

platter chatter



by Ron Howe

Killdozer
Twelve Point Buck
Touch and Go Records

"Enter the 49 gates of uncleanness!" New Pants and Shirt, Killdozer. Wow! What a smoker! As we enter the final decade of the millenium, the Madison, Wisconsin trio Killdozer appear with their fifth Touch and Go Records release, *Twelve Point Buck*, setting off the countdown.

The album kicks off with "New Pants," and the above quoted line leads us into the dark dungeons of screamer/bass player Michael Gerards' gravel-gargled grunts coming at you just this side of Hades. It seems he's pretty angry about something, telling some sort of story.

Every time a word ends in a 'p' or a 't' you can almost feel the spit come out of the speakers. I wipe the side of my head and turn it up louder.

The drums seem like they're being hit with blackjacks. Hypnotizing, wailing guitar riffs slice at you. It seems really simple, but yet too complex; the result is greater than the sum total of its parts.

This guy is screaming out about working in a pit because he's too stupid to add numbers, but at least he's got a new pair of pants. Only there's more to it, there's sex, religion, political jabs, but it's just a story, right?

"Space: 1999" is next, a satirical misogynist narrative, very convincing at that, throwing around rock standard song lyrics and lines like, "Hey Baby, you know when I pull my wank/You're the one I have to thank" and follows that up with the Zep line about squeezing my lemon. Okay, it's a story, right? You get what you want out of it.

"Lupus" is my anthem from the album. Sphincter wincing bass jackhammers at you, the guys killing the skins, the voice belching out phrases like,

*"You can stake the life of
Flannery O'Conner
Who wrote many books
Before death came upon HER
(chungchung chungchung-
chung SMASH)*

*She wrote a story
about an old man from the South
Who could make the Negroes work
Without too much MOUTH
(chungchung chungchung-
chung SMASH)
Then he moved up North*

*To where the Negroes were
feistier
and he had a neighbour
who resembled Sidney Poitier
(chungchung chungchung-
chung SMASH)*

The music is brutal, hypnotizing riffs churned out by brothers Hobson (Bill and Dan, guitar and drums, respectively), almost daring you to continue this macabre game of audio 'chicken.' Horn riffs are thrown in, not really fast but effective. The music is NOT at any blistering pace or anything — maybe it would be a bit easier to handle if it WERE. It's just amazing, that's all. If this doesn't take you out somewhere, nothing will.

The next cut is pretty interesting. It opens with cattle price reports, then tells us about 'Richard,' who is a bank manager foreclosing loans on people's farms. Then this one guy kills off all his cattle before the bank could get to it. As 'Richard' (but you can call me Dick) says, "That sort of thing really PISSES ME OFF!" Someone seems pretty pissed, but again it's just a story, right?

One particular quality of Killdozer's music is their penchant for borrowing from '70s movies and music. The last cut on side one is a satiric look at the 'towering Inferno' and 'Mr. Reality himself, Erwin Allen.' It comes off like an almost child-like creation, but seems to reveal much more by its crunching delivery. I get up off the floor and turn the vinyl over.

The stories continue, it's just unbelievable how brutal this guy is making himself sound, but he's talking these real intelligent sort of things, like, "... was a guy called Jesus, who was named after a guy who hung on a cross," or "Walk a mile in my shoes, and you'll get Athlete's Foot." There's even

some Nietzsche thrown in, too. The disdain, the hate, the release, it all comes rushing at you, steamrolling any hint of divided attention. This stuff you just can't ignore, for better or worse.

I could slobber on another few pages detailing the second side bit by bit, but I think you get the picture. Are these guys really kidding, I couldn't be sure. (I'm not certain even they know). Not one for for the weak-stomached or those inclined to ostrich-like response to reality, but a masterpiece that will probably be better received somewhere in the future.



by Stephen Perry

Phlegcamp
Phlegcamp
Independent

Hardcore music has been an institution since the early 1980s. It was spawned as the delinquent child of the punk scene. With time, signs of maturation have set in and various styles have developed into scenes in their own

right. Phlegcamp's recent demo release is testament to such a process.

At first listen, I associated this band with the D.C. scene that grew around the Dischord label. The music can only be described as energetic, post-punk with a gothic tint. It is not music that suits everyone's tastes, however Phlegcamp has managed to do a job of assimilating a variety of influences.

Their success rests on the precise heaviness belted out by the rhythm section. This inspires comparisons to a Chili Peppers meets Fugazi hybrid. The circular saw-like searing of the guitar gives the music an air of urgency.

