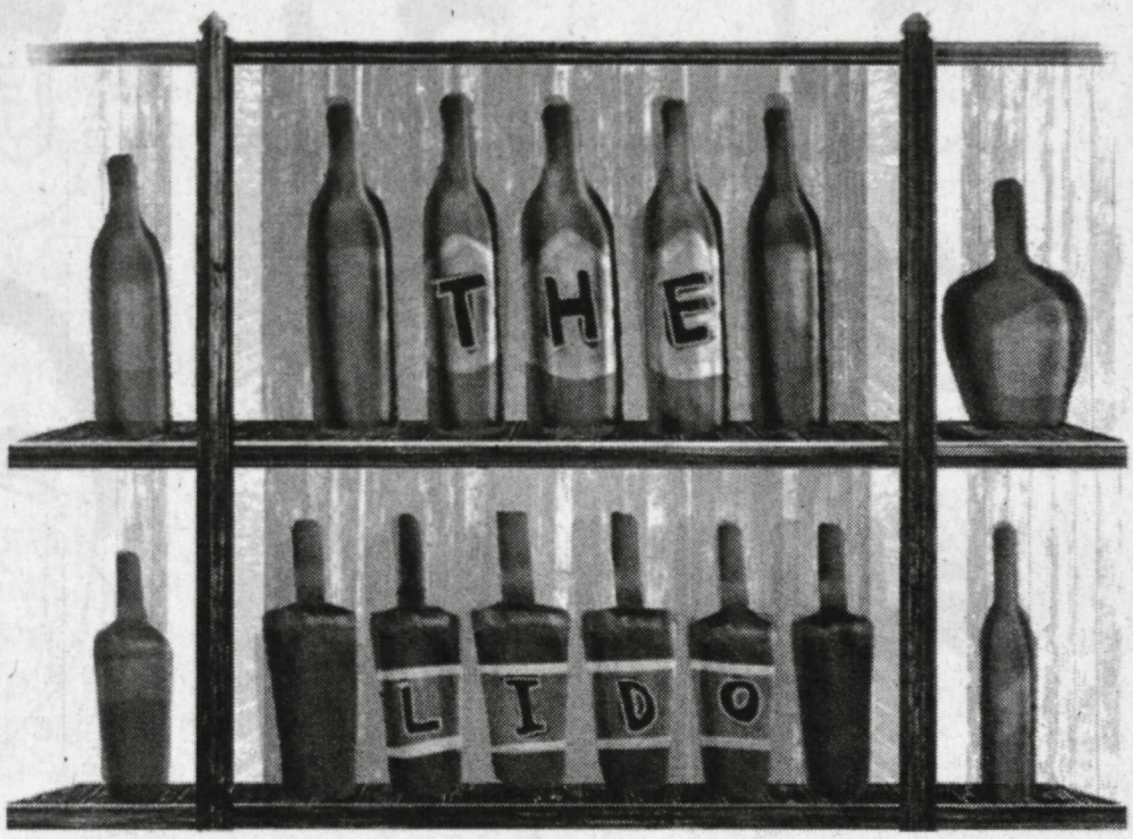
"We also believe in groove and texture. We want to stimulate the mental as well, and want there to be more to it; we think we can do it through live music."

With a name like Neu Balance, there are many layers of meaning over and beyond the use of shoe visuals. "The superficial understanding of our name is that company ... It's important to be able to express while not taking yourself too seriously," says Beatch.

But another understanding, reflected in *Rubber Sole*'s album cover, could be in reference to Karl Marx's Accelerationism. A black outline of the New Balance shoes depicting the problems with the corporation as humans, the yellow background representing solutions to the problem, and the white lettering of Neu Balance representing them, at peace in solving these problems, or just settling for future dystopia. Or Neu Balance is just a reference to Neu! The name parallels the music and, as for Beatch and Davidson, context and understanding is everything.

The pair exploit the intersection of discourses on thought, art, and dance, while still being quite accessible and thought-provoking. It may be difficult to dig into the smoke and mirrors of the metaphor that is their name, but *Rubber Sole* is an interesting collage worth dissecting.

Be sure to check out Neu Balance at Skylight on February 7 when 1080p presenst: Neu Balance + Friendly Chemist Album release party, along with DJs Scott W and LNS.



VENEWS

THE LIDO

by Jonathon Hernandez // Photography by Severn Bowen // Illustrations by Rachel Lin

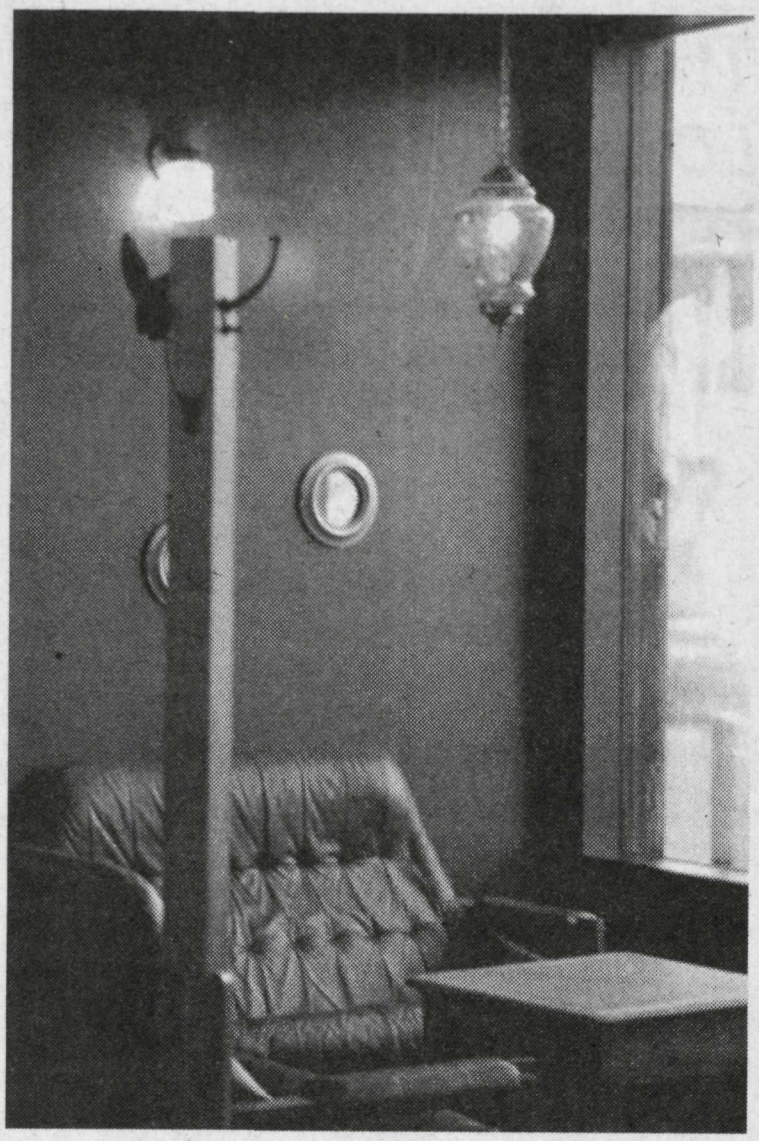
"It's like drinking in someone's living room."

Those were the first words I ever heard used to describe the Lido as I stood amidst a crowd of East Van socialites gearing up to hit the town. The prospect of the Lido for a Friday night watering hole sounded enticing: it was close, unexplored, and, from what I heard, sounded low-key — a welcomed change of pace from my weekly excursions to the Biltmore. (I'm an addict.) And now, as a Lido veteran of many, many beers, it's hard to remember what life was like before it sprung up just seven months ago.

Situated two short blocks west of Fraser and Broadway, the Lido is one of the newest additions to Mount Pleasant's pub scene. Its modest location and unassuming exterior might keep it on the outskirts of Vancouver's mainstream nightlife; but inside, its retro décor and thrifty Feng-Shui play into the vintage vibes that many of the neighbourhood's hot spots have come to embrace over the years.

"It's so comfy," said Mount Pleasant resident Conor Kennelly as he spread his legs across the Lido's antique settee for the first time. "I could see myself coming here during the day to study and sticking around all night for the live show."

Each week, the Lido hosts local and visiting artists of all styles and genres. Showcasing



everything from folk to electronic on their intimate stage, the bar has appealed to steady crowds that regularly fill-up their 65-person capacity — so much so that the owners are looking towards city hall to increase their limit.

If all goes as planned, the Lido will soon open up a patio, adding 18 chairs and bringing the overall capacity up to 95 persons. They'll add food and beverage service to the mix in addition to current bar service. But before these things can come to fruition, owners have put the call out to their patrons, starting a letter-writing campaign directed at the City of Vancouver in support of making the changes to their current liquor licence. Whether or not these changes get made remains to be seen, but for the sake of patio beers, I'll be writing a letter.

The future looks bright for the Lido; a lot brighter than it did before.

Years before its recent resurgence, the Lido sat unutilized and mysterious. It was an established deli, but its doors were always locked while the shelves inside collected dust. The business was sporadically open, owned by an elderly German woman named Margaret Rothweiler.

When Rothweiler passed in 2008, the cleanup probably looked like a scene from A&E's Hoarders. Vancouver's 1-800-GOT-JUNK was called to the job, reportedly

pulling out 10 truck loads of garbage and furniture, including mountains of old clothes and rusty tuna-cans. But amongst the trash was a treasure that has now become the subject of an East Vancouver legend: $400,000 in cash.

The money was in 80-year old bills and apparently looked like it came out of a Monopoly box. But it was eventually proven authentic and dispersed to Rothweiler's heirs. No one has ever figured out where it came from, although wishful theorists have drawn connections to the infamous 1911 BMO heist in New Westminster.

Whether or not the Lido's hidden treasure was the loot of bandits or simply the Rothweiler's family fortune, it will be forever etched into the East Van mythology. For the binge-drinkers like myself who like to wet their beaks east of Main, it's just another reason to check out the Lido, alongside the good vibes, great jams, and cheap beer.

To contribute to the Lido's letter-writing campaign, send an email to liquor.comments@vancouver.ca

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"I'D SAY THE FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHT FOR THE LIDO; AT LEAST A LOT BRIGHTER THAN IT DID BEFORE."

Fountain photo courtesy of Yuko Inoue (pg.31)

REAL LIVE ACTION.

DECEMBER & JANUARY

ALVVAYS / ABSOLUTELY FREE
DECEMBER 3 / THE BILTMORE

"...Nova Scotia-bred lead singer Molly Rankin's lollipop sweet vocals conjured up images of high school beach parties and boardwalk broken hearts. "Archie, Marry Me" could easily be on the soundtrack to a hip indie reimagining of the Sandra Dee classic Gidget. With lyrics like "You've expressed explicitly your contempt for matrimony / You've student loans to pay and will not risk the alimony," Alvvays related to the urban 20-something crowd.

Throughout the set Rankin's vocals were complemented by the harmonic instrumentals to form a thoroughly appealing indie pop package. Time sped by as Molly entranced the crowd with her edgy, girlish charm and irreverent attitude..."— *Emma Kansiz*

**To read the rest of this review, head over to www.discorder.ca*

DEAFHEAVEN / SUMAC / BALANCE
DECEMBER 4 / RICKSHAW THEATRE

"...Coming into the concert, I feared Deafheaven's ambient form of black metal/shoegaze/post-rock, might be lost in the audio that often compromises live events of this nature. Fortunately — whether it is to the credit of the sound engineers that evening or thanks to the band themselves in consciously playing at a lower level than other groups might — the sound was impeccable and everything came through just like their studio recordings.

With intricate guitar progressions, astounding drum patters, and painfully hoarse vocals, the band held nothing back on what was their last show of the year..."— *Sam Hawkins*

**To read the rest of this review, head over to www.discorder.ca*

WHITE LUNG / MORMON CROSSES / FLOWERS & FIRE
DECEMBER 5 / ELECTRIC OWL

The day has come. Yes, rue on you, White Lung, and all Vancouver buzz-bands, for returning to The City of No Fun. Prepare for your utmost devastation at the hands of a college radio magazine.

If the rise to indie fame must be accompanied by the snark of hometown contrarians, it's a small price to pay. And notwithstanding my mixed feelings on *Deep Fantasy*, White Lung deserve their rising star. While possibly the least weird of their local contemporaries, the band's effortlessly powerful presence and manic anthems make them vital. And as their show proved, people are paying attention.

As the authenticity arms race marches on, the Electric Owl found itself packed with Yo-Pros and middle-aged white collars. It was kind of a Granville Street crowd: the environment where chauvinistic condescension from guys to their female friends — e.g., "Ooo, you went into the mosh pit? Look at youuu!" — was hard to construe as even slightly ironic.

Flowers & Fire came on first. Their music suggested a predilection for the dreary mood of goth rock with a prettier tone and a cleaner timbre, not unlike The Cure, or locals Mode Moderne. The music was distinguished by the full-bodied voice of the vocalist. The singer assumed languorous postures, as the guitarist kept his head down, conjuring the atmosphere with sharp, shreddy tangents and tangy flares of sustain.

Were Flowers their sole promise, then you could accuse the rhythm section of breaking character. The bassist operated in constant bounce, smiles periodically occupying his face and the drummer's as well. Those two were right; it was a good time.

Next was my first time seeing Mormon Crosses; it was great. Lit with *Kenneth Anger* Magick Red, Mormon Crosses's performance operated with a faux-mod posh authority and a heavy psychedelic fetish.

Bryce KPA's busy drum work pedaled like a total inclination toward the crash. There was a disorienting disparity of tempo between percussion and guitar, with Jesse Taylor's shuddering sense of rhythm. The two resolved as the drums became impossibly urgent, while the guitar's pummeling moved from deliberate to feral. While these features received vocal credit from the increasingly engaged audience, the bass deserved praise as well.

Casey Preston's onstage embodiment of stiff upper lip while subtly tunneling lines anchored the band in style and substance. If I had a minor complaint, it's that the band's potential for thuggish brutality and their more adventurous compositions remained somewhat separate. As a nice note, local fixture Nic Hughes, with dramatic flair on-point, joined the band on-stage for the final song. Good as it was, we all knew compulsory moshing must be saved for the headliner.

Which was decent, I guess.

Ok, if I do have a problem with White Lung's live sound in the times I've seen them, it's that Mish Way's ability to snarl with melodic sustain and the manic tone of Kenneth William's guitar melodies are muddied by low end in the mix. Perhaps it's just my taste, but it is a shame, because the sharpness of those features is an idiosyncratic strength.

Nonetheless, the chops were there. The guitarwork remained dizzying in speed and agitation. Way retained her didactic star edge, with sharp rhetorical gestures that contrasted the vulnerabilities of her lyrics with her onstage might. Anne-Marie Vassiliou's confident rhythm maintained. And newfound bassist, Hether Fortune, added more power to the band's front-line presence, issuing furious vocal harmonies. Altogether the performance did a good job of impressing the band's talent for melodic composition: yeah, I was humming on the way home.

The quality aside, White Lung stopped playing after about 30 minutes — no encore. The applause quickly gave way to indignation from entitled dudes who expect "Freebird" finales from punk bands, or something. And thus ended White Lung's return to Vancouver: a large disturbance of boos rising above the brief din of applause. Like Yeezy says: "Soon as they like you, make 'em unlike you."

That seems pretty punk to me.

