

# DISCO ORDER

June 2009—free.



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# DISCORDER.

June 2009

## Features

### 6. Pink Mountaintops

Steve McBean, patron saint of East Van and frontman for Pink Mountaintops (and Black Mountain), on his new album's influences: LL Cool J and Danielle Steele.

### 8. The Constantines

Curling! Tundra! The Tragically Hip! Politeness! Can the Constantines be any more Canadian? I guess we could have interviewed them in a Tim Hortons.

### 16. Signal & Noise

You think CBC Radio 3 breaks new sound? Check out the experimental sounds and images from Vancouver's best avant garde festival.

### 17. Music Waste Preview

Are all the great choices at this local music festival too much for you? Worry no more. We'll help you out.

### 18. No Gold

Aaron Goldsman pays a visit to the home of local dance pop trio No Gold and eats a bowl of gazpacho.

## Editor's Note

Dearest Discorder:

Talent! Discorder is hosting a Talent Show! "Show Up, Show Off" on June 3! Which entertaining and unusual skills will be displayed? It is a mystery! Perhaps you will have enough ability to win one of the glorious prize packs (graciously provided by Mint Records, Pacific Cinematheque and CiTR). It's only \$2 at the Astoria and you—yes, you—can be one of the many judges just by showing up. Included in the price of admission is a ballot upon which you can select your three favourite acts for the night. Show up early! Bring your talented friends! If you want to perform, make sure you register beforehand, then you don't have to pay cover. There may still be time to register, email [editor.discorder@gmail.com](mailto:editor.discorder@gmail.com) to sign up.

What a talented city we live in. One of the most heartbreaking parts of my job as editor is deciding which of the many, many talented artists in Vancouver to showcase each month. There are so many good artists that the hardest part is not finding new people to write about, but finding space to put all the things we want to write about.

Speaking of talent, we're talking about talent by the way, look at the artists showcased

in this issue. From established ones like the ever-so-Canadian, and talented Constantines (see page 8) and Pink Mountaintops/Black Mountain's talented Steve McBean (page 6) to up-and-comers like the talented tropical trio No Gold (page 18).

No Gold is among the bands playing in this year's Music Waste. Devoted to showcasing local music for cheap, it's one of the best ways to check out the talented up-and-coming bands of our city. And if you have a \$15 festival pass and a way to get between venues, this is one of your best chances to see ever so many great bands for so little. To see our picks for the fest, check out page 17.

For more unusual talents we've also gone and took a good look at Vancouver's avant garde sound fest, Signal & Noise. This fest is the only fest in Vancouver devoted to looking at new ways of making sounds. See page 16 if that piques your interest.

Whatever your skill I hope you all show up to show off a bit on June 3 at the Astoria.

Cheers, talented reader, cheers,  
Jordie Yow

## Regulars

### 4. Riff Raff

The Isotopes | Dead Ghosts | Manic Attacks

### Film Stripped

Anvil! The Story of Anvil

### 5. Textually Active

Music & Youth Culture

### Venews

Venue | Hoko's | Little Mountain Studios | SASS

### 11. Program guide

A pull-out with the calendar on the other side!

### 12. Calendar

by Mérida Anderson

### 20. Real Live Action

Dancing In Our Debt | Buraka Som Sistema | Dan Deacon | Vivian Girls | Abe Vigoda | The Weakerthans

### 22. Under Review

Big Joe Burke | Caledonia | Dinosaur Jr. | Director | Great Northern | Green Go | Hanne Hukkelburg | Jason Lytle | Leverton Fox | Moll Flanders | Rat Silo | Rock Plaza Central

### 23. Charts

## Corrections to the last issue:

In the May issue, Discorder incorrectly stated that Andy Dixon would be teaching a moccasin making workshop at Goonies—this is in fact being taught by Daniel McRorie. Sorry guys. We think it sounds awesome.

Last chance to take the Discorder survey!

Tell us what you think, and think about what you tell us. We would like to make a fabulous magazine for you every month. Tell us how.



[www.discorder.ca/survey](http://www.discorder.ca/survey)



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# Riff Raff

by Bryce Dunn

Olá amigos! Summer is almost here and who better to usher in our favourite season than the boys of summer, **the Isotopes**? They step up to the plate with a new EP called *Heat-seeker* [ed. *We're talking about the local baseball-themed punk band called the Isotopes, not the Rochester surf guitar band or the British jazz rock group.*] Now truth be told, I hate baseball—it ranks alongside golf as one of more boring sports to watch. But, I'll cut these guys some slack as they do knock it out of the park with four blasts of pop punk that'll have you cranking the stereo to drown out the sound of the hockey fans that are bemoaning the premature demise of the Canucks playoff run. If **Screeching Weasel** was armed with Louisville sluggers, this is what the Isotopes sound like as songs like "Suicide Squeeze" and "Poison In The Clubhouse" will no doubt burrow their buzz-saw melodies deep into your brain and try to provide the armchair cynics like me a soundtrack to swing some bats to. Catch these guys live as they bring the heat June 10 to the Red Room in support of New Hampshire's punk rock gods, **the Queers**, to see (and hear) what all the fuss is about.

I blame my anticipation for the arrival of hot times in the old town tonight for not reviewing these next two releases sooner,

but two local bands were given 7" status recently courtesy of French rock-and-roll label Yakisakana Records, and both are definitely worth putting down the beer and getting off the couch for. **Dead Ghosts** continue in their dominance of badass garage stomp with two new winners in "Bad Vibes" with its cathartic, **Cheater Slicks**-styled basement rock, and "Mayday," which gets a little neo-rockabilly on your behind with the help of some finely placed yelps and a head-boppin' melody to boot. There's a split single out with a choice cut from the Dead Ghosts sharing a side with the similarly sloppy **Smith Westerns**, who are out of Chicago, that's worth a listen, but everything these guys do is top notch. A former and a current Dead Ghost makes up two-thirds of **Manic Attracts**, who work a slightly punkier side of the garage with "Shut It," all three tinny chords and a cloud of dust, backed by a moodier mid-tempo number in "Teenage Teenage" reminiscent of **Jay Reatard's** current output of lo-fi pop, but all in all pretty sweet. These cats don't play out live too much, so grab this release and make a point of seeing them if they ever hit a stage near you.

Enjoy and see you next month!



## Film Stripped: Anvil! *The Story of Anvil*

Directed by Sacha Gervasi

by Dan Fumano | illustration by Audrey Egeland

In the early '80s, Toronto heavy metal band Anvil were on the verge of superstardom. They played harder and faster than almost anybody else at the time, earning them a legion of young fans, with members of Metallica,

...As the film shifts from Tokyo to Scarborough, Ontario twenty years later, it's clear that the dream has died. Or at least it should have died. Long ago. Many times over.

Slayer and Anthrax among their acolytes. Lars Ulrich (of Metallica), Tom Araya (of Slayer), Scott Ian (of Anthrax) and Slash (of Guns N' Roses) all appear in the film, each speaking to the magnitude of Anvil's influence on their own music. Drummer Robb Reiner pioneered the use of the double bass-drum technique that has since become a drumming staple in

metal. Meanwhile, singer and guitarist Steve "Lips" Kudlow pioneered the technique of performing in a leather bondage harness and playing his guitar with a dildo. This, however, has not become a staple in metal. (Yet.)

Their first three albums were popular enough to land them opening spots for the likes of Iron Maiden and Motörhead, and some major festival appearances, including the Super Rock Festival in Tokyo in 1984, where they played with the Scorpions, Whitesnake, and Bon Jovi. Clips from this performance open *Anvil! The Story of Anvil*, an engrossing look at the three decades of Anvil's career and, perhaps more importantly, the friendship between founding members Reiner and Lips over those decades.

When we see Anvil on stage rocking a stadium full of Japanese rock fans, they look like bona-fide rock stars. They are living the dream. But as the film shifts from Tokyo to Scarborough, Ontario twenty years later, it's clear that the dream has died. Or at least it should have died. Long ago. Many times over. But for Lips and Reiner, the dream is alive and so is Anvil, at least in between shifts delivering public school lunches and doing home renovations. It's a long way from a Tokyo stadium to an Eto-bicoke sports bar, but these Reiner and Kudlow, nice Jewish boys from suburban Ontario, keep on rocking (along with later band additions, Ivan Hurd and Glen Five).

With *Anvil!*, director Sacha Gervasi has



"My favourite type of dancing is done upon a bed"

made the best rock documentary in recent memory. He clearly has a deep and abiding affection for Reiner and Lips and for Anvil, for whom he was a teenage roadie in the '80s. But he also has a very keen eye for the unintended humour that comes up in his subjects' comments and actions, and the results are often hilarious, creating a "real life Spinal Tap" feel.

Indeed, the similarities to *This is Spinal Tap* are impossible to ignore, beginning with the fact that the director of the classic 1984 mockumentary is named almost identically to Anvil's drummer, Robb Reiner. In the movie, we see them visit Stonehenge, their amp actually turns to 11, and Reiner's name. Then there are the lyrics. Just about any of Anvil's lyrics would stand in for songs performed by the Tap, especially the sexual songs that have been a staple of Anvil's repertoire for years. Songs like "Mattress Mambo" (opening line: "My favourite

type of dancing is done upon a bed"), "Hair Pie" (opening line: "Dessert is my favourite meal, I eat it every day"), "Five Knuckle Shuffle" and "Tag Team" are clearly of the same ilk as Spinal Tap classics like "Lick My Love Pump" and "Big Bottom" (though possibly even more juvenile).

Audiences going into *Anvil!* expecting a real life Spinal Tap probably won't be disappointed, but they will definitely be surprised at the emotional depth of this film. When Lips' loving sister offers to help him out during a critical turning point for the band and he tearily chokes out, "Family is important shit, man," it's a touching, poignant (but still funny) moment.

*Anvil!* is an excellent film, regardless of whether or not you are a heavy metal fan or even a music fan. But if you are, all the better.

# Textually Active:

Music & Youth Culture

by Dan Laughey

Edinburgh University Press

by Andy Hudson

Salmon pink and decked with pie charts, Dan Laughey's *Music & Youth Culture* looks pretty plain next to *Punk's Not Dead*, *Post-Punk Portraits* and *Please Kill Me!: An Oral History of Punk*.

And, like a frumpy bridesmaid, Laughey opened with a withering look at all the well-studied subcultures on the shelves—from Teddy Boy rock and rollers to beats, mods, punks and so on—and concludes that, with a few exceptions, both journalists and academics have badly sexed up our history of youth culture.

What do you imagine kids were up to in mid-1970s Britain? Punk shows and motorbikes?

Your average Brit, writes Laughey, was more likely suiting or skirting up for a Mecca Dance hall—a nationwide chain that kept up dance steps and dress codes.

A senior media studies lecturer at Leeds University, Laughey says too many researchers get blinkered by pet theories or don't talk to anybody.

Steeped in semiotics—studies of signs and symbols that gave us Barthes' sparkling take on soap ads and Dan Brown's

holy shit—Laughey says a lot of theorists are happy to see a photo of a punk with a Swastika patch, chalk it up to "shock value" and call it a day. No interviews, no account of how a fascist fad symbol played outside its own terms on buses, streets and punks-at-large.

For this book, Laughey spoke to 232 high school and college kids from a small city in Greater Manchester and,

despite spats over Linkin Park vs. Motörhead, he found surprises: eclectic is the norm, and most kids respect a parent's bhangra/bluegrass/T. Rex collection.

Seventy years before him, a group of sociologists were doing much the same thing, in exactly the same place.

In 1937, a group of 50 professors and students from the University of Sussex formed a kind of gentle secret agency called the Mass Observers.

During summer holidays, they all moved to Bolton, the same town where Laughey found his "youth sample." The group was instructed "to see before being seen, to hear before being heard" and to secretly record as much as could be gleaned from the schools, factories, pubs and trams of a city so ordinary the Mass Observers renamed it "Worktown" in all their reports.

Sifting through the findings, Laughey discovered that pre-war teens with jobs actually had more spare cash than their parents—enough for dance mags and gramophone records. Big-band jazz beat out any other music genre across all ages and income brackets, and all the hip kids lived to go on "promenades."

Given all the spectacle of 1930s and 1940s youth cultures, Laughey concludes that they had more in common with youth cultures today than the counter-cultures of the 1960s and 1970s.

