

# Ritshag

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Brandon, MB R7A 6Y9

ignore the odd dimensions of the drawing.

it is shitty.

close shop!  
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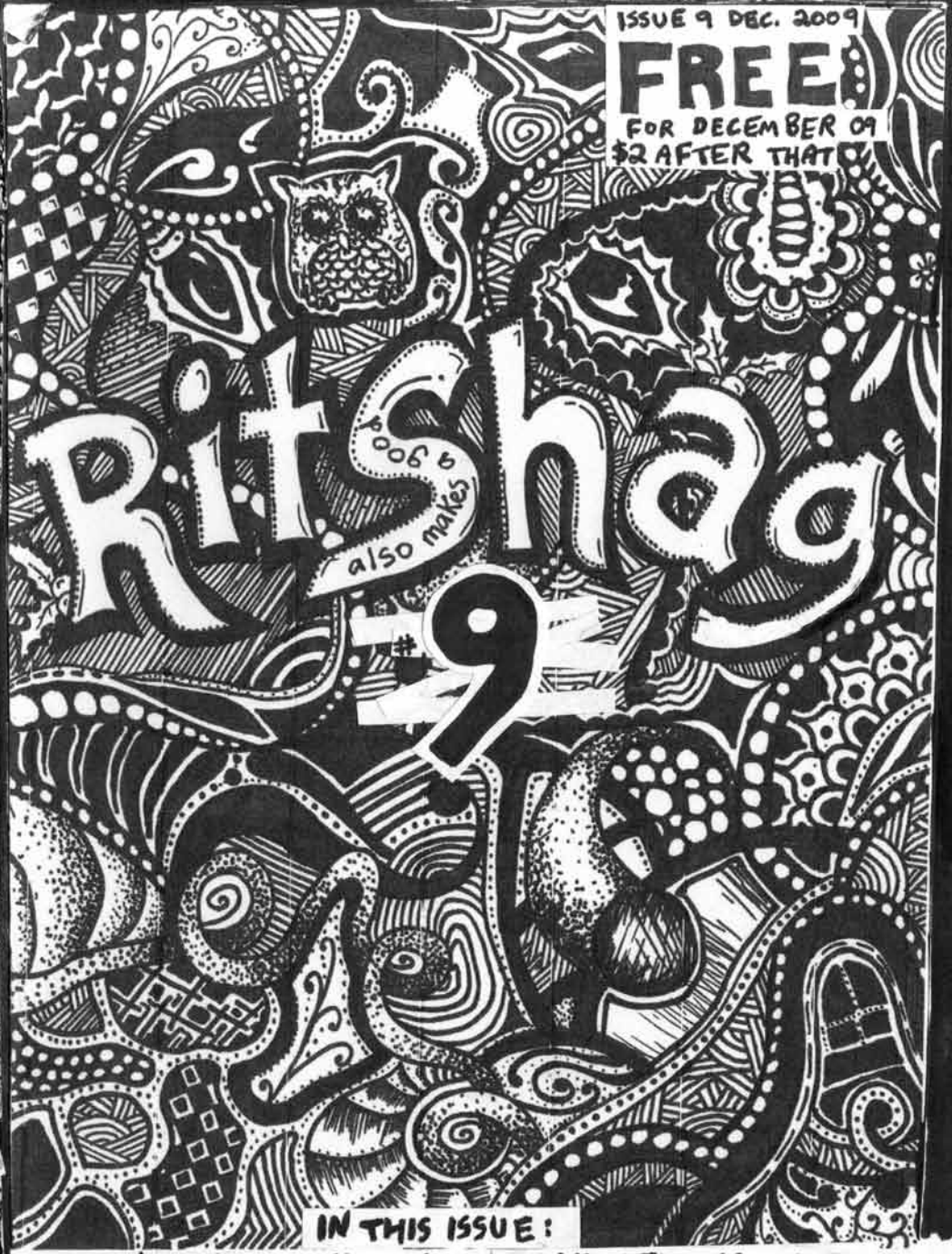
IN THIS ISSUE:

an interview with the <b>BROKE SPOKES</b> part II	ADAM TALKS SHIT ABOUT MUSIC
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plus || EXISTENTIAL PONDERINGS!!

ISSUE 9 DEC. 2009  
**FREE**  
FOR DECEMBER 09  
\$2 AFTER THAT

Ritshag  
#9  
also makes  
B.O.Bs



DECEMBER  
2009

ISSUE #9

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# DECEMBER EVENTS

Got a Great Holiday Sweater?

Brandon MB Photographer Shoshana Coodin is looking for fantastic holiday sweaters and the people who wear them!

Interested in having your picture taken in that wonderful holiday sweater of yours?

Please call Shosh 725-3733

or email shoshphoto@gmail.com

to set up an appointment.

[www.shoshphoto.com](http://www.shoshphoto.com)

Jazz Night Every Thursday at SUDS (in BU) 10 pm. No Cover.

AGSM 5th Annual Members Show and Sale

Thursday, December 3rd at 7:30pm til Saturday December 19 at 6:00pm  
At the Art Gallery of Southwestern Manitoba

I am sure we have all heard Santa is on his way. Please come join in a Christmas Pride Celebration at the Trails West Motor Inn on December 4th from 9-1. We will have performances by Destiny and possibly another special guest. Our host and DJ will be Jaicee Chartrand.

Tickets will be on sale Wednesday, November 18th at SERC. You can stop in to purchase or call to reserve. If we have not sold/reserved 60 tickets by December 2nd the event will be cancelled so please show your support for the GLBTQ community here in Brandon and get your tickets today!

Tickets are \$10 in advance and \$15 at the door and include a light late lunch

- December 12th DJ HUNNICUT AND DJ CO-OP AT THE DOUBLE DECKER!  
DANCE PAWDY EXTRAVAGANZA!

■ LADY OF THE LAKE ■

- Dec 4: Marquis Celebrates 30 year anniversary! @Lady of the Lake

- Dec 10th Assinibeats DANCE PAWDY

- Dec 17: Don Amero

- Dec 19th kory Kamida

- Dec 31st NEW YEARS PARTY!