White Lung was a good show tainted by outside features. But sometimes audiences change while bands stay the same. After the show, I got to see at least one person make a huge TGIF spectacle chucking his empty onto the street with deliberate aplomb like he's Lonely Island or some shit: a powerful display of Privileged Male Anger that catapulted my experience towards yet unknown levels of PUNK TRUTH. Fuck it: not like he's trashing his own neighborhood or anything.— *Jonathan Kew*

1080P CHRISTMAS PARTY W/ THE COURTNEYS / WATERMELON / GAL GRACEN DECEMBER 12 / ANZA CLUB

"...Openers Gal Gracen set the bar for the evening, despite some teething problems with the ANZA Club's PA, which seemed wont to bury their vocals, whether they wanted it or not. Overall, the band was able to indulge their reveries: drum machine balladry cutting through cosmic polysynth pads and shimmering chords. The fact, then, that frontman Patrick Geraghty's vocals were sometimes pushed to the back wasn't much of a problem at all.

It certainly helped that Geraghty cut the tension with his charmingly cornball banter, whether musing on how Santa washes his suit (with "Yule Tide," 'natch) or self-deprecatingly introducing a song as having "low energy" and the one after as having "even less energy," making the best of the intermittently

poor sound situation…"— *Chris Yee*

**To read the rest of this review, head over to www.discorder.ca*

CATLOW / THE LION / COMBINE THE VICTORIOUS
DECEMBER 18 / THE HINDENBURG

Two cats walk into a bar. One burly and bearded, the other, pretty and blonde. They sit together, pawing at bottles of beer and surveying the land before them.

The felines refer to The Lion, folk musician known better by his human name, Christopher Arruda, or one third of the band The Lion The Bear The Fox, and frontwoman of indie-pop outfit Catlow, who answers to Natasha Thirsk. Another pair of creatures — Combine the Victorious — was, at this point, nowhere to be found until later when they emerged from the shadows.

Bad analogies aside, the plains of the Hindenburg were still barren (couldn't resist) by the time The Lion took the stage at 10 o'clock and, unfortunately, remained sparse for the duration of the night. The scant crowd was likely due to the absence of headliners The Lower 48, who, for undisclosed reasons, couldn't make it. Tragic, because the performers who were there administered an excellent evening and deserved more than just a few eyes and ears. For what it's worth, though, attending patrons had enough enthusiasm to fill up the entire room.

Stripped of the usual energetic stomp that accompanies him while playing with The Lion The Bear The Fox, Arruda was completely acoustic and doubly impressed on the keyboard and the guitar, delivering an intimate set displaying his raw talent. This marked his first solo jaunt in a while — the inaugural under The Lion moniker — and his vulnerability, through earnest banter and a decidedly downtempo set, was heartfelt.

Arruda's voice was dynamic; Broadway-boom coupled with moments of fragility. He was pensive on the key-driven ballad "Stork," then compelling on "Home," an inspiring anthem about his bandmates who encouraged him never to give up on music.

Next up was Combine the Victorious. Illuminated only by two white lights that cast eerie shadows upon members Isabelle Dunlop and Mark Henning, the duo's shimmering synths got energies buzzing, meriting some adorable dance moves from an elderly gentleman during "Crumbling Hearts." Dunlop, too, danced through Henning's transitions, adding electronica of her own on the epic "It's Still On," which saw Henning hit the highest soprano as the lights strobed in crescendo.

Catlow, normally a four-piece, added fiddle and glockenspiel to their lineup and were the loudest act of the night (in a good way). Drawing from their latest album, *Pinkly Things*, as well as from new tracks, the orchestral arrangements made for more riotous renditions than on the record.

Thirsk's voice was bright and confident, containing spurts of punk on "Shinsy" (named so because she thought it sounded like The Shins) and girlish coy on "House Arrest." Dreamy jam "Storm Sad" brought things down a notch but the new cut maintained momentum with tireless percussion, hazy riffs, squealing fiddle, and twinkles of glockenspiel.

The short but sweet show concluded at the stroke of midnight, much to the chagrin of the sound guy who cried, "More, more, MORE! This can't be the end!" But as philosopher and theologian Albert Schweitzer once said, "There are two means of refuge from the miseries of life: music and cats." On Thursday, we had both.— *Yasmine Shemesh*

ART SIGNIFIED'S TWO YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY
JANUARY 9 & 10 / STUDIO EAST

"…Moments of bittersweet chemistry flooded the crowd with this is THE SHOES' last performance ever as Jereme Collette and Sabrina Robson injected unforgettable

energy into southern rock and dirty blues. Their set was quickly rebounded by the abrasive, gritty stoner metal of HASHTEROID; I only wished they had the raised stage because I love watching them lay into their riffage.

After a ten-minute break before the last act, our heart rates settled a little, and the anticipation was palpable for the fantastic Johnny de Courcy. His sultry body language drew everyone's attention and no one retreated from their spot the entire time he played.

...

BRASS was in their element on the floor stage. A full, elevated, gleeful mosh pit thrived with Devon Motz's flailing and BRASS' barging punk riffs. It became especially clear to me during BRASS that a rare relationship was occurring between them and the crowd, as if they were playing for 400 of their best friends. (That's because they were.)

Punk heavyweights WTCHDR slammed into the show with a warmly welcomed, 'GET FUCKED.' Fans were informed to bring their best Braveheart impressions because the band had a surprise. And so, many blow-up battleaxes were dumped on us..."—*Erin Jardine*

**To read the rest of this review, head over to www.discorder.ca*

YUKON BLONDE / FOUNTAIN
JANUARY 15 / THE BILTMORE

"...Yukon Blonde burst to the stage, Jeff Innes clad in big hair and '90s print, his alluring vocals captivated my attention and rekindled the enthusiasm of longtime fans in the crowd. There were more than a few individuals hopping in place and belting out every word. As an avid listener to the band's first album as Yukon Blonde, I had a hard time adjusting to the new sound, which is a major departure from their early material. But then they absolutely killed it with "Brides Song," so I opened my mind to the change..."—*Hannah Thomson*

**To read the rest of this review, head over to www.discorder.ca*

THE PRETTY'S ALBUM RELEASE W/ THE SECRETS, SKINNY KIDS, LES CHAUSSETTES, SEXY DECOY
JANUARY 16 / THE KREMLIN

Garage rock has been revived once more, even if it never really went away. Decades ago, when electric guitars began falling into the hands of kids with time and passion to spare, the markedly DIY style of rock 'n' roll began to permeate the music scene.

Only occasionally peeking its head out into the mainstream, the influence of decades of not giving a shit about what the masses thought of your sound shaped the way music was made and experienced. Whether it be steeping your music in aggression, humour, or ragged experimentation, garage rock served as an outlet for the musical whims of just about anyone who chose to get involved. And those who got involved at The Kremlin on January 16 exemplified what garage rock is really all about.

The warehouse-like venue, with white tile walls and a small stage surrounded by stacks of amplifiers and crates, seemed as though it could take a beating. A kitchenette in the corner; a cardboard and Sharpie sign declaring the price of a cassette tape at the merch table; a desk lamp duct taped to a microphone stand to illuminate the sound board.

As the floor filled with feet, and the ambience grew to a dull roar, the positive and self reliant atmosphere thickened. You can feel it. You can feel it.

From opening act The Secrets, with their blues tinged, psychedelic rock, rife with guitar solos and vocal effects, to the closers Sexy Decoy, whose punk rock sound descended into delectable chaos with screams, feedback, and tortured instruments, the many faces of garage rock got their chance to sit in the spotlight.

With varying intensity, the five bands that took to the stage battered out their musical messages to an audience demanding to hear what they had to say.

Skinny Kids' set, short and tight, gave the audience a taste of their psychedelic surf sound. Despite seeming eager to leave the stage, the crowd danced in their washes of guitar, bass, and drums.

Les Chaussettes' garage pop sound — tinged black with both distortion and volume — charged the crowd into pseudo-moshing; their harmonies and shimmering guitar lines caused every stationary foot in the room to start bouncing along.

But the event was really all about The Pretty's; it was their album release after all. They not only brought excess passion, aggression, and rock-and-roll attitude to the stage, they also brought their own evening wear. The proto-punk-pop four-piece, all clad in dresses, brought the crowd to a tumult with songs from their freshly released record *Empty Heads*, all packed with hooks catchy enough to convince anyone that they've heard them before.

To put it simply, both the band and the crowd went all in. Sweat and beer cans flew across the room, landing in the faces of grinning men and women getting a taste of the Vancouver's musical underground, and loving every minute of it.— *Jasper Wrinch*

BLACK BREATH / BAPTISTS / AUROCH / AMNESIAN
JANUARY 16 / THE ASTORIA

"...The opening bands laid down the rumbling before Baptists' technical grinding carried by breakneck d-beats and excellent, concentrated sludge guitar. Moustache'd vocalist Andrew Drury's presence on stage was fueled with the energy that Baptists has become known for. As a victim of moderately frequent ankle injuries, I detected a limp and physical pain behind his sustained gaze.

In the interest of Drury's bum leg, the low, yet raised stage was a pro for the evening, keeping the band separated from the whirling pit that formed during their set. Grinding through their pain, the solid instrumentals took over every thought in my mind. The drummer caused jaws to drop. I closed my eyes and let the furious drum and bass lines drive me through visualisations of a huge dark British Columbia rainforest like a warrior. Drury's versatile vocals blasted me away from the work-week mental state.

Baptists and Black Breath share Southern Lord as a record label, and their sequential performances complimented each other. Black Breath's dirty take on what it is to be a heavy band is something awesome and fairly unique. I associate them with a plethora of genres depending on the moment, but their European death metal influence is consistently clear. Their glitzy guitar solos were on point and their rolling headbanging was classic and did not stop the entire time..."— *Erin Jardine*

**To read the rest of this review, head over to www.discorder.ca*

February

M	T	W	THU
2	3	4 Crash Kings @ Biltmore Cabaret Karma to Burn, Sierra, Mendozza @ Rickshaw Theatre	5 Weed, So Pitted @ Zulu Records Andy Shauf, Marine Dreams, Holy Hum @ Fox Cabaret *(CiTR & Discorder Sponsored)*
9 Dengue Fever w/ guests @ The Biltmore		11 Ariel Pink, Jack Name @ Rickshaw Theatre Wild Child, Desert Noises @ Media Club Brett Dennen @ The Imperial	12 -Ben Caplan @ Fox Cabaret *(CiTR & Discorder Sponsored)* -The Courtneys, B-Lines, Strange Things @ Hindenburg -Souls of Mischief @ Venue -Lucinda Williams @ Vogue
16 Cage & Sadistik @ Venue		18 Sonny & The Sunsets, Colleen Green @ The Fox Hundred Waters, Moses Sumney @ Electric Owl	19 St. Paul & The Broken Bones, Sean Rowe @ Rickshaw Theatre
23	24 The Garden, Gothic Tropic @ Electric Owl	25 Machine Head @ Rickshaw Theatre	26 FUNDRIVE STARTS! Old Man Gloom, Coliseum, Baptists @ Electric Owl

	FRI	SAT	SUN
			1 The Duhks @ St. James Community Hall (All Ages)
	6-Shindig! Finals @ The Hindenburg [Still Creek Murder, Skim Milk, TBA] -Bernerland: Carolyn Mark, Rae Spoon, E.S.L., Ford Pier, and more @ WISE Hall -Young & Sexy, Olenka, Long Waves @ The Biltmore -Hellchamber, City of Fire, La Chinga, The Thick @ Rickshaw Theatre	7 Freak Heat Waves, Dada Plan, Woolworm, Wet Face, and more @ The Fox Cabaret Catlow, Candela Farm, Gang Bang @ The Cobalt Sleep @ The Commodore Ballroom	8 Shirley Gnome @ The Biltmore
	13 Piratefest 2015 @ Rickshaw Theatre	14 Crystal Pistol @ Rickshaw Theatre Milo Green @ Electric Owl Catfish and the Bottlemen @ Media Club	15 Kris Orlowski @ Media Club
	20 -Six Organs of Admittance, Elisia Ambrogio @ Electric Owl -Cro-Mags, Bishops Green, Power, Vacant State, Acquitted @ Rickshaw Theatre -Arkells @ Commodore Ballroom	21 -Pharmakon, The Rita, Mass Marriage @ The Fox Cabaret -The Church @ The Rio -Defektors, Störc, Get Over It @ 333 -Kevin Morby w/ Jessica Pratt @ Electric Owl	22 Reagan Youth, Car 87, Old Derelicts, Real Problems @ Funky Winkerbeans
	27 -Winter Waste: High Wasted, Poor Baby, Weird Candle, and more @ Hindenburg -TOPS @ The Biltmore -The Hex Dispensers @ The Cobalt	28 -Yes Bear, Fearless Leader, In Contra @ LanaLou's -Howlin Rain, The Blank Tapes, Dead Quiet, Three Wolf Moon @ Hindenburg -Guardians of the Mystics @ Rickshaw Theatre -Kawehi @ Electric Owl	