Back in the dance-hall days, neo-Marxists like Theodor Adorno were first to point out that the new, mass-production pop machine could have a positive social effect—records were easy to access, remix and re-record.

But, stuck in a dominance/resistance paradigm that assumes all youth culture aspires to be a fist against The Man, even guys like Adorno went off the rails.

When Laughey quoted Adorno's tirade against jitterbugging, it smacks of the same moral panic you read in today's anti-hipster rants:

"Their only excuse is that the term jitterbugs, like all those in the unreal edifice of films and jazz, is hammered into them by the entrepreneurs to make them think that they are on the inside. Their ecstasy is without content ... the ecstatic ritual betrays itself as pseudo-activity."

One bonus in Laughey's approach is the number of first-hand accounts he collected. After a whack of theory, we hear from bus-riding, mall-shopping goths in 2006 and an unnamed man who told a Mass Observer in 1939 that "I occasionally attend a dance for the sole reason of showing the local society that my wife is desirable and attractive."

The book has drawn flak for focusing on individuals and their listening habits. Laughey downplayed a few sticky questions, like why so many of the kids he spoke to divide pop genres into racial categories. And his biggest question—was '70s punk the last true "subculture"—goes unanswered.

Those are dodges, but maybe forgivable ones in a book that's clearly trying to inspire better, more evidence-based research into such questions. If you're a budding sociologist or extra keen on secretly observing and recording your fellow humans, *Music & Youth Culture* makes for good homework.

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# Venews

Jordie Yow keeps you up-to-date on the ups and downs of Vancouver's live music establishments.

If you were wondering what the ads in last month's issue cryptically stating the word "Venue" in last month's issue of *Discorder* were, wonder no more. Venue is what's going to be located at the newly renovated Plaza, with a whole new interior and new branding. "It's a complete renovation of the club," said Dax Droski, a representative of the Adelphia Group which will be running the new night spot.

The new venue will be located in the exact same location on the Granville strip and

is slated for a mid-June opening. It will still be keeping up the practice of a weekend curfew, with any live shows ending at 10 p.m. to kick off a DJ night that will be playing "pop, rock and retro" with "bass heavy electro remixes." Droski said people who attended the shows would be welcome to stick around and that

the music will probably fit the tastes of concert goers a lot more than the previous R&B nights that shuffled people out the door at the Plaza. Monday to Thursday will be concerts without curfews so audiences can expect to enjoy normal set times. The newly renovated Venue will be targeting a hipster crowd with the electro-pop outfit the Veronicas already booked for June 27.

With their sexed up ads and ironic name they may be trying a bit too hard to present themselves as "cool," but any effort to change Granville Street's image can't be all bad. Either way they're going to have an uphill slog trying to convince hipsters to head back to Granville Street, especially now that venues in East Van have built up followings.

Fans of live music in town will also be happy to note that Hoko Sushi and Karaoke Bar is going to be providing music once again in Vancouver.

"Now I have a live music permit from the City and the liquor board," said Jian Chao, a manager at Hoko's. "So I am very happy."

Hoko's got into trouble in February when it was found that they had been operating for years without the proper permits for live music. They have since applied for the missing permit, and plan on being careful not to breach their midnight curfew or the City's strict noise bylaws.

"We do not play loud music, like heavy metal," said Chao. She hopes the city will allow for some leniency from those enforcing the bylaws, which (as we have noted before)

are strict enough that almost every business open past 10 p.m. in Vancouver is breaking them almost every night.

For a taste of what sort of music Hoko's will be booking, check out the Phantom Islands night, which is hosted by Jarrett Evan Sampson of Collapsing Opposites and Shipyards.

Little Mountain Studios cancelled a number of shows after receiving noise complaints during One Cool Word's Third Birthday. The night was shut down early and a number of bands who had shows booked at the art gal-

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lery/venue later in the month found themselves scrambling for a new place to play. Though things seem to have stabilized now, the venue is still closing early to avoid further noise complaints and they have changed their Facebook group name to Little Mountain Gallery, which implies that they'll be focusing more on their role as an art gallery than a music venue in the future.

What do Hoko's and Little Mountain have in common though? They're both some of the few venues in Vancouver that allow music fans under the age of 19 to see music. If you're as annoyed at the lack of all ages spaces in Vancouver then you may want to consider joining the Safe Amplification Site Society, "a non-profit society dedicated to establishing a permanent all-ages space for music and other arts events in Vancouver."

"There's been a lot of problems with venues getting shut down in Vancouver, particularly all ages venues," said Ryan McCormick, a director for SASS. The group is organizing to try and work with the city and police to provide a safe venue that underagers can attend.

"We want a venue that's stable and all ages," said McCormick. The group is still looking for a site and plans to run it without liquor sales so they are hoping to get things going with government grants and donations from the public. They're just getting started and looking for people who are interested in getting involved. To find out more about them check out their website at [www.safeamp.org](http://www.safeamp.org).

art by Aisha Davidson



by Jordie Yow

Steve McBean is the bearded front man for Black Mountain. His music has helped put Vancouver on the radar of independent music critics everywhere. He has been releasing albums as a side-project under the name Pink Mountaintops since 2004. It's a little bit more experimental, and as McBean said in this interview, it's a little more personal. McBean chatted with Discorder via phone from Switzerland about his newest album *Outside Love*, which is described in the press release as "ten songs of love and hate that read like a Danielle Steele romance novel."

Discorder: How's it going?

SM: It's going pretty good.

D: Are you in Switzerland right now?

SM: We're in Switzerland, yeah. We're in like some big cement building that's leaking sewage. It smells awesome.

D: What are you doing there?

SM: I'm just going to play a show.

D: Awesome. So I wanted to talk about your

new album *Outside Love*. Are you a big Danielle Steele fan?

SM: [chuckles] I am in—I've never read any of it, but if I picture what I think, I'd say I am a fan, but just a fan in sorta my imagination. I always really liked the covers. The Fabio covers and stuff in the '80s and '90s in like London Drugs and all that stuff.

D: So how do you imagine Danielle Steele then to be if you've never read any?

SM: Very politic, very romantic, very—just

you know—perfect love stories where everything happens in the right way and everything comes true. I don't know.

D: So did you make a conscious effort to make an album based on your idea of Danielle Steele novels or is it something that came to be after you'd written some songs?

SM: That was kinda later. The first thing was based on—you know the LL Cool J [song] "I Need Love"?

D: Yeah.

SM: Remember that song? It was kinda based on if LL Cool J wrote that song now and if he were never a rapper or an actor what he would write. I dunno something like that.

D: So which song on the album is based on that?

SM: I'd say most of them.

D: So how did LL Cool J have that influence?

SM: Well that's the thing, it's one of those songs that you think in your head. You know how things have kind of a grace period? After 15 or 20 years, like a fine wine or something, they age. They become better. It was kind of in the theory that that song throughout time became way more epic and beyond itself. As opposed to the original version which wasn't all that good but it had it's merit.

D: I'm just looking at the lyrics right now [reading off a lyrics website] "When I'm alone in my room sometimes I stare at the wall / And in the back of my mind I hear my conscience call."

SM: Yeah [chuckles] That's some deep shit. Especially for the time. LL Cool J, he's very masculine. He's a very big attractive man. But for him to go out on a limb after "Momma Gonna Knock You Out" and "Going Back To Cali" to pull that out of his hat was pretty brave for the time, I think. He coulda just stuck with what he was doing, but he decided to try a different thing. He decided to put his heart on his sleeve or on his Kangol [ed. *The hat LL Cool J wore in the '80s was a Kangol.*] Right out there.

D: On this album ... you've got "Axis: Throne of Love." Is that a throwback to [your previous album] *Axis of Evol*?

SM: Well the original plan was *Axis of Evol* was supposed to be an EP and this album *Outside Love* was supposed to be called *Axis: Thrones of Love*, and the EP was supposed to come out and then six months later put out the album. But we never finished recording. Like a couple of the [songs] "And I Thank You" was recorded I guess three years ago. We did a bunch of stuff and never finished it. The *Evol* record just kinda became a short LP.

It was my friend Steve Balogh. When we were working on *Axis: Thrones of Love*. He somehow came up with the term Axis of Evol.

...

With this record there wasn't really a plan to do a record, and then my friends Cory and Fiona, they got married and I was the best man and Sophie Trudeau from Montreal was the maid of honour. They were like, "You've gotta play a song together at the ceremony" and we were like, "OK." We actually played "Closer to Heaven" [ed. *The closing track on Outside Love.*] at the wedding as soon as they did their vows. And then we got really drunk and were like, "Hey, that's fun! We should make a record." [Sophie] came out to Vancouver, so it was a lot different than the other ones. It wasn't just "write the songs and record." A lot of the songs were lying around for a bunch of years. Me and Sophie collaborated on the arrangements. I guess while Black Mountain was touring, whenever I'd get home I'd record bits there. Like Jesse Sykes, I ran into her [on tour]. I was really into that Sunn O))) record that she sings on. So I was like "Do you want to record?"

D: Speaking of Black Mountain, how do you divide your time between Black Mountain and Pink Mountaintops. Does one take priority over the other?

SM: I don't think that anything takes priority over the other in a heart way. ... Touring with Black Mountain is quite easy. Over the last couple years we've been offered some cool stuff. It just takes up most of our time. That's "the band" you know? It's the same five people and everyone else's other bands kind of have

"LL Cool J, he's very masculine. He's a very big attractive man. But for him to go out on a limb after "Momma Gonna Knock You Out" and "Going Back To Cali" to pull that out of his hat was pretty brave for the time I think."

a revolving cast. ... It's always hard to tell. I mean, when the first record came out a lot of stuff happened that we didn't think would happen. We were just basically being like, "I hope we can get through a thousand CDs."

D: Just for people who have only heard Black Mountain, how would you say Pink Moun-

tain tops is different than Black Mountain?

SM: It's different, especially more nowadays. Lyrically it's kinda different. With Black Mountain we're writing stuff for me and Amber [Webber] to sing either separately or together and that's just a different element. And maybe it's a bit more theatrical. And with the Pink stuff it can be more personal. They are farther apart now, it makes things easier. There's still some stuff that we'll try with both bands. If it's a riff, it's definitely Black Mountain. If it's like "Oh that's a killer riff" than that's just kinda a given. For some reason Pink Mountaintops makes my feet move differently on stage. I always wear Vans when I play in Black Mountain, but for some reason Pink Mountaintops is more of a dress shoes kinda thing where you can flip your feet around and stuff, whereas Black Mountain is more solid ground.

D: That's interesting because when you look at the first Pink Mountaintops album, which is all about sex, lyrically at least, it seems that Pink Mountaintops has grown closer to Black Mountain than it was back then. ...

SM: With that record, it was just kinda "I'm gonna do this." No one was listening to us.

I just turned 40. We still play some of those songs, but I played an instore the other day somewhere in the UK and I was going to play "I (Fuck) Mountains." But then these kids showed up and they were like seven. I can't—I'm not going to play that song in front of kids, I'm a responsible adult! Well maybe not responsible, but a caring man. After awhile that would get pretty stupid pretty quick, un-

"I was going to play "I (Fuck) Mountains." But then these kids showed up and they were like seven. I can't—I'm not going to play that song in front of kids, I'm a responsible adult!"

less you're like Christina [Martinez] from Boss Hog. She could do it forever.

D: So what are you doing right now? Are you just touring in promotion of this album?

SM: Yeah we're just touring ... I think the plan is this summer to actually be home. None of us have actually spent a whole summer in Vancouver in like five years. That's when you really fall in love with Vancouver, the city. I'm always there in November or January, February and it's all grey and I'm like, "I fucking hate this place." We're going to try and write a whole bunch of Black Mountain stuff. ... We'll be home in ... June, July, August so we'll get to go to the beach, ride our bikes, do all that fun stuff.

D: I also wanted to talk about "Holiday" ... I think it's the happiest song you've ever written.

SM: I think it is.

D: What's that song about?

