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ON OPEN-MINDEDNESS, CHEAP CDS, & OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Lean on cash but eager to invest in some new tunes, I was perusing the CD sale rack at Audiophile four years ago. This area of the store fit the two-point criteria of a section destined for C-List music (cheap and nearly obsolete), so my expectations were low. But spending four dollars on a band I'd never heard of could also lead to an entirely new discovery. Or at least a slick frisbee and some creative fodder.

I knelt on the floor scanning dozens of spines and stopped on one with promise. Not a mega-fan of the Black Keys, but a enough to drop a few toonies on a used CD, I plucked this album out and said to myself, "Self, decent score. Let's call it a day." So I paid and went home to deploy the compact disc technology necessary to listen to it.

A few days later I transferred the new-to-me album to my computer and then my mp3 thingy and listened to it en route to wherever I was off to. My ears were flooded with high-pitched screeching guitar, marching drums, and pulsing bass. I was pleased with the edginess of the album so far, and could understand why I hadn't heard it on the radio. But when the strained vocals came in after the 1:30 mark, it only took another thirty seconds to realize I wasn't listening to Dan Auerbach. Turns out my eyes had processed Black Keys, but it was actually the Black Eyes. Since hearing "Someone's Had His Fingers Broken" by accident for the first time, I've grown to like that 2003 self-titled album quite a lot.

It's not a very interesting story, but it's a reminder that exploration and open

mindedness can be fruitful. Also, four bucks can go a long way.

Whether you approach May with apathy, reckless abandon, or vitality, vim, and vigour, know that there are a dump truck-load of happenings to take that attitude to. In the pages ahead, we talk about the local indie press movement, discuss local trio Philoceraptor's *Stop Ruining Fun*, and revisit the infamous Slow concert at Expo '86, along with heaps of other great news and reviews. Finally, if you missed our first-ever issue launch party at the Cobalt in April, we hope to see you at the May launch on the third. If we don't see you there, then come to *Discorder's* 30th birthday party and annual fundraiser at the Biltmore on May 31! There will be tons of great local bands who have graced these pages over the past three decades and all proceeds will go toward keeping this magazine motoring for at least another 30 years.

Read on and stay rad,

Laurel Borrowman

P.S. May is the final issue with Under Review Editor and high-kicker extraordinaire, Jordan Ardanaz, at the helm. After over a year of running a stellar section, he's moving on and we're wishing him all the best. We'll miss you, sir! Stay tuned to see who steps in next month.

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Correction: We misspelled the name of the talented artist responsible for the April cover. Her name is Ola Volo, not Ola Vola. Sorry, Ola!



† Word to the man who painted this month's cover, Mark Hall-Patch. His watercolour of Vancouver punk band Slow is based on this photo, taken on Gore Street (Chinatown) in '86. Photo by June Boe. Read more about their stage days in Erica Leiren's *Young Vancouverites* on page 16.

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SASStorino's

by COLEMAN
INGRAM

illustration by
BRITTA BACCHUS



THE PEOPLE OF VANCOUVER, BE THEY minors, adults, or seniors, finally have a live music venue they can all enjoy together. The Safe Amplification Site Society (a.k.a. SASS or Safe Amp) began talks last fall to lease the former Astorino's, a ballroom and multi-purpose event space at the corner of Commercial Drive and Venables, to use it as a legal all-ages venue. *Disorder* joined one of the society's directors, Sean Travis Ramsay, for coffee in the new neighbourhood to chat about the exciting opportunity and Safe Amp's road to get here.

Safe Amp is a local non-profit organization founded to establish a permanent, legal, affordable, and sustainable all-ages venue in Vancouver, open to all genres of music, with the core values of community, inclusivity, and positivity. Since the society's inception, it has hosted events, like S.P.A.C.E. Camp, at different venues around the city that match all but two of these descriptions: permanent and in turn, sustainable. However, past events did both raised money and spread awareness of the gaping cultural void in Vancouver's all-ages music and arts scene. After nearly four years, the society found themselves in a financial position where leasing became feasible; Astorino's marks the first time in the group's history that they could make this dream a reality.

The former Astorino's was a community hub in the Commercial Drive area for almost thirty

years. Owned and operated by brothers Leo and Tony Astorino, the space hosted everything from weddings, baptisms, and bingo nights. When faced with a number of remodelling needs, the brothers opted for retirement and sold the business to a development company. A step or two later, Safe Amp came in. Working in conjunction with a few other non-profits, Astorino's has become a shared space for community events including all-ages shows. According to Ramsay, that's not all.

"The potential for Astorino's to act as a way to increase [Safe Amp's] member involvement is awesome, not only through attending or volunteering at shows, but through proposed workshops and tutorial sessions."

Unfortunately, the arrangement at Astorino's isn't permanent. The lease is for one year. "We discussed that issue and our membership voted to go ahead with the space. It's basically an experiment and a chance to prove to the city that we know what we're doing. Hopefully if or when

this space is no longer available we will have set some kind of precedent to find our ideal, permanent space. In the meantime, Astorino's will be great for shows. The few we've put on so far have been well attended, and by a lot of kids." says Ramsay.

Their enthusiasm about the space is not surprising: it suits their needs in almost every way. The F.A.Q. area of Safe Amp's website states they are seeking a place that is zoned for live music, would not violate noise control bylaws, is located "probably east of Cambie, west of Renfrew, and north of about King Edward," is accessible by bike and transit routes, and has a capacity of between 80 and 200 people. Astorino's, with its prime location on the Drive, isolation from residential housing, and capacity of about 300, seems almost too good to be true. Luckily for Vancouver, SASStorino's is as real as it gets.

For more information on Safe Amp and the calendar of events at SASStorinos, visit safeamp.org

"THE POTENTIAL FOR ASTORINO'S TO ACT AS A WAY TO INCREASE [SAFE AMP'S] MEMBER INVOLVEMENT IS AWESOME, NOT ONLY THROUGH ATTENDING OR VOLUNTEERING AT SHOWS, BUT THROUGH PROPOSED WORKSHOPS AND TUTORIAL SESSIONS."

electric OWL

EVENTS CALENDAR MAY 2013

EAT. DRINK. DANCE. PARTY.
(AND NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER)

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
 ELECTRICOWL_CA	 ELECTRIC OWL SOCIAL CLUB	 ELECTRICOWL_CA	CARIBOO & CROWSNEST FREE SHOW -- THREE WOLF MOON DUSTY BONES +GUESTS	HUSTLE FOR THE HEART PRESENTS JUNGLE DANCE PARTY WITH DJS WMNSTUDIES FLIPOUT & FRIENDS	PERRYSCOPE PRESENTS LONELY FOREST NOW, NOW -- FUN FUN FUN MARX & DR.SEIZ	BOOM BOOMS MARIA IN THE SHOWER
CROWSNEST PRESENTS MASAKI BATOHI'S BRAIN PULSE MUSIC WITH VON BINGEN	QUIET LIFE PING PONG -- CHEAP THRILLS KARAOKE	WEST COAST COMEDY GEEKS VS NERDS -- HOUSEWARMING DJS KRAII & LOUST	CROWSNEST PRESENTS ALEX MARUSYK JASPER SLOAN YIP & GUESTS	CROWSNEST PRESENTS FACTS THE FORTUNATE ISLES THEE OH WELLS	TIMBRE PRESENTS BEAT CONNECTION ODESSA -- FUN FUN FUN W/ JAVELIN JAMAICAN QUEENS HELADO NEGRO	PERRYSCOPE // HILLYDILLY ELECTRIC OWL PRESENT KISSES TRAILS & WAYS -- INTIMATE SPOTTED SATURDAYS SIMON BAKER
BLACK HEN CONCERT SERIES PRESENTS -- JOHN HAMMOND	QUIET LIFE PING PONG -- CHEAP THRILLS KARAOKE	LIVE NATION PRESENTS KATE NASH	PRIVATE EVENT	CROWSNEST PRESENTS SPECK MOUNTAIN & GUESTS	CROWSNEST PRESENTS PIERCED ARROWS THE JOLTS SLOW LEARNERS -- FUN FUN FUN W/ GRIZZANDOLE & FRIENDS	TIMBRE PRESENTS STORNOWAY HORSETHIEF -- INTIMATE SPOTTED SATURDAYS DETROIT SWINDLE
TIMBRE PRESENTS SIR SLY JMSN	NOSCHMO JAZZ DINNER CLUB CAST JESS LEGER & BEN BROWN PINK/BROWN GORD GRDINA & KENT LOEWEN -- CHEAP THRILLS KARAOKE	RED ON BLACK MUSIC & GREEN COUCH SESSIONS PRESENT MONTHLY MUSIC REVIEW -- HOUSEWARMING DJS KRAII & LOUST	CROWSNEST PRESENTS BEEKEEPER + FORD PIER & THE STRENGTH OF MATERIALS	BLUE MORRIS ROCK & ROLL BURLESQUE	TBA -- FUN FUN FUN W/ GRIZZANDOLE & DR.SEIZ	TIMBRE & ELECTRIC OWL PRESENT BATHS HOUSES D33J VINCENT PARKER
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEG- GER MOVIE NIGHT!	QUIET LIFE PING PONG -- CHEAP THRILLS KARAOKE	HOUSEWARMING DJS KRAII & LOUST	TIMBRE PRESENTS KYLESSA BLOOD CEREMONY WHITE HILLS LAZER/WULF	CROWSNEST PRESENTS B-LINES NERVOUS TALK DEVASTATOR BRASS PUNK ROCK PING PONG TOURNAMENT	TIMBRE PRESENTS THE BOXER REBELLION FOSSIL COLLECTIVE -- FUN FUN FUN W/ GRIZZANDOLE & FRIENDS	

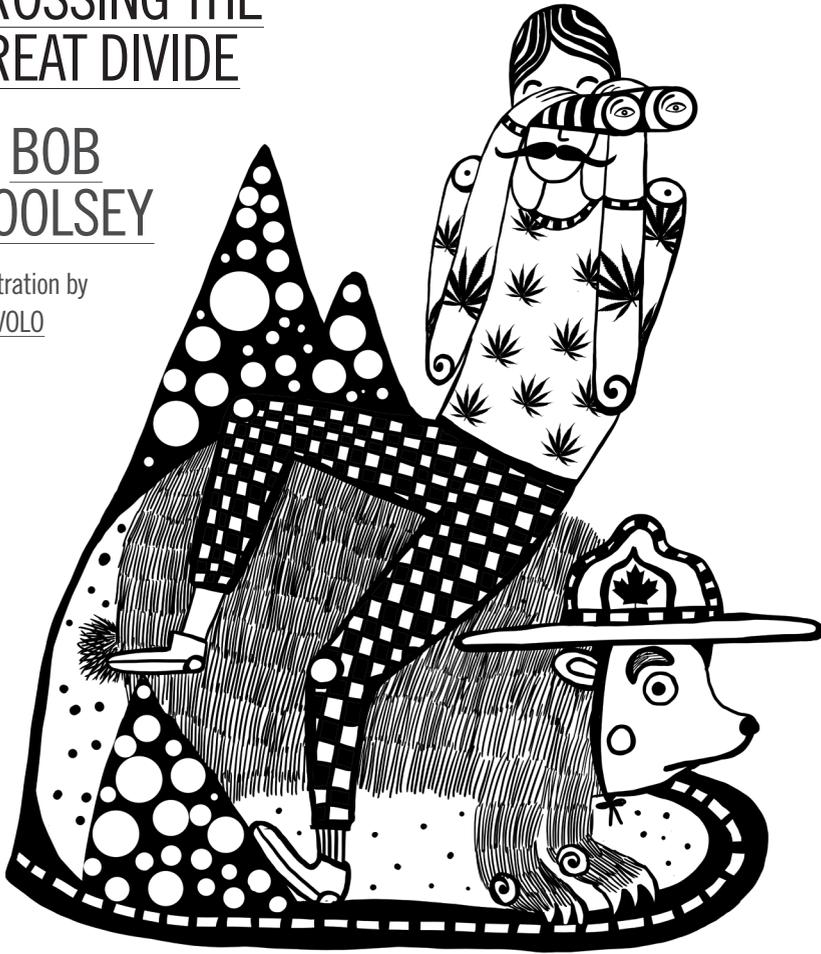
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CROSSING THE GREAT DIVIDE

by **BOB WOOLSEY**

illustration by
OLA VOLO



WHEN I WAS 16, I GOT A TATTOO OF A MAPLE leaf on my left shoulder. It was in the in the basement of some guy's house in Prince George and the tattoo turned out horribly. Prison quality bad. I have yet to get it fixed, but I still wear it with pride. My 16-year-old self's decision, ill planned as it was, is forgivable by my 29-year-old self. I'm still just as proud to be from this country as ever. Despite this deeply held pride, I've only visited a very small percentage of our country. My travel resume begins here on the coast and ends around the badlands of Alberta.

My upbringing has always been one of an egalitarian praise for both sides of our great land called Canada (which we all know means "nation"). Of course, on the nights the Toronto Maple Leafs were playing, things changed in our house. My dad is from Toronto. I'm born and raised a British Columbian. Which basically makes me a Canadian version of Mr. Spock. I'm a western guy through and through but I've chosen to follow the ways of my father's culture and cheer for the Leafs.

My father's roots have connected me to the eastern side of our country. That connection seems lacking for some who, like me, have never travelled east but who, unlike me, don't have any way to relate to it. As a Vancouverite, I'm constantly reminded of this. I feel like I'm supposed to have some deep hatred for all things Toronto because other Vancouverites say so. It seems to stem from a belief that Torontonians hate us somehow. More likely, it's probably due to our feeling that Torontonians don't think of us at all. Which is also kind of funny to me. Growing up in northern B.C., everyone thought the same thing about the Lower Mainland: they make all the decisions, but they never think of us.

Perhaps wherever the population is higher and/or wherever the government is located, there will be a certain amount of self-importance at work. We're a species that's been programmed to form tribes and fight all other tribes on the basis that our tribe is superior the other tribes, regardless of fact or reason. Which is exactly why the Leafs are better than the Canucks. It's also

the reason Canada is such an amazing place. It's moved beyond all that nonsense. Well, at least it's trying. Lets just say that.