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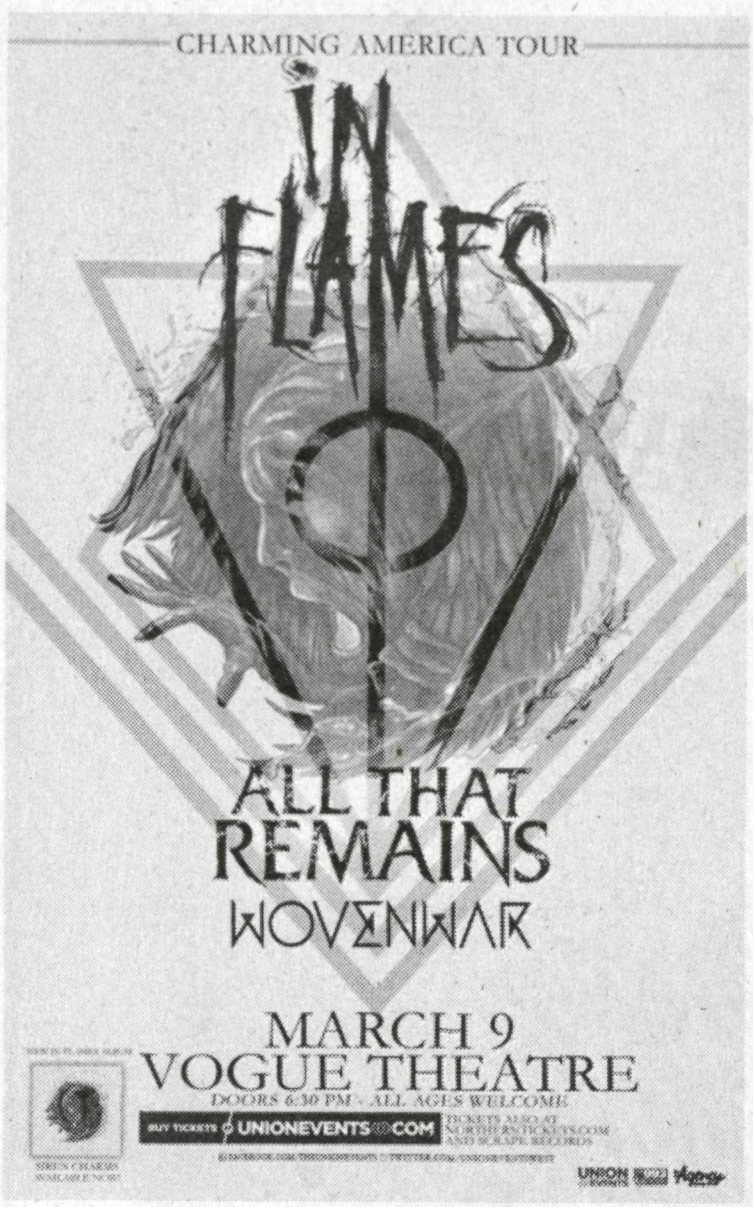
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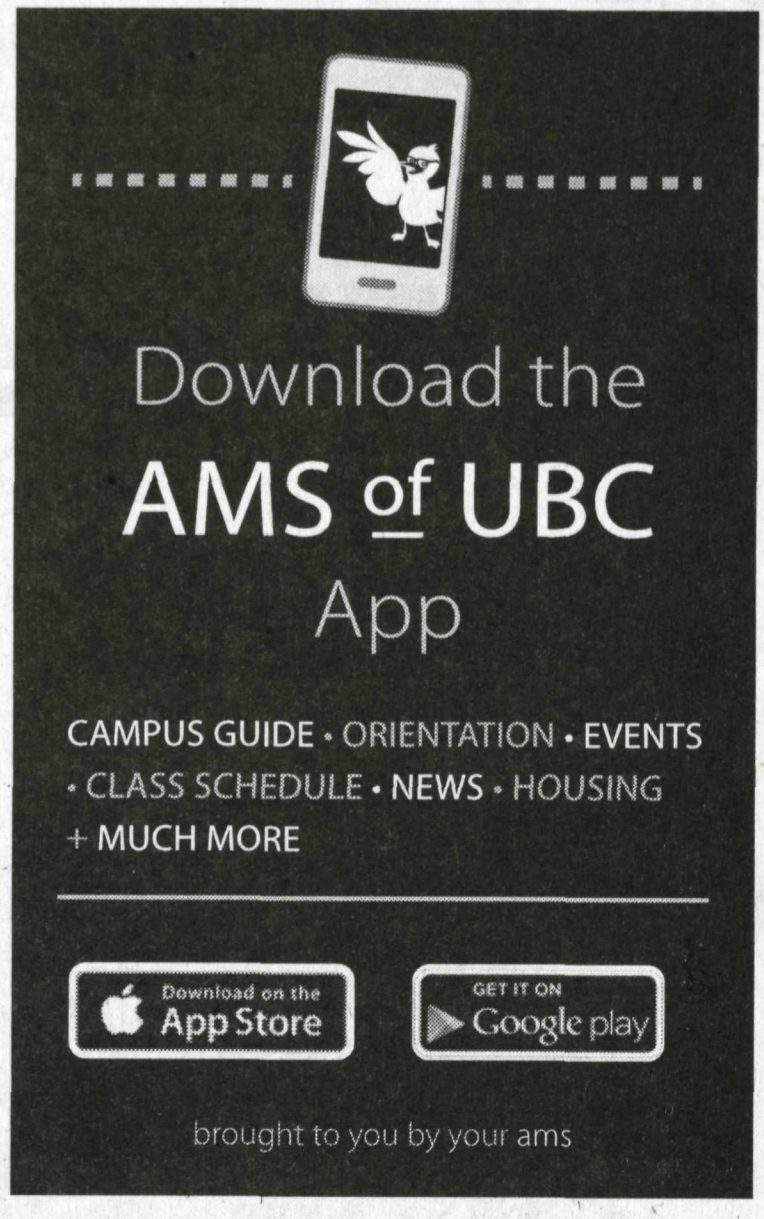
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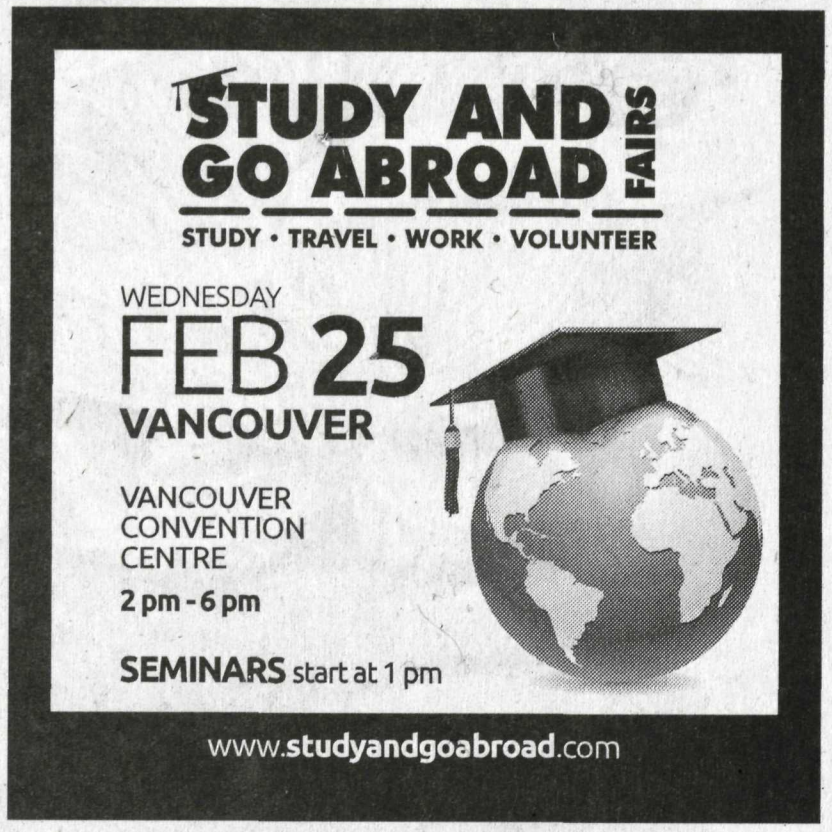
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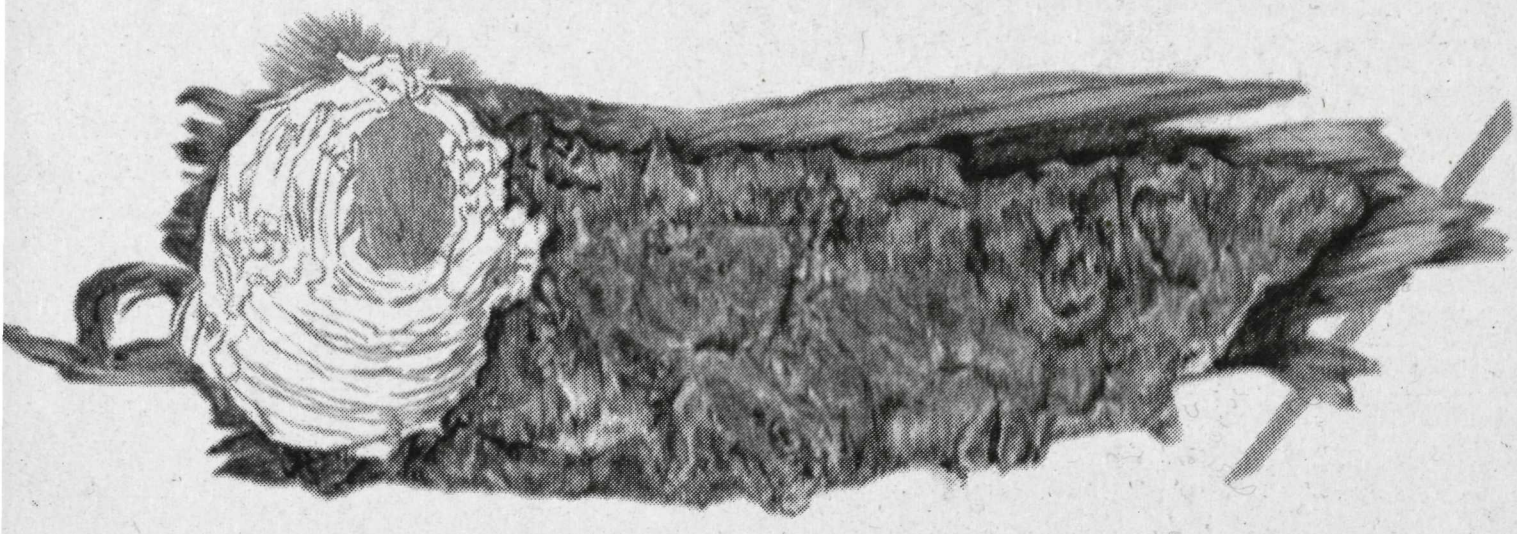
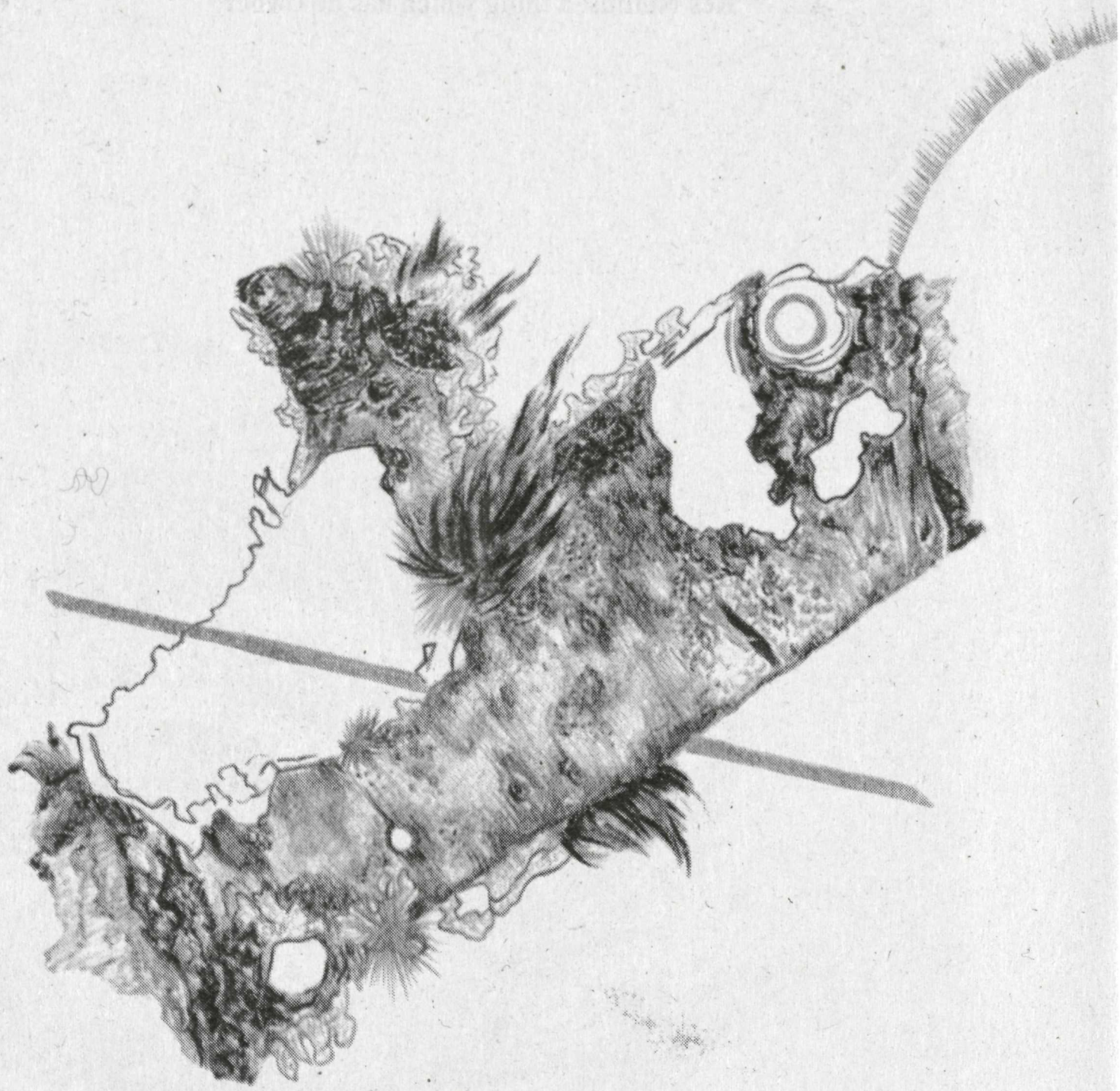
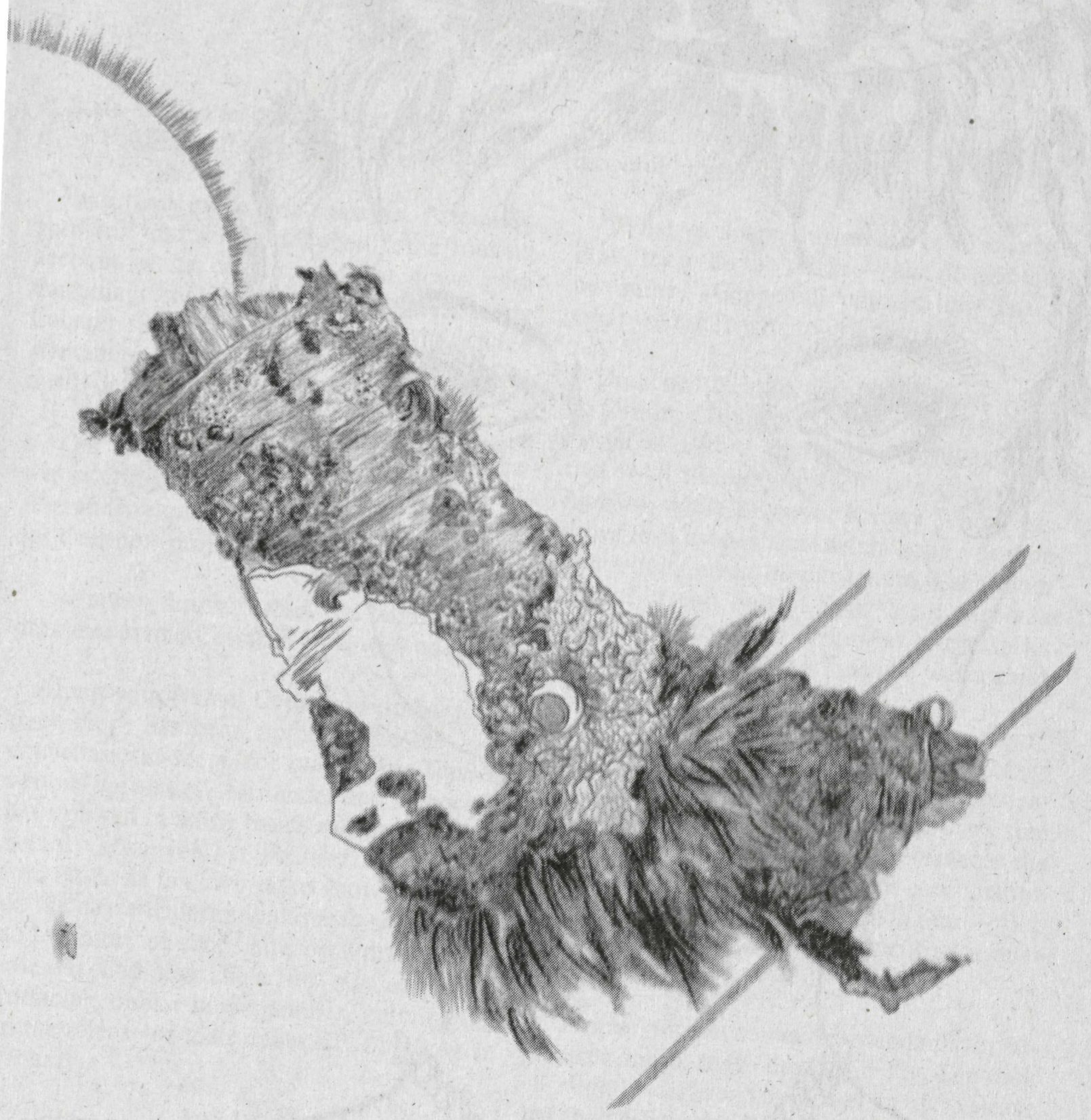






DID YOU DIE?

