

# DISCORD

MAGAZINE

that BETWEEN THE SYNTAX ERROR mag from CiTR 101.9 FM

APRIL-MAY 2024 • VOL.41 • NO.02 • ISSUE 435 • ZERO CENTS



# That BETWEEN THE SUNMAX ERROR mag from CiTR 101.9 fm

April-May 2024 // Vol. 41 // No. 2 // Issue #435  
cover by sophy

# DISCORDER m a g a z i n e

## EDITOR'S NOTE

### HEY,

Vancouver has what is known as a music scene. You've probably heard of it. I've seen it myself. Good friends who know more than me have shown me places to go. Places to go watch people play songs, places to dance to songs. Where to eat eggs for dinner, where to feel loveless underground, where to be transcendent in a field. In the sparse confines of a city that keeps regulation and punitive damage on an even keel, it's easy to look out into a sea of shuttered doors and let the bile run up your throat. These rooms are where the scene lives, eats and smokes normal-style, but rooms are closing faster than we can have fun in them. There's an alternative path, I think, and it's not disregarding the reality of this situation completely, but simply navigating it as it unfolds in the present with a sense of curiosity. Everything changes and nothing stops, but you don't need to protect your future self by treating the present like a precursor to "better things," thereby demeaning it. The present scene — fraught, anxious and jittery — will eventually slip away into different rooms, into different songs and people. And I'm not saying you have to enjoy everything. This is not a gratitude thing. What I am saying is: complaining is boring and stupid. If the scene is a bad time to you, the only thing there is to do about your bad time is to pretend it makes you interesting. It doesn't, of course, but sometimes pretending is the only place there is to start from. The only way to get out of a bad time and over to something else is to be meddlesome and somewhat delusional; to keep moving into new experiences like you were fucking born yesterday and what's it to you anyways? If we are to keep getting rooms and songs in this city, there has to be more to it than the good vs. bad dichotomy. Maybe I'm just some jerk, and maybe this is my concrete-headed diatribe against negativity that I perceive as patronizing — but we do this thing where we fill up 36 pages of people doing things in this city, against all odds. Like 36 little snapshots of Vancouver at any given moment. It feels like trying to make sense of things, kind of crookedly, and on the run. Never revolutionary, but because of that, more profound. Invest in those rooms and hopefully we will get to a place where they're bigger and grosser and full of the kind mischief we've always been capable of.

TL;DR: This issue is a big romantic gesture. We had to add extra pages!! Extra pages!! That's only happened once before and it was for less fun reasons (advertising.) Here you can read Stephanie van Wijk's interview with Ana-Eve of Goats & Lasers — which is also kind of about crows. Isabelle Whittall, Harmela Kassa and Naomi Endale give us honeyed glimpses of Cozy Corner, and Oceania Kee takes us into a night of *Films for Gaza* at Liquidation World. *Discorder* also offers you: Into the Archives, pt. 2 with dani larose — a look into our past because, not only do we still got it, we always had it.

any questions, don't ask

-T

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## chops

- 05 • COZY CORNER  
w/ FAY, Haleluya Hailu and Sam Chimes
- 08 • GOATS & LASERS  
Crows, Bobby McFerrin & Cat-shirt Tuesday
- 11 • CHILL X STUDIO  
Traditional w. a twist
- 12 • INTO THE ARCHIVES  
Real Dyke shit
- 22 • DISCORDERXRAWFILES  
Portals
- 24 • TEETH by DALLAS HUNT  
Hurling towards mortality
- 25 • DEBI'S (TEENAGE)  
THEOSOPHICAL  
ENLIGHTENMENT  
Deborah Edmeades @ Afternoon Projects
- 26 • FILMS FOR GAZA  
Solidarity for Palestine, through film,  
through literature, through laughter
- 27 • A CANOE IS AN ISLAND  
"what else could a vessel be?"

## chips

- 19 • APRIL CALENDAR  
artwork by JAMES SPETIFORE
- 20 • MAY CALENDAR  
classic pop-ups courtesy of Music Waste
- 21 • DISCOTHRASH  
"Microplates" by Zoe Shelton
- 28 • UNDER REVIEW  
even more words about sounds in context
- 32 • STAR CANYON DIGEST  
From the desk of Dr. Phineas Winnebago
- 33 • CiTR's PROGRAMMING GRID
- 34 • CiTR's PROGRAMMING GUIDE
- 35 • MARCH 2024 CHARTS!!!