From May 3 to 9, I'll be in the belly of the eastern whale that is Toronto, Ontario. I'm excited for the trip, but also interested to see if all the animosity across the continent is warranted. I imagine this is much how Louis Riel must have felt back in his Red River Rebellion days. Or not (my Riel history is a little rusty). If my column doesn't return next month, you'll know that the Torontonian's have been right all along—it's way better there and I stayed. My expectations for the trip, however, are much less epic. I imagine I'll probably find a bunch of great new places and things and people that merely add to my love of our great country rather than supersede any other part of it. Cue the patriotic Shane Koyczan beat poetry!

Here's the thing: for all our various genuine problems I've conveniently glossed over here, I think we have an important thing going in this country. When you consider the myriad points along the way where events could have gone differently, our idealism has persisted. Despite our prejudice, we choose to embrace one another. Nationalism is a twentieth century idea. I know this because when I was 16 it was still the twentieth century. Multiculturalism is the only way I see for everyone to move forward. No matter who we are or who we have been we're all stuck here. Together.

Unless you're a Montreal Canadiens fan. Then you're dead to me.

PAUL WILLIAMS: STILL ALIVE (2011)

directed by STEPHEN KESSLER

by ANGELA
ESPINOZA

illustration by
KIM PRINGLE

PRIOR TO *PAUL WILLIAMS: STILL ALIVE*, Stephen Kessler had directed two feature-length films (1997's *Vegas Vacation* and 2000's *The Independent*) and dozens of commercials. The release of his latest film came 12 years after the last, and to compare this work to earlier works would be crime—at least, that seems to be how he sees it.

At a glance, *Still Alive* is a documentary about the life of Songwriter Hall of Famer, Grammy- and Academy Award-winner, and composer Paul Williams, whom Kessler spent his teen years obsessing over. Many are familiar with Williams' work through the Carpenters ("We've Only Just Begun"), Barbara Streisand ("Evergreen" from *A Star is Born*), and Kermit the Frog ("Rainbow Connection" from *the Muppet Movie*). As *Still Alive* starts, we



“THERE’S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING SPECIAL AND BEING DIFFERENT ... TO BE DIFFERENT IS DIFFICULT, TO BE SPECIAL IS ADDICTING.” —PAUL WILLIAMS

quickly learn the gist of things; Williams won his awards, succumbed to alcoholism, and died—until Kessler finds out on a whim one day that Williams is very much “still alive” (any similarities to *Searching for Sugarman* end there).

In 2006, Kessler discovers that Williams will be performing a concert in Winnipeg. One ticket and a substantial amount of pestering later, Williams allows Kessler to make a film about his life, assuming Kessler will keep a respectable distance. Kessler of course doesn't keep any distance, and ultimately it's Williams' and Kessler's celebrity-fan chemistry that makes this video biography absolutely engrossing.

Still Alive is a touching, honest film about

finding peace in one's life. Kessler finds peace in both making a film he is proud of and in meeting his idol. As for Williams, he finds peace in something his younger self would have never dreamed could satisfy him: support. Williams, then and now, often speaks at events for recovering alcoholics, because he understands the pain of addiction.

Around the first half hour mark, Williams says something that resonates throughout the rest of the film:

“There's a big difference between being special and being different ... To be different is difficult, to be special is addicting.”

As Kessler shows us, the older, profoundly

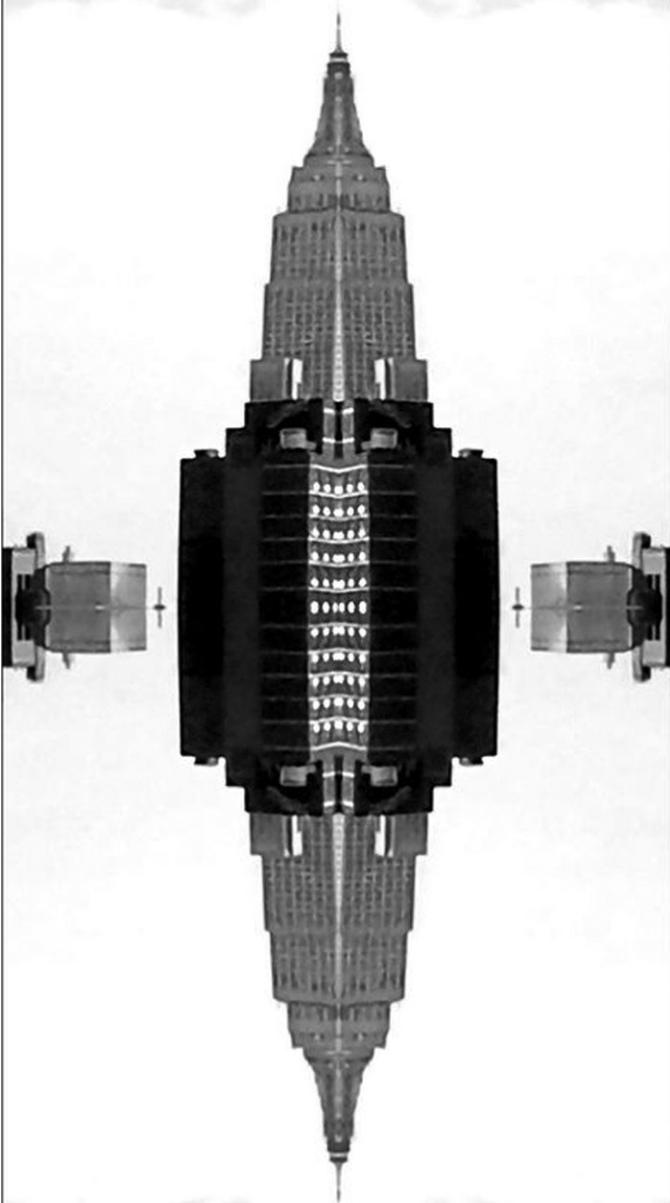
sincere Williams overcame his addiction to feeling “special,” along with beating both alcoholism and cocaine addictions. Williams opens up to Kessler and the camera, often-times irritated, but every so often teary-eyed as he acknowledges just how much he has accomplished in life.

But for every moving moment in *Still Alive*, there is usually something quirky to go with it. The film is subtly hilarious, and often the silliest things that Williams says and does (Kessler's wit helps) will get you laughing more than it probably should.

Paul Williams: Still Alive is a beautiful film that tells the story of a good man and reminds its audience that although life can be difficult, there will always be time to find peace. Don't miss this one

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ZINE COUNTERCULTURE

by **ALEX
DE BOER**

photos by
SYLVANA D'ANGELO
lettering/illustration by
AARON READ

ART MORPHS IN A TUMBLE, MORE RAPID EVERY YEAR. ITS FORMATS FALL WITH technology's forward lean. Amidst iTunes, eBooks, and Netflix, preserving the tangible what-was, is a run against the wind. Yet demand for mediums with shape and texture still stands, shrouded by Apple-spangled standards. In fact, if there exists a counterculture insignia today, the desire to hold art as physical might be that badge.

In Vancouver, print culture is a poster child for this peaceful backlash. Two indie arts and culture publications worth pocketing have emerged in the last six months. Implicitly, these papers challenge how we want to receive arts and information.

Available in black and white since October 2012, Will Anderson's free newspaper *Dunk*, was originally imagined as a sort of newsletter for Lucky's Comics, his place of employment. With one thousand copies printed monthly, *Dunk* is crammed with music- and comic-focused content. The articles range, "from historical fiction, to food columns and weird short stories," Anderson explains.

Of course for readers to hold something in their hands, somebody has to pay for it. →



† Will Anderson, *Dunk*

Advertising has been that somebody for *Dunk*. “We keep the ads as cheap as possible,” Anderson reasons, citing rates as low as ten dollars per month. “I’m on the street scrounging up ads and we’re barely making the printing costs, if we make them.” So far though, this editor/publisher/distributor/contributor, has managed to keep things afloat.

From its four page first-step to its current twelve page stride, this indie paper has survived with a balanced practice of inclusion and exclusion. The latter best describes *Dunk*’s insular creative process, which most bluntly means, “we don’t take submissions.” An admittedly controversial policy, Anderson explains, “I hope it doesn’t come off that we’re fascists, but we just want to present the paper in a specific way.” He continues, “We want to have a staple of artists who we really like and trust and curate.” So far this has meant *Dunk* has a few regular writers, including Anderson and the owner of *Lucky’s Comics*.

Addressing the former, *Dunk*’s policies of inclusion are less about by-lines and more about morals. One fourth of a band who resolved to play exclusively all-ages shows, Anderson is passionate that art be available to all. “Everyone who wants to enjoy *Dunk* should be able to. Everyone who wants to go to a show should be able to go. No one should be restricted because they’re underage, or broke, or a person of colour, or whatever.”

And so *Dunk* will remain free, with its content in print, forever evading the World Wide Web. Print culture’s importance in today’s world is also a motivating factor, and Anderson considers, “maybe ... we won’t last long. Maybe eventually

it’ll all be iPads and readers and maybe that’s fine, but I just think holding something and touching it is different.”

Meanwhile, parallel thinking hits the press over at John Studios. Ryan Smith (Green Burrito Records) talks type, amidst a room of publishing equipment. The guillotine stack cutter, page sorter, and folding/stapling machine now sitting idle, all amassed to assemble a trial, issue of Vancouver’s newest monthly arts and culture zine, *John*.

Founded by Andrew Volk, Ryan Smith, and Daniel Rincon, *John* is designed to emulate the sandpaper sheen of a photocopy. The March preview issue is monochrome literature. All in blue, the letter-sized magazine layout is non-glossy and photograph-filled. After collecting publishing equipment over the years, this project finally gives Smith an excuse to call it all into action.

The zine is just one section of Smith’s endeavors at John Studios. This recently leased DTES warehouse space has been divided into different rooms by Smith’s carpentry-savvy friend, Johnny Burgess. There now exists a print shop, event space, and a dozen artist studios. Smith regards John Studios as a reaction to Vancouver’s dwindling venue scene and the magazine a retort against digital culture.

“The lack of print publications and physical documentation is totally prevalent and of course

that’s why we’d want to be doing it.” Smith can comprehend the Internet’s advantages, but also its faults. He is disinterested in the impersonal, and when it comes to the web, “it’s all behind a screen.” Smith laments the extinction of physical information mediums. The floppy disk, he says, “we saw that come and go. We’re going to see so many major things we know today, go.”

With photographs, poetry, comics, and music reviews, Smith sees no decided limit on what will live between *John*’s covers. In contrast with *Dunk*, Smith’s curatorial process is open-minded and welcomes even “102-year-olds writing about crocheting.” This doesn’t mean *John* is a scrapbook of the mediocre; they are seeking awesome art and, “There shouldn’t be a limit to what that is.”

Smith also sees this publication as a means for art’s immortalization. Discussing the photographs he hopes to hang in *John*, Smith explains, “There are 500 people who are going to have that photo forever.” Then he continues, “Provided the book rippers don’t break into your house and rip all your books to pieces.” Smith recounts how some libraries are having their books destroyed after being scanned on to digital versions. He half-jokes about our post-apocalyptic reality: “It’s 2013! Let’s rip all the books apart!”

Although the flammable quality of books, newspapers, and letters may not face a world quite as fiery as Smith’s *Fahrenheit 451*-style depictions, these arts and communication mediums are still jarringly endangered. Hopefully *John* and *Dunk* will renew the love of paper in this quickly digitalizing city. And may the counterculture grow.

‡ Left to right: Daniel Rincon, Andrew Volk, Ryan Smith, *John*



THE BALLANTYNES



photo by
KATAYOON
YOUSEFBIGLOO

by **MONIKA
LOEVENMARK**

Who: Tambo-shakin', Hammond-poundin', soul-rattling septet, the Ballantynes.

Where: East Van, Jackson Ave. @ Railway St.

Discorder crashes a Wednesday night jam session with Vancouver gospel rock septet the Ballantynes to chat about their music and the roof it's made under. As jam spaces go, the blue-walled "Carriage House," complete with sexy dimmer-controlled chandelier and one lonely piece of artwork, could be considered big; but with Jarrod O'Dell, Vanessa Dandurand, Jennifer Wilks, Corey Poluk, Max Sample, Mick McDiarmid, and Trevor Racz packed inside together, it's plain cozy.

Discorder: How do you not get sick of each other in here?

McDiarmid: This space is bigger than our last space by twice as much so it probably helps a little bit, but I think everybody here wants to say that we do still hate each other [laughter]. We still miss each other after the tours though.

Dandurand: We don't spend that much time in here realistically and it's not the smallest space that we have crammed into as a unit.

Poluk: We are also on really small stages throughout most of tour and we still somehow like each other, so I think this room is fine.

How is it practising with seven people?

Racz: I hide all my mistakes behind Mick. [Laughter]

Sample: I think we still can't hide mistakes very easily. We try to lock in together.

Dandurand: If we do it a second time, it's on purpose.

Sample: Playing with seven people is challenging but I think with the right seven people it can work.

Do you have any pet names for the space?

Poluk: Jam Space. [Laughter]

Racz: Large Marge.

O'Dell: Sure, why not. I guess we do now!

Poluk: Don't we call it Rail-town Abbey?

Dandurand: We never called it that though! Never. It's called the Carriage House.

Do you share the space with other bands?

Wilks: We do, New Values, Vapid, Dirty Spells ... lots of other bands [the Radii] have been in and out with a lot of

the same people in them.

How long have you been here?

Wilks: As a complete seven piece we've been here for about a year.

How does practicing here relate to your recording process?

Poluk: It's pretty similar. We literally do record live off the floor.

Racz: The only difference is we don't have [Producer and Engineer at Little Red Sounds] Felix nodding with a thumbs up at our practices.

Do your songs come to the jam space completed or are they crafted here?

O'Dell: It's totally patch-work between the writers. I've come in with skeletons or a hook, or Vanessa and I will hit one note on the organ and go 'OK, now we're making a song

with this so it is pretty much all over the map. Everything is completed here in the jam space though. It's not like we are handing out music sheets. That doesn't exist.

Racz: What's a music sheet? [Laughs]

Dandurand: The thing is that I don't play bass and I don't play drums, so we don't write each other's parts. We bring it in and everyone writes their part. That's the only way it works.

Sample: The most pressure of anything I've done in my life is to come up with bass lines in this band. I feel like it works most of the time, but I'm still not completely satisfied. Ever.