# Existential Ponderings

by AUTUMN MOON

the eternal question creeps occasionally into my mind, interrupting my contentment in the moment. this question being, "what am i doing with my life??" ...there is always this need, this hunger, to be doing something 'more'. but, what is 'more'? what else could i possibly be doing? sometimes i feel fulfilled, sometimes i feel the need to shake my life up in some way. there is work and sleep and eat and tend to the many chores of life, and squeeze fun and relaxation in there somewhere. don't get my wrong, my job is great, i love my life, and i am by no means stressing out about anything. but sometimes this daily grind schedule just gets to me, and i get this overwhelming urge to break out of it. i'm not sure to do what. and i know that i begin to feel useless after not working for long enough....but, again, this question pops into my thoughts and disrupts the groove i'm groovin'. where am i going with this?? i'm not going anywhere, i'm following my path, and taking clues from the various winks and nudges i receive from the universe in hopes that it will lead me somewhere favorable...and so far, so good. but, my question is, WILL MY PATH BECOME MORE CLEARLY DEFINED? at some point? or will i always be blindly feeling my way around this uncertain and unfamiliar ground? sometimes it feels like time is standing still, but then i remember that every second of every day i'm growing and changing. one day i'll wake up and it'll be next week, next month, next year, five or ten years i'll wake up and all this fucking time has passed and i'm still asking myself the same question. what am i doing here??? why have i been given the life i have? i appreciate this gift every single day. but i don't know what to make of it.

Goodbye  
Brandon!

ed from Boris Pasternak's novel  
drama of fifty years' worth of R  
he lens of the affair betw  
i medic, an Lara, the young w  
bert Bolt's heavily abridged ad  
ained its central theme of the  
out Lenin was criticized for usin  
nd revolution as the backdrop  
postcard view of story.  
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es made the huge success  
A version for its universat

# INTRO

It still hasn't snowed, but it's fucking cold. That means December is here! Mercy buckets to anyone and everyone who showed up for our rockin record ritsale! Every donation helped us reach and exceed our goals. We hope to see the fine ladies of Brandon wearing all of Katy's old clothes. If anyone is interested in helping organize fundraisers, assemble, contribute or donate to this zine send an email to [ritshag@gmail.com](mailto:ritshag@gmail.com) and we will gladly add you to our production team! This month we included part two of our interview with the Broke Spokes, an examination and dissection of Christmas, more comics, some people watching, undervalued movies and Adam talking shit about music. If anyone has some sweet sweet chicken feet (thanks Katy) music to share, send us your personalized mix-tape or CD to our mailbox:

Ritshag c/o Matt Filyk  
P.O. BOX 22078  
Brandon, MB Canada R7A 6Y7

and we will gladly review, share and send you some of our own. Music trading is the new black this year.

layout by matt + Katy + Lara. thanks Lara!

THANK-A-YOUS: Jamie Cousins for the amazing cover art; Ben Horne and Alex Parrott for their continued comic relief; Adam Schipper for finally sending us some shit in the form of an essay on truth and music reviews; Andrew Dalton for letting us in on the secret; Alex, Blaine Riley, Derek Gunnlaugson, Grant Hamilton, Shosh Coodin, Ben Hadaller, Scott Gailey, and Kirby for their contributions to the Christmas special; John and Erica for the wonderful insert that's hopefully made it's way to your issue; Dana Nelson for her people watchin' skills; the Broke Spokes again because they rock; Erin Garden for her informative ocean of evidence; Jess Slimmon for writing home; Ali Vandale for moving; Autumn Moon for sharing her thoughts; and Mrs. Featherbottom for keeping our mums out of it.

# COMICS COMICS

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Hamburger Police Cop

by ALEX PARROTT



Back when I was a young girl of 17, the kids on the East side would choose Colt 45's as their go to 40oz beer while the West end kids drank OE's. I've mentally prepared myself for the switch over. Acting out scenarios in front of the mirror where my old East side friends harass me for my new Olde English ways, I am armed with sassy comebacks and large quantities of smack talk. But guess what. They don't fuckin make them anymore, so never mind. Also there's less vendors and no liquor mart for when I want to class up my choice of drink, but the Beer Warehouse has a Jonas and that's good enough for me.

Another weird thing about the West side? Personalized license plates. Apparently these wealthy West siders have so much extra cash that they can afford this kind of shit. And it's not just LILMISS's and BARSTAR's out here. (Which there are lots of) I've seen ones like DOREEN and GRANT, showing that the WSS (West Side Seniors) are representin just as hard as the young folks.

We can also go into the Roadhouse vs. Houston's debate if you really want. I'm not sure that the Roadhouse is really East side but we'll pretend for arguments sake. I've had fun at both, but DJ Red at the Roadhouse never yells at me when I request a million songs a night by drunkenly scribbling a song on a scrap of paper and slamming it against the DJ window, he'll even play a couple. Houston's is bigger but plays the worst music in the world, and if you ever try to make it bearable by requesting the song the DJ looks at you as if to say "alright jackass, I think I know what the people want," then goes on to play Fishin in the Dark for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time. However, bonus for Houston's, remember that super sketchy "bull" ride contraption where it was raised, lowered and bucked by four roid raging bouncers pulling on the ropes? That thing was gold. Bring it back and you've got my business.

So after writing this I realized that I've given way more props to the East Side than the West. Maybe I just need to get to know it a little better. Or perhaps I'm a little bitter at my "roommates" for moving me 30 blocks away from most of my friends. Whatever, I love Brandon. And I secretly loved Dr. Dre all along anyway.