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You may also direct comments, complaints and corrections via email.



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# MY PET CAT POKEY WHO DOESN'T READ DISORDER

or some contributor bios of  
APRIL/MAY 2024

## ZEPHYR FREBOLD

Zephyr Frebold is a UBC undergrad in the Faculty of Arts and is gonna major in whatever he finds easiest in his third year. Some of his interests include window shopping at Whole Foods and Stand-up Comedy.

## BRIELLE LESAGE

2nd year UBC student in Poli Sci and Visual Arts .

## ALISTAIR HENNING

Award winning portrait and art photographer based near Vancouver, Canada. || [www.AlistairHenning.com](http://www.AlistairHenning.com) || IG: @AlistairHenning

## R. HESTER

Final Fantasy IX Disc 4 energy 4ever.

## MEGHAN LOK

Meghan Lok is a cat whisperer and animal welfare student and goes by @fidgiored in creative spaces. This alter ego's hyperfixations may include Muay Thai, listening to metal, and exploring as many art forms as she can.

## WENDY VONG

Wendy Vong is an aspiring event photographer.

## SARAH BELTAGY

Sarah Beltagy is a part-time student, part-time falafel-wrapper, full-time menace.

## SOPHY (BLUEROCKETSHIP.JPG)

drawing silly doodles to fill up my time and empty my mind.

## RHI FORSYTH

Rhi Forsyth is an illustrator, graphic designer, and tattoo artist from the rainy city of Vancouver. She illustrates art that is both cute and calm, primarily working with coloured ink and watercolour. Her art style is influenced by nature, literature, folklore, and animation.

## MARIANNA LEE SCHULTZ

Marianna Lee Schultz lives in Vancouver where she works a job and tries to write stories.

## ELITA MENEZES

Elita Menezes is A UBC student who secretly doesn't know much about music. She writes in various genres whenever she isn't watching cringy television.

## LEO MCGURK

Leo McGurk is a music lover and aspiring journalist. Currently on exchange at UBC from University College London.

## TESSA MCDERMID

Tessa McDermid is a fourth year psychology and english literature student at UBC who loves music, photography and psycho-analyzing her friends with her limited and sometimes deeply flawed psychological knowledge. In her free time, she enjoys standing awkwardly in the crowd at local shows and making bad financial decisions.

## STEPHANIE VAN WIJK

Stephanie van Wijk is plant lover and artist, writing from my desk in the jungle.

## RUBY BOOTH

Ruby Booth is an arts student and lover of the arts. Read her in Disorder and 'the hell jar' on substack.

## SAMUEL ALBERT

Samuel Albert is a Disorder writer and co-host of CiTR's Back to the Garden concert review show. A novel, essay collection, poetry chapbook, TV series, and a couple of screenplays are currently in the works, but don't ask Sam too much about them since they are averse to punctuality and will only get flustered.

## dani larose

♡cunty 2S michif plains cree diva etc. she/her ° TURTLE ISLAND TO PALESTINE OCCUPATION IS A CRIME

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# COZY CORNER CONCERTS

## Sam Chimes, Haleluya Hailu and Fay

WORDS BY ISABELLE WHITTALL, HARMELA KASSA, NAOMI ENDALE | ILLUSTRATIONS BY RHI FORSYTH | PHOTOS MOSTLY BY MARY JIM AKAYA

CiTR/Discorder presents; Cozy Corner, a three-night showcase inspired by NPR's Tiny Desk to highlight Black musicians in Vancouver during Black History Month. Cozy Corner is the brain-child of Hail! Discordia! co-host Zoie McClymont, and took place on February 16<sup>th</sup>, February 23<sup>rd</sup>, and March 1<sup>st</sup>. We were honored to invite Haleluya Hailu, Sam Chimes, and Fay to the station to each play a small, intimate set. Low lighting was set, cushions were arranged on the floor, and beautiful cozy tunes filled the air.



### HALELUYA HAILU

*Haleluya Hailu kicked off the event perfectly, accompanied by Chris K on guitar; the melodies were warm and fun and comfortable, and everybody was happy to jive along. I had a great time chatting with Haleluya before the show!*

**Isabelle: Welcome to Cozy Corner!!**

Haleluya: Yes, I'm very cozy and in a corner.

