

Talking B.C. B(i)ooze

Come listen friends to a sorry tale
About an Englishman's obsession with ale.
When I first got to old Vancouver,
Jetlagged, sucked dry as a rusty Hoover,

I asked a passing copper,
"Where is the nearest pub, mate?"
He said, "Friend, two miles down the block,
But I wouldn't sweat any:
Ain't no beer there anyways."
And he laughed, the rotten sod.
I didn't know whether to cry
Or get myself arrested for a crime of passion.

There was a beer strike on, it was only too true;
There was just bloody vino, water and juice.
Bruce, a pal, said, "Here, try some of this."
And gave me some fermented sasquatch piss.

Mind you, across the border they call it
Olympia;
They say it's the water that does it.
Certainly does. All ninety-six percent of it.

So within two days I was brewing my own.
Within four days I was drinking it down.
Rolling around and doing the splits;
It got me high, but it gave me the shits.
Spent most of my first week in Vancouver
Reading topical graffiti in the public restrooms
I didn't get much rest in them,
Tho' I did pick up what they call out here
A, err . . . pliddigle edjkayshun, eh.

Well, I moved into a communal house
With a couple, two kids and a kitchen mouse.
I said, "Among the skills I've got to offer,
I brew me own beer, strong and proper."

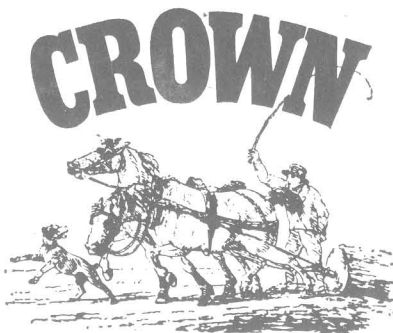
Blimey, talk about
'some seeds fell on stony ground.'
These new age purists, cleaner than clean,
And beer was lo-o-ow consciousness.
It'll tarnish the house's aura,
Puncture the cloud we're sitting on.

Then I joined the local folksong club
That meets in a cafe, not a decent pub
The singers all bellow about real beer,
But give 'em a bottle, they'll smile and sneer,
"No thanks, mate,
I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole.
I'll stick to my Labatts."
Hop-flavoured lemonade and gas
"Homegrown beer!
—must be some kind of hippy!"

And the B.C. laws are diabolical
When it comes to substances alcoholical.
It's that good old protestant ethic y'see,
Built on good ole hypocrisy.

You've got to feel guilty about having fun;
Gives a sharp edge to your pleasure.
It's a way of life out here!

from the singing of Tony Montague



NATURALLY STRONG ALE

Brewed by Cameron's

So help me, this is the true story, with a bare minimum of poetic licencing, of my first traumatic encounter with the Great Canadian Deception—drink. It is in the traditional talking blues mould—with occasional extended *ad lib* chat and moan after each verse. Readers are referred to Bob Bossin's "New Talking Atom Blues" in the March/April issue of the *Bulletin* for an account of the talking blues form and the basic chord pattern.

Tony Montague