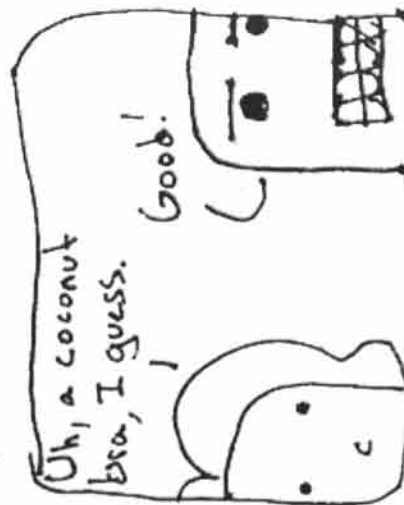
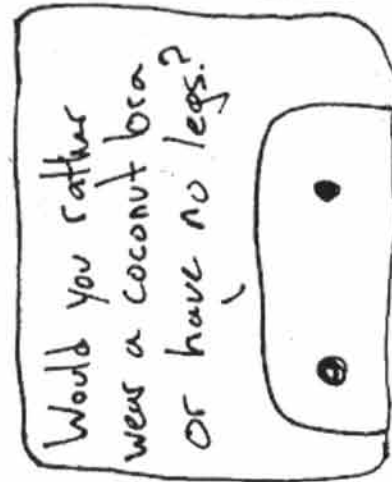
# EAST SIDE VS. WEST SIDE

by ALI VANDALE

I've recently made one of the biggest changes one living in Brandon can make. The four years I lived in Victoria I had no idea which direction I was living in or walking towards. I would occasionally stumble upon one of those compasses embedded into the sidewalk, take note and try to remember which way was which, but it never stuck. However, Brandon is clearly divided. You live on the East side, the West side or the North Hill. I have just moved from the deep east side to almost the farthest West possible. I know! Right? So now that I'm more of a Dre kind of girl opposed to my ex-Biggie lovin' self, I'm going to share some of the differences I've come across.

Men solving Fashion Problems

Ben Horne - 2009



Ben Horne  
**Dinger.ca**



# WHAT IS TRUTH?

by ADAM SCHIPPER

Alright, so I'm trying something new this month. I had this idea floating around my idea since a friend pulled a fast one in a debate and said, "Well, what IS truth?" Stupid answer, I thought. But then I thought, what could we say is the truth? Could you ever be truthful about it? There could only ever be lots of little truths, since whats true for me couldn't possibly be true for Val Kilmer. All in all, too much thinking was done, and not enough writing for Ritshag, so heres me making up for that. Maybe it works, maybe it doesn't. If not, put the fucking thing down and go for a walk already!

-----  
"What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

-Francis Bacon, Of Truth

The truth is riding to school on a broken bicycle, endangering yourself and those around you. The truth is a broken oven on Thanksgiving. The truth isn't Clapton. The truth is news that's really entertainment, entertainment that's really news. The truth is going into work hoping and praying that today is the day you get fired. The truth is that I can't help but judge all of my customers. The truth is, I wonder what they all think of me.

-----



(sorry jess i had to include this so the ritshagers can all shit their pants with laughter like i did)

i hugged a woman with one arm yesterday. at a dinner party. she was leaning in to get her coat and i thought she was saying goodbye to me. I didnt even know her and afterwards i felt like everyone was watching me thinking 'ya you thought she was leaning over to hug you'. I didnt know anyone at the party either...

-from my socially awkward moments in montreal vault  
Jess

ps i can keep them comming theres'a plenty



# making home and missing home

by J. SLIMMON

Sometimes people move to a new place and call it home. Sometimes people move from place to place so much that what they bring with them feels like home. And sometimes, when you move somewhere new, and you're in the middle of making home, you start to miss where you came from at the same time.

Here are some of the things I miss about Brandon\*

1) Big nights in the B-town with everyone. Everyone! Like Halloween or Newyears, when all the people you know are either at the Decker or the house party of the evening. In a bigger city you spend these 'big nights' going from party to party trying to find out where everyone is having the most fun and by the end of the night you realize everyone is doing the same thing as you are...drunkenly walking between empty parties. There are too many options here. I only want two. and I want all my friends to be there.

2) The dance party: okay the one time I went dancing here, it kicked Brandon's ass and im expecting it to happen again, but we've got our dance on before, Brandon and I. Its a rare occassion, you save it all up, and then when it happens its magical.

3) Walks with dogs where there are no people. Just you, the forest and a dirty river. I kindof miss that river too (kindof)

4) Stars, fields, grass, sky... One day while I was here, a friend and I tried to leave and go camping for the night on the outskirts of town. Montreal is an Island, so that requires some planning and we'd done dick-all except pack food, wine, sleeping bags and a tent. It took us the whole day, struggling against the city before we gave up and ate said food and said wine in the middle of a downtown 'park' like homebums with all of our stuff...it was laaame.

5) I miss how un-hungry Brandon is. We are kindof apathetic and lazy sometimes...you gotta admit it. It could be the only music show happening for miles in Febuary, it could be your friends art-opening, anything really, and garaunteed its poorly attended. But we dont care too much and we dont feel bad either...besides its cold outside!

6) Most of all I miss the people: some of you make my tummy feel so warm and so fuzzy that I consider flapping my arms all fast like Im trying to fly away like katy does when shes excited or when sees our brother hugging our grandma which makes her happy...

So love to you Brandon, someday ill send you postcard of things I dont miss about you...for now your like a warm glass of ovaltine before I go to bed. See you at Christmas!

\*If any of these things dont make you feel just a little happy then its time to move out of the wheatecity and find out why you stay there when you do.

"Just gimme some truth — all I want is the truth."

-John Lennon

The truth is that yelling at your cat makes you feel better about yourself, but you shouldn't yell at cats. Yell at Jehovah's Witnesses instead. The truth is that you try to look so tough that we all know you're probably gay, but we still love you. Cut that shit out. The truth is that you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic, and you panic. The truth is that there's around thirty pages of better articles you could be reading in this here zine. The truth is that they all just want your money. The truth is I wouldn't find your money, either.

E.