**We're so glad that this is happening. What are you most excited for tonight?**

I've actually never come down to CiTR/Discorder in person, and it's

really cool! I love college radio. I'm a big lover and supporter of college radio and community radio, and I love seeing the piles of *Discorder Magazines* everywhere.

**Aw yeah, that's so great! I'm glad that you can be here in person, we do have such an awesome little setup. But you've been covered by CiTR/Discorder before, although it's been a while ....**

Yeah! That was when I first started, like my first EP ever. I believe Maya Preshyon — who is at VBL now — wrote the article. It was really fun because it was the first time I'd done an interview.

**It's sweet that you kind of started with us though! What has been new and exciting since then?**

Well, I went to college. That was a choice. I loved the learning bit, I just didn't like the I-moved-to-a-small-town-for-no-damn-reason bit. I lived in Nelson for two years and I went to school at Selkirk College. I am now diploma'd. I got that Contemporary Music Diploma. It wasn't that hard. You should've seen some of the people. That can stay on the record; you should've seen some of the people that I went to school with. I think the thing about going to art school is not everybody is there to make art or build community. Some people see it as a competition, or a way to tear down others

who are just there to build skill. But you know, I've made my peace with it, I kept my head down and went to school, and dare I say it, some of the people who were kind of hard to work with and not very community minded aren't here doing an interview with *Discorder* for the second time.

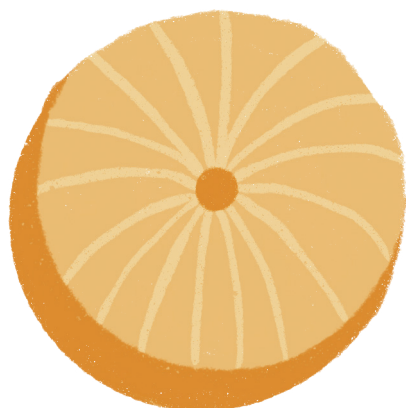
**That's interesting to me because you're Vancouver-based. So you went there for the art school, which is where you would think the inspiration for music making would come from, but that's not what you found. But here, growing up, did you feel like you needed an escape from the Vancouver music scene? Do you feel like it's stifling, or constantly new inspiration?**





Well, I have a lot of comments about the state of the Vancouver music scene. We've lost lots of ideas. We've lost lots of bands, especially post-pandemic. When I was first starting to make music in Vancouver, it was really hard because it was right when things had opened up and I struggled to find a sense of community, especially as a Black woman making music — there weren't many spaces that weren't about the same 15 people starting new bands over and over again. And that's still an issue: I find that it's a very cliquy scene. I think [it is better] now — like with the work that *Couch Jams Collective* or *The Vancouver Black Library*, as well as *648 Kingsway* and *Green Auto*. But there are still big issues I have [with the scene.] I didn't necessarily even mean to escape Vancouver, I was just impulsive and seventeen. But it did give me a new perspective.

**It is nice that there is hope for the future with new social movements and new venues. Do you have any pressing, burning, fantastic information that you want Disorder readers to know?**



Well, today, February 16<sup>th</sup>, my latest single, "Manic Pixie Pacifist" has come out. And of course, along with that, my new EP will be out March 22<sup>nd</sup>. Exclaim! leaked it first but CiTR gets it second! It's my second EP, and my first one with *604 Records*, "Eternally, Yours." This is an EP mildly inspired by *Eternal Sunshine of The Spotless Mind*. I wrote it in the Kootenays and it's an amazing project. I put out a couple singles from it, but the best songs are unreleased and we're playing a couple of them tonight! Little sneak peek!

## SAM CHIMES

*Sam Chimes headlined night 2 of CiTR's cozy corner series. I had the opportunity to chat with him after the show.*

**Naomi: Thank you so much for being here! Amazing set. I know you do a lot of improvisation during your sets, so I was wondering how much of your set today was improvised — how much is preplanned and what informs the improvisation you choose to integrate?**

Sam Chimes: What I do is organized chaos, so I follow the basic rules of music: 3/4, 4/4 time, circle of fifths, all that stuff, and then within that structure I go crazy. I do my improvisation, whatever feels good. I also base it off the people in front of me. If I notice someone is upset, I ask myself why: am I off-key? Is there a beat off? Or, sometimes it works

out that maybe I should do this in a whole other genre. Sometimes my instruments start messing up randomly, and I'm like, ok let's try something different. But, yeah, organized chaos.