What is it like playing with two drummers in the jam space?

O'Dell: It's very loud; Trevor is a bit of a brute. When we're

fleshing out a song it can be a painful, painful experience. When people are playing around trying to find their parts and two full drum kits are trying to find their parts it's a lot of ... sounds, a lot of painful sounds.

Racz: I like to hit.

McDiarmid: I always thought that it would be way harder to play with two kits than it ever has been, and for whatever lucky reason it happens to be that it just works out right away.

Racz: The first time I came to the jam space I was pissed that there were two drummers. I didn't know. But now I prefer to play with Mick and we gel as one drum kit.

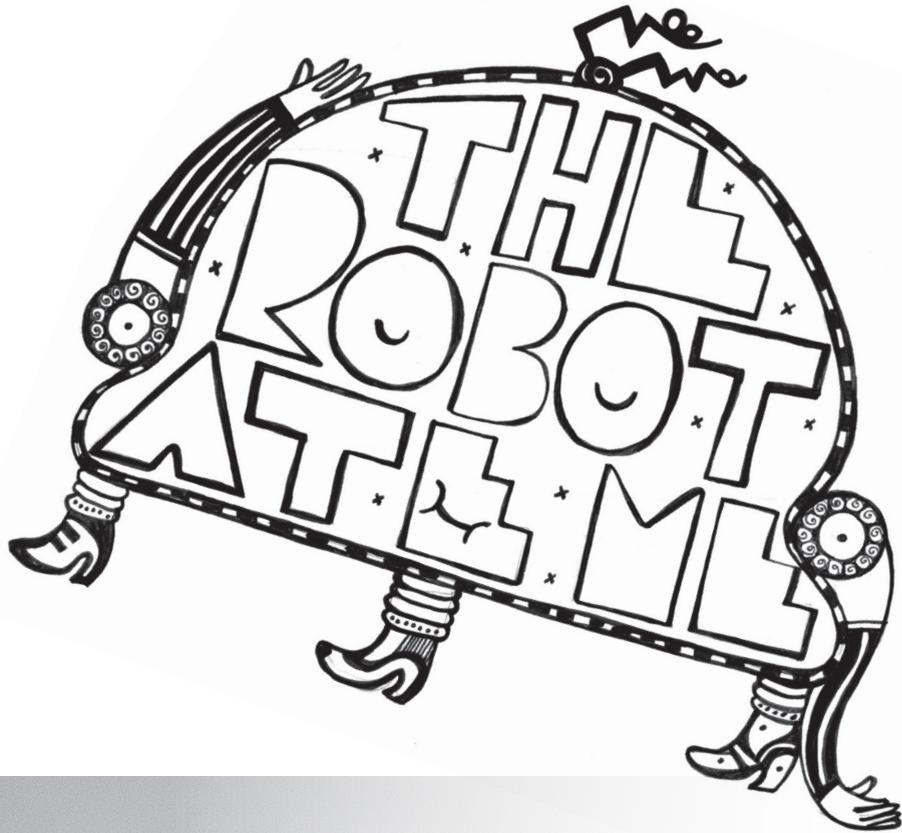
McDiarmid: Brothers!

Listen to their latest at theballantynes.bandcamp.com.

THE ROBOT ATE ME

by CALI
TRAVIS

lettering/illustration by
OLA VOLO
photos by
LISA VIRONDA



HIS MUSICAL PROJECT IS CALLED THE ROBOT ATE ME, AND AFTER speaking with founder and frontman Ryland Bouchard, I wonder just what this robot left; a quiet, honest artist. A weirdo who is strikingly sane.

In 2002, Bouchard's debut album *They Ate Themselves* was released on Swim Slowly—the Washington-based, Bouchard-founded label—and submerged the mental passages of those fortunate enough to flounder through it with multi-instrumental experimental folk/pop songs, rattling of apocalyptic-themed dreams, as poetic and stirring as they were grizzly. “Our Bones Were Chalk,” “Everyone Was Still,” “Goodnight (I Almost Died!)”—it was bizarre and captivating, it still is.

They Ate Themselves garnered some impressive attention and critical acclaim, though remained (most contently) below the volatile mainstream radar. Bouchard, with collaborative efforts, presented a mystifying array of haunting songs, some accessible and danceable, others challenging and obscure. For fans and for Bouchard, it's hard to believe that was 11 years, and 11 releases ago. “It's been a long time. It's weird thinking back now. When you start working on music, you don't think it's something that's going to last a long time,” muses Bouchard, on the line from his home in a small community on nearby Guemes Island, two hours north of Seattle.

Structurally and stylistically, Bouchard's songwriting technique suggests an absence of context, thereby freeing each piece from constrictive accepted norms. “I never really listened to music when I was a kid, not till I was 14 or 15. Then I started playing music and didn't ever really stop,” Bouchard recalls.





THE HAND-CRAFTED BOX SET CONSISTS OF AN A-SIDES COLLECTION ON CD AND VINYL, A B-SIDES CD, A DVD OF SUPER 8 VIDEOS (BOUCHARD IS ALSO A TALENTED FILMMAKER), FOUR SEVEN-INCH VINYL RECORDS, LETTERPRESSED LYRICS, A HAND SILKSCREENED SHIRT, BAG, POSTER, AND A SET OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOUCHARD MADE 500 OF THESE BOX SETS.

"I think that really shaped me; when you approach things without context you have a better grasp of yourself. A lot of people end up making music just to copy what others have made. It's easy to fall into that and it's an artistic struggle for many."

Copying what others have made is a non-issue for Bouchard, whose discography waxes and wanes through distinct, and palpable personal phases. "It's all natural. I've never been able to sit down and consciously conceive a phase to enter. I could never record [2006's] *Good World* again."

In this way, Bouchard entered an engrossing and ultimately energy-vamping phase with the solo album/art endeavour *Seeds* in 2008. The hand-crafted box set consists of an A-sides collection on CD and vinyl, a B-sides CD, a DVD of Super 8 videos (Bouchard is also a talented filmmaker), four seven-inch vinyl records, letterpressed lyrics, a hand silkscreened shirt, bag, poster, and a set of illustrations.

Bouchard made 500 of these box sets.

"The albums represent different personal phases that I've been honest to without regard to commercial success. Most people would repeat what was successful, but I've never been interested in that."

After years on the road, Bouchard has traded relentless touring as *The Robot Ate Me* to focus on songwriting, recording and filmmaking projects on lovely Guemes Island.

In January, Bouchard released the full-length *Bridge by Bridge*, followed just five days later by the EP *Circumstance*, both strictly digitally. To some this may seem inconsistent with the uncompromising battle to keep art legit, since critics like to poke holes through any potential weak spot in artistic values.

Bouchard offers, "If you're self-releasing, digital is a nice opportunity. The physical aspects of a release are appealing aesthetically, but the practical applications aren't positive. Compared to a tangible release, the cost is just so high and all that plastic sitting out in the world ... It's infinitely simpler when you remove the physical aspect and focus on the art itself. Getting caught up in the physical aesthetic is a kind of vanity."

Bridge by Bridge is a very personal album for Bouchard, who has reoriented himself spatially and matured thematically. What was bizarre is not banal, but contemplative. What was spooky is serene. Some tracks are still ethereally layered, with Bouchard's lace-like falsetto draped throughout simply structured tracks about love and loneliness, while others feel stripped down and bare to the soft marrow. The simplicity is magical.

As for live shows now, Bouchard has shied away from extensive touring, but a performance at Googly Eyes Studio here in Vancouver this summer is an exciting possibility.

Nearing the end of our conversation, Bouchard fancies, "There's an important difference between an art project, and one being produced for your own gratification. I've seen the difference." Seen the difference, and shown it.



photos by ROMMY GHALY
illustration by TYLER CRICH

“IT HAD TO HAPPEN NOW. HAD TO.” Philoceraptor’s Steve Mann is answering a question on why now was the right time to release a full-length album, and I wasn’t expecting such a clear-cut response. “Our lives are heaping with responsibilities now.” Together with William Justin (guitar) and Phil Jette (drums), we’re talking in their downtown storage-turned-jam-space about the

songs they’ve just finished recording, and the conversation isn’t all elation and placebo effect like I’d thought it would be.

Philoceraptor really aren’t the same band they were two years ago, even though their components are still familiar. The trio that started their tenure in Vancouver by staying up late on weeknights and drinking to excess is barely recognizable in the adults that are now across from me discussing chorus vocals and fatherhood. “Literally five minutes after we finished [the last take of the record] was when Phil sat us down and said, ‘Hey guys, I’m going to be a dad,’” recounts Justin. “That was an awesome exclamation point to the

recording process, but it definitely underlined that yes, there are bigger things to life and much bigger accomplishments than this band stuff. It's a lesson in perspective." Now, with marriages, kids, and jobs taking precedence over gigs and guitars, the focus inside of the band has never been higher when they're actually together. "Five years ago, the band was a third of what we thought about. Now it's maybe 50 percent of what we think about, but we only have five percent of the time to do it in."

Their new LP is all about that five percent. The band that used to only write songs from the perspective of a fictitious, Patrick-Bateman-read-by-Brett-Easton-Ellis character, has shifted gears. *Stop Ruining Fun* is cut from the same cloth as Bellingham's *Police Teeth*, firmly rooted in self-referential "music about being in a band" territory and the realization that the idea of "making it" probably doesn't exist for a bunch of dudes



PHILOCERAPTOR

by FRASER DOBBS

jamming in a basement, nor does it have to. Mann explains, "It's about late-twentysomething egoists who are confronted with trying to become an awesome band and knowing they're bound to fail." Compared to their earlier material, it's a huge step forward, and one that came at the end of a long year spent writing, reflecting, and sitting on material until it felt right, a technique that would have felt foreign to them just a few years ago.

Stop Ruining Fun sounds better for the time invested. A large helping of '70s punk glazed with '90s pop, and no annoying bass to worry about, the



record is much more polished than *Philoceraptor* are used to presenting to the public. The songs are still just as catchy as they used to be, but tunes like the anthemic "One Of These Days" and the colossal four-minute outro to "Song From A Little Room" benefit immensely from the time spent on them. "When we recorded 'PYT,' I still didn't know what I was playing to," Jette mentions. "We wrote all the songs [for the EP *Deepest V*] in one day and recorded them all the next." The extra love on *Stop Ruining Fun* shows itself in gratuitous gang harmonies, beautiful guitar tones and steadier pacing throughout.

The record might be self-referential, but the title of the album doesn't come directly from the band poking fun at their own busy schedules: it's named after a dumpster. Bishops University, where Mann and Justin first met, "had a very bad reputation," according to the latter. "For whatever reason, the CBC loved showing how depraved we were... We'd always have parties in a particular alley there, and someone took it upon themselves to paint STOP RUINING FUN on the dumpster there

so that any news crews coming in would have to see it, that was the background to any news coverage."

That the phrase is now the background to a rock record about growing old hasn't been lost on them. The Justin that used to only play shows dressed in all white may be retired, but according to the band it's a step in the right direction. Luckily for *Philoceraptor*, growing up can still sound fun.

ON THE BEACH BOYS AND FRANCHISING:

Growing older and not being able to tour doesn't have to be the end of a band, according to William Justin. "I want to do what the Beach Boys did in the '60s. Brian Wilson hung back in California with a whole bunch of session musicians writing *Pet Sounds* while the rest of the Beach Boys toured around America, not giving a fuck, playing their hits. They came back [from tour] and Wilson said, 'Okay, we've got a record! Just add some harmonies and we'll put it out next week.' We need to start auditions and franchise out the *Philoceraptor* sound."

DISCORER REVISITED

YOUNG VANCOUVERITES

by ERICA
LEIREN

images courtesy of
ERICA LEIREN
lettering by
KIM PRINGLE

PART I

up and slows down, does absolutely everything right. It was the sound of four newly-minted young men at the edge of a precipice, ready to fling themselves off, with a cry to invoke the god of music.

So when Anselmi asked me if we'd like to play with Slow, of course the answer was "Yes!"

The first gig we played together was, at The Savoy on Water Street in Gastown. To get in, you humped your gear up a set of narrow stairs, redolent with the fragrance of delicious curries cooking in the Indian restaurant below. The room was comfortable. Also, familiar to us; it was the scene of the Dilettantes maiden performance. Once we'd scraped together seven songs, we figured we had enough material to play live, and entered CiTR's SHINDiG '85 at the Savoy. While our front line of three pretty girls plus the band's light airy harmonies and sweet melodies parlayed us to the finals, we then met our nemesis—Death Sentence—a straight-ahead punk rock outfit with a stacked fan base in attendance. We lost.

Fade to our Savoy gig with Slow ...

Anselmi took over the room during their set.

"We're looking for a band to play with us who aren't the usual punk double-bill. Are you guys interested?" Tom Anselmi, the lead singer of Slow, asked me after one of our gigs.

"Sure. That'd be fun!" I told him. I played bass in the Dilettantes. We were sweet and poppy with three girl singers and two boys on guitar and drums.

It was 1985 and Slow were already slightly notorious around Vancouver for their teen-power-fuelled shows and Anselmi's intimidating growl. Slow were bigger than us on the scene and had a very loyal following—my friends and I included—who tried to never miss a show.

Like all truly great bands, Slow were unpredictable and that made them really exciting. Would a fist fight break out? Would a girl leap up on stage and hang off of Anselmi's neck? Would Stephen Hamm, the mountain of a bass player, crush a beer bottle with his bare hands? Would drummer Terry Russell slip off his stool from the sweat dripping down his naked chest? Could Christian Thorvaldson duck-walk across the stage while playing his fabulous solo and wink at the girls all at the same time?