AN UNACCUSTOMED, BUT SELDOM 'CARELESS' APPROACH TO MUSIC

by Natalie Hoy // Illustrations by Kim Pringle // Photography by Marissa Hooi

"Life is only as complicated as you make it," according to the members of Did You Die.

Take their name, for example. Attention-grabbing and direct, I hoped for a rousing account of its origins as I sat down with the grunge rock outfit before their Biltmore Cabaret show. Vocalist and guitarist Richie Alexander is, however, swift to dismiss its death-defying tone.

"Our friend Grace texted that while she was waiting for me once; I was really late," Alexander explains. In search of a namesake for their new project, the phrase stuck.

"A lot less dramatic than you might think," drummer Jamie Cessford adds with a laugh.

Along with Rafael Ceppetelli on bass, the three-piece has been immersed in the Vancouver music scene for quite some time in various capacities. Alexander and Ceppetelli have played in a few bands together — most notably shoegaze act Fantasy Prom. Cessford co-hosts his own radio show, focussing on the city's underground music scene. With an inventory of songs already written by Alexander, Did You Die's first singles began surfacing online in September, culminating in the release of their debut EP, *Careless*, in January.

Written and recorded in Alexander's home studio, the EP features five originals and a cover of The Yardbirds' moody hit "Heart Full of Soul." "We get along well, and I think that's more important than how [musically] talented you are," says Alexander, of the collaborative effort. "There is a friendship that didn't really exist in some other bands."

His counterparts nod in agreement, noting their minimalist approach as key in their hopeful longevity.

"What we learned from the other bands is don't try to do too much — just do one thing awesome," Ceppetelli chimes in. "That is what we are [trying to do] with this."

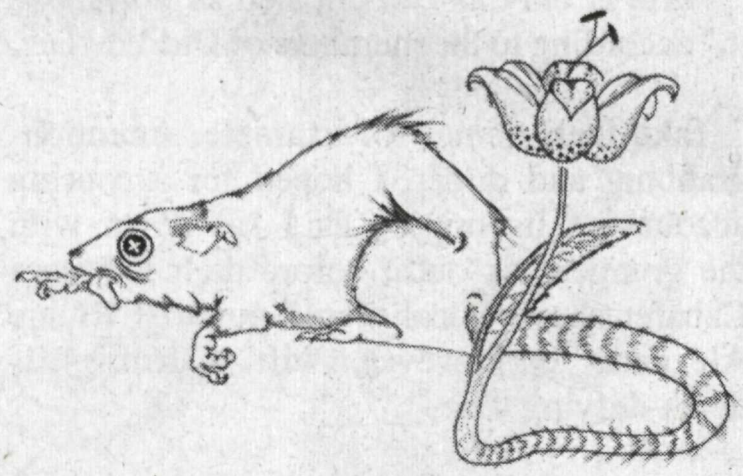
Drenched in hazy vocals and chord-heavy distortion, *Careless* explores '90s post-punk nostalgia with a charmingly novel perspective. "All the Way to Her" is a jangly rock number, while "Forever Knows When" employs lo-fi drones and melancholic vocal delivery in its seven-minute tenure. Their rendition of "Heart Full of Soul" is of particular importance to Alexander, who has been listening to The Yardbirds since he was a child.

"I liked the lyrics; I could relate to them," he shares. "Lyrical themes, for me, are based on real-life experiences. I prefer the raw, introspective emotion." When asked to sum up their sound, Cessford also references the impact of his youth. "It's a nice combination of the things I listened to growing up — pop punk and grunge, and trying to find a marriage between the two."

Averse to the perceived standards in releasing music these days, Did You Die took a slightly different approach in the release of their EP. Instead of releasing a single and channeling their time and energy into heavy promotion for said EP, the band released five singles over four months — unveiling *Careless* with almost no warning.

"The logistics behind putting together and recording an album is quite daunting," tells

"WHAT WE LEARNED FROM THE OTHER BANDS IS DON'T TRY TO DO TOO MUCH – JUST DO ONE THING AWESOME."



Cessford. The trio hoped the staggered releases would keep listeners interested while simultaneously attracting new ones. According to their download statistics, the plan seems to be running smoothly.

Released digitally via Alexander's own label Sizzle Teen Records, plans to produce *Careless* in physical format have been placed on the backburner with a new project already in the works: a full-length album. "When we started this band, I wrote and recorded 20 songs, and six made the EP," Alexander shares. The trio will soon be heading into the studio alongside Felix Fung (Chains of Love, The Ballantynes) to record the demos that didn't make the original cut.

Did You Die is also looking to expand their live presence in Vancouver — which, in their opinion, harbours one of the best music scenes in Canada.

"I really like The Courtneys," says Alexander. "I want to play with them one day. [Also], Fundamentally Unsound is one of the best bands no one's heard of yet."

"Please play more shows, Womankind," adds Ceppetelli. "Play shows with us."

Concise and honest, the members of Did You Die refuse to be defined by process or sound, keeping their drama-free creative juices flowing into the slacker-rock aesthetic they hone so well. "We draw our inspiration from getting together and writing songs," Ceppetelli maintains. "There is nothing behind it. It's just like, this is what it is."

Fuzz-tinged melodies and crashing guitars never seemed so simple.

Careless *is available for digital download via Did You Die's Bandcamp page. You can also catch the band live at The Hindenburg on February 7, alongside The Dead Zones, Ornament & Crime, and wild/kind.*

✖

under review

DADA PLAN

A Dada Plan is Free
(Kingfisher Bluez)

For its dazzling musical composition and its lyrical brilliance, Dada Plan's *A Dada Plan is Free* could certainly be considered a masterpiece of contemporary art — or rather, anti-art.

Frontman Malcolm Jack's Dada Plan is comprised of Matt Krysko on synth, Dave Biddle on saxophone, Colin Cowan on bass, and Justin Williams on congas. Jack has inevitably received much praise for the band's originality, chaotic intricacies, and dystopian gaze.

Dada Plan has succeeded in creating a sound rich with dizzying, nonlinear originality; the poetic mastery of lyricism which emerges from the depths of saxophones and synths is not to be overlooked.

In harrowing realms where "History pulls out all your teeth / If you give it wings," where, "It's harder to find peace / Than to find wealth," and where, "The sun burns people in its cars / When there's hundreds of us crowded into bars," this album is effective in conjuring up a dark and loaded social commentary guised in the haze of perfectly imperfect musical arrangements. Though it effectively challenges the often isolating experience of modernity, lyrics like, "It's easy to place all of the blame / On a life with phones," suggest that this isolation is one which speaks not only to modernity but also to the general human experience.

Dada Plan has successfully presented a work of anti-art that challenges and mocks the stability of history, identity, time, and reality — all while sounding amazing.

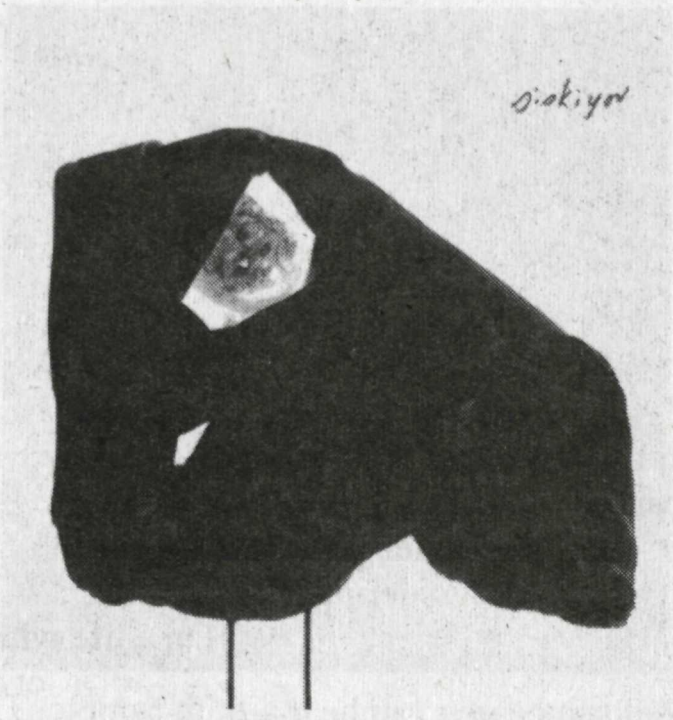
Rather than presenting such bold challenges in one boisterous or rebellious sound, *A Dada Plan is Free* reflects on the ludicrousness of contemporary culture with the quiet subtlety of a mirror. The "hanging mirrors" Dada Plan presents on the track "The Hanging Mirrors Of Life-Skype" could very well describe their own work.

As any great piece of art, the album holds a mirror up to the strange absurdities of the human experience; the voyeuristic observations presented by the melancholic persona of this album awaken a desire to study the individual we see in the looking glass and to ponder the paradigms we blindly accept as truths.—*Najma Eno*

SISKIYOU

Nervous
(Constellation)

Inspired by an isolated winter spent in the Yukon, *Nervous* is an album born of catharsis, minor chords, and the supernatural — the latter being a byproduct of intense hyperacusis lead singer/songwriter Colin Huebert battled



during his stay and residence in a house that he said, "felt utterly haunted."

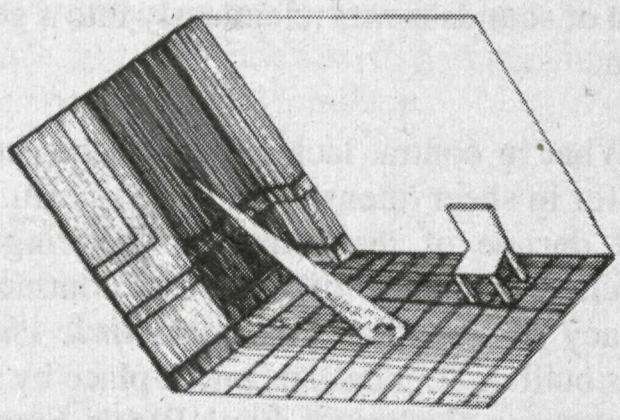
It's through fleeting notions of the ethereal, and Huebert's own meditative experiences prior to recording, that Siskiyou (pronounced sis-ki-you) have been able to create songs that soar and dive through different verses; songs that induce quiet reflection and reverent exclamation.

Opening track, "Deserter," sets the wistful tone of the album. From its dramatic and haunting choral introduction (courtesy of the St James Music Academy Senior Choir) to the vacillating whispers and cries from Huebert, it stands as one of the strongest tracks on the album. It paves the way for proceeding songs, "Bank Accounts and Dollar Bills (Give Peace a Chance)" and "Wasted Genius," which pull art-rock inspiration from bands like Arcade Fire and Paul Banks.

"Violent Motion Pictures" begins much like Interpol's "Untitled." It employs delicate sonic arrangements and surrealist melodies that carry the listener away, while the whispering vocals throughout "Jesus in the '70s" invoke a film noir tone of mystery and intrigue. There is a refreshing quality to the arrangements in both these songs that piques tired interest and reignites long lost imagination.

Unfortunately for me, this is where *Nervous* peaks and loses its palatability. The span from "Deserter" to "Jesus in the 70's" feels intimate, mysterious, and seductive, while the concluding tracks lack something. The change of pace and the optimistic vibe brought on by folkier tracks like "Oval Window" and "Imbecile Thoughts" (though strong songs in their own right) feel too lively and out of place on an album that was previously cool and melancholic. "Nervous" and "Babylonian Proclivities" fall short of the bar set by their predecessors and as such, unjustly fade into background noise quite easily.

There is no denying the beautiful craftsmanship of the album, produced by Huebert himself with the assistance of John Raham (Frazey Ford, The Be Good Tanyas) and Leon Taney (Owen Pallett, Sebastien Grainger & The Mountains). Each track is its own diamond in the rough, driven by Huebert's endearing vocal cadences, lyricism, and the finesse of his fellow musicians. Executed any other way, it would have been easy to saturate this record with too many ideas and lose the delicate musical intricacies that make Siskiyou so unique. The fine line walked here is a testament to the talented individuals who participated in the creation of *Nervous*.
—Victoria Canning



IN CONTRA.

LITTLE CHURCH
(Self-Released)

Self-recorded in a little church in Burnaby, BC, in contra.'s first full-length album, aptly titled *little church*, is a glorious mess of

sound and colour. Ten years in the making, *little church's* opening chords make it clear that this is a creation of friends; a result of endless hours of good times and unabashed experimentation with noise and genre.

Like the albums of many other post-rock bands before them, in contra.'s *little church* lacks conventional song structures. Every moment of beauty and repose is a knife's edge away from an eruption of tense guitar noise and hammering drums. Every epic build could suddenly give way to a tender melody, an eerie banjo line, a cacophony of violins and percussive noise, or simply guitar feedback. Spanning an ambitious hour and 14 minutes, this is the perfect album for late-night walks home in the rain, soundtracking an alien invasion, or an intense apartment cleaning session.

While all eight songs blend together, there are definite standout moments on *little church*. The first half of "Guns of the Timberland" is an anthemic build reminiscent of Explosions in the Sky. "Byzantine Conduit" is appropriate amounts ominous post-rock, blissful slo-mo montage, and gratuitous drone. "Paul Newman (vs. Rodney Dangerfield)" is a beautiful journey through a snowy landscape of swirling guitar and driving bass. Interlaced with wafting horns, the culmination of sounds forms relentlessly into a gentle ruin.

What in contra. lacks in focus they make up for in sheer intensity and enthusiasm. The last decade of their musical tinkering has resulted in a piece of work that continues a legacy of Canadian post-rock. *little church* was built on foundations put in place by such legends as Godspeed You! Black Emperor and Do Make Say Think.—*Garth Covernton*

HOOKERS

It's Midnight... The Witching Hour
(Razorback)

The sky darkens over Vancouver as menacing clouds slowly slip in and veil the moon. In

the distance you can hear a faint rumble. The doom-laden air thickens with pressure and CLAP! Your heart pounds and your flesh pales as you realize that it's not just any ol' thunder surrounding you; it is genuine Kentucky heavy-metal thunder.

Formed at the crossroads of punk and metal by Adam Neal (Rock'N'Roll Outlaw and formerly of Nashville Pussy), Hookers have gone through a multitude of lineup changes since '94. Over the past few years, Vancouver's own Juan Badmutha (SprëadEagle, Evilive) and his bass guitar have become one of the Outlaws' staunchest henchmen. For *It's Midnight,* Badmutha recruited fellow Vancouverites Randy Romance (Red Hot Lovers) on guitar and Russia (Black Wizard, Hopeless) on drums. The resulting album is one of Hookers' heaviest works to date. As indicated by the sinister cover art, the 12 tracks on *It's Midnight* were concerned with the same depraved themes as Hookers' past releases: sex, horror, and the devil.