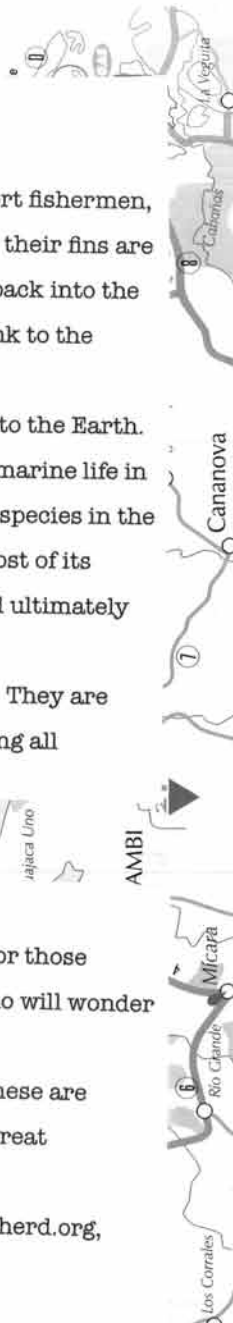
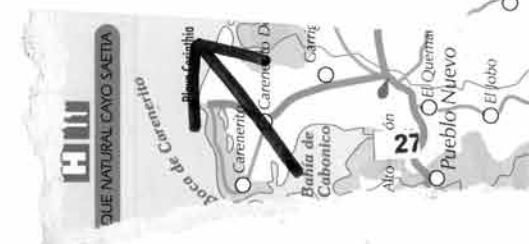


-Nietzsche

"It is not a lie to keep the truth to oneself."

-Spock

6





salmon have disappeared around BC.

Economic concerns seem to outweigh the scientific guidelines designed to ensure the long-term health of the ocean. The fish we are eating have very toxic levels of mercury, a pollutant primarily released from coal-fired power plants. It can cause damage to the nervous system.

### Whales

In 1986 the International Whaling Commission began a moratorium on all commercial whaling, which meant no more. There was a small part of it that allowed some whaling for "research" purposes however, and since then Iceland, Norway, and Japan have killed more than 25,000 whales under this guise.

Whales are intelligent, beautiful creatures that the ocean relies on. They are one of the top predators, eating much plankton, controlling ecosystems. Many whale species are endangered, some of which are still illegally hunted. The right whale (named so because it was said to be the "right" whale to catch) is in extreme danger of dying forever, as are the bowhead, blue, sperm and humpback whale.

The process of killing the whale is gruesome. They shoot a harpoon into it (whales are curious so often ride alongside these kill ships), the whale thrashes around for up to 20 minutes, bleeding out of drowning, or sometimes the whalers shoot it a few times with a rifle. It is then hauled on deck and cut up for meat and other parts, the un-usable parts thrown back onto the sea.

This barbaric act is not a necessity and has nothing to do with research.

# Top 5 or 6 movies that don't get recommended enough

by ANDREW DALTON



## (1) Rope (1948)

I bought this the other day because of a paper I'm writing. The two leads are played by guys whose names you don't need to know. The sexual tension is out of control; it was made back in the day when Hollywood was still fairly homophobic. The two main characters are not officially a couple, but they share an apartment. And a room. The movie is filmed as if it's all in one take, though at the time film stock wasn't long enough for that to actually be the case. Plot: the ambiguously gay couple kill their friend, for fun, and have a dinner party, inviting his family. Macabre fun for all.

## (2) Diva (1981)

This is a French movie. It has a one of those awesome plots that's reused over and over again, yet always seems newish and half-decent. This young dude, I think he's a motorcycle messenger, steals a recording of an opera singer. Somehow it gets mixed up with another recording some criminals are after and excitement ensues. I haven't seen it in a couple years, but I remember really liking it.

## (3) The Good Thief (2002)

The best plot of all time. Our protagonist comes out of retirement to pull off that one last job. Our protagonist is Nick Nolte. He's also trying to kick heroin. And the story has just enough twists to keep it interesting. If you rent it and think the disc is skipping, it's not.





#### (4) Back to School (1986)

The best movie ever to get you through exams. On hearing the news that his son hates university, a rich old guy (Rodney Dangerfield) decides the best solution is to head back to university himself. He hires Kurt Vonnegut to write a paper on Slaughterhouse Five, and gets some Nasa goons to do his physics. I think Sum 41 gave a nod to the diving competition in one of their old music videos. Robert Downey Jr. is in it to, and he's younger than you, probably.



#### (5) Bugsy (1991)

If you've seen all the classic gangster flicks like GoodFellas, Casino, The Godfather, Once Upon a Time in America, and you're still not satisfied, then check out Bugsy. It's the true story of how Las Vegas was created, so it might make a good double feature with Casino. Ben Kingsley stars, and he's his usual badass self. Not as good as any of the above gangster movies, but definitely worth watching.



#### (6) Following (1998)

I only watched this because the writer-director, Christopher Nolan, also made a bunch of movies I love: Memento, Insomnia, Batman Begins, the Prestige, and the Dark Knight. Following was made for \$6,000; much less than Paranormal Activity, even. It's short. Under 70 minutes long. Needless to say, I wasn't expecting a whole lot. But goddamn this movie is good. If you liked Memento or the Prestige, you'll like Following. If you like twists and double crosses then watch it. Given that the movie is only a couple minutes over an hour long, I was worried that it might feel like a TV episode. Instead it feels like a 90 minute movie with absolutely everything superfluous cut out. It's lean.

#### Dolphin Slaughter

Each year from September to March in Taiji, Japan, a gruesome slaughter of dolphins occurs in a small cove. This has happened in other areas in Japan, Denmark and the Faroe Islands as well. The dolphins are used for meat (which contains extremely high levels of mercury) and is said to also be simply for population control. They say the dolphins eat too much of their fish. The "lucky" ones are not killed, they are dragged out of the water by their tails and put in crates which are shipped to Seaquariums (everyone smiles at Marine Land right?) and "swim with dolphin" programs, to live a life of captivity.

The dolphins are herded into a small cove by the fishermen banging long poles that go into the water, creating a loud sound that makes ultra sound sensitive dolphins panic. They proceed to stab and slash them with knives and hooks. They thrash for about 6 minutes as they bleed to death along with their family, turning the sea literally red.

These are incredibly smart animals. They are social like us, they are self aware like us and they feel, like us.

#### Overfishing and Toxicity

It is believed that overfishing will wipe out the breeding population of the Atlantic bluefin tuna (one of the oceans largest and fastest predators) in three years unless catches are dramatically reduced.