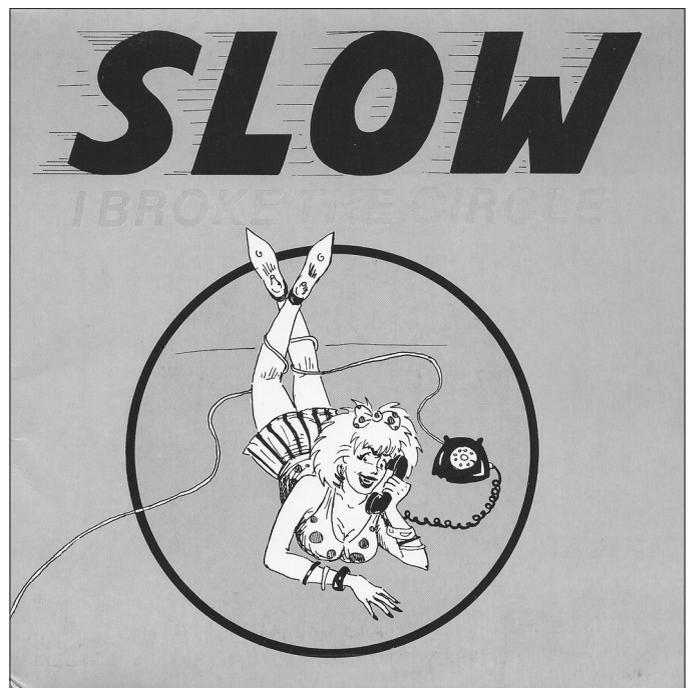
At a Slow show, the atmosphere was always ripe with the feeling that something exciting might, could, would happen at any moment. Most of Slow's shows featured real genius, a sublime synthesis of their four distinct cartoon-like personalities, distilled into the raw power of music. Slow were Vancouver's Nirvana before anyone ever heard "Teen Spirit."

I remember buying their first single, "I Broke the Circle," at Zulu Records in '85. I

walked into that small friendly place, and saw the little box full of singles propped up against the cash register. The cover sleeve was a powder-puff pink and baby blue cartoon of a girl on the telephone with Slow rushing by right above the song title. Flip it over, and there were cartoon drawings of each band member with their first names underneath: Tom, Christian, Terry, Hamm. Grant McDonagh played it for me. The song was pure, compressed energy. It had everything: moaning, heavy breathing, breaking glass, cow bells, and big drums, big bass, and big guitars. It speeds

→

The first Slow release:
single "I Broke The Circle"
on Zulu Records (1985).



→

The Dilettantes, 1985, onstage at the Luv A Fair. Photo by Stan Kwok.

Left to right: Erica Leiren, Sheilagh Badanic, Paul MacKenzie (of the Enigmas, now in the Real MacKenzies), Lora Rempel, Ryan Volberg, Laurie McGuiness.

Erica Leiren, on the photo: “[My] arm muscles developed by crewing for UBC Rowing previous two years! And those are my rowing tights I’m sporting onstage.”



He ran over table tops like an acrobat, hanging from the rafters while he sang. He held a beam in the ceiling in one hand and the microphone in the other. Leaning down towards the audience, hanging from the roof, he balanced lopsidedly on a table and the top of a chair. From there, he bellowed out the songs, peering at his audience with an intense gaze, just one eye visible from underneath his wild corkscrew curls. No matter what size venue, Anselmi and the band always gave the audience more than it came for.

“I Broke the Circle” was their first single. Not long after, in ‘86, they released the EP *Against the Glass*. By then, Slow were huge. So big that they were asked to open for one of the city’s main musical events of the coming year, Expo 86’s Festival of Independent Recording Artists.

All the local bands were excited about the opportunity to play for such a large international audience, even if ambivalent about the venue. Expo ‘86 was viewed by the indie scene as a corporate mega monster, but the chance to play was just too good to resist. A separate evening each was slated for many popular local indie acts: Poisoned, Brilliant Orange, Bolero Lava, and others.

Contrasting to the locals were some international groups, like Einsturdenze Neuibauten, an

experimental and extremely loud German industrial noise band. They unleashed their set on the Vancouver audience. To be charitable, they were virtually unbearable, but absolutely fascinating. They took chainsaws and sledge hammers to their instruments. The best part was the astonished and appalled reaction of the unsuspecting families, innocently waiting to be entertained by the next act. Many with young children fled like lemmings before the unexpected aural assault, moms and dads gripping their hastily packed fast-food meals and kids with their fingers in their ears. This was not pop music. Even my boyfriend, Gord, and I, who knew what to expect, endured only ten minutes before we too had to leave.

Whether the variety of bands who played Expo was a credit to the open-mindedness or the naïveté of the organizers, it made for an entertaining spectacle. We young Vancouverites were loving it.

So here we were the evening of Slow’s Expo concert, an evening when the expectations of the crowd no doubt weighed heavily on the shoulders of the four boys who were just about to come on stage. It was a beautiful summer evening. Just darkening, soft and warm with the caress of the nearby ocean’s waves scenting the air. I snuggled close to Gord, anticipating the show.

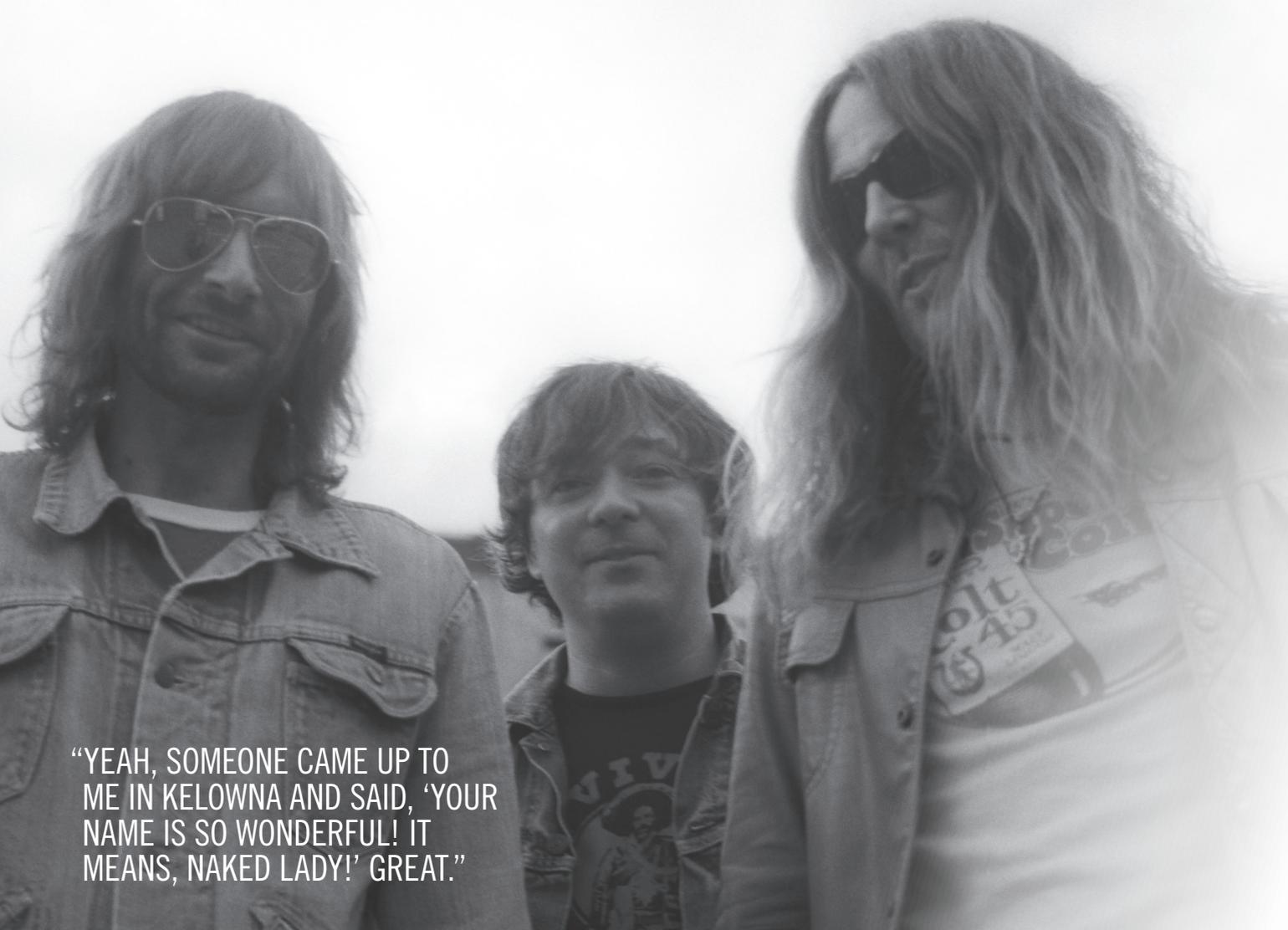
The venue was a semi-circular open air amphitheater ringed with wide-set continuous aluminum bench seating. There was a narrow strip in front of the stage, where we could see many of our friends and the band’s fans gathering. The local TV station had their studio set up on site. Just behind the concert bowl it perched, with big glass windows allowing a view of the newscasts happening inside. From where we sat, the local celebrity anchorman and woman were in plain view: “Live from the Expo ‘86 Fairgrounds!”

The excitement you always felt at a Slow gig was hanging there that night, but there was something more. A slight unease. This was our very own Slow, and they were playing at Expo. What did it mean? The band must have been fighting with the same question. Was this a chance to play well and impress the people who needed to be impressed to advance their career? Or was it the opportunity to seize the monster by the throat and shout right into its face: “We don’t give a d#@*n!”

I don’t think they’d decided which it was within moments of stepping onstage. But by the time they did, there was no doubt.

Slow would shout in the monster’s face.

Come back in June to read part two of Erica Leiren’s story.



“YEAH, SOMEONE CAME UP TO ME IN KELOWNA AND SAID, ‘YOUR NAME IS SO WONDERFUL! IT MEANS, NAKED LADY!’ GREAT.”

LA CHINGA

by JOSEFA
CAMERON

photo by
COLIN JONES
lettering/illustration by
MOSES MAGEE

Vancouver’s musical landscape is painted with everything from shoegaze to hip-hop. Its rock ‘n’ roll culture isn’t always quite as visible though. *Discorder* sat down at Perch with La Chinga, one of the West Coast’s loudest rock bands, to talk about their self-produced, self-titled debut album [released April 19] with a big party at the Rickshaw. Carl Spackler (bass/vocals), Jay Solyom (drums), and Ben Yardley (guitar/vocals) make up the three-piece, who lace together a sound so rooted in the ‘70s that visions of motorcycles and desert leather are evoked the second you press play.

Discorder: A lot of your reviews and press compare you to metal, but personally I would not consider it metal. How do you classify your music?

Ben Yardley: Rock! We play 70’s-inspired hard rock.

Your album release was last Friday [April 19]. How did that go? Did people receive it the way you were expecting?

All: It was great! Went really well.

Carl Spackler: Yeah, it was awesome!

Yardley: It was the biggest room we ever had to play on our own, so I thought it was going to be pretty lonely, but we had a great turnout.

I read on a blog that La Chinga formed almost accidentally. Is this true? What is a brief history of your formation?

Yardley: It started in fall 2011. That was the first time that we played. Carl had a gig, but his band members were out of town and so he asked Jay and I to fill in. We had all been buddies for a really long time so we didn’t want to say no. We’d never played before as a three-piece, but yeah, it was just awesome.

Spackler: There was a lot of really really good music chemistry. We played in different bands



before, but with these guys, it's different. Our first show was at a festival in Langley, all the other bands were nice folk bands, and when we played, a police helicopter came. That was pretty much it.

Yardley: Yeah that was the moment like, 'Yeah okay. Lets do this.'

I listened to your new album, *La Chinga*.

Jay Solyom: Yeah we couldn't think of a name ...

Well, it was great anyway. In Spanish it literally means, 'the fuck'?

Yardley: If you translate it literally, it means, 'the fuck.' But how it's actually used, it's like an expression of excitement.

Spackler: It also depends on which country you are in. In some, it means naked lady or woman.

Yardley: Yeah, someone came up to me in Kelowna and said, 'Your name is so wonderful! It means, naked lady!' Great.

Spackler: The one we based it on means, 'heavy duty,' in a positive way. We love the Mexican culture ... There is something kind of sun baked about our sound. We really love that stuff. I love going to Mexico.

What is your recording process like? Do you mix and produce yourselves?

Spackler: (pointing to Solyom) He does in his basement. We all do the producing.

Yardley: It's nice running on your own time and being comfortable in the setting.

Spackler: Yeah being polished is not our thing. It's nice forgetting the mics are on and just going with it, instead of being in some fancy place that makes the whole process a stressful thing.

Solyom: We recorded everything live, in one take. Except the vocals were done separately.

Yardley: And we added some spaceship noises!
Discorder: I hear some Stooges and Jimmy Page

in the vocals. Are they major influences?

Yardley: Oh yeah!

Spackler: Yeah, when I was a kid, the first record I ever bought was by Led Zeppelin. Lots of hard rock vocals influenced me, I was always into that high screaming sort of thing, but still trying to sing. The bands that influenced me the most were the ones that never made it, but had a similar sound to the big ones.

Solyom: We grew up on different kinds of music too, like jazz, punk rock, blues. But the heavy ones got us a lot more into music. Ride on, dudes.

Saddle the fuck up with this head-bangin' trio over on the rock! *La Chinga* plays Lucky Bar in Victoria on May 4.

Pick up *La Chinga* on lachinga.bandcamp.com.



SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

5 **Noise Fest: Sissy Spacek, Josh Rose, Grierfer, Mass Marriage, (and more)**
@ Black Lab

6

13 **The Technicolors, Fictionist**
@ the Media Club

7

14 **Kate Nash**
@ Electric Owl

15 **Pan, Citizen, Spiral Jetty**
@ the Astoria

16 **Man or Astro-Man**
@ the Biltmore

1

Defektors, Vapid, The Bad Machine
@ the Astoria

Killing Joke, Czars
@ the Rickshaw

8 **Blind Horses, Polarhorse, Zen Mystery Fog**
@ the Astoria

Three Ahs, Boha, Dead Soft, Wetface
@ Zoo Zhop

2 **Bleached, Ex Cops, Johnny de Courcy and the Death Rangers**
@ Fortune Sound Club

Cave Singers, Bleeding Rainbow
@ the Commodore

3 **Discorder's May Launch Party w/ Fine Times, Dirty Spells**
@ the Cobalt

Matz, White Lung, Cindy Lee
@ the Biltmore

This Hisses, Lié, Diane
@ Pat's Pub

4 **The New Pornographers**
@ Red Bull Tour Bus, parking lot at Georgia St. and Cambie St. (3pm)

Hole in My Head, Nun Un, Mormon Crosses
@ Nowhere

6

7 **Noise Fest: Sissy Spacek, Josh Rose, Grierfer, Mass Marriage, (and more)**
@ Black Lab

8

9 **Foot Village**
@ Zoo Zhop

10 **Apollo Ghosts (last show), B-lines, Watermelon, Diane**
@ the Rickshaw

11 **Kurt Vile & The Violators, The Fresh & Onlys, Steve Gunn**
@ the Biltmore (Early Show)

12 **Woolworm, Hawk & Steel, This is the Shoes, Lying Eyes**
@ Lanalou's

17 **Bill Baird, V-Vecker Ensemble**
@ the Cobalt (Early Show)

18 **Shotgun Jimmie, Gal Gracen, Jay Arner Band**
@ the Biltmore Cabaret

19 **Ok Vancouver Ok, Katie and the Lichen, True Crush, (and more)**
@ SASStorinos

20 **Shabazz Palaces**
@ Fortune Sound Club (Early Show)

21 **Discorder's 30th Birthday Party & Annual Fundraiser!**
@ the Biltmore

22 **Next Music From Tokyo Vol. 5, Kinoko Teikoku, Chi-Na, Harafromhell**
@ the Rickshaw

23 **Gold and Youth, Bestie**
@ Fortune Sound Club

24 **Peace, Defektors, Cowards**
@ Red Gate

25 **Ariel Pink, Purple Pilgrims**
@ the Biltmore

26 **Devendra Banhart**
@ the Commodore

27

28

29 **Eternal Summers**
@ the Astoria

30 **The Abramson Singers, Tariq**
@ Chapel Arts

31

30 **The Abramson Singers, Tariq**
@ Chapel Arts

CiTR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

DISCORDER SUGGESTS LISTENING TO CiTR ONLINE AT WWW.CITR.CA EVERY DAY.

	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT		
6am								6am	
7	Bepi Crespan Presents... (Difficult Music)	Good Morning My Friends	Pacific Pickin' (Roots)	Tweets & Tunes	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	Radio Nezate (Eritrian)	7	
8			Queer FM Vancouver : Reloaded (Talk)	Suburban Jungle (Eclectic)	End of the World News (Talk)	Student Fill-in Slot		8	
9	Classical Chaos (Classical)	Breakfast With The Browns (Eclectic)						9	
10	Shookshookta (Talk)		Mind Voyage (Ambient)	Pop Drones (Eclectic)	Rocket from Russia (Punk)	Sounds of the City (Eclectic)	The Saturday Edge (Roots)	10	
11		Ska-T's Scenic Drive			Relentlessly Awesome	Stereo Blues (Blues/Eclectic)		11	
12		Synchronicity (Talk)	Morning After Show (Eclectic)	Student Special Hour (Eclectic)	Duncan's Donuts (Eclectic)	It Ain't Easy Being Green (Eclectic)	Generation Annihilation (Punk)	12	
1	The Rockers Show (Reggae)	Parts Unknown (Pop)	Mantis Cabinet	TerryProject Podcast (Talk) Democracy Now (Talk)	Definition Soundwave (Rock/Folk)	Skald's Hall (Drama/Poetry)	Power Chord (Metal)	1	
2			Give Em The Boot	Extraenvironmentalist (Talk)	Ink Studs (Talk)	Radio Zero (Dance)		2	
3	Blood On The Saddle (Roots)	Shake A Tail Feather (Soul/R&B)	The All Canadian Farm Show	Programming Training	Butta on the Bread	Programming Training	Code Blue (Roots)	3	
4			The Leo Ramirez Show (World)	Radio Free Thinker	Sne'waylh	Mantra (Eclectic)		Nardwuar Presents (Nardwuar)	4
5	Chips (Pop)	Student Fill-in Slot	News 101 (Talk)	The City	Arts Report (Talk)	Simorgh (Persian Literacy)	News 101 (Talk)	Moon Grok	5
6	So Salacious (Electro/Hip Hop)		Neil's Hidden Tracks (Korean Music)	Arts Project UBC Arts On Air	Are You Aware (Eclectic)	Peanut Butter 'n' Jams (Eclectic)	Stranded (Eclectic)	Nasha Volna (World)	6
7	More Than Human (Electronic/Experimental)		Exploding Head Movies (Cinematic)	Flex Your Head (Hardcore)	Sam- squantch (Ecl)	Sup World?		La Fiesta (World)	7
8	Rhythms (World)	Techno Progressivo		Inside Out (Dance)	Folk Oasis (Roots)	Stereoscopic Redoubt (Experimental)	African Rhythms (World)	Student Fill-in Slot	8
9	Bootlegs & B-Sides (Dance/Electronic)			Crimes And Treasons (Hip-hop)		Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell (Live)	The Bassment (Dance/Electronic)	Synaptic Sandwich (Dance/Electronic/ Eclectic)	9
10	Trancendance (Dance)		The Jazz Show (Jazz)		Sexy In Van City (Talk)				10
11			Student Fill-in Slot		Hans Von Kloss Misery Hour	Student Fill- in Slot	Canada Post-Rock (Rock)	Randophonic (Eclectic)	11
12									12
1	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix							1
2				Vampire's Ball (Industrial)	Aural Tentacles (Eclectic)				2
3			CiTR Ghost Mix			CiTR Ghost Mix	The Absolute Value of Insomnia (Generative)		3
4									4
5									5

SUNDAY

BEPI CRESKAN PRESENTS...

(Difficult Music) 7-9am

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 CHAOS

(Classical) 9-10am

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

SHOOKSHOOKTA

(Talk) 10am-12pm

A program targeted to Ethiopian people that encourages education and personal development.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

(Reggae) 12-3pm

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

(Roots) 3-5pm

Alternating Sundays

Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER

(Soul/R&B) 3-5pm

Alternating Sundays

The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits and lost soul gems.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

(Pop) 5-6pm

Alternating Sundays

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge.

SO SALACIOUS

(Electro/Hip Hop) 6-7pm

Skadz and Sprocket Doyle bring you Electro Swing, Alternative Hip Hop, Dubstep, Acid Jazz, Trip Hop, Local and Canadian Content – good and dirty beats.

MORE THAN HUMAN

(Electronic/Experimental) 7-8pm

Strange and wonderful electronic sounds from the past, present, and future with host Gareth Moses. Music from parallel worlds.

RHYTHMSINDIA

(World) 8-9pm

Alternating Sundays

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.

TECHNO PROGRESSIVO

(Dance) 8-9pm

Alternating Sundays

A mix of the latest house music, tech-house, prog-house and techno.

BOOTLEGS & B-SIDES

(Dance/Electronic) 9-10pm

Hosted by Doe-Ran, the show was a nominated finalist for "Canadian College Radio Show of the year 2012 in the Pioneer DJ Stylus Awards". A complete mixbag every week, covering: Ghetto funk, Breakbeat, Hip-Hop, Funk & Soul, Chillout, Drum & Bass, Mashups, Electro House and loads of other crackin' tunes. Search 'Doe Ran' at percussionlab.com and on facebook.com

TRANCENDANCE

(Dance) 10pm-12am

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, Platiplus Records and Nukleuz. Email: djsmileymike@trancendance.net. Website: www.trancendance.net.

MONDAY

GOOD MORNING MY FRIENDS

(Upbeat Music) 6:30-8am

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

(Eclectic) 8-11am

Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights. breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com.

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE

(Ska) 11am-12pm

SYNCHRONICITY

(Talk) 12-1pm

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!

PARTS UNKNOWN

(Pop) 1-3pm

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 ALL CANADIAN FARM SHOW

(Pop) 3-4pm

The All Canadian Farm Show cultivates new and old indie jams from across genres and provinces. Tune in to hear the a fresh crop of CiTR volunteers take you on a musical

cross-country road trip!

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

(World) 4-5pm

The best of mix of Latin American music. leoramirez@canada.com

NEWS 101

(Talk) 5-6pm

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.

NEIL'S HIDDEN TRACKS

(Korean Music) 6-7pm

Korea has had brilliant indie musicians since the '80s. However, we don't know who they are and what music they play. Also they have had no chance to be introduced overseas. With Korean DJ Neil Choi, on every Monday 6 p.m., we can find out many hidden musicians who are really awesome like famous world rock'n'roll stars.

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

(Cinematic) 7-9pm

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.

THE JAZZ SHOW

(Jazz) 9pm-12am

Undercurrent May 6: A classic partnership with guitarist Jim Hall and pianist Bill Evans. Out Of The Afternoon May 13: One of the best loved dates led by drummer Roy Haynes and featuring Rahsaan Roland Kirk and all his horns. Shades of Redd May 20: Legendary pianist Freddie Redd, his Quintet with Jackie McLean and Tina Brooks plus his compositions. The Jazz Skyline May 27: Elegant sounds with vibist Milt Jackson and tenor saxophone giant Lucky Thompson.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

(Roots) 6-8am

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman. pacificpickin@yahoo.com

QUEER FM

VANCOUVER: RELOADED

(Talk) 8-10:30am

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

MIND VOYAGE

(Eclectic) 10:30-11:30am

Mind Voyage presents cosmic tones of celestial counterpoint on CiTR!

Experience weekly encounters of synth, ambient, witchy and new classical items in one-hour with DJ Tall Jamal.

MORNING AFTER SHOW

(Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm

An eclectic mix of Canadian indie with rock, experimental, world, reggae, punk and ska from Canada, Latin America and Europe. Hosted by Oswaldo Perez Cabrera.

MANTIS CABINET

(Eclectic) 1-2pm

GIVE EM THE BOOT

(World) 2-3pm

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional to modern on this bilingual show. givetheboot@gmail.com · http://giveemtheboot.wordpress.com

PROGRAMMING TRAINING

(Talk) 3-3:30pm

RADIO FREE THINKER

(Tunes) 3:30-4:30pm

Promoting skepticism, critical thinking and science, we examine popular extraordinary claims and subject them to critical analysis.

DISORDER RADIO

(Tunes) 4:30-5pm

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

THE CITY

(Talk) 5-6pm

An alternative and critical look on our changing urban spaces. New website: www.thecityfm.org. New twitter handle: @thecity_fm.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

(Hardcore) 6-8pm

Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

INSIDE OUT

(Dance) 8-9pm

CRIMES & TREASONS

(Hip-hop) 9-11pm

dj@crimesandtreasons.com

WEDNESDAY

TWEETS & TUNES

(New) 6:30-8am

We practice what we Tweet! Showcasing local indie music and bringing bands, artists and fans together through social media. Website: tweetsandtunes.com Twitter: @tweetsandtunes.

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

(Eclectic) 8-10am

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

POP DRONES

(Eclectic) 10-11:30am

STUDENT SPECIAL HOUR

(Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
Various members of the CiTR's student executive sit in and host this blend of music and banter about campus and community news, arts, and pop culture. Drop-ins welcome!

TERRY PROJECT PODCAST

(Talk) 1-2pm

Alternating Wednesdays

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.

DEMOCRACY NOW

(Talk) 1-2pm

Alternating Wednesdays

EXTRAENVIRONMENTALIST

(Talk) 2-3pm

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.

SNE'WAYLH

4-5pm

In many Coast Salish dialects, "sne'waylh" is the word for teachings or laws. The aboriginal language-learning program begins with the teachings of the skwxwu7mesh snichim (Squamish language). Originally aired on Coop Radio CFRO 100.5 FM in Vancouver, Tuesdays 1-2 p.m.

ARTS REPORT

(Talk) 5-6pm

Reviews, interviews and coverage of local arts (film, theatre, dance, visual and performance art, comedy, and more) by host Maegan Thomas and the Arts Reporters.

ARTS PROJECT

(Talk) 6-6:30pm

Alternating with UBC Arts On Air Stay tuned after the Arts Report for Arts Project Interviews, documentaries and artsy stuff that doesn't fit into CiTR's original arts hour.

UBC ARTS ON AIR

(Talk) 6-6:30pm

Alternating with Arts Extra!

Ira Nadel, UBC English, offers scintillating profiles and unusual interviews with members of the UBC Arts world. Tune in for programs, people and personalities in Arts.

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm

Alternating Wednesdays

All-Canadian music with a focus on indie-rock/pop. anitabinder@hotmail.com

SUP WORLD?

(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm

Alternating Wednesdays

Fuzzy and sweet, a total treat! Tune in to hear the latest and greatest tracks from independent and Vancouver bands.

FOLK OASIS

(Roots) 8-10pm

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

SEXY IN VAN CITY

(Talk) 10-11pm

Your weekly dose of education and entertainment in the realm of relationships and sexuality. sexyinvancity.com/category/sexy-in-vancity-radio

HANS VON KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

(Hans Von Kloss) 11pm-1am

Pretty much the best thing on radio.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

(Industrial) 1-5am

Industrial, electro, noise, experimental, and synth-based music. thevampiresball@gmail.com thevampiresballonctr.com

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

(Talk) 8-10am

ROCKET FROM RUSSIA

(Punk) 10-11am

Punk rock, indie pop and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd. http://www.weallfalldowncitr.blogspot.ca

RELENTLESSLY AWESOME

11am-12pm

Vancouver's got a fever, and the only prescription is CiTR's "Relentlessly Awesome." Each and every week, Jason attempts to offer adrenaline-pumping, heart-stopping, hands-over-the-eyes suspense. He is a fan of various genres, and a supporter of local music.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

(Eclectic) 12-1pm

Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts. http://duncansdonuts.wordpress.com

DEFINITION SOUNDWAVE

(Rock/Folk) 1-2pm

The now of folk. The now of rock. The now of alternative. Join Evan as he explores what's new, what's good, and what's so awesome it fights dragons in its spare time. As always, Evan ends the show with a special Top 5 list that's always fun and always entertaining.

INK STUDS

(Talk) 2-3pm

Underground and indie comix. Each week, we interview a different creator to get their unique perspective on comix and discuss their upcoming works.

THUNDERBIRD EYE

(Sports) 3:30-4pm

Your weekly roundup of UBC Thunderbird sports action from on campus and off with your host Wilson Wong.

MANTRA

(World) 4-5pm

Kirtan, Mantra, Chanting and Culture. There's no place like Om. Hosted by Raghunath with special guests. Email: mantraradioshow@gmail.com. Website: mantraradio.co.

SIMORGH

(Persian Literacy) 5-6pm

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.