"The Devil's Wedding Night" starts things off at a frantic pace — a quick piece of blood curdling thrash to set the mood. "Violent Love Reaction" is the album's longest track at 3:08; it plays like a gruesome love ballad with sludgy riffs, a hard, intent beat, and the Outlaws' demonic bellow. The same gruff vocals keep the more punk and rock 'n' roll sounding tracks like "Kneel Before Me" and "Bad Man on the Run" in an evil place. The album's reign of terror comes to an end with

the riotous "Tonight Was Made For Killing" — a perfect track to lay the album to rest.

Not for the meek, *It's Midnight... The Witching Hour* is a diabolical dose of Hookers' infamous heavy metal thunder that will consume any fiend who dares to cross its threshold.—*Mark PaulHus*

JOHNNY DE COURCY

ALIEN LAKE
(Self-Released)

The nature of *Alien Lake* is a fluid one. Johnny de Courcy reveals no limit to his creative and musical capability, infusing this latest album with inspiration from various genres. While each track may sound different from the next, there is a notable flow in the way *Alien Lake* progresses. De Courcy and his bandmates are careful not to sacrifice variety for cohesiveness.

An influence of sounds, ranging from psychedelic-blues to country-infused rock, are evident on this eclectic 10 track album. The album's ninth song and title track is a mysterious and lucid tune, orchestrated by a beautiful piano ballad, as well as a saw (yes, a saw). De Courcy and his crew got pretty innovative on *Alien Lake*, offering variety in each song that will satisfy any musical craving you might have. Recorded in the Okanagan, de Courcy partnered up with Malcolm Biddle and Dada Plans' Matt Kyrsko to piece together this strategically eclectic album.

Right off the bat, "I Can't Be That Man" cracks like a whip. The buildup starts off fuzzy and loud, but by the chorus the tune mellows out. A heavy guitar riff that pays homage to Heart's "Barracuda" brings the song to an end. Next up, "Southern Plain" continues to showcase the album's rock 'n' roll side. This track is a concoction comprised of one part Tom Petty, two parts Chris Isaak, and three parts a seamless highway drive.

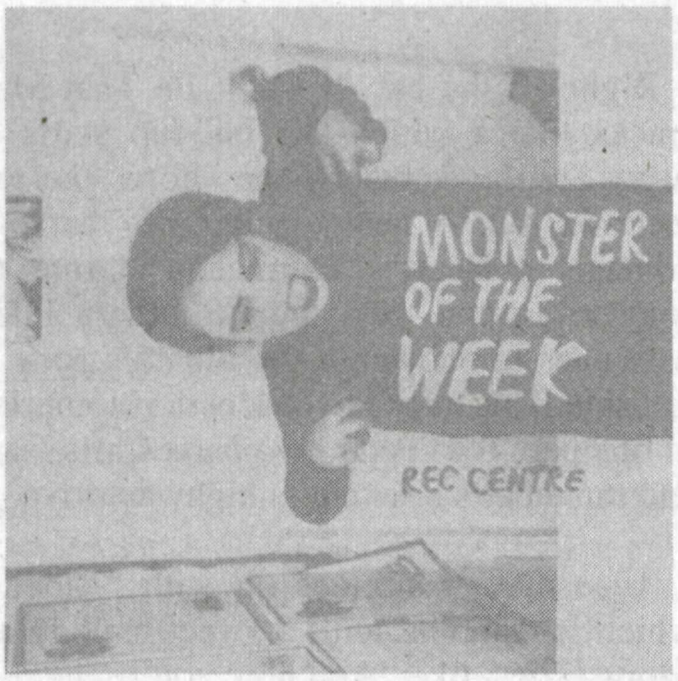
Alien Lake continues on with "Amélie," which is dripping with a sweet melody and happy lyrics, like "And now you're the most important part of me." Hard to believe these words are coming from the same person singing "Please be wary of my love" on the album's first track. Soon to follow, "Wind Chimes" begins with an ominous tone that completely shifts gears when the chorus strikes. Hard hitting drums and vocals, combined with a booming guitar solo remind us of the versatility de Courcy plays with throughout the album. One minute a brooding track, and the next a heartfelt belt-out, de Courcy taps into all your emotional reservoirs and musical palettes.

Johnny de Courcy really takes on the role of musical shapeshifter in this album, playing with a range of different genres and merging them together in his songs. If Alien Lake is a place that truly does exist, I'm packing my bags now. - *Jackie Manokian*

REC CENTRE

MONSTER OF THE WEEK
(Self-Released)

Rec Centre is the project of Vancouver musician/music journalist Alex Hudson. Enlisting help from friends Jay Arner and Jessica Delisle on instrumentation, *Monster of the Week* is a deceptively glittery personal tale of everyday monotony and ambivalence. Departing somewhat from the guitar-driven indie pop of his debut album Times a Billion, with *Monster of the Week* Hudson has centered his excellent songwriting on layers of



spacey synthesizer hooks straight out of '80s video games to create a washed out mix of post punk, slacker rock, and C86 style indie pop.

Monster of the Week suffers from some mild genre identity issues and its shifts in mood can be somewhat abrupt. Straight-ahead indie bangers like "Provincials" slip by pleasantly, but it's in the sauntering beauty of blissed-out tracks like "Celebrity Deaths" and "Laser Floyd" where Hudson's songwriting really shines. The opening lines of the former, "I finally figured out / Don't want to be famous / I guess it's just as well / I was never in danger," immediately instil a feeling of nostalgia and placid introspection.

While most songs on the album maintain a sunshiny disposition, catchy melodies, and purposeful beats, a darker message of apathy and avoidance lurks in Hudson's lyrics; this theme of apathy can also be found in moments of musical repose on tracks like the instrumental synth dirge "Theme #6."

On "Regency" Hudson sings, "Heard you say / Before the line went dead / What an asshole / Fuck him / And I barely care / So I know you're right / I'm unfeeling / So what?" What might have become a moment of fragility is instead passed off with a shrug, and yet the tenderness of the voice behind those lyrics suggests a sham.

Hudson's unique vocals lend themselves perfectly to dreamy synths and jangling guitars. Every track on *Monster of the Week* manages to identify itself from the others, both sonically and emotionally. The cynical and superficial lyrics paint a tongue-in-cheek portrait of Hudson's disillusioned generation and his own struggle for self-identity from the perspective of an insider in the fickle music industry.

With *Monster of the Week*, Rec Centre has accomplished something that is not always easy: creating an album that is interesting on the inside and out. Its driving synth pop is both an acceptable soundtrack for a sunny summer's day, as well as a welcome companion for a rainy winter's night.
—Garth Covernton

LOSCIL
Sea Island
(Kranky)

Sea Island is the latest release by Scott Morgan (better known as Loscil), which explores spaces in and around Vancouver through ambient noise-making. Previous releases such as *First Narrows, Sketches from New Brighton,* and *Strathcona Variations,* had already established Morgan as a Vancouver ambient mainstay.

On *Sea Island*, Morgan bends the limits of how we think about space in a traditional sense — through the traces of history, implied

material realities, and a blending of organic and inorganic textures — until neither of the two are certain or stable.

Morgan utilizes instrumentation (violin, piano, vibraphone) and some vocal work for this album, which has become more common on ambient releases over the past few years. What really differentiates Loscil from his peers is his ability to synthesize these elements with electronics and field recordings in order to create poly-rhythmic pieces with conceptual weight.

The album is subtle and hard to pin down. Sonar pings reccur throughout, revisiting a deep-sea/nautical theme Morgan has played with in the past. Morgan uses the formless and the fluid as embodied in a clunky metal tube (a submarine), employing a navigational system used by deep-sea animals.

A sizeable chunk of the literal *Sea Island* became an airport in 1931, thrusting the island into the gears of industrial modernity. *Sea Island* has also been the location of a warplane factory — "Catalina 1943" referring to the Catalina seaplane — commercial aviation industry, several skytrain stations, and a major sewage treatment plant on the Iona Peninsula, all landmarks of a distinctly peripheral space.

"Iona," an eight-minute drony metallic ode to that peninsula (also the site of the album's cover artwork), is full of whirrs and hisses that sound remarkably like airplane propellers, or sea winds. "Sturgeon Bank" is notably more beat-driven, becoming almost danceable at points; it is also the name of a marshy sector opposite *Sea Island*, a wildlife management area which is slowly eroding into the Fraser River.

Most of the tracks, however, are deeply cryptic. They are studies of the liminal space between the organic and the inorganic. "Sea Island Murders" is the album's pearl nestled in an oyster of drone. Whether a clever newspaper tag line or a rusting urban legend, there's nothing to indicate if the murders actually took place; instead they become part of the landscape (and soundscape) as it's experienced by listeners — story told as place, place told as story.

—*Joshua Gabert-Doyon*

LIÉ

CONSENT
(That's Cool)

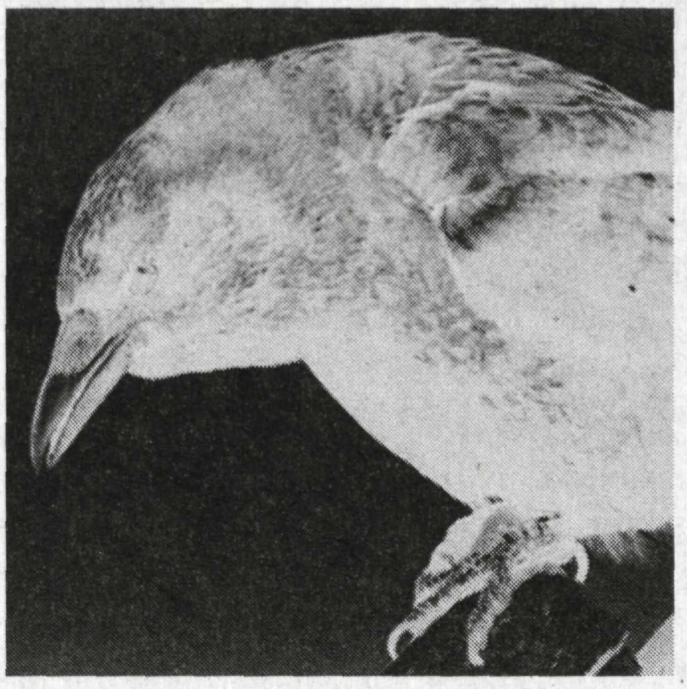
Lié's *Consent* is almost as infectiously listenable as it is disconcerting and nerve-wracking. At once, *Consent* manages to be a record that is as fun to listen to as it is politically and philosophically violent and confrontational.

Guitarist Ashlee Luk's screeching instrumental wails at times read like White Lung-lite, buried only slightly further back in the mix than I'd like. "Casual Embrace" starts with a furiously rapid lead arrangement that only gives up during the bridges, where it twists itself into a dissonant arpeggio which is not quite as haunting as Luk's vocal material. Like the other songs on *Consent*, "Casual Embrace" deals head-on with issues of feminism, sexual power, and subjugation. The album is not comfortable source material, which makes each track all the more engaging to absorb.

Consent sits firmly within an already saturated darkwave revival, but it would be hard to come across a better example, executed more firmly than with Lié. Strong and aggressive instrumentation, including an ever-present

guitar scream and looming drum fills, keeps the nine songs on this LP steaming all the way towards the fantastic finisher, "Seams." Post-punk fans in particular will find a lot to like behind the album's relatively clean production, although the very modern amount of reverb on some tracks' vocals sometimes has the tendency to cover up Luk's naturally stellar singing.

Either standing as a punk record for goth kids, or a coldwave album for punk nerds, *Consent* manages to bridge the gap between ear candy and brain candy, providing both points to ponder and beats to stomp to.
—*Fraser Dobbs*



THE CROWBOTS

Days Run Away
(Self-Released)

What do you get when you spend a year and a half scavenging the carcasses of 20th-century rock songs, then spend another year and a half frankensteining them back to life? If you're The Crowbots, you get five energetic tracks that sound at once classical and freshly technical.

Recorded in 2013 by Justin Guptell, this album sounds like you're getting a rockin' live performance in the comfort of your own headphones. That's because The Crowbots recorded the whole band in the same room, at the same time. As a result, the sound is raw and loose and under-produced, but also right on the money. The Crowbots draw you in with familiar sounds so you're close enough to feel the blast when they put the hammer down in songs like "The Shakes," or when they cross into the realm of advanced waveforms, metallic pulses, and fuzzy frequencies right in the middle of boppin' songs like "Ceci Doo-Wop" and "Gridlock Boogie." *Days Run Away* moves like a noisy river through rock's tumultuous history and picks up its fair share of treasures along the way.

If there's one fault in this debut EP, it's that it's easy to think you've heard it all before — but keep listening. It's the same bottle, yes, but the wine is new. Those Marty McFly Fender Strat solos turn into dreamy ice cream beats, and those Jimi Hendrix riffs turn into Mark Mothersbaugh synth pop, just for fun. All things considered, *Days Run Away* is refined but still spontaneous, like a good hair day. It marks The Crowbots as a band to watch out for in 2015. —*Adam Smylie*

THE SUNNY UNSEEN

by Alex De Boer // Illustrations by Dana Kearley

Up Main, hiking up, we pressed our foreheads against a moving wall of rain. Past 5th the road became a wishbone and we were drawn towards the piece that would have, no doubt, been shorter. This piece, a street crowned Kingsway, also happened to be the most direct route to cheap drinks. Doubles were six bucks, or five fifty, or something in that price range.

The bar was above the Charles Cabaret — sat on top of it like a hat hiding an inebriated head. Only it was actually the opposite of that. The Charles was like a red velour cap and Avanti's Sports Bar was a sloppy face with a toothy beer-glass smile.

Jane and I entered this garish grin. It was foggy and dark inside; some of the lights might have been broken, a couple were flickering. As I began to feel a fine mist imbed in the already smoky air, I considered asking Jane her thoughts. Avanti's had always been a den, but tonight it was cavernous.

There's a table in the corner.

Alright.

The table we slid towards, much like all the rest, was held in the palm of a padded booth. The pillowy leather seats were restrained by deep-stitched seams that felt like giant fingers frozen in gesture.

A second set of double gin and tonics appeared on our table. I looked over and Jane's hand, gripping a small pen, drew curtains on her napkin. These curtains blew out from a window in a lapping sweep. Jane's posture and forward-facing head hid her hand motions while her vertical gaze pointed towards the illustration.

As I noticed her scribbling, I remembered thinking that I wanted to take a sip of my drink. Did I take that sip or just desire to take it? There was a tonic buzz in my mouth. When was that from? Fruitless anxiety rolled through my mind as Jane interjected.

What's that guy doing?

She didn't specify who she was referring to, but my head tilted left as if the ground to my right had raised.

With a tinge of cheap cinematics, a middle-aged man with middle parted grey hair motioned us to come towards him. My immediate response was skepticism and mild annoyance.

Jane was gliding towards him before I had fully processed my thoughts. Through the low-laying smoke, her long skirt billowed. In the dimness her figure seemed curvier than before and her hair longer, with coiling ends.

When she arrived at the seated man, her back bent and she put her hand to her ear, connecting with the man's turned face. Between them bridged a mysterious exchange, for which I could not interpret in murmur or smirk. The back of Jane's head betrayed nothing.