SM: I dunno. That's a pretty old song. I think the initial vocal take and the bongos and acoustic guitars—there was like seven of us at the Hive [Studios], this was maybe four years ago. It was me, Josh [Stevenson], Amber, Lindsay [Sung], Cory [Gangnes], Keith Parry, kinda a campfire thing. I think it was just a couple mics. It was probably written in like two minutes. It's just more a celebration of friends. You always have one or two friends who are going through heartache or anything, financial crisis or their pet's died. ... Whenever [you have] something bad happen in [your] life you suddenly realize how many great friends you have that sometimes you take for granted. ... You end up going out for beers and you end up being like "Hey, do you like this band?", "Do you like that band?", "Oh, cool skate board," as opposed to really talking like real humans, just communicating. It pretty much sums it up with "Everyone I love deserves a holiday in the sun" on the beach in Mexico or wherever. If they're into snow it could be the Antarctic or the Arctic. Everyone deserves happiness, even people I don't know.

D: Is there anything else you wanted to talk about before I let you go?

SM: I dunno. I'm not good with final words. It's like saying goodbye. It's always hard. I usually like to gypsy fade into the night.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1 Singing Mountain and the Biltmore present CONTELLA KILLER	2 TODD'S BIRTHDAY Fette 42 Top 50's	3 Paul Anthony's Talent Trial LIVE COMEDY VARIETY SHOW 9PM	4 NO HORSES PRAYERWOLF & PAUL BLUE THE GRIFF BAND	5 YOUNG BOOGEYS: BUBBLES YELLOW UNCLE WRENSBYRNE	6 10PM GLORY DAYS: ELIZABETH MY! GAY! HUSKING! SINCERELY HANA
7 Kitty Nights NC Style Bakesque Burgoch Beer & Friends	8 Singing Mountain and the Biltmore present MARTINE COMPELLATIONS	9 S.W.A.K. PRESENTS telepathe night jewel	10 THE BILTMORE CABARET PRESENTS Spooky Ruben Vincent Parbar Helle Charlie Lengthy List of Levers	11 KURT WESSE LONDON DRUGS HAUNTED BEARD M-CAT TECHNO MANCER KIDNAPPING	12 KURT WESSE WHITE LUNG MODERN CREATURES NO SENSE NEEDLES & PINS	13 KURT WESSE Japandroids hormetic 11 PM GLORY DAYS: JUVENILE HALL
14 AMS EVENTS AND THE BILTMORE CABARET PRESENT JULIE DOIRON WITH GUESTS DOG DAY	15 S.W.A.K. PRESENTS crystal onlers make show	16 S.W.A.K. PRESENTS JAY REATARD SEX CHURCH	17 dylan thomas and your vancouver vpon with pan	18 80s prom party! ORIGINAL DEBRASSI JR. HIGH CAST MEMBERS! DJ GEMMA (spike) DJ MISTICIOUS (mattia)	19 THE BILTMORE CABARET & MONT RECORDS PRESENT The Pack A.D. Sorcerer The Canaries	20 10PM GLORY DAYS/ALTMONT: NO AGE THE COAT MY! GAY! HUSKING! SINCERELY HANA
21 Kitty Nights NC Style Bakesque Burgoch Beer & Friends	22 THE BILTMORE CABARET PRESENTS Jenn Grant hannah georgas	23 THE BILTMORE CABARET PRESENTS ANDREW W.K. THE EVAPORATORS THE VICIOUS CIRCLES EARLY SHOW! 8PM. SHARP 11 pm!	24 THE BILTMORE CABARET PRESENTS GIFT OF GAB (OF BLACKALICIOUS)	25 WHITE WHALE RECORDS SHEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY The Mohawk Lodge Octoberman Precious Feathers Eamon McGrath	26 VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL BLUE KING BROWN	27 VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL ALICE RUSSELL
28 VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL THE HEAVY	29 VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL KING KHAN and BBQ SHOW	30 VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL BARACA'S SALSA AND LATIN JAZZ BAND	JUNE			



## *With Glowing Hearts, We See Thee Rock*

by Dan Fumano

Constantines stand out from most of their peers in the Pitchfork-approved, “major indie” world of rock music. They shun irony in favour of sincerity. In interviews, they’re earnest and polite instead of flippant and aloof. And unlike too many of their contemporaries, they never come off as elitist.

They are also Canadian. Canadianness is not unusual or uncommon in and of itself, since so many Canadian bands currently enjoy success and acclaim south of the border and elsewhere. But few bands seem *as Canadian* as the Cons. They have invoked Canadian geography and landmarks in their lyrics, recorded (with Canadian supergroup the Unintended) a split album of Neil Young and Gordon Lightfoot covers, and—in case you needed solid proof—named their third album *Tournament of Hearts* after

Discorder’s favourite curling tournament.

Speaking in the Commodore’s green room before their May 1 show, singer/guitarist Bryan Webb admitted that their home and native land “definitely” has an influence their music, a straight-ahead, muscular brand of rock that blends the urgency and ethos of punk with classic rock sensibilities, folk influences and howled heart-on-sleeve lyrics. Webb explained, “For me, it’s just where we grew up. It’s in how we play and how we act and how we are in

public, because that’s where we grew up ... I’m inspired by the physical part of this country, and I love travelling across Canada, and when we’re in the States or in Europe, I compare everything to travelling through Canada. It’s a pretty nice country to drive through and the variety of landscape is pretty inspiring.”

Webb is hesitant, however, to describe this inspiration as patriotic. “No, not patriotic, really. I don’t rank Canada above other countries in any way, politically or anything. Patriotism is such a loaded idea.” Instead of patriotism or nationalism, Webb prefers to look at this inspiration as regionalism.

“I like regionalism in art and music and literature. It gives a good perspective for the writing ... It’s just regionalism and sensitivity to one’s surroundings ... I think we would have been as sensitive to it if we were from Mexico or something.” Pause for a moment to imagine a Mexican version

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“I’m inspired by the physical part of this country, and I love travelling across Canada.”

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(¡Los Constantinos!) belting out Mariachi-inspired rock. Awesome.

Fittingly, then, Constantines were in Vancouver for two nights in early May as part of a massive cross-Canada tour with their good friends, Winnipeg's the Weakerthans. The "Rolling Tundra Revue" took the two bands through more than 20 different Canadian cities, including several smaller stops not often included on rock tours—Nanaimo, Kelowna, Sackville, Regina, Whitehorse (two shows!) and Guelph, the college town in Southern Ontario where the Constantines first came together in 1999—with Webb and Steve Lambke both on vocals and guitar, Dallas Wehrle on bass and Doug MacGregor on drums. After a few years and an album as a four-piece, they brought keyboardist Will Kidman into the fold, and this has been the lineup ever since.

Over March, April and May, the tour has given them some great opportunities to enjoy "some really incredible experiences" in different parts of their beloved country. Webb told stories of campfires and canoeing in Cowichan Bay, seeing Neil Young play in Edmonton and flying in a Cessna 172 Skyhawk over the foothills of the Rockies near Calgary. The single-engine, four-seat Skyhawk is the very same aircraft that appears on the cover and liner notes of the Constantines'

excellent 2008 album, *Kensington Heights*, their fourth album so far and their first for their new label, Arts & Crafts.

Webb explains that the move from Seattle-based Sub Pop to Toronto's Arts & Crafts was motivated by a desire to bring the business back to Canada, and have a sense of proximity and community with their label. "We had a great relationship with everyone at Sub Pop and we were really inspired by everyone there, and obviously by the history of bands there," Webb said. "But the Arts & Crafts office is like a five minute walk from our rehearsal space in Toronto, and just being able to go out for a beer with the people that are handling your business is so much better than feeling like they're far away."

To commemorate the tour, the Constantines released a seven-song EP, intended as a companion piece to *Kensington Heights*. The EP, titled *Too Slow for Love*, includes stripped-down versions of a few *Kensington Heights* tracks, a couple of songs from earlier albums, plus a breathtakingly beautiful version of Jon Langford & the Sadies' "Strange Birds."

As it turns out, the recording of *Too Slow for Love* came about through a connection with another beloved Canadian rock band—perhaps the most iconic and most Canadian of all rock bands.

"We were offered a chance to record at the Tragically Hip's studio, the Bathhouse, near Kingston in Bath, Ontario. It was a beautiful house, like an old, Loyalist-era house. They offered us the space to record for a weekend, and we thought it would be fun to just go, and record everything pretty much live off

the floor. We had all the amps in different rooms of the house, and we had this little web of cords going into each room connecting everybody. It was a really nice experience, really mellow and easy. I hope that the next record, we can structure the songs so they're meant to be recorded that way."

"We had toured a bit with [the Hip], and they were great people, really kind and generous," Webb went on to explain. "Gord [Downie] actually came in when we were mixing [*Kensington Heights*], curious to hear the new record and we started to talk to him about whether their studio was available at all in the next year, and they were really into letting us use it."

Webb said it was a great way for five buddies to spend a weekend. "You can tell they've built it to be kind of a clubhouse, just a really nice place to be for a long time. It was great to just hang out, play pool at night, go for a

---

"Being able to go out for a beer with the people that are handling your business is so much better than feeling like they're far away"

---

walk on the shore of Lake Ontario."

Webb doesn't mention it, but along with a control room, vocal booth, premium analog and digital recording equipment, the Bathhouse also boasts a hockey pond on the property. How Canadian.

Still, as much as the Constantines' music is informed and inspired by Canadian regionalism, its appeal is universal. There is good reason for the media's repeated references to the Clash, Fugazi, the Replacements and Bruce Springsteen as stylistic touchstones for the Cons. The music and lyrics of Constantines speak to the same universal emotions and urges as do the best songs by these classic acts, combining the youthful exuberance of the Clash, Fugazi's pounding rhythm section and punishing dual-guitar attack, the ramshackle charm of the Replacements and the common-man sensibilities of the Boss.

Such comparisons aren't meant to trivialize or belittle Constantines' music, but to celebrate it. Like their musical forebears, this is the kind of music that kids (of any age) identify with and want to shout along to the choruses of. Over four albums and myriad tours, Constantines have built upon their punk rock roots, adding incisive, literate lyrics and melodic songcraft, while expanding the scope of punk. In addition to the anger, disenfranchisement and bitterness that are typically the province of punk rockers, Constantines have made room for hope, consolation and love.

And these five Southern Ontario boys made sure to keep room for campfires, canoeing and songs about Canada, too. ☘

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# Program guide top

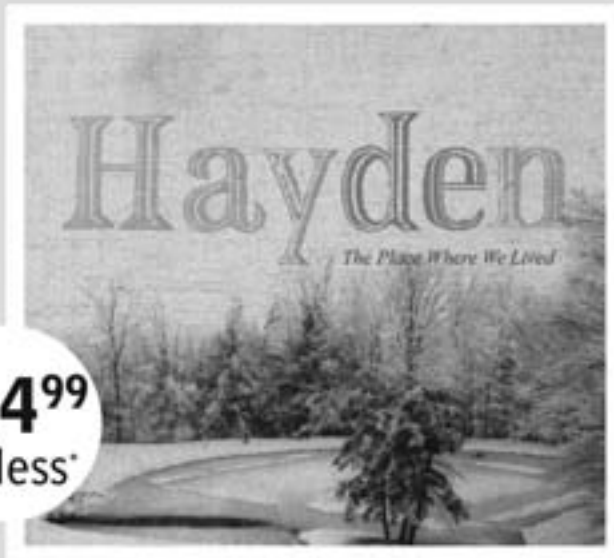
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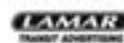
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# Signal & Noise

by Mel Mundell

If you're into ATM dance parties, being locked in a self-storage unit, meditating in an organ the size of a room, pirate-radio plays in the park, re-writing Vancouver's history or psychic readings of pizza crust with a vegan option, then you must have attended the life changing Signal & Noise festival, as I did this Apr. 23 to 26. If you didn't, I suggest you make a resolution to attend next year's festival, right now.

At VIVO Media Arts Centre, ground zero for the ninth annual Signal & Noise festival, bikes were piled high out-front. They seemed to be greeted by the rhythmic cacophony of Stephan Schulz's *Drumline*, which was mounted to VIVO's front wall. Like a vocalized speed trap, three snare drums were triggered by the passing cars.

Volunteers, signified by matching braided headbands, greeted me with screams and warnings saying, "You don't want to go in there." I'm still not sure if this was a joke, but strangely, the door was locked. Eventually someone left and I darted in, smiling back at the nervous volunteers.