ARE YOU AWARE

(Eclectic) Alternating Thursdays 6-7:30pm

Celebrating the message behind the music. Profiling music and musicians that take the route of positive action over apathy.

PEANUT BUTTER 'N' JAMS

(Eclectic) Alternating Thursdays 6-7:30pm

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.

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT

(Experimental) 7:30-9pm

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

(Live Music) 9-11pm

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

(Eclectic) 12-6am

It could be global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre. auraltentacles@hotmail.com

FRIDAY

MOON GROK

7:30-10am

SOUNDS OF THE CITY

(Eclectic) 10-11am

Promoting upcoming live concerts and shows in Vancouver, be they local, national, or international acts.

STEREO BLUES

(Blues/Eclectic) 11am-12pm

Every Friday host Dorothy Neufeld sinks into blues, garage and rock n' roll goodies!

IT AIN'T EASY BEING GREEN

(Eclectic) 12-1pm

CiTR has revived it's long-dormant beginner's show It Ain't Easy Being Green! With the support of experienced programmers, this show offers fully-trained CiTR members, especially students, the opportunity to get their feet wet on the air.

SKALD'S HALL

(Drama/Poetry) 1-2pm

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: @Skalds_Hall.

RADIO ZERO

(Dance) 2-3:30pm

An international mix of super-fresh weekend party jams from New Wave to foreign electro, baile, Bollywood, and whatever else. www.radiozero.com

NARDWUAR

(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm

Join Nardwuar the Human Serviette for Clam Chowder flavoured entertainment. Doot doola doot doo... doot doo! nardwuar@nardwuar.com

NEWS 101

(Talk) 5-6pm

See Monday for description.

STRANDED

(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

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.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

(World) 7:30-9pm

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

THE BASSMENT

(Dance/Electronic) 9-10:30pm

The Bassment is Vancouver's only bass-driven radio show, playing Glitch, Dubstep, Drum and Bass, Ghetto Funk, Crunk, Breaks, and UK Funky, while focusing on Canadian talent and highlighting Vancouver DJs, producers, and the parties they throw.

CANADA POST-ROCK

(Rock) 10:30pm-12am

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" in front of.

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE

(Roots) 8am-12pm

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! steveedge3@mac.com

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

(Punk) 12-1pm

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: www.generationannihilation.com. Facebook: www.facebook.com/generationannihilation".

POWER CHORD

(Metal) 1-3pm

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.

CODE BLUE

(Roots) 3-5pm

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul. codeblue@buddy-system.org

MOON GROK

5-6pm

NASHA VOLNA

(World) 6-7pm

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad. nashavolna.ca

LA FIESTA

(World) 7-8pm

Salsa, Bachata, Merengue, Latin House, and Reggaeton with your host GspotDJ.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

(Dance/Electronic) 9-11pm

If you like everything from electro/techno/trance/8-bit music/retro '80s, this is the show for you! www.synapticsandwich.net

RANDOPHONIC

(Eclectic) 11pm-2am

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.

THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA

(Generative) 2-6am

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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† Photo by Scott Loudoun, courtesy Fast Food Apparel. Background and model: Erica Lapadat-Janzen. Clothing by Jaqui Kars.

ART PROJECT ERICA LAPADAT-JANZEN

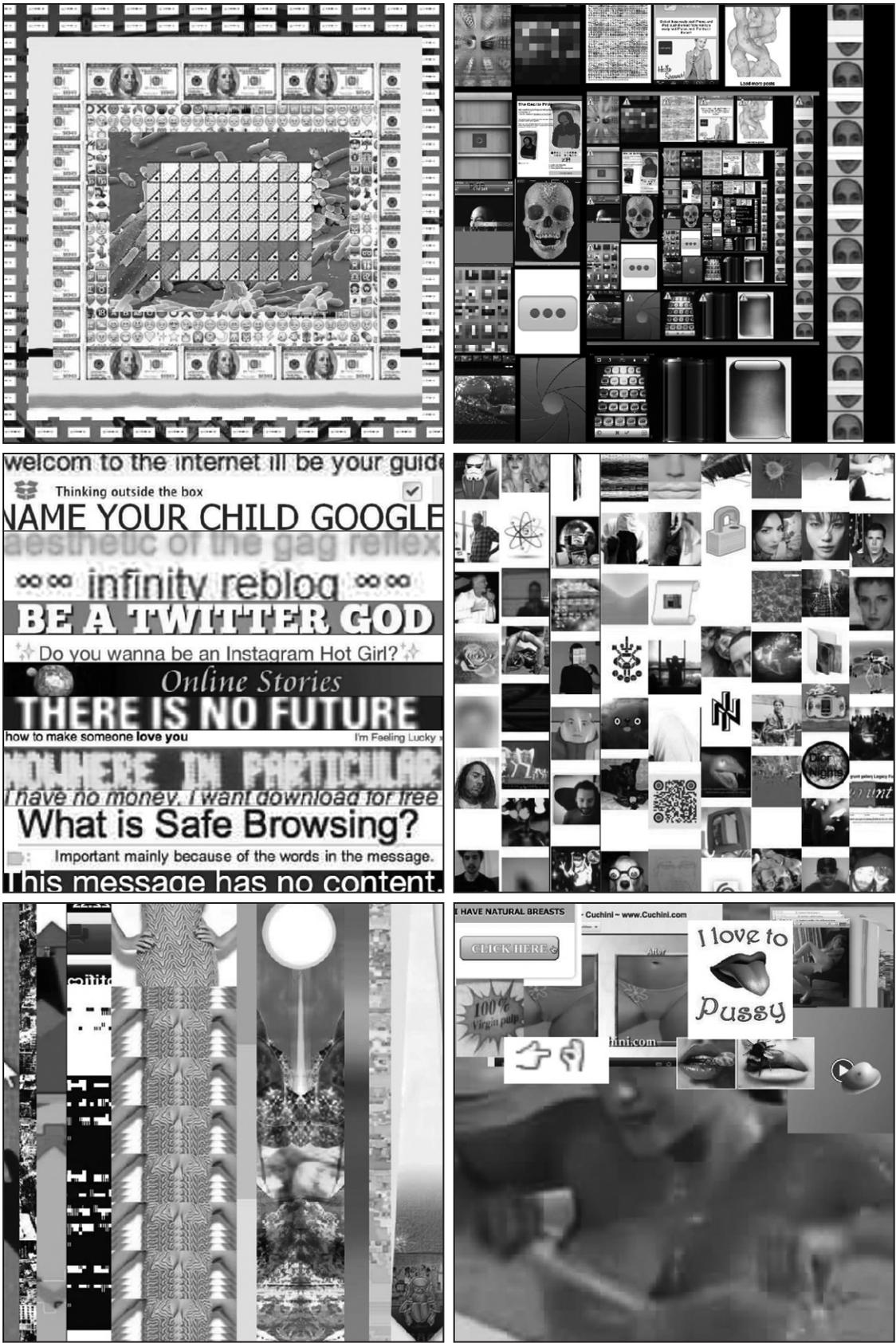
Erica Lapadat-Janzen is a Vancouver-based media/net artist. Her work is shown internationally, both on and offline. She is currently working on being more tangible and encourages everyone to Google her.

She will be representing Vancouver in KEIN THEMA 23 No.3 (international) Glitchart Festival, Nürnberg, Germany, May 9th, 2013.

→ <http://goo.gl/ZxQvi> → ericalapadat-janzen.com

Fast Food Apparel is brand loyalty taken to a whole new level with an urban streetwear influence. Created by Jaqui Kars.

→ <http://fastfoodapparel.bigcartel.com>



† Pages from #screenshots, book, 2012, digital collage, 10" x 10".

ART PROJECT ERICA LAPADAT-JANZEN



by **EVAN BROW**

illustration by
TIERNEY MILNE

A UBC PROFESSOR. A PUBLISHED AUTHOR OF FICTION AND NON-FICTION. The 1998 team captain for the Canadian high school world debate team. All of these are things comedian Charlie Demers is (or has been) when he's not doing stand-up in Vancouver. I meet up with Demers for an early dinner at his chosen location, the Storm Crow Tavern, described online as "Vancouver's Hottest Nerd Bar!" It's a homey space with masses of signed *Firefly* posters and *Doctor Who* gadgetry coating the walls, as well as an abundance of obscure board games nestled in a corner. Demers seems to be a regular, shaking hands and spurting brief inside jokes with various patrons. He orders a beer, the beef stew, and we're off.

A versatile force in comedy, Demers has been a stand-up for nearly nine years now, but his mindset for the business was set at a very early age. "I've always been interested in being funny, and I'm sure that had a lot to do with the household I was born in, the things that were valued in my family," says Demers. "My mom, in a baby journal when I was about two weeks old, for the first time in my life, referred to me as a comedian because I had peed on a doctor. That's something a lot of babies do, but not every mother puts a comic frame on it."

Already seen with a talent for humour, Demers was cracking jokes as a young boy. "I remember doing my first bit when I was six or seven years old," says Demers, chuckling as he sets down his beer and prepares his brief story. "My parents were talking about a couple who had gotten pregnant by accident and I did a whole bit on how that could have happened. Like a lot of observational comedy, it came from a place of ignorance. I didn't realize that people had sex for pleasure. I thought that if you had sex, it was for a baby. So my bit was based on if they accidentally got pregnant, then they accidentally had sex, and how did that happen?"

As it remains today, politics emerged as a large part of Demers' life at 15.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STAND-UP AND PRINT:

"You can be a bit more of a self-indulgent douche in prose than you can on stage, because the author really is an authoritarian figure in terms of their work. You get absolutely unlimited time and space to make your case in the way you want to. And the only thing readers can do is buy it or not buy it,

"When I was a teenager, I was in a Trotskyist sect, which was very bizarre," says Demers. "I certainly would no longer describe myself as a worker-Bolshevik." Demers is of a rare breed, one in which his only memory of the Cold War was the *Head of the Class* episode where they went to the Soviet Union and Arvid and Dennis tried to sneak in a bunch of blue jeans. As to how his politics affects his work today? Well, as Demers puts it, there's one very clear benefit. "I'm kind of the in-house emcee for 98 per cent of the labour and left events that happen in Vancouver. I'm exaggerating, but only slightly."

It's at this point that Demers stops me. "Am I being funny enough?" he asks, wondering exactly what type of piece I'll be writing. It's a testament to Demers' many roles (stand-up, writer, activist, professor) that he wants to tailor his demeanor to my article. As we're about to move on, he adds, "Will this be scathing? I deserve to be taken down a notch. It's about time somebody wrote that exposé."

Over the course of his career, Demers has become known as a man of large side projects, writing both the darkly comic novel *The Prescription Errors* and the crisp and observational *Vancouver Special*, a non-fiction account of Vancouver as a whole, as well as appearing many times on CBC's *the Debaters*, a radio debate show that combines "laughs and logic," a gig in which his debating experience serves him well.

"When I hit adulthood and there was this show that was half comedy and half debate, it was a real 'you got chocolate on my peanut butter' situation," says Demers.

And while these projects have been near and dear to him over his life, Demers has moved into another realm in his professional career, today as a professor for UBC's Writing For New Media course. "Unless there's some dramatic, unforeseeable change in circumstances for me, I do plan for teaching to be something that I continue to do," says Demers, adding that they're hoping to add Writing For Comedic Forms, which he would be teach. "It'd basically be comedy writing in the Creative Writing Program. And that's very close to being official. That would hopefully be starting next January."

For other parts of Demers' future, well, it's simple to predict what he'll keep striving for. "I love comedy, I love writing, and I love politics. In my professional life, I'm happiest when those things are overlapping."

Demers is headlining the *Comedy Mix* from June 27 to June 29. Download Demers' stand-up special at thestandupcomedians.com

or take it out from the library or not take it out from the library, read it or not read. Comedy audiences are incredibly empowered in terms of shaping what material survives. The audience exerts almost a geological force on the shape of a bit. When a joke is naked and you're taking it out on stage, no matter what's funny about it, the audience will tell you ruthlessly whether you're off-base or not or how that joke should go."

UNDER REVIEW—MAY 2013

CASCADIA LEVEL TRUST EP

(Independent)



Cascadia's sound is a beautiful paradox of noisy, chaotic sludge rock counterbalanced by wistful if melancholic dream pop. Their latest release *Level Trust* plays with these contradictions throughout its four tracks, showcasing the strengths of the band's multi-faceted sound.

"Josie" showcases their tight grip on dynamics as a charging punky intro gives way to light, understated verses complemented by Sasha Langford's airy vocals. A seesawing outro concludes this track, highlighting aggressive buzzsaw guitar work. Track two, "Yours," speeds along with throbbing, thick-as-a-brick bass lines and rapid fire high-hat rattling on an up tempo verse. Langford's vocals soar over the instrumental ruckus, deftly contrasting melody with madness.

The fury of the first half of the EP gives way to a pair of slower, more atmospheric tracks that emphasize the group's shoegaze influences à la *My Bloody Valentine*. "Deny" features echoey guitar work, which plays well off of the pulsating, low-end heavy bass, as they meet together to create the most anthemic and memorable chorus on the release. The concluding number "Ever" shrouds the listener in a cloud of despair as the bass anchors the doom and gloom melody throughout the verse while Langford's vocals produce a sense of desperation in the refrain "You said."

Level Trust is a picture of a band working well with every aspect of their sound. If you're willing to wade through the mire, Cascadia have plenty to offer the discerning alternative rock fan.

—James Olson

MALCOLM JACK I'M MY OWN BEWITCHMENT

(Independent)



Malcolm Jack's '70s-inspired folk-pop first solo effort is by no means a debut for the songwriter. Jack has been a major part of the Vancouver indie music scene over the past few years, playing in *Capitol 6*, *Twin River*, and *Sun Wizard* (all on Light Organ Records). But his solo effort, *I'm My Own Bewitchment*, might just be his finest 31-and-a-half minutes to date. Even if the record is shrouded in mystery.

Released independently, *I'm My Own Bewitchment* comes with an illustrated book of sketches and lyrics—a limited edition 'zine—though trying to find one online has proven unsuccessful (and likely intentional). Be that as it may, the journey to obtain this gem is well worth the investment. Almost immediately after ultra psychedelic dream-like opener "Violet Tiger" peaks the senses, the album becomes familiar and comfortable, sort of like an old pair of jeans.