Bluefin tuna have declined by 85% in the Eastern Atlantic and by more than 90% in the Western Atlantic. Populations of lobster, sea urchin, squid, sea bass, yellowtail and swordfish have all been in sharp decline, some experts argue they may entirely disappear. 11 million sockeye

# 5 Things to Know About Today's Oceans:

by ERIN GARDEN

## The Great Pacific Ocean Garbage Patch

There is a gyre of marine litter in the Central North Pacific Ocean that is larger than the state of Texas. There are high concentrations of floating plastic and other debris (from bags to fishing line) that have been trapped by the currents of the North Pacific Gyre. Most if it is not visible to the naked eye as it is under water and very small pieces in some cases. 90% of this is plastic. There are 5 other known garbage patches in the ocean around the world.

The effect on wildlife is drastic. Much of the plastic ends up in the stomachs of marine birds and animals including Sea Turtles and the Albatross. Sea turtles and others get caught in the debris and die. Albatross' feed their young the plastic, mistaking it for food, and the young die. The plastic is toxic; some of it is eaten by jellyfish, which are eaten by fish that humans then consume. The toxins then end up in us.

It is estimated that 80% of the garbage comes from land, and the other 20% from ships. Until more recent years much of this was biodegradable, but with the arrival of plastics it has changed. In the garbage patch it has been found that there is six times more plastic than plankton, a vital source of oxygen for Earth.

# WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU?

## katy

1. bowling
2. jamming
3. dancing
4. eating too much of everything
5. brandy candies
6. brandy
7. wine
8. goofy sweaters
9. baby hesu
- 10 mix tapes

## alex

Christmas is the best! Every year my parents buy me the dumbest shit, but I don't care because it's Christmas! Santa is the best!

p/s i'm jewish

## blaine

Christmas is a time to celebrate Jesus birthday and visit with family and friends. It is my favorite holiday of the year. I love the warm feeling that many of the Christmas traditions from decorating the tree to sipping egg nog bring.

## derek

to me .. it means seeing family .. better chances to see friends who may be in town visiting .. crazy shopping, crazy bad drivers .. super short days, super long nights .. capitalism gone completely mad in the guise of a holiday that christianity subverted from the ancients .. pageantry in general



shosh

alright. to me they bring.. snow, latkes (potato pancakes), seasonal affective disorder and...

crochet

grant

"The Christmas season is too long, with too many shopping days, too many carols and too many parties. Wait, scratch that -- almost enough parties and nog. But Christmas itself is too short, with too much family, friends and merrymaking crammed into too little time. That's why I support the 'Christmas Week' movement -- a full week of stat holidays between Christmas and New Year's."

ben hadaller

Every year I make the drive to my home town to spend some quality awkward bonding with a group of people who don't really want to be in the same room as one another. They do it with a smile on there face only because my Grandmother doesn't allow anything different. The majority of us take this as an opportunity to eat too much food and do some day time drinking. The holidays are great!

Kirby

Christmas is: An Odd Warm Feeling, The sense Of Home, A time when happniess seems to outweigh all other feelings of doubt or fear in the world  
Chirstmas is:  
Drunken Debauchery W. Friends And Family  
Chirstmas is... Buying Useless Shit For People You Sometimes Like

scott

Christmas is the paramount time of year to realize that you're the only living person on the face of the earth. It's a perfect opportunity to take advantage of unlocked doors and miraculous dinner spreads across North America. It's one step closer to something and five steps back from something else.

#### WOLFMOTHER - COSMIC EGG

I'm a sucker for bands that try to re-capture so-called "vintage" sounds (see Hexes and Ohs review), but at some point I draw the line. Black Sabbath, Blue Cheer, Jimi Hendrix, Hawkwind, Peter Greene's Fleetwood Mac - we remember them because they were good at playing blues-y, metal-y rock 'n' roll that we could get stoned to. They could sing about fairies wearing boots and electric ladylands and unicorns without sounding like complete assholes or manchildren. And why? Because it was the thing to do then. Apparently, nobody bothered to tell Andrew Stockdale of Wolfmother that. The new album from Wolfmother tries oh so hard to be as though they're playing in the 1970s, but fall miserably short. It's like they've done everything they could to do so, but everything they manage to do makes them fall farther and farther from the mark. The result is boring and quickly irritating, like a bar band that takes itself a little too seriously. And sure, I guess it does manage to ultimately sound like something from the era it tries to capture, but paradoxically it sounds like something that would have been quickly forgotten then, and thus never heard of. If you're going to copy a vintage musical movement, at least do it WELL. Fuck you, Andrew Stockdale, for copying classic rock, and for fuck's sake, cut your fucking hair. It's like a sheep fucked Carrot Top and he gave birth to you.

[what, no score at all? -rtahg]



**MANCE LIPSCOMB - SONGSTER - THE BLUES COLLECTION, VOL 85**

Son of a slave, his name Mance was apparently short for "emancipation", and it's hard to put Lipscomb's blues any other way. An acoustic blues artist from Texas through and through, he features soft vocals over beautiful, catchy, and thoroughly melancholy guitar. But it doesn't have the sleaze of other Texas blues (amirite, Johnny Winter?), or the drudging, funeral pace that most people think of when they listen to them blues. It, well, makes you want to dance. The upbeat nature of the rhythms resemble ragtime jazz, and only work to add irony to the despairing lyrics, of which Manscomb was apparently a veritable archive of. If you played through three quarters of the twentieth century in the peripheries of the big names of folk and blues, you would be, too. Ultimately, Manscomb leaves you feeling unsure of whether or not you should smile in the sunshine or lay down and die. At the very least, he left an autobiography that tells the tale of extreme poverty and staring down into the starving, war-torn void that was the twentieth century. You won't feel so bad about spilling your beer after you read about sleeping under park benches with your guitar between gigs in Shitstain, TX during the depression. Phenomenal artist, and one you probably haven't heard of, but definitely should have.