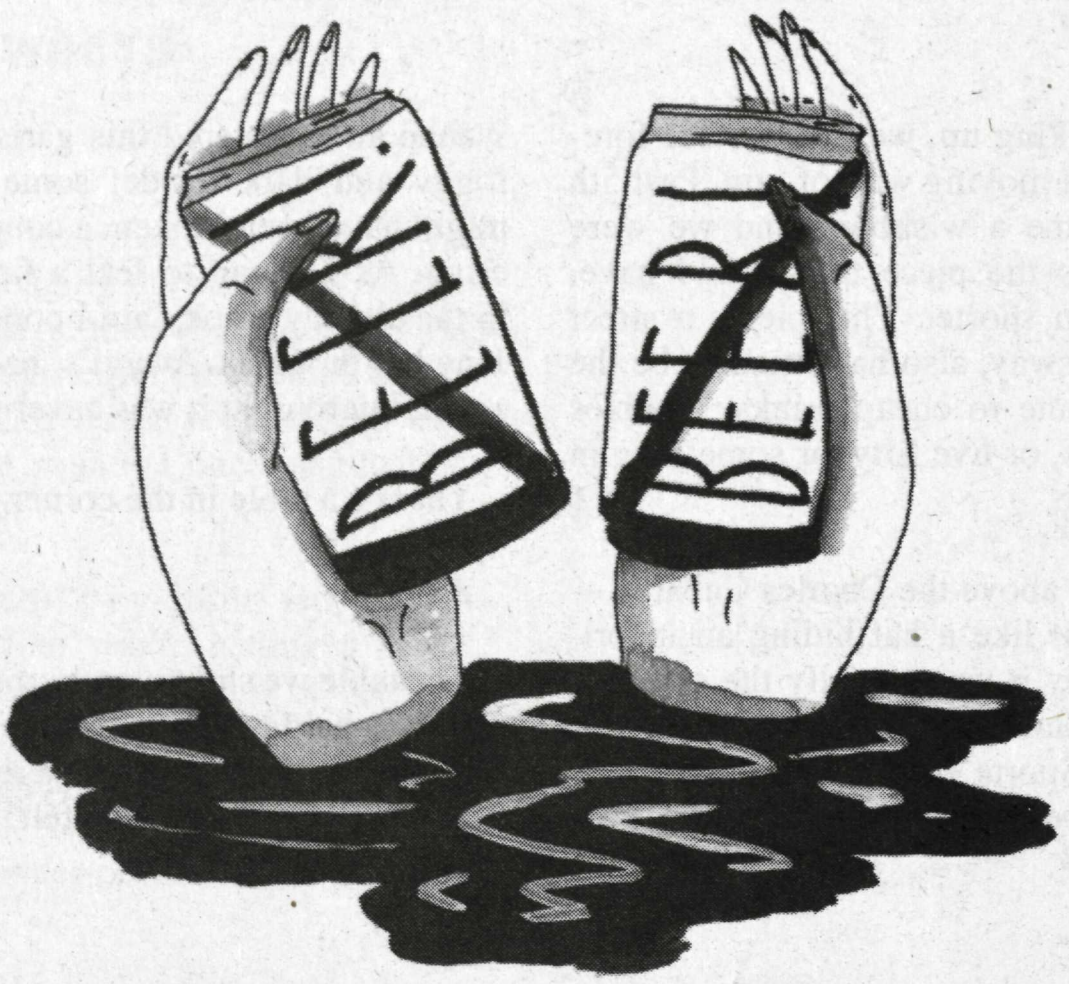
As the man's face turned forward again, Jane raised her back, lowered her hand, and returned to me from across the room.

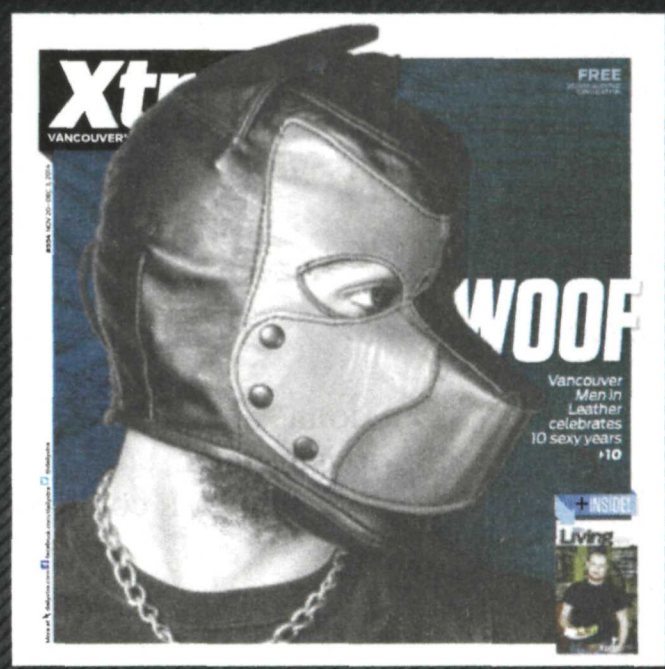
There's a very secret meeting happening downstairs.

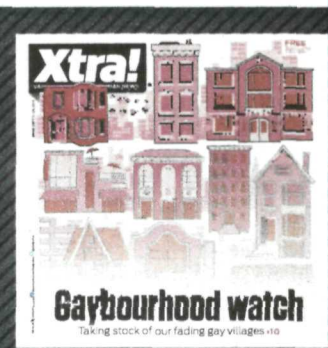
Now? At the Charles?

Apparently. That guy told me a password.

I started to laugh at the vagueness of this information, but Jane was already up and moving towards the exit.







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BEER

On the way down it felt like the stairs met my feet and not vice versa. The stairwell added structure but no support as I disorientedly ventured into the Charles, to some confidential event.

A large man in a navy suit and a blue-hued tie greeted us. His welcome involved standing menacingly in front of a black curtain. Jane leaned in and said something that sounded a lot like "Save-On-Foods."

The bouncer moved as if on a hinge; the curtain was pulled open and I followed Jane inside.

My eyes had been adjusted to the inky interior of the bar above, so the beams of light that suddenly hit my face were assaulting, at the least.

What is this?

But Jane couldn't respond. She was gone. Replaced by silhouettes that grew thinner and thicker in front of pendulating orange flashes. These figures, my new companions, gradually took human form as my eyes adjusted.

What I saw was perplexing. Men, almost all men, white men, older men, wearing Hawaiian collared shirts. They were swaying and cheersing one another, sloshing beer onto their open-toed shoes.

As my eyes adapted, so did my ears. The music was like nothing I had ever heard at the Charles. Some form of miami retiree reggae/rock 'n' rock. The room was drunk on bouncy, tropical melodies and syrupy refrains. Riffs hit the walls and poured back down into half full beer glasses.

I turned to the stage, preparing for something hauntingly optimistic, something really blindly sunny. The drums yelled in cursive font: JIMMY P & THE BILLIONAIRES!

Like their audience, the band wore bright, floral button-up shirts. The lead singer was elderly. He sported a pink sunvisor and capris. Around his neck hung a string of plastic tequila shot glasses.

This next song's called "Overwaitea in Paradise!"

As the bass player threw some sort of green paper out into the audience I waded frantically through the flooding brightness back the way I had come. The black curtain wiped against my back as I stumbled under it and the Caribbean tune that sprung after me halted exactly as the heavy curtain hit the ground.

Jane stood there.

The man in Avanti's told me that was going to be a condo developers meeting.

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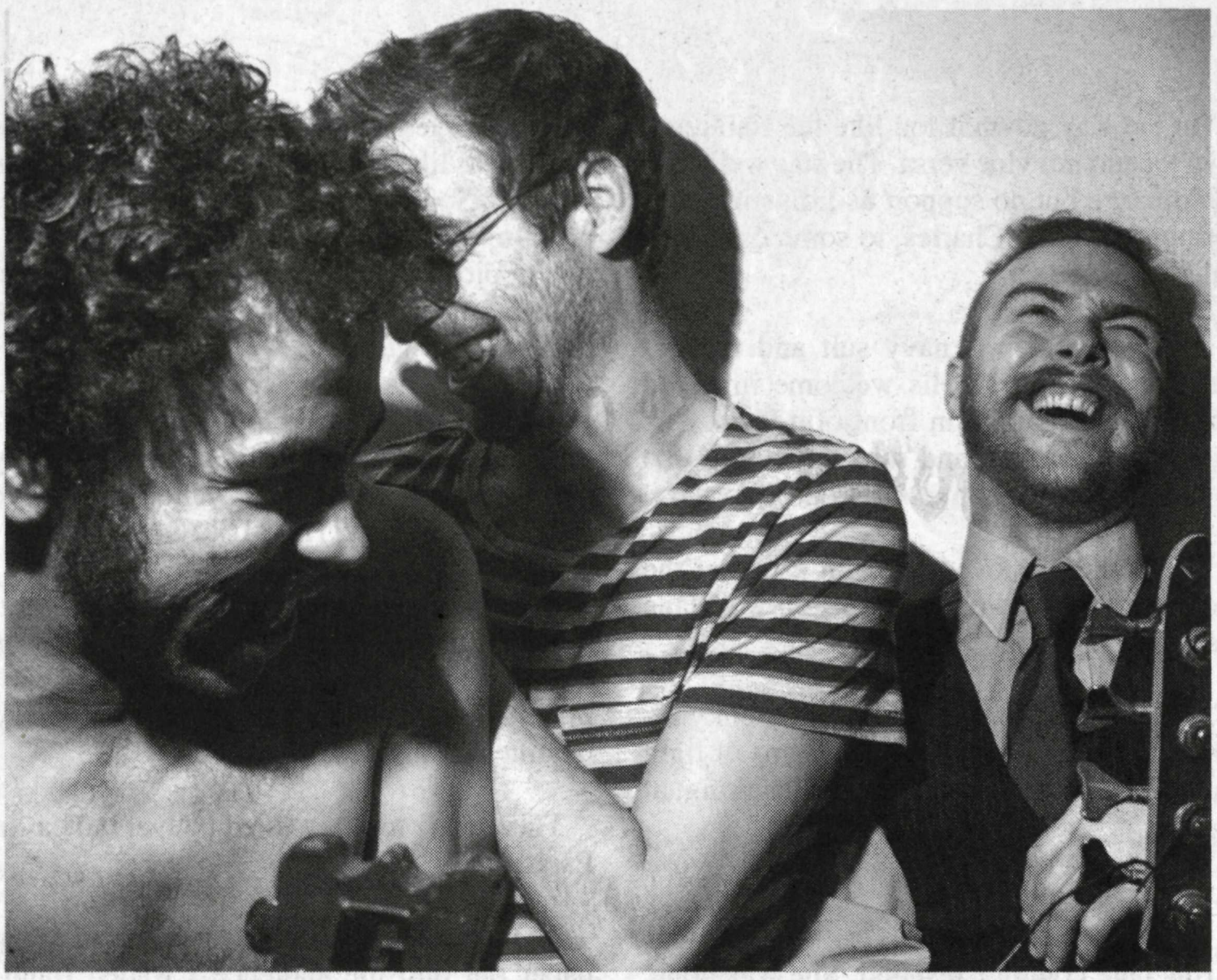