Jack's unpretentious jangle and super sticky melodies are cemented in the humming centre of the brain, while the introspective lyrics touch the heart with twist of sadness. There is a certain communal campfire sentiment echoed with the loose hand drums and tambourines guiding the instantly memorable chorus of "Can't Be Prayed To." "Going Nowhere" continues the '70s analogue revival aided by the interplay of acoustic elements and a monophonic, organic electric guitar drenched in minor tones, accompanied by revered vocals.

The highlight of the record, though there are many, is the catchy "Moon Sees the Night." Right from the opening riff and the quickened pace of the rhythm, it is clear this track is destined to be

an indie classic. As with Jack's other projects, there is nothing fancy here, which is part of its overall allure. *I'm My Own Bewitchment* is straight ahead goodness steeped in an honest '70s folk vibe that is extremely accessible. It is yet another testament to the already accomplished catalogue of Malcolm Jack.

—Slavko Bucifal

OK VANCOUVER OK FOOD. SHELTER. WATER.

(Kingfisher Bluez)



No less than sixty faces stare back at you from the cover of tireless local mainstay OK Vancouver OK's *Food. Shelter. Water.*, a lo-fi hymn of social change and sleepy introspection that, stripped of its instrumental embellishments, reads like an urban *Gary Snyder* for our times. His charming renditions of escaping to the wilderness, blended with overtones of anti-capitalism shine through in the outspoken yet optimistic conviction of his songwriting. But don't expect the usual *one man and a 4-track* affair you've come to love Jeff Johnson for on his tenth release.

Drummer Laura House and bassist Liza Moser were enlisted to help Johnson record the album with K Records' Eli Moore on Whidbey Island. It's an evolution that results in ten songs riddled with emancipated moral convictions that, as the title alludes to, focus on the essentials: fresh healthy food, a place to call home, and unrestricted access to clean water. An outspoken collection of ideas your parents would have blown off as childish fantasies before telling you "It's time to grow up," *Food. Shelter. Water.* is a reminder of what's truly important.

Thematically, Johnson hasn't wavered from a stripped-bare no-wave aesthetic that easily jumps

from the eco-friendly refrains of “I Want Children to Swim in A River They Can Drink From” to the playful sing-along “Snowman in The Sun.” Words are used sparingly throughout the album and are rarely eloquent when they come to the forefront. Instead their power comes from the negative lyrical space that highlights their poignancy. Lines like, “In my mind I’m going mad / Still get black out even though I’m happier now / What else to do but keep the planet clean / Food growing all around,” from the reflective “At Home in The Garden,” are sung with such ease that the album’s wide selection of topics become digestible. Johnson’s determination to live by his beliefs give his songwriting integrity and authenticity, which along with *Food. Shelter. Water.*’s increased production quality, has resulted in his most accessible effort to date.

—Robert Catherall

SIGHTLINES
OUR DEMANDS

(Alarum Records)



Remember the burble and murk of Internet music streams back in the RealPlayer days? Remember cramming into tiny rooms to see folks play cramped, grotty music? Sightlines do.

To wit, Sightlines recently put out a cover of the **New Fever**’s “Our Demands” as a digital single – on floppy disk. **The New Fever** was a short lived project of then-d.b.s. frontman and future Hive Creative Labs founder Jesse Gander. Beyond that pedigree, it had a personal resonance for Sightlines guitarist and vocalist Eric Axen, who chose “Our Demands” as Sightlines’ contribution to a compilation album of local band covers.

“I chose this song because The New Fever were one of the first bands I saw upon moving to Vancouver. They played a great show with **Hot Hot Heat**, **the Red Light Sting**, and **Reserve 34** in the fall of 2000,” he writes in the single’s liner notes.

That project was not to be, but at least Sightlines have gotten a nice little track out of it. And it is little. At a cool minute and a half, it’s just the right size to fit on a floppy given a low enough

bit rate. The song itself moves from an unruly, claustrophobic opening to something a little more melodic and spacious, even as the cymbals’ clangorous sibilance threaten to overwhelm it.

Will the floppy disk single be anything more than a novelty? Despite some precedent, such as releases in the format by New Jersey pop-punkers **the Ergs!** and local synth wizard Tom Whalen (as **GR8-2000**), probably not. But still, there’s always a niche for tracks like this latest Sightlines release; tracks that embrace the trash, physical release or no physical release.

—Chris Yee

TARIQ
MOONWALKER

(Headless Owl Records)



If Vancouver group **Brasstronaut** had a control panel, one switch would be for ambient synth, a knob for rhythmic acoustic guitars and a dial for pulsating bass. On Brasstronaut guitarist Tariq Hussain’s solo EP, *Moonwalker*, he employs that same control panel, but cranks down the keyboards and echo, and tunes-in a more stripped down folky arrangement. The result is a crafty blend of spaced-out synthesizers hovering in the background with some knee slapping beats, acoustic picking guitars and vocals hanging on the folk-pop side of things.

Opening track, “Annalee” is a classic ode about a girl with country storytelling lyrics with a twist of synths fluttering around. A nice moment in the track is the little call-in-response outro between Hussain’s wooing, and the responding keyboard mimicking his vocals. In second track, “Leaving Song” there’s another touch of Hussain’s clever songwriting as he sings, “Howling at the moon” while the tender howls of the backup vocals, provided by Leah Abramson and Jody Glenham, respond. On the track Hussain’s voice enters the atmosphere like it’s calling down to ground control before breaking down to a moody hitchhiker’s anthem.

The last three tracks on *Moonwalker* gradually

move away from the otherworldly atmosphere and are straight acoustic folk-pop. Though a slight disjoint from the instrumentation of the first two tracks, they still feature enjoyable arrangements within the perimeters of their genre tradition. “Cold Lake Waters” features a lovely galloping clarinet as the song reaches a thumping finish. “Front Row Seat” is most out of place by not carrying out the rest of the EP’s themes of departure and goodbyes, but it stands alone as a sweet old-time country love song with gushing and witty lyrics like, “I’m not giving up this front row seat/ I’m calling shotgun on your heart.” How cute is that.

Closing track, “Moonwalker” is the same track on **Brasstronaut**’s *Mean Sun*, but given the stripped down country-folk treatment. Hussain’s voice on the EP sounds thin, especially compared to the lush and ethereal echoes of its previous version. However, it is an appropriate ending that perfectly captures the EP’s intriguing mix of genres, leaving this listener with the distinct image of a beat down, cowboy hat-clad traveler, hitchhiking his way from the hot empty deserts of earth to the cold and barren surface of the moon.

—Angela Yen

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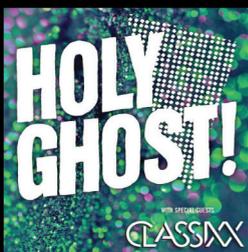
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 Yuri, Blondtron, Lil India



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 JayCeeOh, Marlon J English
 Chris Rolling, MF Jones



SUNDAY, MAY 19
 Long Weekend Party
 Kastle, Kaytranada, 8prn
 Blue Version, Nate Dye



SUNDAY, MAY 26
 Holy Ghost!
 Classixx



TUESDAY, MAY 28
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 w/ guests



WEDNESDAY, MAY 29
 We Heart Daft Punk VI
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 Sincerely Hana, Teen Daze



THURSDAY, JUNE 6
 Groundislava, Silence
 Kline, Headspace



REAL LIVE ACTION

AEROSOL CONSTELLATIONS
photo by
STEVE LOUIE

DOOM / RAPID LOSS / KOSZMAR / E.O.P.

the Astoria / April 2

It was a 19-plus show, which kind of defeats the whole idea of a punk show. What would happen if I was 40 with a 16-year-old who wants to immerse him or her the good stuff? Nonetheless, the sold-out Doom-headlined night at the Astoria was full with an array of ages, sporting an array of punk gear. Punk is not dead after all.

Opens E.O.P. pretty much annihilated the pub, with two singers sharing mic duty from the moshpit. Everybody had a high level of energy and the drummer was pounding his kit like his life depended on it. It might have. He later commented that they were not metal, but punk-grindcore, a common misconception.

Next, punk-hardcore trio Koszmar took to the stage and also played without reservation. Their act was tight, powerful, and goddamned fast. The last band before Doom was Rapid Loss from Vancouver and Edmonton. They delivered a rather energetic show which culminated with a punch-in-the-face to a front row crowd member from the lead singer. Granted he was not really trying to stay safe himself, as he spent a significant amount of time yelling from the moshpit. Pretty much straight punk.

However, people were here for Doom, the legendary crust punk grindcore Brits. This was the first time the band played in Canada, on part of a

tour which began in Mexico City and skipped the United States to play 12 shows from Vancouver to Montreal.

Suddenly, someone big in the audience pushed the crowd aside and climbed on stage, a little early for stage diving. It was the singer and Doom did not waste any time, assaulting the audience relentlessly for a while before some audience interaction. Then it was an anthology of wisdom: "This song is about the right for people to have sex with whomever they want. Fuck homophobia!" and, "Women have the right to chose." There was also something about animal experiments, but it got lost in the yelling.

It was exactly what should be expected from the quartet. They played a hell of a lot of songs and encored back for four more. Everybody knew the lyrics and the whole operation was a blast.

—Arnaud De Grave

SECRET PYRAMID / WATERS / ANJU SINGH

the Remington Gallery / April 6

For the last of its three-show tenure as a temporary hub for drone and noise, the Remington art gallery was a shelter for those escaping a rainy night and the persecution of having missed out on Nick Cave tickets. Even with a phenomenal lineup, it was disheartening to see so few new faces at an event that should have been at the centre of every

experimental music fan's calendar. Maybe Nick Cave tickets weren't as rare as we thought.

Anju Singh is nothing if not prolific. The curator of the recent re-launch of the Vancouver Noise Fest has never played the same show twice, preferring instead to keep her audience off-guard and uncomfortable. This time, with longtime collaborator Graham Christofferson, the two unleashed a torrent of white noise and not much else. Despite an impressive rig with two massive amp cabs behind them, the bass and guitar combo didn't prove to be much more than the sum of their parts: unlimited distortion, the occasional tangible chord change, and static. It might have been just what the noise nerds in the audience were after, but caught the rest of the mellow space off-kilter.

Waters is such a mesmerizing project that it has been difficult to notice Lindsey Hampton and Andrew Lee's gradual cocoon-and-curl into something brilliant and new in the past year. Together, the pair's music chimed crystalline, the sound of mermaids singing to lure sailors into the depths. Comparisons to Grouper can't be avoided, but the heavy layering of chasmic guitar tremolo and electronic wizardry pushed Waters toward breath-taking and original territory. Hampton's swirling siren song vocals were equal parts glacial and haunting.

It's a crime that Secret Pyramid (Amir Abbey) only appears on a bill twice a year or so, but maybe

that's the point. His rare performances are that much more rewarding. The start of Abbey's performance saw him manipulating a sample pad and a handful of pedals to create pulsating space-drone ebb and flow with a distinct cassette tape feel familiar to fans of Boards Of Canada, albeit on a much slower setting. Secret Pyramid was a captivating but anti-social performance. Abbey's back faced the crowd much of the time, leaving plenty of room for those assembled to find their own way to enjoy the heavy drone orbiting. Some were content to sit, observe, and ponder while others lay down, closed their eyes, and seemed to fall off the edge of their own consciousness. Secret Pyramid was a ladder of continual sonic bliss as Abbey traded off gadgets for a guitar, amplifier, waves of tonal shifts, and rainy, room-filling major chords that added to, then enveloped, his previous loops. His performance stopped with a final crash of harmonically overloaded echo and wash that soaked the gallery in unseen electricity.

Even though the incredible Aerosol Constellations were just getting set up to close, Abbey's set was as fatiguing as it was fulfilling to my droned-out bones. With remorse, I parted ways with the awesome Remington before my system gave out.
—Fraser Dobbs

TOUGH LOVERS / WE NEED SURGERY / ELIZABETH

the Biltmore / April 11

There's something about combining summer, beer, and rock 'n' roll that makes for a perfect day. Maybe I was wishing more for summer, but the beer and music were covered at the Vancouver stop of Unsigned, a series of five dollar shows taking place across Canada that support indie musicians as well as various local charities. In this case all profits went to Music B.C. and many a beer were consumed for charity. A feel good-vibe pervaded the night and enthusiastic, though not overly-abundant, crowd.

Elizabeth opened the night with their intense old school punk styling and grungy-good looks. They've been fairly quiet since their 2011 album *Hazards, Horrors and Liabilities*, but snuck in some new material, which got me excited for their future. The crowd was having fun, but there was a lot of awkward head nodding and feet shuffling. It culminated in a painfully contrived stage rush, but they still got points for featuring a melodica, and playing with a lot of heart.

Formed in South Korea and based Vancouver, We Need Surgery impressed with their energy and synth-laced party rock, unfazed after being introduced as "We Are Surgery." They rolled with

it and busted out some new songs, which you can anticipate on a forthcoming EP. By their final song "Go, Go, Go," the crowd had their hands in the air.

The night really belonged to Tough Lovers though, perhaps because it was guitarist Graham Madden's last hurrah with the band. They are seasoned pros now and this incarnation of the band played an incredible final show. It was bittersweet, but they sent Madden off to new things with some sweet extended solos and a fantastic encore of "Before the Sun Sets."

Wishful thinking or not, I'm calling this the kickoff show for summer. And I'm looking forward to the upcoming season of beer, sunshine, and great tunes.
—Tristan Koster

THE PASSENGER / VON BINGEN / AEROSOL CONSTELLATIONS / C. DIAB

the New Red Gate / April 19

Although it's still below the radar for many, the new Red Gate has quickly become a vibrant gallery, studio, and venue, even if all the trimmings aren't quite in place yet. Though the namesake red gates are gone from the front of their new home on the East Side, the experimental show put together late-late on a Friday night had all of the collective's charm at full brightness.

A room full of slightly-drunk music nerds sat down to C.Diab's set, but a room full of quiet explorers stood up at the end of it. Caton Diab's sonorous exploration of solitude, tranquility, and natural beauty was as brilliantly optimistic as it was haunting. Relying solely on a bowed acoustic guitar, a loop pedal, and a few basic effects, Diab cultivated a rich and deeply emotional experience from massive legato chord changes and cavernous, reverb-slicked sustain.