However, the vocals are the icing on the cake. They clinch a verdict for this coming-from-the-Soulside school of music. Everytime I listen to this I shake my head in disbelief. I find it hard to believe that they are actually based in Toronto.

In addition to their excellent sound, this demo is of exceptional sound quality for an independent release. There is no question this should have been a vinyl release. And the professional looking quality of the cover just adds to the tapes marketability. Overall, this tape is the most solid package that I've seen come out of the Toronto hardcore scene; perhaps out of the entire alternative scene.

But, a word of warning. Phlegcamp's demo is becoming a rare commodity pretty quickly, so I suggest you snag one of these puppies up, immediately. You should look for them in the independent record stores around town or just write to Phlegcamp c/o Sean Dean at 48 Sanderson Cres., Richmond Hill, Ont., L4C 5L4.

WILL THE TREES SURVIVE?

Celebrate **Tu Bishvat** —the Jewish New Year of the trees — with the J.S.F! Our program on **Thursday, February 8** includes a **green portable**, a selection of **exotic fruits (free** at the portable), a J.N.F. plant-a-tree-in-Israel booth and a special guest speaker.

Topic: The Environment and Judaism

NAZI WAR CRIMINALS IN CANADA

"Justice delayed should not be justice denied."

with: Prof. Alti Rodal, Historian and consultant, Canadian war-criminal expert who will speak about her report "Nazi War Criminals in Canada; the historical and policy setting from the 1940s to the present."

Thurs. Feb 8, 11:30 am
JSF portable

Sponsored by the Jewish Students Federation, York University and the Jewish Students Union, UofT

Call 731-5178 for more details

art at glendon

by Phyllis Boosalis

Charlotte Lindgren, best known to York students for her "Black Cylinders" (located in the periodical room in the Scott Library), has a new exhibition of photographs and three installations at Glendon.

Lindgren's photographs are of "winter wraps" from Canada, England and Japan. In other words, Lindgren has taken photographs of trees wrapped in burlap, straw, plastic and other artificial and natural materials. Winter wraps are a traditional form of art in Japan, serving a dual purpose; to symbolize the coming of winter and to protect the trees from harsh weather. But mostly, the Japanese construct winter wraps for their aesthetic purpose.

In Canada, wraps are used to protect trees from salt, animals and severe winds. Although winter wraps are approached differently, they remain pleasing to the eye. Lindgren shows how wraps make us aware of the height and wonder of the trees.

The installations, located around campus, have many students confused. Lindgren said that students have stopped to ask her what she was doing.

Lindgren, who usually works privately, has found this a different experience. Her first piece, "Allee Metasequoias," is reminiscent of London Bridge. Imagine yourself walking down the path from Steacie to Bethune, on both sides there is a rope going through pieces of plywood and, at the end of the path, there are three trees with rope hanging on them. This is what our fellow students of Glendon have to tend with as they leave the Wood Residence every day.

Lindgren said that for the students following the path from the Wood Residence to the Hilliard Building, there is a new feeling of containment which focuses attention on three large metasequoias trees situated at the end of the path. It is the beauty of the trees that she wants us to see. This particular installation is a celebration that the three metasequoias trees are here to stay and, unlike the elms, are not becoming extinct.

The second installation is by the mansion. Originally there were two great elm trees at the mansion, but one was taken down and replaced by a redwood tree. According to Lindgren, the symmetry is gone, as well as the mate of the remaining elm tree. She created a monument in

honour of the elm that had to be chopped down. She creatively calls this installation "The Cairn," meaning a memorial erected of stones. Lindgren's monument is made of concrete blocks put together in an artistic form.

Her final installation is called the "Luminous Apple." The apple tree is wrapped in bright yellow with small, yellow bows attached to half of its branches. The yellow pieces were added to the bare branches after the tree was wrapped, in order to give it balance.

Lindgren has a great concern for lines, symmetry, and texture. By adding a synthetic fibre to the apple tree, Lindgren said she is bringing your attention to a tree that has gone unnoticed on the Glendon campus. Therefore, the tree becomes special and different. Our perception of it alters.

Lindgren's love for nature has always been a source of inspiration for her art. With this exhibition she has chosen to enhance nature. Her passion for nature has lead her to photograph and install winter wraps. Through her photographs, we are reminded that a summer garden can be as beautiful in the winter months.

Lindgren's work will be on display until February 9.