The main room was rushing with sound. People were pinned to the walls and all the seats were taken. Three projected images raced, roared and fluctuated between sky and ground in a chase between deer and wolves, eagles and ravens—the hunters and the hunted. A live audio composition of a wild animal snuff score was taking place at the back, hidden in near darkness. The gallop of hooves, the wind rushing through feathers was too real and too loud. This was *Hope and Prey*, a fierce and majestic collaboration between Portland-based artists, composer Daniel Menche and filmmaker Vanessa Renwick.

Menche, whose antics are as innovative and extreme as his sonic work, is well on his way to becoming this year's Signal & Noise comedic wiseman. He remarked that "people chase each other around in films all the time." So, he implied, why not watch animals do the same thing?

The serene Renwick studied wolves and developed wolf and wild animal footage since the late 1990s. When asked about her work she recalled reaching a point and deciding, "I'm not going to go to school. I'm going to make a film and hang out with wolf biologists." If you get a chance to witness her work, you'll be glad

she didn't pick the education route.

One hour into Ryan Trecartin's film, *I-Be Area*, where virtual reality bought-out reality, I managed to tear my eyes from the screen, remembered I had a body that was inhabiting a room with other bodies, and turned to see people stumbling from their chairs, some never to return. At this point I broke into a paranoid sweat over who had spiked the wine with psychedelic drugs.

*I-Be Area* reveals a hyper-cyber space divided into areas like plots of purchased land. "Originals" and clones—as people in the audience called them—traipse around speaking in SMS [ed. Text messaging jargon.] It was like online social-networking gone berserk in a virtual high school popularity contest for identity where children are left in rooms screaming and people are moved to the desktop trash can. Chaos.

One of the few moments of discernible plot in *I-Be Area* happened when a pregnant character revealed a target painted on her stomach. Removing the stuffing from herself, she screamed, calling it a "power prop." Menopausal lesbians in this movie can purchase children through Internet auction which gives them all the parenting power. In this, *I-Be Area* contains a social commentary and futuristic forecast, disguised as a hallucination, revealing a critique of heteronormality. After being immersed in the cyber-queer capitalism of *I-Be Area*, ironically, I wondered two things: How much does this area cost? And where can I buy it?

The *Mystic Pizza Occult Snack Den* ambient room supplied Signal & Noise goes with an amber-lit refuge, as well as mystic healing. There were three pizza choices, including a Julia Roberts variety in honour of her role in the installation's namesake film, *Mystic Pizza*. This installation filled VIVO with the alluring aroma of pies magically produced by the Canadian born, but

Portland-based artist couple, Helen Reed and Hannah Miami.

According to Reed, through the use of the "divine," psychic clues could be found in a patron's crusts and crumbs—all to the tune of a mystical mix-tape, which included darkwave artist Diamanda Galas.

Patrons sat at one of three small round tables. The positioning of the crusts and crumbs on the plate, the crumb to crust ratio, the directional relationship between pizza eater and pizza, all inform the artist's psychic script. The pizza partners divined my crust by shaking up my plate's crumbs to the rhythms of an undisclosed question with impressive accuracy and attention at the end of a busy mystic-pie filled weekend—and all for a mere four dollars (including the vegan slice). It was, in truth, a mini-therapy session and nourishment for the body, spirit and eye.

Jeffery Allport's solo percussion improvisation brought the main space—including the standers and wall-leaners—to an intense breath-holding near-silence. The work was performed without the use of electronics, but rather with snare drums, mallets, rubber balls, cymbals, vibration and tuning forks. Most of Allport's instruments were acquired from the Sally Ann and a medical supply store, as opposed to Long & McQuade—a dreaded destination for the artist. Refreshing to the experimental music and noise-norm, Allport is a self-identified musician, although he said, "Some people wouldn't consider me one."

Although the work felt more exploratory than realized at stages, Allport appeared to place emphasis on listening as opposed to playing, exposing his process, as well as his craft.

"Science of Sound," the artist lecture featuring Allport, Sara Gold, Daniel Menche and Brady Marks as facilitator, explored the idea of capturing what was referred to by Marks as the "holy moment"—a place of cathartic connection, and even spirit, within improvisation. This holy moment in Allport's Signal & Noise performance was not only achieved, but was delicately transferred, leaving the ear renewed.

Showcasing media artists at home and abroad in a presentation of new-tech contemporary work, Signal & Noise provided a viewfinder into the current (and what we can either hope or dread is to come) realm of art, as well as in our interactions with media, technology, nature and each other.



Jeffery Allport



A still from Ryan Trecartin's *I-Be AREA*

At this point I broke into a paranoid sweat over who had spiked the wine with psychedelic drugs.



A still from Vanessa Renwick and Daniel Menche's *Hope and Prey*

Event photos by Noel Bégin



Jem Noble and participants after *Self Storage* action.



Anju Singh and Her Jazz Noise Collective *Wine Glass Orchestra*.



Hannah Miami and Helen Reed's *Mystic Pizza Occult Snack Den*.

photos by Sarah Cordingley

# Music Waste

Ah, Music Waste. This is everything that's right about Vancouver in the summertime. Do yourself a favour: get a pass (it's a steal at \$15), a bicycle to zip between venues, and check out as much as you can. You can even plot your route beforehand on the handy Google map available at [www.musicwaste.ca](http://www.musicwaste.ca) along with a full event schedule. Here are our picks of the pack.

JUNE 9

**Healthy Students | Hard Feelings | Tight Solid | Progressive Thinker @ The Cobalt**

Healthy Students are a hardcore outfit featuring Andy Dixon (of Secret Mommy, Winning, and a ton of other rad bands). The versatile Mr. Dixon's been on a bit of a roll lately (last year's *The Mice of Mt. Career* is an excellent, excellent album), and with members of Taxes rounding out the band, Healthy Students are a pretty good bet. We have heard lots of positive things through the grapevine about the other bands on this lineup, especially about Hard Feelings, so put your money on this one, 'cause it's a sure winner.

JUNE 10

**Sex Negatives | Totally Ripped | The Internet! | Shipyards | Ahna | Ejaculation Death Rattle | Boogie Monster | yellowthief @ The Cobalt**

It's noise night at the Cobalt! Some of the best examples of Vancouver's vaunted noise scene are on this bill: the largely improvisational Sex Negatives, the tremendously named Ejaculation Death Rattle, and some of the wildest drumming you'll ever witness courtesy of Boogie Monster's Tony Dallas. You may want to pack earplugs to this one, or you're risking (possibly permanent) ear damage. On the other hand, isn't that what noise music is all about?

JUNE 11

**Gang Violence | Animal Bodies | Makeout Videotape | Crystal Swells @ Honey Lounge**

Sarah Cordingley of Gang Violence said in an interview with Discorder, "We're dance, we're punk, we're electro and we're rock, but we're not any hyphenation of them." That pretty much sums up their sound, but they are also one of the best live bands in Vancouver. If you haven't seen them at one of their performances about town yet, it's well worth the effort. They're still pretty enjoyable the second and third times around. Rob Andow and Bobby Siadat, who provide the non-vocal portion of the band, play a tight fast set that is mesmerizing to listen to when combined with Cordingley's powerful voice.

Also worth mentioning are Makeout Videotape, a lo-fi garage outfit who sound like the UK invasion happening with Ariel Pink's production style. If they're as good as their Myspace, then they're worth showing up a bit early for.

**London Drugs | Haunted Beard | MT-40 | Techromancer | Kidnapping @ The Biltmore**

Noisy electronic music all night long. With a dancy element in the form of the brilliantly named Techromancer, heavily processed experimental music from Haunted Beard, fuzzy Gameboy dance music from London Drugs (who literally program their music on Nintendo DSs) and screamly high energy keyboard-drum-machine combo MT-40, you won't be disappointed if you have any interest in the genre. Even though Sean Orr's Kidnapping is the exception to all the electronic music, they're solid musicians and a solid band—if you can get into Orr's voice.

JUNE 12

**White Lung | Modern Creatures | Nü Sensae | Needles & Pins @ The Biltmore**

White Lung's *Local Garbage 7* was one of the best 45s of 2007, and they're still going strong. With Modern Creatures and Nü Sensae also on the bill, the night will be an Emergency Room (R.I.P.) reunion of sorts, and a noise-punk extravaganza

not to be missed. In fact, you may as well just curl up on one of the Biltmore's plush banquettes after Thursday night's show to make sure you get a good spot for this one.

**Ghost Bees | Timber Timbre | Rose Melberg | Kellarissa | Ian Wyatt & Jasper Baydala @ Secret Loft**

If the punk, noise and rock of Music Waste is a little bit too intense for you, then you may want to check this night out for its more low-key lineup. Local Mint artists Rose Melberg and Kellarissa always give beautiful performances and out-of-towners like Ghost Bees and Timber Timbre are a bargain at the five dollar cover (or less if you get a pass) to get in.

JUNE 13

**Japandroids | Hermetic | World Club None @ The Biltmore**

Japandroids have been staring at us off what seems like the cover of every magazine in town this month. These local buzz kids have been Discorder faves for awhile now and this show, fresh off the celebrity of their new album, will be deservedly packed. Showing up early to make sure you get into the Biltmore won't be a waste of time. Shindig winners Hermetic give an excellent performance and the rumour mill tells us World Club None had the panel of judges for Music Waste buzzing.

**Twin Crystals | Vapid | Pompoir | No L.A. Kill @ The Astoria**

This one's a no-brainer. Consistently one of Vancouver's best live acts, Twin Crystals are a sure bet for Music Waste excellence. And as for Vapid, if the idea of noisy, energetic punk excites you even a little bit, it would be best if you didn't miss them. Since the Japandroids show at the Biltmore starts early, there should be plenty of time for you to hop on your bike and coast gently down into Strathcona to catch this show. Don't forget your helmet!

**No Gold | Certain Breeds | Role Mach @ Funky Winkerbeans**

These bands don't have a lot in common musically. The rhythmic No Gold [ed. See page 18 for more] will be headlining for the no-nonsense no wave outfit Certain Breeds and the epic psychedelic barrage that is provided by the seemingly endless army of players in Role Mach. That said, each of these bands do have one thing in common: the ability to put on a solid performance and entertain a crowd. This night is in collaboration with No More Strangers, so expect dancing when the bands wrap up.

## COMEDY WASTE:

Do you like comedy? Yes, you do! And you're lucky, too, because this year's edition of Music Waste includes a healthy dose of the funny stuff. Local sketch comedy acts like Bronx Cheer, Manhussy and the Sunday Service will be joined by the video production team Weekend Leisure as well as a contingent from Vancouver's lively improv comedy scene. You'll laugh, you'll cry, etc. Do it!

## ART WASTE:

The Waste franchise has also decided to expand into the world of visual art, displaying not only the art of local musicians such as Ben Jacques (Haunted Beard), Andrea Lukic (Nü Sensae) and Justin Gradin (Sex Negatives, Mutators), but also the art of people known about town for being artists of the non-musical variety. The exhibitions will be taking place throughout the city. Going to see them is a great thing to do before heading to check out some bands if you don't feel like pre-drinking. Check [www.musicwaste.ca](http://www.musicwaste.ca) for more details and listings. ☘



Certain Breeds



Kidnapping



London Drugs



Nü Sensae

"We're just giving people hot dogs and popcorn."



(above) No Gold photographed by Travis Jutson. (left) Bling made by a street vendor in India, designed by Vanessa Disler and Emily Hill.

by Aaron Goldsman

While smiling through the vertical bars of a rather imposing gate in Strathcona, Liam Butler, bass player and vocalist for local band No Gold, unlocked the entryway and led me to a small courtyard between two houses. Butler shares the one farther from the street with his two band mates, guitar player Jack Jutson and drummer Haley Pearse, who were poring over a large cookbook on the kitchen table as we walked into the house. This thick volume with tiny type is called *The New Best Recipe*. "Our bible," Jutson told me as he closed the book and put it aside. "It's got everything." He went on to extol the virtues of the book (which did sound pretty comprehensive) in what remains of his Australian accent. Jutson left Sydney for Vancouver with his family just days after finishing high school because his dad took a yacht-designing job in the city. He met Butler a few years later, in 2005, and the two have been hanging out and making music ever since.