Aerosol Constellations have never catered to the same crowd twice, and the only thing that has stayed consistent with them from show to show is the bear suits the duo wear while playing. Although Bill Batt and Jeremy Van Wyck have focused on heavy, noise-based music in the past, their Red Gate performance was a quieter — if no less schizophrenic — half hour borrowing from the likes of early Aphex Twin. Repetitive and droning horror-movie guitar motifs faded into sampler and effects based sound loops, with dischord playing a large part in their eerie atmospheric jam. The occasional glaring cymbal crash and snare hit added an almost tribalistic air before the end of their set.

If Klaus Schulze had, after forming and then almost immediately leaving Ash Ra Tempel, started collecting synthesizers, dropping acid, and finding musicians he actually liked to play with, the

resulting masterpiece would probably sound pretty similar to Vancouver trio Von Bingen. Blending krautrock, drone, and psych with analog synths and one very kaleidoscopic guitar tone, the band's rare performances continue to impress even when their intense focus can come off as ascetic. Simple drum machine beats gave a focus to their jams, but the main percussion came from slowly-oscillating synth refrains. While vocals popped up on a few songs, they were so awash in the sea of noise that they were just another tone to be treated and mixed alongside the other instruments.

Jesse Creed's pet project, the Passenger, is a moniker that envelopes a few different styles of synth-nerd electronic wizardry, from ambient and drone to weird noise and dance-friendly digital jams. Rumour had it that before the show, Aerosol Constellations' Van Wyck requested a "techno set" of Creed, and he pulled through with a fairly minimal setup and a definite focus on drum-machine beats. Discerning listeners would point out comparisons to the Passenger's excellent, if hard to pronounce, record "[_]" but a marked tempo shift and fewer layers of delicate electronic melodies made Creed's set that capped off the night slightly less pronounced.
—Fraser Dobbs

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WATERS photo by STEVE LOUIE

KOBAN / ANIMAL BODIES / WATERMELON / FREAK HEAT WAVES

Pat's Pub / April 20

The cover of Koban's debut LP, *Null*, features a submissive figure writhing under the weight of manifold cords: a victim of some industrial nightmare, the symbols of which drive onto, into, and over the human body, threatening total erasure. It's a beautiful analogue for the techno-macabre of their post-punk. However, the release party for *Null*, held on Record Store Night at Pat's Pub, was nevertheless host to a series of gregarious, inviting performances—all still imparting a sense of their respective, heavy affects.

Operating with hypnotic repetition, *Freak Heat Waves*' considerate melodies were transformed by Pat's throbbing amplification into nigh-monomaniacal treatises. Songs resolved into epiphanic release or thoughtful deviation, but always interestingly and elusively drifting. Dreamlike tangents waited to transform in their throbbing hum. Capturing both the dreary and the innervating, they established a disposition that fit the night well.

Watermelon's similarly oneiric concerns were broached in intriguing dream pop, compulsive grooves and beguiling guitar lines. While perhaps the most affected of the night's acts, the band's surf rock melodies teased out an eerie underside, a pulling back of the curtain presiding in every impassioned howl. They were a total pleasure and I doubt few, if anyone, minded their going overtime.

Exchanging one series of nostalgic referents for another, Watermelon's pop was displaced by Animal Bodies' grimy dystopia. The duo imparted a wall of sound, pairing a towering barrage of unrelenting electronic stimulation cloaked by fuzzy guitar. It was overpowering; even the vocalist seemed trapped, issuing howls that fought amongst a vacuum. The atmosphere they cultivated was undeniable: an absolutely effective tonal shift.

Interesting then, Koban eschewed the brooding introspection of disillusioned post-punk for a frenzied interplay. Gothic hooks that lashed outwards became something else in a live setting. It wasn't that their dark-wave effects were absent: the technological furor that only drum machines provided, and the tone of hazard that barely withdrew. Yet Koban proved to be invigorating. They affirmed their dark style, translating it into considerable performative rapport with an eager audience.

As melancholic a tone as Koban and Animal Bodies conjured up that night, it was one of celebration. For Koban, that celebration was a deeply personal one. And in a sense, all four took material that set one towards introspection, channeling it instead towards the spirit that a release party conduces.

—Jonathan Kew

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DISCORDER'S TOP TANNING TUNES



illustration by GINA MACKAY

Vancouver, it's time to shed those toques, pack the Goretex away, and bust out the SPF 30. Summer is coming! What would this season be with out a butt-shakingly great soundtrack? Probably still quite lovely, but not as fun, so we've curated our favourite songs from now and then to share with you. Pack up the cooler and break out the frisbee, and we'll see you at the beach.

PENNY CLARK, contributor

NEW: "Rock and Roll Night Club" by Mac DeMarco (*Rock and Roll Nightclub*, 2012) Every time I enter within the beach vicinity with my music on shuffle, that song comes on.

OLD: "1977" by The Clash (*White Hot B-Side*, 1977) I can specifically remember listening to it in the early days of summer last year while stepping out the door into the sunshine, hearing the opening chords and being like, "Yeah!"

SARAH CORDINGLY, music director

NEW: "Better" by Teen (*In Limbo*, 2012)

A shimmering sweet and softly sarcastic ray of light from one of the most underrated albums of last year.

OLD: "Red Towel" by The Beakers (*Red Towel*, 1980) Playful post-apocalyptic post-punk full of searing saxophone and images of a bleak, melted future. This song came to me in 2001 on a mix tape made by Nathan Howdeshell (of Fast Weapons and other famousnesses). It was promptly dubbed to a minidisc (the convenient digital music format of the time) and served as the soundtrack to at least one sweaty summer West Coast tour.

JACEY GIBB, contributor

NEW: "San Francisco" by Foxygen (*We are the 21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic*, 2013) It's the perfect summer jam: one part summer-haze, two parts pleasant melody. Place in mixer, blend, pour over ice and serve with a sunny day.

OLD(ish): "The Bay" by Metronomy (*The English Riviera*, 2011) The perfect soundtrack for a shore-side, summer drive with your three closest friends. Not to mention the suave music video, which basically drips with hints of paradise.

COLEMAN INGRAM, contributor

NEW: "90210" by the Courtney's (debut LP, due June 2013 on Hockey Dad Records) The video makes it: a beach side pizza party set to one of the catchiest, most fun songs I've heard in a while. I couldn't wait for summer from the moment I saw it a few months ago.

OLD: "Celebrated Summer" by Husker Du (*New Day Rising*, 1985) Though it's not the most "relaxing" song and probably not very beach friendly, it sounds like all of my adolescent summers churned into one. Beautiful sunny nostalgia.

JOSEFA CAMERON, contributor

NEW: "Salvation" by The Liminanas (*Crystan Anis*, 2012) My sister and I walked into Dandelion Records looking for French oldies. They didn't have what we wanted, but raved about *Crystan Anis*. We listened to the first song and bought it right away. It sounds like something Sophia Coppola would have put in *Marie Antoinette* if she could have.

OLD: "Straight to Hell" by The Clash (*Combat Rock*, 1982).. The drumming is entrancing, It's a perfect sun scorched road trip song, and I was asked to elope over this song ... qui sait.

DOROTHY NEUFELD, official tweeter

NEW: "Sylvan Tragedy" by Gal Grace (*Blue Hearts in Exile*, 2013)

Man, bought this tape for the Green Burrito cassette release of Gal Gracen and Aaron Read at the Astoria. Went for a drive and popped this in, it was a blast.

OLD: "(You) Got What I Need" by Freddie Scott (*Cry to Me: The Best of Freddie Scott, 1988*) I'd only heard this sampling in Biz Markie's "Just A Friend" until I watching a movie and the original came on. I just love this.

CALI TRAVIS, contributor

NEW: "Freaking Out the Neighbourhood" by Mac Demarco (2, 2012) It keeps the BBQ sizzlin' and everything laid the fuck back.

OLD: "Runner Ups" by Kurt Vile (*Smoke Ring For My Halo*, 2011) This reminds me that sunny summer times don't have to be real happy to be real good.

STEVE LOUIE, RLA editor

NEW: "Tie Dye (Your Life)" by Literature (*Tie Dye* single, 2013) The band is from Philadelphia-via-Austin. Who moves to Philadelphia from Austin? I'll take new music from Philly.

OLD: "You Should All Be Murdered" by Another Sunny Day (*You Should All Be Murdered* single, 1989) I first heard this couple of years ago when going down an Internet rabbit hole search on the whole C86 phenomena. Best cranked up on fair weather road trips. The jangle and the outro to this song instantly got me hooked.

EVAN BROW, contributor

NEW: "Dance For You" by Dirty Projectors (*Swing Lo Magellan*, 2012) For me, summer and tanning and sunshine are about the carefree. Ice cream on a Tuesday. T-shirts day and night. Bug bites that are worth it. "Dance For You" is the summer angel that bathes me in a pool of happy-go-lucky.

OLD: "Kokomo" by The Beach Boys (*Still Cruisin'*, 1989) Probably heard in 2003 in one of my grandfather's Hawaii montage videos. I'm a sucker for a cheesy classic. Hell, I don't even like it that much. But summer comes along and bam, "Kokomo" is good to go for me.

CITR 101.9 FM CHARTS

STRICTLY THE DOPEST HITZ OF APRIL

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.

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Various*+	Vancouver Pop Alliance Volume 3	Mint/CITR 101.9 FM
2	Chelsea Light Moving	Chelsea Light Moving	Matador
3	Pick A Piper*	Pick A Piper	Mint
4	Suuns*	Images Du Futur	Secret City
5	Devendra Banhart	Mala	Nonesuch
6	Doldrums*	Lesser Evil	Arbutus
7	Boats*	A Fairway Full of Miners	Kill Rock Stars
8	War Baby*+	Jesus Horse	Self-Released
9	Homeshake*	The Homeshake Tape	Fixture
10	Punctuation*	27 Club	Bonsound
11	The Cave Singers	Naomi	Jagjaguwar
12	Bleached	Ride Your Heart	Dead Oceans
13	Various*	Weird Pop from the Peace Country	Peace Country Diaspora
14	Data Romance*+	Other	Dine Alone
15	The Burning Hell*	People	Headless Owl
16	Iceage	You're Nothing	Matador
17	Thee Ahs*+	Future Without Her	Self-Released
18	Renny Wilson*	Sugarglider	Mint
19	Apparat Organ Quartet	Polyfonia	Head In The Sand
20	Atoms For Peace	Amok	XL Recordings
21	Minotaurs*	New Believers	Static Clang
22	David Bowie	The Next Day	ISO
23	The Bicycles*	Stop Thinking So Much	Aporia
24	Milk Music	Cruise Your Illusion	Fat Possum
25	Psychic Ills	One Track Mind	Sacred Bones

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
26	Woodpigeon*	Thumbtacks And Glue	Boomba
27	Slow Learners*+	Habit b/w Party Police	Perfect Master
28	Wax Idols	Discipline & Desire	Slumberland
29	Local Natives	Hummingbird	Frenchkiss
30	Pissed Jeans	Honeys	Sub Pop
31	Wavves	Afraid Of Heights	Mom + Pop
32	We Are Wolves*	La Mort Pop Club	Dare To Care
33	Henry Wagons	Expecting Company?	Six Shooter
34	Veda Hille*+	Peter Panties	Self-Released
35	Koban*+	Null	The Broadway To Boundary
36	Phoenix Thunderbird*+	Repetition	Self-Released
37	Various*	Rat King II	Killer Haze
38	Beach Fossils	Clash the Truth	Captured Tracks
39	Cobra & Vulture*	Grasslands	Self-Released
40	Gang Signs*+	Remixes	Hybridity Music
41	Hilotrons*	At Least There's Commotion	Kelp
42	Low	The Invisible Way	Sub Pop
43	Popstrangers	Antipodes	Carpark
44	PVT	Homosapien	Last Gang
45	Various*	Psych Pop From Toronto	Optical Sounds
46	Jamie Lidell	Jamie Lidell	Warp
47	Ora Cogan*	Ribbon Vine	Hairy Spider Legs
48	The Flaming Lips	The Terror	Warner (WEA)
49	Falcon Punch*	FP!	Self-Released
50	The Belle Game*+	Ritual Tradition Habit	Boomba

Join the Zulu Records Club

Here's this month's selections - in stock and on sale.



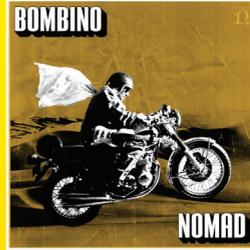
BARN OWL
V CD/LP



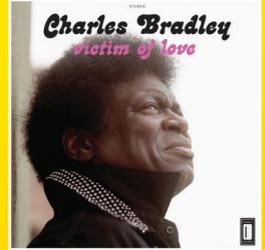
SAVAGES
Silence CD/LP



BEN HOWARD
Every Kingdom CD



BOMBINO
Nomad CD/LP



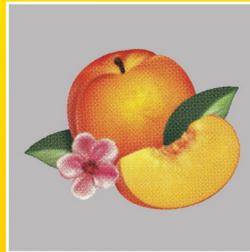
CHARLES BRADLEY
Victim of Love CD/LP



JUNIP
s/t CD/LP



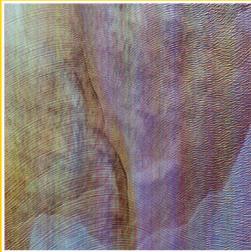
MBV
MBV CD/LP



PHOENIX
Bankrupt! CD/LP



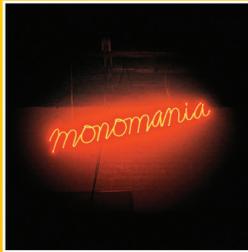
RHYE
Woman CD/LP



AKRON FAMILY
Sub Verses CD/LP



YEAH YEAH YEAHS
Mosquito CD/LP



DEERHUNTER
Monomania CD/LP



DIRTY BEACHES
Water Park CD/12"



FRANK TURNER
Tape Deck Heart CD/LP



THE BELLE GAME
Ritual Tradition
Habit CD



THE NATIONAL
Trouble Will Find Me
CD/LP



COLIN STETSON
New History Warfare Vol. 3:
To See More Light CD/LP



VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Modern Vampires In
The City CD/LP



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STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30 - 7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30 - 9:00
Sat 9:30 - 6:30
Sun 12:00 - 6:00