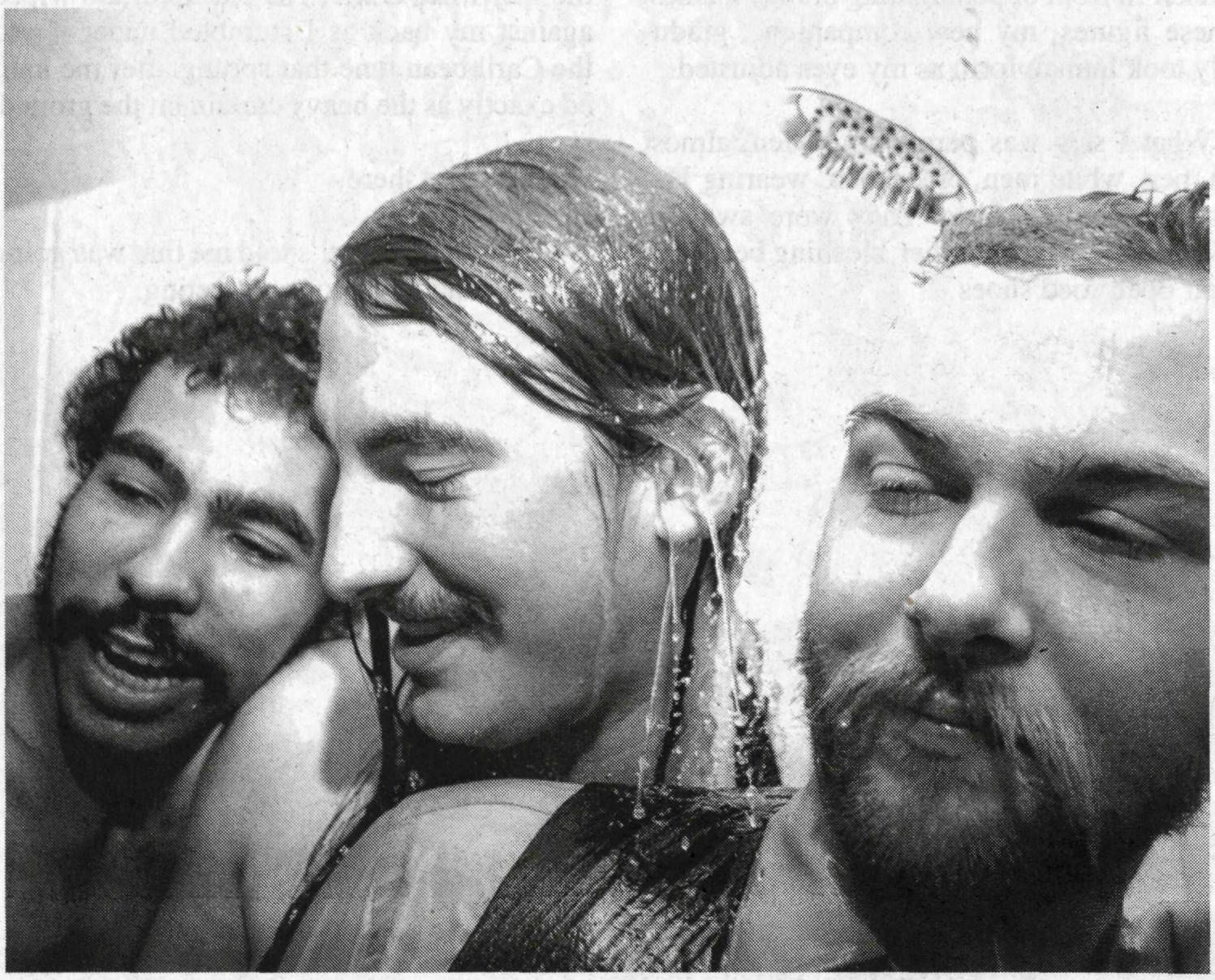

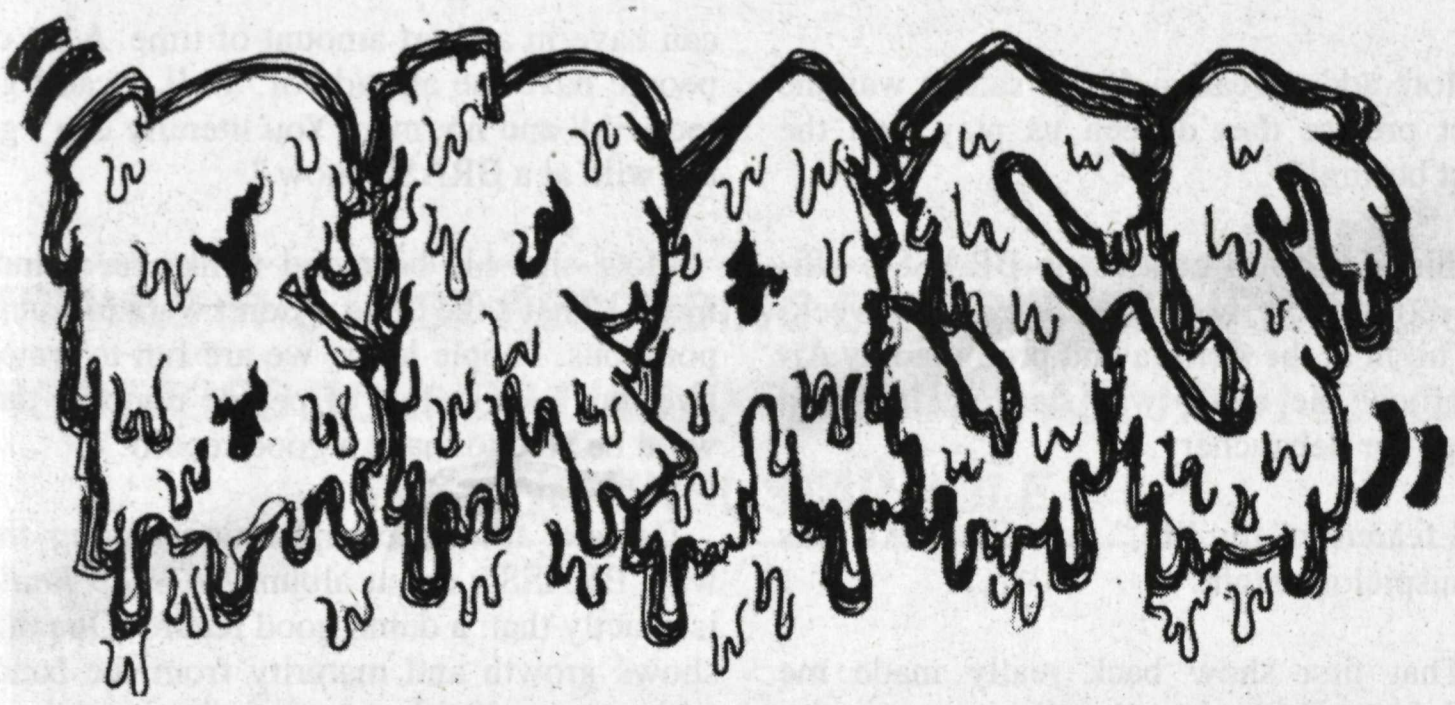

RECIPE FOR DEBAUCHERY

by Christopher Lennox- Aasen // Photography by Konstantin Prodanovic // Illustrations by Tara Bigdeli

"I thought I was going to get kicked out of the band," admits BRASS frontman Devon Motz.

We're sitting in Motz's apartment on a blustery January evening, along with guitarist Tristan Milne and bass player Zak Garrett. It's difficult to nail down an evening with all members in town, a running theme with the band, so drummer Rory Troughton isn't present. He is mercilessly made fun of.

A year ago the future of BRASS was in serious doubt when Motz announced he was going away for several months to Australia.

"It's hard to be a band when a member isn't there," says Milne, on Motz's departure, "it's hard to make the same commitment."

BRASS was faced with a tough decision: burn out, or fade away. But even though it was a tough choice, it wasn't really a choice at all.

"Those four months before Devon left, we just went for broke," says Milne. "We overplayed the shit out of Vancouver." BRASS released their self-titled four-song EP in January to get something (anything) out there. With the fire lit under their asses, they made a name for themselves as reckless and rowdy performers. During their last show before Motz's departure, Milne smashed his guitar to pieces on a concrete floor; Motz claims it was "the best guitar smash" he'd ever seen.

"We had less than six months of last year to actually do stuff like jam, write, or play shows," says Milne.

With their vocalist on a different continent, the other BRASS members made the choice to dig in their heels. They wrote songs and sent demo recordings to Motz, who then wrote most of the lyrics while rambling and rolling around Down Under.

As soon as Motz returned from his walkabout, the band began playing shows again, the very first being a last-second Music Waste appearance.

"It was weird. It wasn't the crowd we were used to y'know? They didn't throw beer cans and stuff at us," says Garrett.

Motz adds,"Yeah, a friend said it was the most precise they'd seen us play, and the most boring!"

This is in stark contrast to BRASS's official return show, not a week later. On a weekend night at the Astoria and promoted by Art Signified, the roster was stacked. It was a recipe for debauchery.

"I feared for my life," says Garrett. It was an auspicious night.

"That first show back really made me think," says Milne, "we're there to entertain. I want to fly around, and enjoy the songs. Everyone is there to have the most fun they can have in a short amount of time. A lot of people have the attitude of 'Well, I can't go too wild' and no, man. You literally can't go too wild at a BRASS show."

Motz sips his beer and thinks for a moment. "That's the thing, I don't want to sound pompous. People know we are fun to watch live, but I know lots of people doubted that we'd be able to make a good record."

Despite all the complications along the way, BRASS's debut album *No Soap Radio* is exactly that: a damn good record. One that shows growth and maturity from the band, without sacrificing any of the punk-rock sneer found on their EP. And thanks to producer Jesse Gander, it sounds amazing.

"IT WAS THE BEST RECORDING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE. THE RECORD SOUNDS LIKE EXCESS. IT'S ALL HIGH VELOCITY AND UNSUSTAINABLE."

"It was the best recording experience of my life," says Milne. "The record sounds like excess. It's all high velocity and unsustainable."

"My favourite track is 'Steal of a Deal.' I wrote the riff when I was in a weird headspace, not working, living off a meagre amount of money, I was all fucked up," says Garrett. "That song basically sums up how I felt at the time."

"There's a song called 'Talking Like a Idiot,'" says Motz, "it's about cops, but it's also about keyboard warriors. That fucking 'I know everything about everything because I read it on a BuzzFeed article' attitude. Just because people have opposing opinions, doesn't mean either of them is right."

I ask what memory stood out the most from their recording session, and Garrett bursts out laughing immediately.

"On the way to the studio, we were going to listen to a CD, and I was rooting through this booklet and I found what I thought was the White Stripes," Garrett explains, "you know that red and white swirl album? Well, I put it on, and it was Katy Perry. We laughed so hard and just blasted it the whole way there. That sort of set the precedent to the recording: if it's poppy but rad, then fuck it, y'know?" The other guys are in stitches at the memory.

I'm sorry to say that there isn't much Katy Perry influence shining through on the album, but it is catchy, hooky, fun, and shit-kickingly rad. I ask if they have any final thoughts on the record.

"It leaves people with a feeling that there is going to be more," says Milne, "more BRASS records coming down the pipeline."

Make sure to keep an eye out for No Soap Radio, *out on vinyl and digital download this spring*.

SPARK
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BABY

CITR 101.9FM PROGRAM GUIDE

DISCORDER RECOMENDS LISTENING TO CITR ONLINE AT CITR.CA EVERY DAY

	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
6:00	CITR GHOST MIX	PACIFIC PICKIN'	CITR GHOST	CITR GHOST MIX	CITR GHOST MIX	CITR GHOST MIX	CITR GHOST MIX
7:00			MOON GROK		MOON GROK	MOON GROK	BEPI CRESPAN PRESENTS...
8:00	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM VANCOUVER: RELOADED	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	MOONGROK	THE SECTOR	THE SATURDAY EDGE	
9:00					UP ON THE ROOF		CLASSICAL CHAOS
10:00		MOON GROK	POP DRONES	ROCKET FROM RUSSIA	THE SCREEN GIRLS		SHOOKSHOOK-TA
11:00	LANGUAGE TO LANGUAGE		THE TERRY PROJECT PODCAST	TRANSITION STATE	THE CATS PAJAMS		
12:00	SYNCHRONIC-ITY	MORNING AFTER SHOW	THE SHAKE-SPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO WITH RADIO DAVE	GENERATION ANNIHILATION	THE ROCKERS SHOW
1:00	PARTS UNKNOWN	SHINE ON	ALL EARS / MOON GROK	THE PERMA-NENT RAIN RADIO / ALOUD	FEMCONCEPT	POWER CHORD	
2:00		GIVE EM THE BOOT	EXTRAENVIRONMEN-TALIST	SPICE OF LIFE	RADIO ZERO		
3:00	THE BURROW	RADIO FREE THINKER	KEW IT UP	ASTROTALK / THUNDERBIRD EYE		CODE BLUE	LA FIESTA / BLOOD ON THE SAD-DLE
4:00	LITTLE BIT OF SOUL	VIBES & STUFF	ASIAN WAVE	SOUL SANDWICH	NARDWUAR PRESENTS		
5:00	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	DISCORDER RADIO	ARTS REPORT	SIMORGH	NEWS 101	MANTRA	CHTHONIC BOOM!
6:00	WIZE MEN	FLEX YOUR HEAD	ALAPHABET SOUP / UBC ARTS ON AIR	ARE YOU AWARE / SOCIALFOCUS	STRANDED	NASHA VOLNA	CRESCENDO
7:00	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES		SAM-SQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY / INNER SPACE	PEANUT BUTTER 'N' JAMS		SOULSHIP ENTERPRISE	MORE THAN HUMAN
8:00		INSIDE OUT	FOLK OASIS	NEW ERA / THE MATT & RYAN SHOW	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	MOON GROK	RHYTHMNS INDIA / TECHNO PROGRES-SIVO
9:00	THE JAZZ SHOW	CRIMES & TREASONS		LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SKALDS HALL	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	BOOTLEGS & B-SIDES
10:00			SEXY IN VAN CITY		CANADA POST ROCK		TRANCEN-DANCE
11:00		NOD ON THE LIST	HANS VON KLOSS MISERY HOUR	COPY/PASTE	THE MEDICINE SHOW	RANDO-PHONIC	
12:00	CITR GHOST MIX	G4E		AURAL TEN-TACLES	THE LATE NIGHT SHOW		CITR GHOST MIX
1:00			VAMPIRE'S BALL				
2:00		CITR GHOST MIX				THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA	
3:00			CITR GHOST MIX				
4:00							
5:00							
6:00							

DIFFICULT

Bepi Crespan Presents... SUN 7am
Bepi Crespan Presents... CiTR's 24 Hours Of Radio Art in a snack size format! Difficult music, harsh electronics, spoken word, cut-up/collage and general Crespan© weirdness. Twitter: @bepicrespan. Blog: bepicrespan.blogspot.ca

CLASSICAL

Classical Chaos SUN 9am
From the Ancient World to the 21st century, join host Marguerite in exploring and celebrating classical music from around the world.

TALK

Alphabet Soup Alternating Wednesdays 6pm
Alphabet Soup is a talk show which focuses on the writing of MFA Creative Writing students at UBC. Topics include events happening in the program and the Vancouver art scene while promoting the writers and the genre which they are working in.

Aloud Alternating Thursdays 1pm
Aloud features authors and literary critics reading, analyzing and discussing their favourite short stories. Every month we invite a prominent Vancouver-based author or critic to share one of their favourite pieces of short fiction on air. The show—one hour in length—begins with the guest reading selections from the story and ends with an engaging discussion of the work with Aloud host, David Gaertner—a UBC postdoctoral fellow with a PhD in Literature. Theme and interstitial music provided by Vancouver musician Jason Starnes with support from UBC's First Nations Studies Program. Read more at aloudliterature.tumblr.com and follow us on Twitter @Aloud_Lit.

AstroTalk THU 3pm
Space is an interesting place. Marco slices up the night sky with a new topic every week. Death Stars, Black Holes, Big Bangs, Red Giants, the Milky Way, G-Bands, Syzygy's, Pulsars, Super Stars...

The Sector FRI 8am
Discussing the world of social justice, non-profits, charities and activism. Join Ethan for in-depth interviews, examinations of nonprofit missions and causes, and discussions of everything from philanthropy to progressive politics.

Synchronicity MON 12pm
Join host Marie B and discuss spirituality, health and feeling good. Tune in and tap into good vibrations that help you remember why you're here: to have fun!

News 101 FRI 5pm
Vancouver's only live, volunteer-produced, student and community newscast. Every week, we take a look back at the week's local, national and international news, as seen from a fully independent media perspective.

Queer FM Vancouver: Reloaded TUE 8am
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.queerfmradio@gmail.com

Radio Free Thinker TUE 3pm
Promoting skepticism, critical thinking and science, we examine popular extraordinary claims and subject them to critical analysis.

Terry Project Podcast WED 11:30am
There once was a project named Terry, That wanted to make people wary, Of things going on In the world that are wrong without making it all seem too scary.

All Ears Alternating Wednesdays 1pm
(Alternating with UBC Arts On Air.) All Ears is an advice radio program targetted to the UBC community. We try to answer your questions and address topics sent via social media and over the phone. Interviews and segments relating to campus life will be featured, all in our attempt to better our community and supply positive feedback.

Extraenvironmentalist WED 2pm
Exploring the mindset of an outsider looking in on Earth. Featuring interviews with leading thinkers in the area of sustainable economics and our global ecological crisis.

Arts Report WED 5pm
Reviews, interviews and coverage of local arts (film, theatre, dance, visual and performance art, comedy, and more) by host Jake Costello and the Arts Reporters.

UBC Arts On Air Alternating Wednesdays 6pm
Ira Nadel, UBC English, offers scintillating profiles and unusual interviews with members of UBC Arts world. Tune in for programs, people and personalities in Art

Sexy In Van City WED 10pm
Your weekly dose of education and entertainment in the realm of relationships and sexuality. sexyinvancity.com/category/sexy-in-vancity-radio.

The Social Focus Alternating Thursdays 6pm
An interview-based show about how students, past and present, have come up with creative ways to overcome social challenges in the community. Each episode will invite individuals to share their stories of success and failure, along with actionable advice on how to start an innovative initiative that serves the community. Hear from UBC students, alumni and others involved in the community!

The Matt & Ryan Show Alternating Thursdays 7:30pm
the Matt and Ryan show featuring Ryan and Matt. An hour and a half of pure fun and good music. Matt and Ryan take calls, give advice, and generally tell you what's up. The phone lines are open.

Language to Language MON 11am
Encouraging language fluency and cultural awareness.

REGGAE

The Rockers Show SUN 12pm
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

ROOTS / FOLK / BLUES

Blood On The Saddle — Alternating Sundays 3pm
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

Pacific Pickin' — TUE 6am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman. Email: pacificpickin@yahoo.com

Folk Oasis — WED 8pm
Two hours of eclectic folk/roots music, with a big emphasis on our local scene. C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997. Email: folkoasis@gmail.com

The Saturday Edge — SAT 8am
A personal guide to world and roots music—with African, Latin, and European music in the first half, followed by Celtic, blues, songwriters, Cajun, and whatever else fits! Email: steveedge3@mac.com.

Code Blue — SAT 3pm
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul. Email: codeblue@paulnorton.ca

SOUL / R&B

Soulship Enterprise — SAT 7pm
A thematically oriented blend of classic funk, soul, r&b, jazz, and afrobeat tunes, The Happy Hour has received great renown as the world's foremost funky, jazzy, soulful, and delightfully awkward radio show hosted by people named Robert Gorwa and/or Christopher Mylett Gordon Patrick Hunter III.

African Rhyhms — FRI 7:30pm
Website: www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HIP HOP

Nod on the List — TUE 11pm
"Nod on the List is a program featuring new urban and alternative music, sounds of beats, hip hop, dancehall, bass, interviews, guest hosts and more every Tuesday at 11pm. scads_international@yahoo.com
facebook-So Salacious"

Crimes & Treasons — TUE 9pm
Uncensored Hip-Hop & Trill ish. Hosted by Jamal Steeles, Trinidad Jules & DJ Relly Rels. Website: http://crimesandtreasons.blogspot.ca. Email: dj@crimesandtreasons.com.