They met, appropriately enough, when they both found themselves on the wrong side of the tracks at the Commercial Skytrain station, trying to make their way out to the suburbs. As Butler remembered it, he saw Jutson and thought, "This guy kind of looks like he would know what he is doing, so I'm just going to follow his lead." Jutson had the same idea, and pretty soon they were both lost.

"A couple of hours later, we were in a burger line-up together," Butler said, laughing. Pretty soon they had started a band called Yukon that, after a series of radical transformations—including the addition of Pearse, a high school friend of Butler's—became No Gold in early 2007.

Since then, No Gold has been a near-constant presence in the Vancouver music scene, playing countless shows in different venues across the city. Their loud, tropically-inflected take on dance pop is unlike most other music being made in the city and the intense energy of their shows has kept their audiences

coming back for more. When asked about their unique sound, the band seems as pleasantly surprised as any member of their audience.

"We all come from different influences, what we really like to listen to and stuff. The style that we've developed comes from playing our individual instruments, then getting into a room, drinking some beers, sweating a lot and then whatever comes out, comes out. As long as it sounds good to us, that's what we'll play," said Butler.

Looking to his band mates for confirmation, Butler shrugged and said, "There was never any specific intent on building a sound. It just sort of came out."

This loose collaborative process can be felt in their live sets, where the band is open to experimentation on stage. "A song, for us, is really just a sort of structure to work within, rather than something carefully worked out that you just sort of repeat on stage," said Pearse. "the song gives us guidelines, but that's it."

The result is the sort of dynamic interaction between them and the crowd that the band aims for. Ultimately, they seem to be less concerned about their precise sound and more about the energy they're able to establish in the room with their audience.

And as far as No Gold is concerned, you can't find a better city than Vancouver for their kind of show. While we may hear no end to the complaints about how hard it is here for bands, with what seems to amount to an open war against independent live music venues being waged by the city, the guys are rather upbeat about the whole situation.

"There are people who are willing to put a whole lot of effort into [the music scene in] this fucking crazy city," said Butler, and that seems to make all the difference. "There are a lot of people who want to go to shows and dance in Vancouver, so people are always going to make venues out of non-venues, figure out weird shit in basements, or whatever else needs to happen."

The guys actually prefer a makeshift venue to a more legitimate one, because it lets them focus on what they like best about making music. A high-tech sound system generally leaves them wrapped up in specifics, but basements and dive bars let the band relax.

"In places that are less technically advanced, I don't give a shit, and all I see are the people in front of me having fun," said Butler. To make things work, sometimes you have to make

compromises, an idea the band seems to like.

"Making concessions is definitely part of the appeal, and I think that, as a band, an analogy between us and a concession stand, I like," said Pearse. "Pretty accurate I think. We're just giving people hot dogs and popcorn."

The band currently has plans to set up their concession stand in record stores, with a debut LP tentatively slated for release in the fall. After losing their practice space when the Emergency Room was closed at the end of last year, Butler's dad offered the band his freestanding single car garage so long as they left room for his gardening tools. Pearse is now putting the finishing touches on their new soundproofed studio, a project they all consider a great success—considering he did it with no experience or training other than some 1970s handbooks on acoustics he found at the VPL. The guys are looking forward to taking their time in the studio, finding a way of translating their sound from the stage to a record.

"We're going to have to make a hobby of recording before we get to a finished recording," Pearse admitted.

Jutson nodded, adding, "it's going to be a longer process than just writing some songs and going into the studio and recording them in a couple of weeks. It'll be sort of slower. We'll take time to try things out, and I think in the end it'll be better."

Their label, Unfamiliar Records, is behind them 100 per cent on the project, and is giving them as much leeway as they need.

"It's pretty weirdly ideal," Butler said. "I don't know how we stumbled into it."

This summer, when they're not slaving away in their new studio, the band plans on spending as much time as possible out at cabins of friends and family. They just got back from a week at Pearse's family's cabin on Lasqueti Island, which is apparently overrun with feral sheep. After offering this bit of trivia, Jutson paused and said, "We actually have one in the freezer right now."

At this point, Pearse—who has been flipping through a cookbook on Indian food for the last ten minutes or so—looks up to tell us he's trying to find a recipe for lamb samosas. Taking this as a cue that the interview is over, Butler hefted a pot of gazpacho out of the refrigerator and began ladling it into bowls with generous dollops of homemade hot sauce. After handing me a spoon, he told me, "I hope you like it spicy."

It tasted pretty good. ☺



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*Dancing in our Debt* by Duncan McHugh

# Real Live Action.

"There's no reason we can't do this stuff in Vancouver." —*Harlan Shore of Search Parties*

**Kellarissa & Rose Melbourn / Bible Belts / The Rub / Aaron Read / Search Parties**

April 24 / Vancity ATM Lobby

For the second time, Dancing In Our Debt's ATM lobby concert went off without a hitch, this time as part of Signal & Noise [ed. for more on this, see page 16]. At a Vancity bank machine near city hall, a ragtag group of musicians and fans gathered to hear some acoustic music.

"There's no reason we can't do this stuff in Vancouver," shouted Harlan Shore, organizer of the event and lead singer of Search Parties.

The Vancity lobby worked surprisingly well as a small concert venue, being a large enough space for the audience to crowd around the performers without feeling a shoulder-to-shoulder crush.

Search Parties graciously opened with a short—but enthusiastic—acoustic rock set. Their music definitely tends toward the rock side of that spectrum, but Shore's vocals do lend themselves to punk stylings from time to time. Search Parties are on hiatus for the summer, but be sure to check out this prolific band when they start up again in the fall.

Aaron Read's acoustic songs are quite good and his voice is reminiscent of the nasal drawl of Neutral Milk Hotel's Jeff Mangum. Unfortunately, I missed the entire set due to Vancity's surprisingly effective soundproofing. You couldn't hear a thing that was going on inside from the outside, and if your back was turned, you would have no idea that the place was crowded full of people listening to music.

Bible Belts came on after an unremarkable performance by the Rub with a bit more interactivity. Alison Therriault took the lead here, performing most of the set accompanied by an accordion and partner-in-crime Chris Alscher (a.k.a. Chris-a-riffic) who was sadly unable to bring his piano into the bank. They did manage to entice the audience to sing along with them, especially with their closing cover of the Crash Test Dummies' "Superman".

Finishing off the night was a couple of rare duets from Rose

Melbourn and Kellarissa, who normally perform solo. The two songs they played were strong showcases of their respective vocal talents, and the final cover tune, from Robert Altman's country music film *Nashville*, was a beautiful way to end the night.

—*Jordie Yow*

**Buraka Som Sistema / DJ Sega**

April 24 / Biltmore Cabaret

This was a party. Buraka Som Sistema have spent the better part of a year touring all over the world, bringing their infectious, ass-shakingly awesome funk wherever they go. On this particular Friday night, the Portuguese crew turned the Biltmore into a sweaty, sexy basement dance party. If you missed it, you missed out.

DJ Sega, a young Philadelphia native, quickly kicked the party into gear. Instead of taking a place on the stage, Sega set up his tables across the dance floor, just in front of the sound booth. Having the DJ right on the edge of the floor worked well, as it felt more like a house party than a club night. Sega got the crowd moving with an impressively diverse set that incorporated chopped up bits and pieces of everything from Biggie to Nirvana, and from Beyonce to Bill Nye the Science Guy.

With the crowd sufficiently warmed up, Buraka Som Sistema took the stage around midnight. For audiences outside of Portugal and Angola, Buraka is probably the best-known example of Kuduro music, a lively and danceable Angolan genre that combines traditional African rhythms with electro, techno and hip-hop.

Buraka's lineup included two live percussionists, a DJ and two vocalists (Conductor and Kalaf). They were also intermittently joined onstage by the absolutely entrancing Blaya, a rapper/dancer who excelled in both of her roles. When she took the mic, she sounded like a hyperactive, Portuguese M.I.A., and when she was shaking it, she reminded you where this music got its name; Kuduro ("cu duro") means "hard ass" in Portuguese.

Although "Sound of Kuduro" (a single which, in its recorded form, features M.I.A.) was a definite highlight, it's hard to pick moments that stood out, as the dance floor was packed, bouncing up and down through the entire show. At certain points during the show, dancers from the crowd made their way on stage and boogied with the band, who encouraged it all the way.

When these Portuguese party starters (plus a couple of An-

golans) come back to town, wear comfortable shoes, get there and get down all night.

—Dan Fumano

### Dan Deacon / Future Islands / Teeth Mountain

April 26 / Richard's on Richards

Along with the Future Islands and Teeth Mountain, Dan Deacon and his 14-piece band conjured up one of the most intense dance parties Vancouver has seen this year.

Teeth Mountain came on first to a full Richard's on Richards. The band's hypnotic drumming and melodic horns drew the audience in—drummer Kate Levitt was particularly engaging. The Future Islands, a synthpop band who also hail from Baltimore's Wham City collective, continued to build excitement in the crowd in preparation for Deacon's electronic pop spectacular. But few were prepared for what was to come.

Through the shadows, the shape of a vibraphone along with masses of circuits, wires and samplers could be made out, while the dulcet sounds of Enya wafted through the air. Dan Deacon and his band emerged. Deacon looks as though he whiles away his hours in the basement playing World of Warcraft, but when he and the band began to play, the venue became a pulsating, tricked-out sweat lodge, complete with spinning rainbow Jack Russell terriers and a flashing skeleton. This was not a show to attend as an observer—ten minutes into Deacon's set I was drenched in sweat and was forced to punch my way through the frenzied audience to throw away my bag, sweater and notebook in a flurry before rushing to plug back in with the moving mass.

Deacon's instructive games and participatory activities are not only fun, but possibly necessary in order to ensure the audience does not get excited to the point of aggression due to the explosive nature of the music. He encouraged the audience to join in a fancy dance contest, a mass high-five circle and finally a "gauntlet" formation where the audience made hand-bridges up the stairs to the balcony and down a back stairway to the main room. Nearing the end, he played "Crystal Cat," forcing the audience to delve deep into their bodies to find one more ounce of energy.

It was an amazing performance although Deacon may have been having too much fun issuing his comically overdramatic instructions to audience members, who would follow and repeat whatever he requested. This included a "repeat after me" rant directed at the drummer from Teeth Mountain before the show even started, where Deacon got the audience to point and tell her en masse to "respect other people's ideas". This seemed a negative and out-of-context twist in a performance that otherwise remained fervently positive and fanciful straight through to a manic conclusion.

A final note: to those of you with bangs, be forewarned: if you attend a Deacon show they will become putrid strings of sweat, stuck to your forehead and dripping. You will stink, lose your friends, and look like you went swimming. But the experience will be worth it—it was so intense, I would recommend that you get a good night's sleep beforehand. Or just pop some E, whatever.

[ed. In no way does Disorder support illegal drug use.]

—Alex McCarter

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"If you put your thumb in your beer and shake it up and spray it all over us, that's what we like. That's what we're like in the States... freaky... and nasty. Freaky and nasty!" —Juan Velazquez from Abe Vigoda

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### Vivian Girls / Abe Vigoda / White Lung

April 29 / Biltmore Cabaret

Vivian Girls and Abe Vigoda, two of America's latest, greatest rock exports, had a hard time getting the crowd going at this Wednesday night gig.

Abe Vigoda guitarist Juan Velazquez called the crowd out on it half way through their set... sort of.

"If you put your thumb in your beer and shake it up and spray it all over us, that's what we like," Velazquez bantered, trying to break the ice after their fifth song. "That's what we're like in the States... freaky... and nasty. Freaky and nasty!"

Velazquez and his bandmates were the highlight of the night, tearing through song after song of up-tempo, angular guitar rock, soaked in reverb and played with enough unabashed charisma to make them look like they were performing for the second or third time. Nevertheless, most in the audience remained stationary on the dance floor or sitting in the couch-like booths of the Biltmore. Sure, it was a Wednesday night, but this line up was filled with some seriously creative takes on the contemporary punk/garage-rock revivalist sound. Bodies should have been vibrating or thrashing accordingly.

Opener White Lung didn't really help out the cause. While their set was tight and guitarist Natasha Reich shredded the shit out of her guitar parts, vocalist Mish Way sounded withdrawn, resulting in an awkward, forced kind of third-date chemistry with the crowd.