5/5 SOMETHING OR OTHERS



# Random Thoughts from a Random Girl

by DANA NELSON

Since I'm a school kid and finals are coming up I haven't done much but study and people watch. These are my results  
Lately I've had wild and passionate monogamous relationships with John E. Robbins.. or in other words the University library. I spend ridiculous amounts of time here but I still hand in my assignments late. Just by clocking in hours in the library I feel like a better student even if most of that time is wasted creeping on facebook or on shaggy hair men in plaid shirts. There this one table that I call the "Breakfast Club." They are nowhere even comparable to John Hughes wicked rat pack but the name is fitting; A) they're always there wicked early... and accordingly so am I if I'm aware of this B) They don't have homework with them, they just eat their oranges and peanut butter sandwiches C) The one boy that sits with them never has homework and I don't think he even goes to school here but he seems pretty badass and has long hair which reminds me of Judd Nelson

I met a friend of my Dad's recently; He is from a Mennonite community and the father of eight boys all under the age of fifteen. He was an alcoholic; never before have I witnessed someone with such charisma. Normally I would hate someone if they told me they had eight DUI charges in one year but with him it seemed like minor discrepancies. I think his charisma is what kept him out of jail and is what would make him a good politician.

I was told she was once normal but now she's a quack because she did too much LSD when she was young. She's about fifty years old, wears a winter parker in thirty degree weather, her hair is bleached to a color that could possibly be lighter than white and she is the most polite person I have ever encountered. She's has a very innocent quality about her, always says please and thank you and wishes you good day but she has some unrecognizable tattoos which makes me believe the badass LSD story.

He's middle-aged man with Pakistan descent. Whenever he comes into the store he sings everything. He sings about milk prices, the weather, how he lost his job and consequently he's moving to Winnipeg and how he loves our donuts. Do my ignorance to his culture I'm not sure if this man is crazy or if singing rather than speaking is normal for him, either way he makes me very uncomfortable.

He's very attractive, tall dark and handsome the whole works. He smokes deMaurier regular cigarettes and always uses a credit card to buy them. He has really shifty eyes and smiles out of the corner of his mouth. Sometimes when I see him he's really sweaty but I don't think it's from physical activity. He's always very polite and even makes small talk once in awhile but I think he's a junkie.

Lately all I can see is robots. I spent my three hour night class drawing different types of Robots. I made some cute ones, evil ones and some strange ones. Then I went to the poster sale at the University and there were several different robot posters. I've become convinced it's a sign of some sort and it's beginning to take over my life.



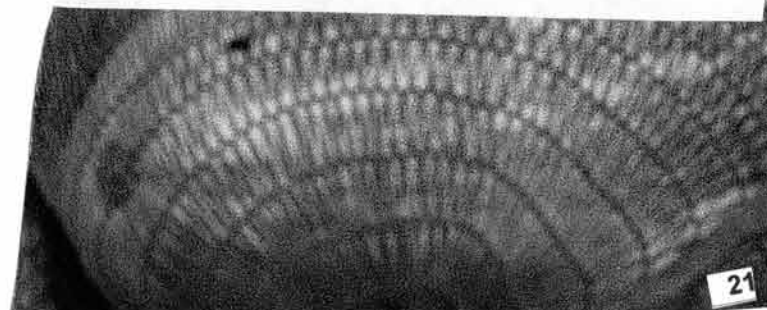
## KUDROW - "LANDO" and BOMB THE MUSIC INDUSTRY!/LAURA STEVENSON AND THE CANS - "BOMB/LAURA SPLIT"

I figured it wasn't enough to just consider four songs on an EP, and moreover a four song split, so I thought I'd talk about them all at once, to save Matt and Katy valuable cutting and pasting time, and because I'm messy and hasty like that. Whatever, don't judge me, Jeff Rosenstock is in both Kudrow and Bomb the Music Industry!, so it works, alright!? And, considering that, if you listened to Kudrow, you'd think it was a stripped down BTMII, which is certainly not a bad thing, although that leads to my only complaint: what if I actually WANTED something new from him? It certainly is good listening, but it just seems to easily melt into the body of BTMII's discography. Catchy riffs, funny, topical lyrics, and the same energy from Rosenstock that I know and love. Laura Stevenson reinvents BTMII's loud, melodic rant, "It Ceases to Be 'Whining' if You're Still 'Shitting Blood'" as though it were her own. By stripping it down to something resembling folk, the song becomes her own, which is the definition of a good cover. It's reinvention rather than reiteration, and I love that. Complementing this is BTMII's cover of Stevenson's "A Shine To It", which achieves the exact same effect - something new from something old. While the original broke your heart and made you wonder why you got out of bed or ever bothered to fall in love, BTMII's interpretation exposes in it the relevant, topical nature found in their own songs. Fuckin' flawless. Oh, and the new songs by both artists are fab, too. Go and listen to them all. And then put on Kudrow to keep the good feelings coming, even if it seems like something you've heard already.

9/5 GOLD STARS

(the "editor" would like to "point out" that Kudrow only really sounds like Bomb the Music Industry! in the same way that the Arrogant Sons of Bitches sound like Bomb the Music Industry!, or how Pegasus-XI sometimes sound like Bomb the Music Industry!, or how "Wednesday Night Drinkballs" sounds sort of like Andrew Jackson Jihad with piano and Jeff Rosenstock - in short Adam's crazy and also probably a reptoid)

also the BTMII/Laura split is a free download from the Quote Unquote Records website! get on it!

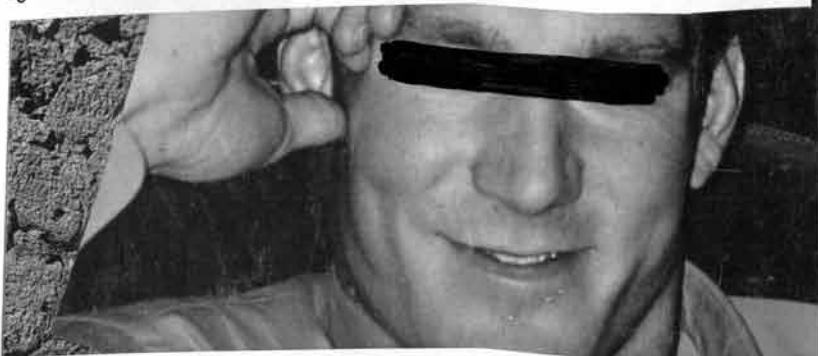




ADAM SCHIPPER PRESENTS:

# ADAM SCHIPPER TALKS SHIT ABOUT MUSIC

by ADAM SCHIPPER



## HEXES AND OHS - BEDROOM MADNESS

Usually this kind of self-conscious indie-techno-pop-whatever kinda gets to me. It tries so hard to personify that quirky hipster awkwardness that it's about as subtle as getting a fork in the eye. A lo-fi synth fork. Even the album art screams, "I LISTEN TO VINYL AND WEAR LITTLE BOY T SHIRTS FROM THE SALLY ANN, REMEMBER BIKER MICE FROM MARS?! I FUCKIN LOVE DAT SHIT!" Their Wikipedia page claims they have a "bolder, more confident personality" compared to their last album, which is a nice way of saying exactly what I just said. Silly analogies and wiki-fu aside, this album is okay; Edmund Lam's reedy voice fits well with the ironic '80s feel that they capture. And, the melodies her writes are super catchy, and that's what really matters, right? Of course, if you listened to the first single off of it, "H-H-Highschool" before listening to the rest of the album, you suffer the same problem that I did, that the rest of the album just seems like padding for this one song, and their value as individual tracks suffer as a result. Regardless, there's a tiny part of me that thinks that had that not happened, I'd like this album more. Pirate it, don't buy it. What saves it is its lack of overproduction, the arch-devil of modern pop that manages to be what pop should be - simple, catchy, and a good time. I'm looking at you, Shiny Toy Guns.

3/7 LO-PI SYNTH FORKS

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an interview with

# the BROKE SPOKES

part II of II (continues from part I in RITSHAG #8)  
photos provided by the band (credit to matt allard, will tarleton, maybe others? who knows!)  
"interview" by matt f.

This is the second part of the interview with the Broke Spokes, in which we discuss at length many important topics, including the origins of the band. In the interest of saving time and sparing our readers some (not all) of the animal genitals conversation, I cut out a bunch of the stuff that was less than 25% related to the band and left in some stuff that had be laughing out loud upon hearing/reading it. Great band, fun interview.

the Broke Spokes are:  
Will - Guitar, banjo, vocals  
Lochie - Upright bass, vocals  
Jodi - Violin, vocals  
Aaron\* - Drums, vocals

\*not present for the interview



ANIMAL PARTY!



Will: Graham invited us on tour last night.

Jodi: Really?

Will: They're doing a short tour to Edmonton right now, and they said "When we come back, we're going to plan something east, so you guys should come on tour". (laughs)

Jodi: I wanna go to the east coast so bad.

Lochie: Why did I just have to get a real job? (laughs)

Jodi: Did he say in the winter time?

Will: Yeah, like it won't be for a while.

Jodi: How long, like a week?

Will: What do you mean? When does it happen or how long?

Jodi: Yeah, how long?



AARON DRUMMIN'

Will: I'm not sure, month long tour or something?

Jodi: Oh, fuck, I'm supposed to start school in the winter.

Will: It'd start in January though, right? Maybe we'll sneak it in before Christmas or some shit. This is all just up, sort of mystical stuff right now.

Lochie: More or less daydreaming with the slight basis in reality.

Jodi: It's kinda funny, I was talking to my mom about school. I was like "I wanna start school" and she said "If you start touring, what are you gonna do for school?". And I was like "Well...I...I'd drop out I guess?".

Will: Yeah, we're all dropouts.

Matt: So when exactly did the band start?

Lochie: It started on December evening and the...the sun was low.

Will: You're not a poet, shut up.

Jodi: Aaron's the poet.

Lochie: It's not even animal reproduction, we just seem to love talking about animals.

Will: We're going to release an EP about animals.

Lochie: After the first real -

Matt: After the real deal you're gonna put out an EP about animals?

Will: Three song EP, the first song is called "Cat's Christ". What was the other one? Oh, "Year of the Kitchen Chicken", that's another one. I don't know what else though. We'll get there.

Lochie: Might do a split. Our animal album and household items album.

Will: That's not a good idea.

Lochie: No?

Will: We want to release an actual split with Adam from Cold Storage.

Lochie: That would be better.

Will: Splits are fun.

Matt: Yeah, a good way to get into bands you're not familiar with.

Will: Yeah, and I wanna play somebody else's song and do a bad job of it.

(laughter)

(Will considers changing the band name to "something about dinosaurs sex", and about their side project The Slendercocks, "an electric, all-cock incarnation of the Broke Spokes", "...we had one practice, one time, it was pretty good. We just screamed and played guitar solos", "it's going nowhere fast")

Matt: Any final thoughts, maybe?

Will: I wanna go outside.

Lochie: Let's wrap it up and smoke a cigarette.

Will: Jodi, final words are on you!

Jodi: I got nothin'.

(laughter)

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## LOCHIE BASSING AROUND



Joe: And some food for myself.

Lochie: But, yeah, like we were talking about before. Just pasta with butter on it. Spaghetti with butter, salt and pepper. I swear to god - yeah, butter and onions.

Will: We're pretty big on nutrition.

Lochie: (laughs) Apples.

Will: Are too pricey for me.

Jodi: Cut an apple in half, and you take out the core, and fill it with peanut butter. Awesome.

someone: CRUNCHY PEANUT BUTTER, WITH A SPOON!

Will: Also, our friend Watson turned me on to peanut butter on hotdogs a little while ago. Bacon and peanut butter, too.

Jodi: You take tortilla wraps and put peanut butter on it, and put it in the microwave. Or Cheez Whiz.

(Lochie hates jam jars for bein' small, Joe talks about his food for a while, the conversation shifts to beer)

Will: What about that beer where you put a whole chicken in the beer? Old Cock it's called. They make it with a full rooster, they just throw it in the vat. Like a full fuckin' rooster.

Lochie: It's a Samuel Adams beer.

Will: Yeah. Old Cock.

(laughter)

(we talk about pigeon wine, how wasted you get off cobra poison, cobra wine, pig penises, and nothing at all related to the band for a while)

Matt: Let's find a way to relate that to the band.

(oh shit this just got serious)

Lochie: Well you see the band is like a pig penis.

Will: Who's eating us?

Joe: You just insulted yourself so hard there. Bland and chewy, just like the Broke Spokes? (laughter)

Will: Maybe because it was cut up you can't confirm or deny this story, but I've heard pig's cocks are the same shape as their tail. Corkscrew cock.