Vibes & Stuff — TUE 4pm
Feeling nostalgic? Vibes and Stuff has you covered bringing you some of the best 90s to early 2000s hip-hop artist all in one segment. All the way from New Jersey and New York City, DJ Bmatt and DJ Jewels will be bringing the east coast to the west coast throughout the show. We will have you reminiscing about the good ol' times with Vibes and Stuff every Wednesday afternoon from 1:00pm-2:00pm PST.
E-mail: vibesandstuffhiphop@gmail.com

New Era — Alternating Thursdays 7:30pm
Showcases up and coming artists who are considered "underdogs" in the music industry. The show will provide a platform for new artists who are looking to get radio play.
Hip-Hop music from all over the world along with features of multi-genre artists.

EXPERIMENTAL

More Than Human — SUN 7pm
Strange and wonderful electronic sounds from the past, present, and future with host Gareth Moses. Music from parallel worlds.

Pop Drones — WED 10am
Unearthing the depths of contemporary cassette and vinyl underground. Ranging from DIY bedroom pop and garage rock all the way to harsh noise and, of course, drone.

LATIN AMERICAN

La Fiesta — Alternating Sundays 3pm
Salsa, Bachata, Merengue, Latin House, and Reggaeton with your host Gspot DJ.

The Leo Ramirez Show — MON 5pm
The best of mix of Latin American music. Email: leoramirez@canada.com

ETHIOPIAN

Shookshookta — SUN 10am
A program targeted to Ethiopian people that encourages education and personal development.

CHINESE / KOREAN

Asian Wave — WED 4pm
Tune in to Asian Wave 101 to listen to some of the best music from the Chinese language and Korean music industries, as well the latest news coming from the two entertainment powerhouses of the Asian pop scene. The latest hits from established artists, rookies only just debuted, independent artists and classic songs from both industries, can all be heard on Asian Wave 101, as well as commentary, talk and artist spotlights of unsigned Canadian talent. Only on CiTR 101.9 FM.

RUSSIAN

Nasha Volna — SAT 6pm
News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad. Website: nashavolna.ca.

INDIAN

Rhythmsindia — Alternating Sundays 8pm
Featuring a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present; Ghazals and Bhajans, Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

ITALIAN

Give Em The Boot TUE 2pm
Sample the various flavours of Italian music from north to south, traditional to modern on this bilingual show. Folk, singer-songwriter, jazz and much more. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica italiana. Website: http://giveemtheboot.wordpress.com. facebook.com/givetheboot.

PERSIAN

Simorgh THU 5pm
Simorgh Radio is devoted to the education and literacy for the Persian speaking communities and those interested in connecting to Persian oral and written literature. Simorgh takes you through a journey of ecological sustainability evolving within cultural and social literacy. Simorgh the mythological multiplicity of tale-figures, lands-in as your mythological narrator in the storyland; the contingent space of beings, connecting Persian peoples within and to Indigenous peoples.

SACRED

Mantra SAT 5pm
An electic mix of electronic and acoustic beats and layers, chants and medicine song. Exploring the diversity of the worlds sacred sounds – traditional, contemporary and futuristic. Email: mantraradioshow@gmail.com

DANCE / ELECTRONIC

Copy/Paste THU 11pm
If it makes you move your feet (or nod your head), it'll be heard on copy/paste. Tune in every week for a full hour DJ mix by Autonomy, running the gamut from cloud rap to new jack techno and everything in between.

Techno Progressivo Alternating Sundays 8pm
A mix of the latest house music, tech-house, prog-house and techno.

Trancendance SUN 10pm
Hosted by DJ Smiley Mike and DJ Caddyshack, Trancendance has been broadcasting from Vancouver, B.C. since 2001. We favour Psytrance, Hard Trance and Epic Trance, but also play Acid Trance, Deep Trance, Hard Dance and even some Breakbeat. We also love a good Classic Trance Anthem, especially if it's remixed. Current influences include Sander van Doorn, Gareth Emery, Nick Sentience, Ovnimoon, Ace Ventura, Save the Robot, Liquid Soul and Astrix. Older influences include Union Jack, Carl Cox, Christopher Lawrence, Whoop! Records, Tidy Trax, Platipus Records and Nukleuz. Email: djsmileymike @trancendance.net. Website: www.trancendance.net.

Inside Out TUE 8pm

Radio Zero FRI 2pm
An international mix of super-fresh weekend party jams from New Wave to foreign electro, baile, Bollywood, and whatever else.
Website: www.radiozero.com[

Synaptic Sandwich SAT 9pm
If you like everything from electro/techno/trance/8-bit music/retro '80s, this is the show for you! Website: synapticsandwich.net

The Late Night Show FRI 1230am
The Late Night Show features music from the underground Jungle and Drum & Bass scene, which progresses to Industrial, Noise and Alternative No Beat into the early morning. Following the music, we then play TZM broadcasts, beginning at 6 a.m.

Inner Space Alternating Wednesdays 6:30pm
Dedicated to underground electronic music, both experimental and dance-oriented. Live DJ sets and guests throughout.

Bootlegs & B-Sides SUN 9pm
Hosted by Doe Ran, tune in for the finest remixes from soul to dubstep and ghetto funk to electro swing. Nominated finalist for 'Canadian college radio show of the year 2012' Pioneer DJ Stylus Awards. Soundcloud.com/doe-ran and search "Doe-Ran" on Facebook.

ROCK / POP / INDIE

Canada Post-Rock FRI 10pm
Formerly on CKXU, Canada-Post Rock now resides on the west coast but it's still committed to the best in post-rock, drone, ambient, experimental, noise and basically anything your host Pbone can put the word "post" infront of.

Crescendo SUN 6pm
Starting with some serene chill tracks at the beginning and building to the INSANEST FACE MELTERS OF ALL TIMEEE, Crescendo will take you on a musical magic carpet ride that you couldn't imagine in your wildest dreams. Besides overselling his show, Jed will play an eclectic set list that builds throughout the hour and features both old classics, and all the greatest new tracks that the hipsters think they know about before anyone else does.

Dave Radio with Radio Dave FRI 12pm
Your noon-hour guide to what's happening in Music and Theatre in Vancouver. Lots of tunes and talk.

Discorder Radio TUE 5pm
Discorder Magazine now has its own radio show! Join us to hear excerpts of interviews, reviews and more!

Duncan's Donuts THU 12pm
Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts. http://duncansdonuts.wordpress.com.

Spice of Life THU 2pm
The spice extends life. The spice expands consciousness. The Spice of Life brings you a variety of Post-Rock, Shoegaze, Math Rock and anything that else that progresses. Join host Ben Life as he meanders whimsically through whatever comes to mind on the walk to CITR.

Samsquantch's Hideaway Alternating Wednesdays 6:30pm
All-Canadian music with a focus on indie-rock/pop.
Email: anitabinder@hotmail.com.

Parts Unknown MON 1pm
An indie pop show since 1999, it's like a marshmallow sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

The Cat's Pajams FRI 11am
The cat's pajamas: a phrase to describe something/someone super awesome or cool. The Cat's Pajams: a super awesome and cool radio show featuring the latest and greatest indie pop, rock, lofi and more from Vancouver and beyond!

The Burrow MON 3pm
Noise Rock, Alternative, Post-Rock, with a nice blend of old 'classics' and newer releases. Interviews and live performances

The Permanent Rain Radio Alternating Thursdays 1pm
Music-based, pop culture-spanning program with a focus on the local scene. Join co-hosts Chloe and Natalie for an hour of lighthearted twin talk and rad tunes from a variety of artists who have been featured on our website. What website? thepermanentrainpress.com

ECLECTIC

Transition State THU 11am
High quality music with a special guest interview from the Pharmaceutical Sciences. Frank discussions and music that can save the world

Shine On TUE 1pm
An eclectic mix of the latest, greatest tunes from the Vancouver underground and beyond, connected through a different theme each week. Join your host Shea every Tuesday for a groovy musical experience!

Soul Sandwich THU 4pm
A myriad of your favourite music tastes all cooked into one show. From Hip Hop to Indie rock to African jams, Ola will play through a whirlwind of different genres, each sandwiched between another. This perfect layering of yummy goodness will blow your mind. AND, it beats subway.

The Shakespeare Show WED 12pm
Dan Shakespeare is here with music for your ear. Kick back with gems of the previous years.

Up on the Roof FRI 9am
Friday Mornings got you down? Climb Up On the Roof and wake up with Robin and Jake! Weekly segments include improvised crime-noir radio dramas, trivia contents, on-air calls to Jake's older brother and MORE! We'll be spinning old classics, new favourites, and lots of ultra-fresh local bands!

Breakfast With The Browns MON 8am
Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights.
Email: breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com.

Chthonic Boom! SUN 5pm
A show dedicated to playing psychedelic music from parts of the spectrum (rock, pop, electronic) as well as garage and noise rock.

The Morning After Show TUE 11:30am
The Morning After Show with Oswaldo Perez every Tuesday at 11:30a.m. Playing your favourite songs for 13 years. The morning after what? The morning after whatever you did last night. Eclectic show with live music, local talent and music you won't hear anywhere else.

Hans Von Kloss' Misery Hour WED 11pm
Pretty much the best thing on radio.

Suburban Jungle WED 8am
Live from the Jungle Room, join radio host Jack Velvet for an eclectic mix of music, sound bites, information and inanity.
Email: dj@jackvelvet.net.

Are You Aware Alternating Thursdays 6pm
Celebrating the message behind the music: Profiling music and musicians that take the route of positive action over apathy.

Peanut Butter 'n' jams Alternating Thursdays 6:30pm
Explore local music and food with your hosts, Brenda and Jordie. You'll hear interviews and reviews on eats and tunes from your neighbourhood, and a weekly pairing for your date calendar.

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell THU 9pm
Featuring live band(s) every week performing in the CiTR Lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world.

Aural Tentacles THU 12am
It could be global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.
Email: auraltentacles@hotmail.com

FemConcept FRI 1pm
Entirely Femcon music as well as spoken word content relevant to women's issues (interviews with campus groups such as the Women's Center, SASC, etc.). Musical genres include indie-rock, electronic, punk, with an emphasis on local and Canadian Artists.

Nardwuar FRI 3:30pm
Join Nardwuar the Human Serviette for Clam Chowder flavoured entertainment. Doot doola doot doo…doot doo! Email: nardwuar@nardwuar.com

The Medicine Show FRI 11PM
"A variety show, featuring musicians, poets and entertainment industry guests whose material is considered to be therapeutic. We encourage and promote independent original, local live music and art.

Randophonic SAT 11pm
Randophonic is best thought of as an intraversal jukebox which has no concept of genre, style, political boundaries, or even space-time relevance. But it does know good sounds from bad. Lately, the program has been focused on Philip Random's All Vinyl Countdown + Apocalypse (the 1,111 greatest records you probably haven't heard). And we're not afraid of noise.

Stranded FRI 6pm
Join your host Matthew for a weekly mix of exciting sounds, past and present, from his Australian homeland. And journey with him as he features fresh tunes and explores the alternative musical heritage of Canada.

The Vampire's Ball WED 1am
Eclectic audio alchemy; the soundtrack for your transmutation. Rock, weird stuff, dark stuff, and whatever's banging around in the mind of maQLu this week. thevampiresball@gmail.com thevampiresballoncitr.com

Kew It Up WED 3pm
Abrasive fight-or-flight music played at hot loud volumes. uncooperative songs for things that are not alright. Punk, Noise-Rock, Post-Punk, Experimental, Industrial, Noisy, ad nauseum

Wize Men MON 6pm
Join your hosts Dan and Austin for an exuberant adventure filled with drama, suspense, action, romance and most importantly wisdom. Our musical tastes span across genres and each week there is a new theme!

G4E Alternating Tuesdays 12-2am
Vinyl mixes, exclusive local tunes, good vibes from around the world, a thought and a dream or two. Reggae, House, Techno, Ambient, Dance Hall, Hip Hop, African, Psychedelic, Noise, Experimental, Eclectic.

CINEMATIC

Exploding Head Movies MON 7pm
Join gak as he explores music from the movies, tunes from television and any other cinematic source, along with atmospheric pieces, cutting edge new tracks and strange old goodies that could be used in a soundtrack to be.

JAZZ

The Jazz Show MON 9pm
Feb. 2: A celebration of the birthday of one of the finest saxophonists ever to pick up the horn. Alto and tenor saxophonist Sonny Stitt and the album "Personal Appearance"
Feb.9: Ace trumpeter and teacher Louis Smith with his sophomore album for Blue Note with Monk's tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse. "Smithville" is burner!
Feb.16: Tonight the album the made The Dave Brubeck Quartet a household word and put him on the cover of Time Magazine. "Jazz Goes To College". Brubeck's piano and Paul Desmond's alto saxophone was music magic.
Feb.23: A Canadian treasure born here in Powell River B.C. Pianist/composer Don Thompson with a group of stellar Canadian players like saxophonist/pianist Phil Dwyer and drum great Terry Clark. "For Kenny Wheeler" is a latter day classic.

Little Bit of Soul MON 4pm
Little Bit of Soul plays, primarily, old recordings of jazz, swing, big band, blues, oldies and motown.

DRAMA / POETRY

Skald's Hall FRI 9pm
Skald's Hall entertains with the spoken word via story readings, poetry recitals, and drama. Established and upcoming artists join host Brian MacDonald. Interested in performing on air? Contact us on Twitter: @Skalds_Hall.

SPORTS

Thunderbird Eye THU 3:30pm
Your weekly roundup of UBC Thunderbird sports action from on campus and off with your host Wilson Wong.

PUNK

Rocket from Russia THU 10am
Hello hello hello! I interview bands and play new, international and local punk rock music. Great Success! P.S. Broadcasted in brokenish English. Hosted by Russian Tim. Website: http://rocketfromrussia.tumblr.com. Email: rocketfrom russiacitr@gmail.com. Facebook: https://www.facebook.comRocketFromRussia. Twitter: http://twitter.com/tima_tzar.

Generation Annihilation SAT 12pm
On the air since 2002, playing old and new punk on the non-commercial side of the spectrum. Hosts: Aaron Brown, Jeff "The Foat" Kraft. Website: generationannihilation.com. Facebook: facebook.com/generationannihilation..

LOUD

Power Chord SAT 1pm
Vancouver's longest running metal show. If you're into music that's on the heavier/darker side of the spectrum, then you'll like it. Sonic assault provided by Geoff, Marcia, and Andy.

Flex Your Head TUE 6pm
Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

GENERATIVE

The Absolute Value of Insomnia SAT 2am
Four solid hours of fresh generative music c/o the Absolute Value of Noise and its world famous Generator. Ideal for enhancing your dreams or, if sleep is not on your agenda, your reveries.

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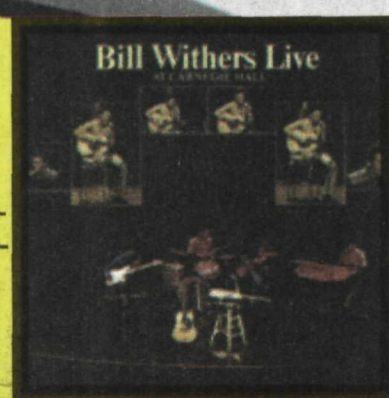

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