Halfway through their North American tour, Brooklyn's Vivian Girls seemed a bit stiff, but they still brought the fire that they've been getting so much press for. Songs like "All the Time" and "Wild Eyes" sounded almost ethereal live, with guitar solos stretched out to folk-like time signatures and vocal harmonies honed to cacophonous perfection.

By the end of the night, Vivian Girls had warmed things up nicely by inviting significantly drunk portions of the audience onstage to dance and play horrible, impromptu tambourine to finishing numbers "Damaged" and "My Baby Wants Me Dead".

The notorious lack of crowd participation at good rock

shows in places like Vancouver and Toronto often seems like a mysterious, intangible problem, but it ain't. Venues: drop your drink prices by a third and tell security to relax about letting performers and crowd mingle. I guarantee a 50 per cent increase in pure, uninhibited rocking out as a result.

—Justin Langille

### The Weakerthans / The Constantines

May 1 / Commodore Ballroom

The Weakerthans' strength has always been John K. Samson's words. Sure, their melodies are catchy enough, but their mix of pop, punk, and country isn't anything original, and musically, the band's execution of any of the genres they dabble in, while good, isn't particularly notable. Your enjoyment of a Weakerthans live show, then, is often tied in directly with your ability to join in with the band's faithful in what's sure to be a rather large group sing-a-long. During their most recent Vancouver visit, a two-night stand with the Constantines, it was hard not to be swept up amongst the joy of everyone who showed up to sing the gospel.

The Constantines, who once again joined the headliners for a tour dubbed "The Rolling Tundra Revue," took the stage first, firing off a set that pulled fairly evenly from across their four album catalogue. The band seems to get a little mellower with every successive release, but mixing the soft strums of newer cuts like "Time Can Be Overcome" with the raw excitement of early songs like "Young Offenders" lent the set a balance that paralleled the pacing of their best effort, *Shine a Light*. Unsurprisingly, it was the songs from that album, the band's second release, that shone the brightest. "Nighttime Everytime" got a crowd that was mostly waiting for the Weakerthans to shout along before it slid into a jam that would make Neil Young proud and the title track closed the opening set in epic fashion. It was "Young Lions," though, that was the fittingly majestic highlight.



Vivian Girls by Duncan McHugh



The Constantines by Quinn Omori

“The notorious lack of crowd participation at good rock shows in places like Vancouver and Toronto often seems like a mysterious, intangible problem, but it ain’t. Venues: drop your drink prices by a third and tell security to relax about letting performers and crowd mingle. I guarantee a 50 per cent increase in pure, uninhibited rocking out as a result.” —Justin Langille

The Weakerthans started their portion of the evening off with a trio of slower, newer tunes before bursting into “Watermark” four songs in and jolting the crowd to life. The upbeat number from their second record was the first “classic” song played from the band’s repertoire, and while they peppered the set with cuts from all of their records, from there on in, the audience was very much in the headliner’s hands. It happens at almost every show I’ve seen the Weakerthans play, but it’s still a bit surprising to look around and see just how many people

seem to not only know, but also sing along with, every single word that escapes John K. Samson’s mouth. I’ve always been wary of bands that inspire such a devoted following (maybe because it’s mostly jam bands that do), but for whatever reason, at least with this band, it’s hard not to enjoy yourself when everyone around you is having so much fun.

—Quinn Omori

CiTR’s charts reflect what’s been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars (\*) mean they come from this great land o’ ours. Most of these phat platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can’t find ‘em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at (604) 822-8733. His name is Luke Meat. If you ask nicely he’ll tell you how to git ‘em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out [www.earshot-online.com](http://www.earshot-online.com).

## citr 101.9 fm charts

Strictly the dopest  
hits of May

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	<b>Pink Mountaintops*</b>	<i>Outside Love</i>	Jagjaguwar
2	<b>Various</b>	<i>20 Years Of Merge</i>	Merge
3	<b>King Khan &amp; the Shrines</b>	<i>What Is?!</i>	Vice
4	<b>Nü Sensae*</b>	<i>One Sided</i>	Now Waves
5	<b>Throbbing Gristle</b>	<i>The Third Mind Movements</i>	Industrial
6	<b>Torngat*</b>	<i>La Petite Nicole</i>	Alien8
7	<b>Obits</b>	<i>I Blame You</i>	Sub Pop
8	<b>Chain &amp; the Gang</b>	<i>Down With Liberty ... Chains!</i>	K
9	<b>Metric*</b>	<i>Fantasies</i>	Last Gang
10	<b>Clues*</b>	<i>Clues</i>	Constellation
11	<b>Acid Mothers ... Paraiso UFO</b>	<i>Lord of ...and the Magic Elixir</i>	Alien8
12	<b>Swan Lake*</b>	<i>Enemy Mine</i>	Jagjaguwar
13	<b>Black Dice</b>	<i>Repo</i>	PawTracks
14	<b>Green Go*</b>	<i>Borders</i>	Pheremone
15	<b>Apollo Ghosts*</b>	<i>Hastings Sunrise</i>	Independent
16	<b>Patrick Watson*</b>	<i>Wooden Arms</i>	Secret City
17	<b>Strangeboys</b>	<i>and Girls Club</i>	InThe Red
18	<b>Neko Case</b>	<i>Middle Cyclone</i>	ANTI-
19	<b>Dan Deacon</b>	<i>Bromst</i>	CarPark
20	<b>Papercuts</b>	<i>You Can Have What You Want</i>	Gnomosong
21	<b>Mastodon</b>	<i>Crack The Skye</i>	Warner
22	<b>The Handsome Family</b>	<i>Honey Moon</i>	Mint
23	<b>Junior Boys*</b>	<i>Begone Dull Care</i>	Domino
24	<b>Cheer Accident</b>	<i>Fear Draws Misfortune</i>	Cuneiform
25	<b>The Bran Flakes</b>	<i>I Have Hands</i>	Illegal Art

#	Artist	Album	Label
26	<b>Yeah Yeah Yeahs</b>	<i>It's Blitz!</i>	Universal / Dress Up
27	<b>SubtractiveLAD*</b>	<i>Where The Land Meets The Sky</i>	N5MD
28	<b>Experimental Dental School</b>	<i>Forest Field</i>	Independent
29	<b>Mirah</b>	<i>(a)spera</i>	K
30	<b>Her Space Holiday</b>	<i>XOXO ... New Kid Revival</i>	Mush
31	<b>Montag*</b>	<i>Hibernation</i>	Paperbag
32	<b>Bill Callahan</b>	<i>Sometimes ... An Eagle</i>	Drag City
33	<b>Neil Young*</b>	<i>Fork In The Road</i>	Reprise
34	<b>Fetus Grinder*</b>	<i>Terror In The Woman's Clinic</i>	Independent
35	<b>Joel Plaskett*</b>	<i>Three</i>	MapleMusic
36	<b>MeatDraw*</b>	<i>Fin du Monophone</i>	Independent
37	<b>The Brains*</b>	<i>The Brains</i>	Stomp
38	<b>Snake Flower 2</b>	<i>Renegade Daydream</i>	Tic Tac Totally
39	<b>Crystal Antlers</b>	<i>Tentacles</i>	Touch And Go
40	<b>The Datsuns</b>	<i>Headstunts</i>	Cooking Vinyl
41	<b>Jon Miki Thor*</b>	<i>Sign of the V</i>	Vulcan Sky
42	<b>Easy Star All Stars</b>	<i>Easy Star's Lonely ... Dub Band</i>	Easy Star
43	<b>Stompin' Tom Connors*</b>	<i>A Proud Canadian</i>	EMI
44	<b>Japandroids*</b>	<i>Post-Nothing</i>	Unfamiliar
45	<b>Comet Gain</b>	<i>Broken Record Prayers</i>	WhatsYour Rupture
46	<b>Prefuse 73</b>	<i>Everything She ... Ampexian</i>	Warp
47	<b>Akron/Family</b>	<i>Set 'Em Wild, Set 'Em Free</i>	Dead Oceans
48	<b>Bell Orchestre*</b>	<i>As Seen Through Windows</i>	Arts & Crafts
49	<b>Camera Obscura</b>	<i>My Maudlin Career</i>	4AD
50	<b>The Black Lips</b>	<i>200 Million Thousand</i>	Vice

# Under Review

## Director

### *I'll Wait for Sound*

(Crapshoot Economics)

This Irish four piece returns with *I'll Wait for Sound*, a follow up to their magnificent debut *We Thrive on Big Cities*, released by Atlantic in 2006. This time out, the lads from Malahide (a seaside suburb of North Dublin) are going the indie route and releasing on their own label. Perhaps as a means of exerting control over their sound, they insisted on self producing their first album, but for this sophomore release enlisted the efforts of Brad Wood (**Smashing Pumpkins**, **Ben Lee**) as producer and Barney Bancroft (**Arctic Monkeys**, **Franz Ferdinand**) to mix. For those inclined towards comparisons, imagine a slightly happier version of **Interpol**.

Vocalist Michael Moloney is once again the chief songwriter and all 10 tracks retain Director's distinctive, indie-boy-done-wrong sound, as Moloney's haunting, deep timbre soars above and interweaves with trademark riffs from bassist Rowan Averill and guitarist Eoin Aherne, while drummer Shea Lawlor keeps time. It's a very well crafted effort, but there isn't a single on *I'll Wait for Sound* to match the sonic grandeur of "Reconnect," the breakout track from their first album—which is perhaps the downfall of creating an indie pop masterpiece on your debut. At present the band has not secured a distributor for the North American market so for those of you hell bent on out-referencing your hipster friends, pick this up as an import through Faction Records and collect your well deserved bragging rights.

—Melissa Smith



## Big Joe Burke

### *Quiver*

(YVR Records)

It may be surprising to discover a quote by **Lord Byron** on a country album, but this is exactly what you will find on *Quiver*, the sophomore effort from Vancouver's Big Joe Burke. As a follow-up to 2007's debut *Love or Money*, you'll still hear the honky-tonk that Burke does so well, but this time around it's a bit lower key. Burke utilizes the stellar line-up from his first album with the versatile psychobilly musician Gord Smithers on guitar and fiddle, Pat Darcus on upright bass and acclaimed blues drummer Sandy Bone. It serves as a testament to the talented restraint of the supporting musicians involved that their outside influences are left at the studio door with the resulting sound being one that is alt-country dusted with a few folk influences.

*Quiver* contains 13 songs, nine of which are originals penned by Burke. Covers include material by **Merle Haggard**, **Gordon Lightfoot** and unexpectedly, **the Beatles**, which works surprisingly well. Burke's cover of **Bob Dylan**'s "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright" is a welcome addition to the disc as it's a frequent staple of his live sets and a complete showstopper of a rendition. Why this man has not yet been scooped up by Nashville is one of life's sweet mysteries. Either there is no justice in this world or he hasn't yet been heard by someone with the power to make that happen. Let's hope for the latter. [ed. *Maybe he just likes Vancouver.*]

—Melissa Smith



## Caledonia

### *We Are America*

(Independent)

It is the turning points in our lives that sometimes spur us to produce poignant and effective bodies of work that offer clear sight into another's life and way of dealing with changes. *We Are America*, the latest output from Halifax's Caledonia, paints a picture where shift, self-expression and transformation is key. Thematic quality aside, it's the bands alt-country/folk vibe with a twist that makes this music interesting. The fact that they like to mix things up by injecting rock influenced atmospheric walls of distortion alongside reggae infused jam-outs, sometimes at the same time, doesn't hurt either. Take for example "The Plague," a song that makes good use of combining different genres and making them fit nicely. One might think that folk country

and reggae would make a horrible match, but they manage to sneak it past you and before you know it your head is bobbing. Picture hints of **Jeff Tweedy** backed by **the Maytals** with roots planted firmly in the country life and you might get an idea.

While there are a couple of weak tracks in this collection, they are nothing to balk at. "Winter Drops From Trees" is a neat little meditative spoken word piece featuring **Tanya Davis** on vocals and "Scott's House" is a great number, with a catchy banjo intro and soft, driving beat set to pedal steel and accordion. *We Are America* is surprising, fun and worth the time taken to absorb it.