Jodi: Let's write a song called "corkscrew cock".

Lochie: Back to the band -

Will: Cats have barbs on their dick.

(how bed bugs and squids reproduce similarly)

Will: The only way I can relate pig cocks to the Broke Spokes is we're clearly very distracted by animal reproduction.

(laughter)

Will: Also there's a rat that lives in this house.

Matt: Do you have a name for the rat?

Will: I dunno, I haven't seen him in person yet, I just hear him at night fuckin' around. He was probably like, sleeping on you last night or something.

Matt: (laughs) Maybe that's why my feet were warm.

Jodi: Is it a rat or a mouse?

Will: I think it's a rat, it sounds big.

Jodi: What if it's a squirrel?

Will: That'd be fucked up.

Will: Yeah Aaron's a poet.

Lochie: Yeah where's Aaron, we need Aaron to narrate this and make it sound really cool.

Will: OK here's the deal. Originally, the Broke Spokes were a bicycle gang that me and Alex Rapley started. That's where the name came from, we were a bicycle gang, and it was basically me and Alex riding around at night getting drunk under bridges all over Winnipeg. And then I realized "Hey! That'd be a good name for a band. Holy fuck, let's be a band." Now we're a bicycle gang band.

Lochie: Me and Will first played together when we were...fuck, fourteen?

Will: Yeah think I was thirteen.

Lochie: Yeah, up at Clear Lake. And we probably made more money then, than last night. (laughs)

Will: We just busked around town.

Lochie: Yeah, we just busked in front of Siesta and made like \$30 in an hour or something like that. It was really quite impressive, I just remember I got \$10 and was like "Wow. That's pretty cool". So yeah, I had a bass back then, we played for a little while and then it was done.

Will: The only shit was getting him to get a bass again and getting Jodi on board. When that happened we were fuckin' flying. These two fell in love and then Lochie manipulated Jodi into playing violin with us.

(laughter)

Lochie: You think it was of your own volition you came downstairs to play with us, but it was a cleverly crafted plan by myself to lure you in!

Jodi: You know, I don't doubt it.

Lochie: It's really the only reason why I'm dating you now.

(laughter)

Will: They're not allowed to break up, there's a clause in our contract. They break up I get all their money.

(laughter)

Lochie: We break up we have to pay will alimony.

Will: Also, we're gonna record, we should have an album by Christmas. We've got sort of a demo right now. But we didn't get the art done in time to hand it out last night.

Lochie: Yeah, Graham wants to record us. It'll be nice to work with someone who actually knows how to record things rather than us just kind of -

Jodi: Standing around a microphone.

Lochie: All around one mic. Pressing record on the fucking tape deck. (laughs)

Will: Which works fine, I like it, but I could see there'd be benefits to trying something else. And he's a good guy.

Matt: Is this the guy who was doing sound last night?

Will: No, this is Graham from the Blackout Brigade. He got a hold of me, I'd never even met the guy and he e-mailed us out of the blue on our Myspace and just asked if we wanted to come play. Kinda took a big shot in the dark, and now he wants to record us.



Rothschild's

affe,





AARON + LOCHIE

Lochie: Yeah it was really cool, I was talking to another member of the band and was like "Yeah, Graham was saying things like 'Check these guys out on myspace, we're gonna play with them. They don't know that yet but we're going to play with them'" so I guess he was pretty hell bent on us playing with them so that's good.

Will: Probably knew we would not be able to say no.

Lochie: "Hey you're a band that's never played anywhere before, do you wanna play the Cavern on Friday night?"

Jodi: I think the most hits we had in one day [on myspace] was 32 or something. I was like "Oh fuck yeah!"

[end of tape side A, begin side B]

Lochie: I could make a website, I used to be a nerd.

Will: We've got AJ to do it.

Jodi: Dude, uh what's it called. Google websites? They look funny.

Matt: Is that the new Angelfire or what? (laughs)

Jodi: It's like a step below Angelfire.

Matt: I don't even know if Angelfire exists anymore.

Will: Let's get a Geocities.

Matt: Those are definitely gone. They took all that stuff down.

Lochie: Geocities is done? Is that Yahoo!'s?

Matt: Yeah. They took all the Geocities down.

Will: I had a Geocities called "Bicycles Are Fun".

(laughter)

Will: It was just like, nothing. Rambling.

Jodi: Do you remember if it was a Geocities site, that "how to be emo.com"? I sent that to Moe and he was so serious about it, and thought it was for real.

Will: Moe is a rearrangement of emo, holy fuck.

(laughter)

Lochie: Holy shit, it is! It's not his fault!

Jodi: There's another one about how to be anorexic. It said something like "if you feel hungry, go to sleep".

(laughs)

Jodi: It was awful.

Will: See, I've employed that technique in my life but it's just because there's no food. Starve nap. The best. When I first moved to the city, me and my buddy Matt lived together and we'd always have the lights and the heat off in the winter 'cuz we had no money to pay the bill. So we'd sit around in the dark, eating...what'd we eat...big bowl of rice with a can of tomato soup poured in it. And we'd just sit there, in the dark, on the floor. Eating this - just spoons in a big pot.

Jodi: You know what the best is though? Franks and beans.

Will: Yeah. Fuckin' rules.

Jodi: Or, KD with hotdogs in it.

Lochie: (really loudly) OH, I love KD with hotdogs in it!

Matt: I think everyone should take a moment to tell us their favourite cheap foods.

(laughter)

Jodi: There's this recipe called Beavertails. It's a piece of toast with a little bit of beans on it, and you cut a hotdog in half [horizontally] and you put cheese and onions on that and bake it in the oven til the toast is brown.

Will: I've been pretty big lately on buying a can of salmon, like the one with the bones and the skin and everything because it costs way less than the one without the bones, and you just pour Mrs. Dash on it and just eat it like that.

(laughter)



BROKE SPORES ROCKING OUT

Will: Smells like cat food, but it's good.

Lochie: I like taking raw oats and putting them in a cup with just milk and a little bit of sugar and not even cooking them. Raw oats. Oh and some nuts.

(laughter)

(Joe walks in)

Joe: I brought beer and smokes.

Lochie: Yeah!