—Nathan Pike

## Dinosaur Jr.

### *Farm*

(Jagjaguwar)

*Farm* is Dinosaur Jr.'s second album since the original lineup reunited in 2005, and it finds the trio revisiting the sound that made it such a touchstone for '90s alt-rock. As you'd expect from Dinosaur Jr., the guitars are permanently distorted and the rhythm section never lets up, with the album's 12 songs offering little in the way of variation—there are no guest musicians on the record, and scarcely any overdubs beyond guitar leads and the occasional vocal harmony. Still, despite the heavy-hitting arrangements, the group lacks the aggression typically associated with hard rock, mainly because singer/guitarist J. Mascis comes off as perennially bored, as if there's nothing he'd rather do than sit at home on his couch getting stoned.

The 21st century incarnation of Dinosaur Jr. is a little less adventurous than the band of old (there are no **Sonic Youth**-style noise freak outs), but its knack for melody remains untarnished. The album has more than its share of unforgettable choruses, and even the guitar solos are almost hummable. Best of the bunch is "Plans," a sun burnt fuzz rocker with the oblique but affecting refrain of "I've got nothing left to be / Do you have something for me?" Intoned in Mascis' apathetic delivery, the plea for help seems all the more desperate, and the overall effect sounds something like **Pearl Jam** with a really bad hangover. Actually, let's give the group its historical due—Pearl Jam sounds like Dinosaur Jr. *without* a hangover.

—Alex Hudson

## Great Northern

### *Remind Me Where The Light Is*

(Enie Meenie Records)

Since **the White Stripes** broke into the mainstream in 2002, there seems to have been an influx of rock duos flooding the market. Some rely heavily on the gimmick and less on actual content, while others, like Great Northern, prove themselves talented and passionate musicians. Instead of focusing on raw power and minimalism like the White Stripes or **the Kills**, Solon Bixler and Rachel Stolte take simple parts and layer them on top of each other, becoming song constructors. As each song progresses, more layers of instrumentation and vocals are added, creating a huge sound without affecting the mood or the tempo of the track. Each song is carefully crafted, creating massive pieces out of tiny parts, causing the listener to forget that this is essentially the work of two people. This song writing formula is complemented by clean, crisp production quality that allows the music to resonate out of the speakers and fill the room at any volume. The result is 11 beautiful tracks ranging from the upbeat opener "Story" to the profoundly sad "Driveway." The only drawback to the album is the vocal production. Rachel Stolte's gentle, feminine voice is often trapped in the layers, unable to explode to the forefront of the songs and realize its potential. That aside, *Remind Me Where The Light Is* serves as a beautiful piece of contemporary indie rock that compares well with many of the bands at the top of the scene. Put it on, turn it up, close your eyes and disappear into the atmosphere.

—Mark Paulhus

## Green Go

### *Borders*

(Pheromone Recordings)

Recording a debut album seems like an incredibly stressful ordeal. You have to work out a coherent sound that embodies the live act you were before entering the studio and carry it through the whole record without exhausting itself. Add the extra pressure of the inevitable make-it-or-break-it stance that a first album often carries, and it's a wonder people get around to making that first record at all. Although these anxieties logically would have had to fall on the members of Guelph party band Green Go, their debut record shows few signs of any stumbling trepidation. Perhaps it's the conservatory training of the band's fronting duo, Ferenc Stenton and Jessica Tollefsen, or the confidence of a band that has reached a sort of hometown hero status with a reputation for insane live shows. In either case, *Borders* sounds like the work of a band that knows exactly what it wants and has the experience to do it. Specifically, they seem to want to make you dance. And though the obligatory skittery new-wave drums and lunar synths are present here in abundance, *Borders* does not sound like yet another rehearsal of the current '80s dance revival. Competently moving through various iterations of post-punk, electro-pop and funk while still retaining a crisp, polished and unified sound, the record offers a style that, though familiar, is engaging from start to finish.

—Aaron Goldsman

## Hanne Hukkelberg

### *Blood From a Stone*

(Netzwerk)

Originating from Kongsberg, Norway, Hanne Hukkelberg has been making music and testing out her vocal capabilities from the ripe old age of three. Performing with an ever-expanding cast of friends and accomplished musicians, *Blood From a Stone* is Hukkelberg's third release as a solo artist. Listening to the disc, one can certainly detect Hanne's early punk/noise roots, and her assimilation into a scene that championed d.i.y. noise and experimentation over musical uniformity. Like the songs from **Cocteau Twins**, **Joanna Newsom** or **Coco Rosie**, Hukkelberg's music has a distinctly ethereal quality. It captivates and entices, transporting the listener through a series of dark, foreboding and enchanted spaces. *Blood From a Stone* certainly lends itself to the majesty and grace of Hukkelberg's voice. If the world is a stone, Hukkelberg is the crimson blood that spills forth from it—unapologetic, whimsical, and brimming with emotion and depth. Hukkelberg's music offers a cathartic diversion from the humdrum of the everyday as it creates a space to engage in fantasy, and acts as a medium for ecstatic, unadulterated feeling. Drawing inspiration from bands like **Einstürzende Neubauten** and **Sonic Youth**, Hukkelberg utilizes everything from kitchen utensils to clacking typewriters, flag poles, shrieking sea gulls and purring cats, to weave a unique and poignant miasma of textured, layered and ambient sounds.

—Amy Scott-Samuel

## Jason Lytle

### *Yours Truly, the Commuter*

(ANTI-)

*Yours Truly, the Commuter* is a solo album in the truest sense of the word. Former **Grindaddy** frontman Jason Lytle played all of the instruments on this debut disc, written and recorded in his adopted home of Bozeman, Montana. Based on the evidence here, moving to small-town America hasn't done much to improve his mood, since the album is heavy on weighty ballads and wounded, sorrowful lyrics. "I may be limping, but I'm coming home," Lytle sings on the title track; I'm not sure exactly what injury he's referring to, but I'm guessing he's not talking about his leg.

Lytle sings in a thin, nasal drawl—it's not unpleasant to listen to, but it has a tendency to sound a little weak when paired with muscular arrangements, such as on the fuzzed-out "It's the Weekend." His voice fares better on the sombre acoustic numbers, especially when fleshed out with lush harmonies and subtle electronic flourishes. There are echoes of **Elliott Smith** in the heartbreaking "I Am Lost (and the Moment Cannot Last)," a reverberated piano waltz with ghostly backing vocals and a wall of synth strings. As is the case on much of *Yours Truly, the Commuter*, the pathos is laid on a little thick, but the lush instrumentation and sharp melodies prevent it from ever sounding too bleak.

—Alex Hudson

## Leverton Fox

### *Country Dances*

(Gravid Hands)

On their debut album, Leverton Fox devise surprisingly cohesive arrangements that remain true to their clearly experimental and improvisational roots. *Country Dances* can be summarized as the band's first few identity crises wrapped in a tidy package, as it compiles and sets out to blend a variety of electronic and organic sounds into a psychedelic, avant-jazz experiment. Songs like the glitchy, low end grumbler "Rubbed Out," the haunted-basement-dwelling "Radar Remote," and the cavernous "Vulpecula" are all dripping with cosmic mud and help send the album into darker, more evocative realms. The hazy "N4 Comedown" and album standout "Spectre & Wagon" are among some of the album's more subdued songs that focus on intermittent jazz-style percussion and echoing trumpet augmented by thin layers of gritty feedback, swirling synthesizers and samples from field recordings. It is these songs that prove the band's already ambitious approach to musical catharsis. In comparison, tracks like "Prang" and "Uncle Jack" seem slightly juvenile and atmospherically misplaced due to their simplicity. The more complex layering on the album allow for the band's improvisational qualities to fully exert themselves and while its occasional rigidity certainly leave more to be desired, the album finds, for brief moments, a loose identity within its semi-viscous layers of sound.

—Chad Thiessen

## Moll Flanders

### *If You Can't Understand What You Don't Understand It's Not Easy*

(Crying Bob Records)

Pop/rock sextet Moll Flanders hail from Sweden but sing exclusively in English, presum-

ably hoping to break through to the same worldwide market enjoyed by fellow countrymen **Peter, Bjorn & John** and **the Knife**. Unfortunately, the band's grasp on the language isn't quite strong enough to make it work. The inexplicable album title could almost be forgiven, but the clunky lyrics are impossible to ignore—most of the songs contain simplistic rhyme schemes and awkward syntax. "Friday Night" features the clanger "Maybe visit MySpace online / But my computer sucks, I'll take a nap." Worst of all, the tune's sombre delivery makes it impossible to tell if it's a joke.

Nevertheless, the band has enough musical ideas to make the album entertaining, if occasionally frustrating. "La La La" is a hypnotic new wave groove, brought to life by rich vocal harmonies and gorgeously chiming guitar breaks. "Valentino" is similarly infectious, with a joyous keyboard riff set against a stomping beat and lush saxophone flourishes. "Fading Away" even features sections of a cappella vocals, simultaneously bringing to mind **the Beach Boys** and a barbershop quartet. Ignore the lyrics and you could swear that the band was going to be the next big Swedish export.

—Alex Hudson

## Rat Silo

### *Doubleplusungood*

(Independent)

Jim Newton, a Vancouverite whose previous band, **Sons of Freedom**, received critical notice in the late '80s and early '90s, is the creative force behind pop/rock band Rat Silo. After a 12 year hiatus from the music industry, Jim has assembled a crack band of industry veterans—including members of **Jakalope**, **Numb, 54-40, SNFU** and **the Tainted Lovers**—to record *Doubleplusungood*.

The album shows all the signs of a guy who has returned to making music for the right reasons: he's good at it and he loves it. And at this point in his career, Newton's not going to pull his punches, and has earned the right to tell it like it is, as opening rocker "Oh, Fuck Off Tony" sardonically demonstrates. But if this is a man who casts a weary eye at the world ("I Blame It On Your Momma" and "Jiggle My Wiggle"), he has come out with his optimism (mostly) intact, an achievement in itself, which he celebrates on "Shiny Light." He has also not lost his capacity to love, which expresses itself in wonder and gratitude for relationships on "Hello Beautiful Girl" and "Candy Let Your Hair Hang Down." The songs are unpretentiously simple in both composition and arrangement, and while this approach can make for music that occasionally sounds familiar, the essence of this music lies in its spirit, not innovation. Hopefully that's something that music fans can still be grateful for.

—Jonathan Evans

## Rock Plaza Central

### *At The Moment Of Our Most Needing*

(Paperbag Records)

Sometimes an artist creates simply out of the need to express, not expecting people to take the time to notice let alone appreciate their work. Such was the case when Rock Plaza Central released 2007's *Are We Not Horses*; an album that quickly gained in popularity and allowed for some very favourable reviews and lip service from industry biggies, such as Roll-

ing Stone and Pitchfork.

*At The Moment Of Our Most Needing* is the fourth release by Rock Plaza Central. Largely inspired by the **William Faulkner** novel *Light In August* and described by founder/singer/novelist Chris Eaton as a sort of love song to one of the novel's central characters, the album can be best described as a journey. But it's hard not to be intrigued even a little bit by RPC's music that sounds as if it has been written and recorded by slightly crazed and terribly drunk hillbilly rockers with a penchant for **Neutral Milk Hotel**, **Songs: Ohia** and **Thee Silver Mount Zion Orchestra**.

Songs like "A Mule on Fire" and "The Hot Blind Earth" show influences steeped in big rock while "The Wrong Side of the Right" sounds as if it could have been recorded with deep '30s American folk music in mind. This is not your typical album. Highly inventive, intelligent and fun to listen to, *At The Moment Of Our Most Needing* will stick to you like glue and is indeed a journey that you will not soon forget.

—Nathan Pike



fin.

# THE WELL NOURISHED STEREO Zulu's easy plan for better sonic living.

## DEERHUNTER Rainwater Cassette Exchange CDEP



The fearsome and fearless Atlanta foursome come back with another shot to the head. Certainly not a group to rest on their laurels, Deerhunter delivers five new tracks on this extended play. This is not some stop-gap release between albums, or mere leftovers from their most recent *'Microcastle'* album, but an all new session. The band loves the EP format and thinks it does not get the respect it deserves. Hell, some bands arguably work best in the EP format (think *Cocaine Twins* or *My Bloody Valentine*), and now maybe we should add Deerhunter to that list. That's certainly not to say their albums aren't great, but with 2007's *Fluorescent Grey* EP and this new one, a lucid argument can be made that minute for minute, and hook for hook, their two EP's can't be matched for visceral energy and pop smarts.

CDEP 10.98

## SONIC YOUTH The Eternal CD/2LP



Aside from their perennial role as tastemakers and curators of the underground, Sonic Youth's business since their kind-of-comeback with 2002's *Murray Street* has been the delivery of solidly excellent art-rock albums to stoke your summertime. With *The Eternal*, their first album for mega-indie Matador since leaving Geffen, they're bringing those two jobs together: every song here is a subtle homage to the artists and musicians that SY finds eternally inspiring; you can hear sonic echoes of or riff-citations from the *Dead C*, *Neu!*, *Kevia Ayers*, *Sonic's Rendezvous Band* and the *Wipers*. Even the artwork is homage: it's a painting by the late *John Fahey*. The band is also back up to a quartet: following *Jim O'Rourke's* departure, *Pavement*-free *Kitten* bassist *Mark Ibold* has joined up as a full-time member. *The Eternal* also features the first-ever instance of *Kim Thurston*, and *Lee* all singing on the same song. If you didn't take advantage of the 'Buy early, get now' deal, you can pick up the album June 9<sup>th</sup>.

CD 16.98 2LP 27.98

## BUSDRIVER Jhelli Beam CD



A dashing young figure in the Los Angeles underground hip hop scene, *Busdriver* returns with his latest, *Jhelli Beam* – both smart and smart-ass, theatrical without being pompous, and, as always, funny as hell. *BD's* legendary breath-defying flow teeters precariously on top of samples of classical music, jazz drumming and proggy guitar parts, without ever losing sight of the electronic music that helped define his sound, enthralled fans and stood out from the soggy beats that weighed down much of his contemporaries' work. Sound schizophrenic? It's not. And as usual, *Busdriver* has some heavy friends to help out: legendary underground battle rapper *Nocando* guests on a classically witty *Busdriver* track *'Least Favorite Rapper'* while Islands' precocious *Nick Thorburn's* influence can be heard on an almost *ELD*-flavored song *'Happy Insider'*. The sum of *Jhelli Beam's* seemingly disparate parts creates a record that is mindfully engaging and booty shaking at the same time – a wholly unique take on what an underground hip-hop album should be.

CD 16.98

## TYVEK s/t CD/LP

Following a gaggle of seven-inches for goose-y labels such as XI, What's Your Rupture?, S-S, and M/Lady's Records, Detroit's noisy darlings, *Tyvek*, deliver a long-player that couldn't make *Siltbreeze* happier were the colonel slathered in fole gras and seared to a crisp. The details of this release have been a closely-guarded secret, but if you saw the band in '08, some of these jams might ring a bell. Combining an uncanny channeling of *The Urinals* and early *Mekas*, *Tyvek* drops jaws to floors with solid acorns of repetitive punk/pop numbers that become oaks almost instantaneously. The inclusion of *Damen* (a.k.a. *Tyets of Puffy Areolas*) brings in another sonic dimension and suddenly the band's set veers into a *Velvet Underground*-by-way-of-*The Feelies* stratosphere. Here you'll find a mixture of both, the blend of two perfect worlds. Practically a year in the making, this baby is worth every second of the wait.

CD/LP 16.98

## FIELD Yesterday And Today CD



*Field* is *Axel Willner*, and his last album, *From Here We Go Sublime*, was one of the most acclaimed releases of 2007, receiving a 9.0 on Pitchfork and universal praise. It was a soundtrack to the spit-shined airport of your dreams – faceless, futuristic, and fuzzy. You could dance to it, sleep to it, or daydream to it: it's a versatile little album. Now, *Willner's* label, Kompakt, has teamed with ANTI- to release his anticipated follow-up, *Yesterday And Today*. On the new album, *Willner* expands his palette, continuing the oblique sampling strategy of *From Here We Go Sublime* while building up the rhythmic architecture; on the title track, *Willner* collaborates for the first time with *Battles* drummer *John Stanier*. Since starting the world with *From Here We Go Sublime*, *Willner* has been much in demand as a remixer, with tracks from *Thom Yorke* to *Battles* to *Mogs* raising his profile, so that now legions are gathered, in that spit-shined terminal, waiting for their blessed-out departure.

CD 16.98

## JASON LYTLE Yours Truly, The Commuter CD



After 15 years at the helm of *Grandaddy* – the Modesto, California quintet whose celebrated five-album run started as a project in *Jason Lytle's* bedroom and took him around the world – *Jason Lytle* returns with a new collection of songs that are at once a continuation of and elaboration on the musical and lyrical ideas he explored in that band. The title – *Yours Truly, The Commuter* – tells it all: songs about the treks we all make, from one state to another, from inner lives to outer, and the tolls those travels take. Musically, the dreamy soundscapes mirror the dramatic environment of *Lytile's* newly-adopted Montana, where the record was written and recorded, while the twang of central California farmland remains in the inflection and phrasings of the Modesto native's unmistakable voice. Electronic flourishes collide with acoustic guitars and soulful piano parts, recreating *Lytile's* signature electro-lo-fi atmospheres. "I wrote all the songs, I engineered the whole thing, I recorded it, I played all the instruments – this is what I do," says *Lytile*, and we are glad he's taking passengers on this journey.

CD 16.98

## THE VASELINES Enter The Vaselines 2CD



The *Vaselines* have long been celebrated by musicians and music enthusiasts across genres and around the globe, including super-fan *Kurt Cobain*. Sub Pop's May 5 release of *Enter The Vaselines* is an opportunity for those already familiar with the Scottish band's brief career to delve deeper into their body of work, while those new to their music can experience firsthand why so many hold them in such high regard. This new collection is effectively a deluxe-edition reissue of the 1992 Sub Pop release "www.subpop.com/releases/the\_vaselines/full\_lengths /the\_way\_of\_the\_vaselines" *The Way of The Vaselines*, which compiled the band's two EPs (*Son of a Gun* and *Dying for It*) and their sole LP release (*Dum-Dum*). *Enter The Vaselines* is the definitive triple LP/double CD *Vaselines* collection. It includes new mixes and re-mastered versions of everything by *The Vaselines*, plus never-before-heard demos, and live recordings from 1986 in Bristol and 1988 in London.

2CD 16.98

## JAPANDROIDS Post-Nothing LP



You've seen them on Pitchfork, you've seen them on the cover of *Exclaim!* and *The Georgia Straight*, and if you've been out and about, you've probably seen them rocking the collective socks off various venues in town for the last couple years. You might even have their *Lullaby Death Jams* album or *All Lies* EP. Well, folks, this here is the full-length (vinyl-only, 'cuz that's how things are going these days), arriving with a fanfare, clouds parting, and ray of light: the day of *Japandroids* is at hand. Vancouver's most powerful power duo are taking their maximal teen-angst garage-pop to the world, and the world is loving it. No Fun City, meet your new heroes. They're fun dudes. You'll like them.

LP 14.98

Sale prices in effect until June 30, 2009

## AU REVOIR SIMONE Still Night, Still Light CD



*Au Revoir Simone* epitomize innocent beauty: a band of three tall, graceful Brooklyn brunettes (they could be sisters, but they aren't) who play sweet yet sophisticated synth-pop, setting their hushed vocal harmonies against layered lunar textures and the electronic heartbeat of an analog drum machine. Thoughtful but unpretentious, they are a pretty cotton sundress in a world of nylon and neon. Like *Cocorosie* minus the fake blood and beaded headdresses, *Au Revoir Simone* are pure charm with a casio keyboard, all clean lines and classic structures. They've slowly stolen hearts over the course of two albums, to the point where number three arrives weighted with considerable buzz and anticipation, but not to fear: *Still Night, Still Light* is a brightly coloured hot air balloon, and it's going up, up...UP!

CD 16.98

## IRON AND WINE Around the Well CD



The tracks collected on *Around the Well* span from *Iron and Wine's* earliest sessions which yielded the band's debut (2002's *The Creek Drank the Cradle*) through material recorded for 2007's *The Shepherd's Dog*. The double-disc collection is broken up into two sections. The first half is an assortment of hushed home recordings, unedited and raw, and the second highlights moments captured in the confines of proper studios with the help of other musicians, friends and engineers. The album's title comes from a line in the song *'The Trapeze Swinger'*, a fan favorite which was written for and included in the movie *In Good Company*. Three more songs written and recorded for the film finally make their appearance here as well: *'Solated Promise Ring'*, *'God Made the Automobile'* and *'Homeward, These Shoes'*. *Around the Well* also brings together hard to find covers such as *The Flaming Lips' 'Waitin' for a Superman'* and *New Order's 'Love Vigilantes'*, along with one of *Iron and Wine's* earliest originals, *'Sacred Visioes'*, which appeared on a compilation for *Sound Collector* magazine.

CD 16.98

## DIRTY PROJECTORS Bitte Orca CD



It's hard to overestimate the magnitude of this release. Over many years and several releases, *Dave Longstreth* has proven his restless, quixotic genius with cross-pollinated genre experiments, unconventional song structures, and an ambitious, high-concept approach to indie rock. While often difficult, his songs have always had a core of raw emotion and overreaching passion, hinting at the potential for a major statement, a rapturous breakthrough. Last year's *Rise Above* was a landmark release for the projectors: still fuelled by a strange concept (*Black Flag* song reconstructed from memory), it introduced a new, soukous-flavoured guitar style and a higher level of collaboration with *Longstreth's* now-solid band that made for their most powerful and accessible record. *Bitte Orca* sees them taking it to the next level: everything they've ever done, done better, just songs, a pure album, radiant, beautiful, sublime, spiralling, snaking, and thrashing. No indie rock band right now is more inventive, more vital. This is artful, abstract soul in the tradition of *Prince* and the *Talking Heads*. Essential. AVAILABLE JUNE 9<sup>th</sup>

CD 16.98

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- GRIZZLY BEAR – *veekitimest* CD/LP
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- NEKO CASE – *Middle Cyclone* CD
- DUCKTAILS – *s/t*
- BLANK DOGS – *Under and Under* CD/LP
- LOOP – *The World in Your Eyes* CD
- LOOP – *Gilded Eternity* CD
- SIR RICHARD BISHOP – *The Freak of Araby* CD/LP
- BACHLORETTE – *My Electric Family* CD
- MT. EERIE – *Live in Copenhagen* 3LP

- BLACKOUT BEACH – *Skin Of Evil LP*
- SIX FINGER SATELLITE – *Half Control* CD/LP
- BLACK MOTH SUPER RAINBOW – *Eating Us* CD/LP
- MAGNETIC FIELDS – *69 Love Songs 6 x 10" LP*
- THINK ABOUT LIFE – *Family* CD
- VIEUX FARKA TOURE – *Foedo* CD
- VARIOUS – *Nicola Conte Presents Viagem 2* CD
- BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE – *The Smoking Acid* CDEP
- PAUL WELLER – *Just a Dream* CD/DVD

## ZULU NEWS:

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release, ZERO HOUR!

## Zulu Records supports sonic tourism!

In fact we want to give away a couple of passes for two to take in Calgary's SLED ISLAND FESTIVAL June 24-27 to see *Lars, Women, Woodhands, Tricky Woo, The Breeders, Obits, Arvil, The Coathangers, HEALTH, The King Khan & BBQ Show, The Evaporators, Mount Eerie, Hot Little Rocket, The Pack A.D., Sub-linguals, Githead, Final Fantasy, The Rural Alberta Advantage, The Whitsundays, The Dead Science, Andrew W.K., Agnostic Mountain Gospel Choir, Novillero, The Bronx, Nardwuar's Video Vault, Slim Twig, Quintron and Miss Pussycat, O'Death, Monotonic, Jonathan Toubin, Malajube, Ladyhawk, Library Voices, Hollerado, Japandroids, The Cripple Creek Fairies, Holy Fuck, Battle Snakes. SEE STORE FOR FULL DETAILS!!*

ZULU ART NEWS: JUNE 1-30  
these are moments: part 1  
drawings and screenprints for the past,  
present, and future  
by alanna scott



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STORE HOURS  
Mon to Wed 10:30 – 7:00  
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Sun 12:00 – 6:00