**That's awesome. In your set, you talked about busking. I was wondering if and how your experience doing that informs your performance style now?**

Busking informed my performance style big time. I was telling a gentleman earlier today, I was doing







6 performances a day to pay rent. So hey, when money's a matter, it motivates right, it pushes you. So yeah, I was doing about 6 performances a day, lots of performances, lots of interactions with people, sitting at the feet of great performers too. One of the first guys that I learned from is now on cruise ships, like traveling around the world, doing crazy stuff. Riding 50 feet in the air on a unicycle, swallowing knives on fire. But through him I learned a few things about crowd control, about telling stories. I see some performers — and no shade on them — but they only do the music, and I think it's important, even if it's a cover, to tell the story behind the music. What does it mean to you? How do you feel about it? Interacting with the audience is so important in busking because if people aren't stopping, I would kinda look like a fool \*laughs\* I mean who am I singing to then? I learned the most about crowd control and interaction from the circle acts while busking.

**It's so cool to hear about the different artforms you took inspiration from. That flows into my next question quite well; I was wondering if there are any acts past or present that you take inspiration from.**

Tupac saved my life. I was in a very bad state of mind once upon a time and his messaging and delivery really affected me. Old Kanye beats — that vibe also inspired me. You know, he has a brand of being cocky, being too

much, having an ego, and he even sings about it. But it's that confidence — I love and appreciate that. I like Common, his flow. Another artist called OddIC. As far as music, those guys really inspired me.

**Any other endeavors outside of your music you want people to know about?**

Yeah I have a few things. I'm a stunt guy in film — so if you know any stunt coordinators looking for a young black guy, athletic build, 5'8", hit me up! Also sound in film and practicing acting, which just helps with everything. Acting isn't therapy, but it can be therapeutic. The major thing I'm focused on building this year is my company called *HiChi Media*. It's on Instagram too, and I help small businesses with their branding, artists, videos, all the things.

**Thank you so much for sharing your art and words with us today! Any final words or advice for Discorder readers?**

Live your dream and never back down. It's not easy, and the best of us are trial by fire. You can't get gold without taking a few of the flames. Go through the flames, if you're meant to be there, the universe got you. And you know the main thing, the common denominator for success is first, never give up, and second of all, self-awareness and being in alignment with the universe — whatever that means to you.

## FAY

*Fay enchanted the entire room. She called on the wisdom of her parents and Nigerian heritage to invite the audience into an open exploration of love languages, vulnerability and granting the next generation with lessons on love that might not have been modeled for us. Here's what she had to say before her stunning vocal performance.*

**Harmela: Where are you from?**

Fay: I'm from Nigeria. I came here in 2011.

**Where in Nigeria [are you from?]**

I'm Yoruba and Urhobo. So it's like two different tribes that are not supposed to be together, but hey man, Romeo and Juliet!

**And you moved here — what was the culture shock like?**

It was one of those things where the kids around me — we weren't really on the same page. I learned to kind of adjust. I was bullied a lot as a kid. I lived in Burnaby, and I was the only Black kid in my school. I remember that coming with a whole lot of oppression. I remember my 2nd grade teacher advised us to move to Surrey so I could be around more Black people. Most of the people I knew from Surrey I knew through church, or from gatherings. [When my teacher] was like, I think y'all should move to Surrey, that's what we did and the whole bullying phase stopped.

**Was it in Surrey that you really chose music?**

Honestly, yes. Surrey is when I started getting into choir and I sang the National Anthem at a game. I would use my voice more, but I still hid it for years. Even growing up in music I still hid [my voice]. To this day, I'm still figuring out why I hid for that long; but it's perfect timing low-key, cause it's one of those things where you have to cook 'till it's ready. Until it's ready to share to the world and as it's out there; it's developing. I didn't want to be half-baked. So I would cook on the side, and be with the Marcus Mosely Chorale and perform and tour, and I never told

anybody until 2022. That was when I started telling people I do music.

**What is your guiding light now?**

My guiding light at this moment is honestly God. My spirit. Being somebody that has had to overcome things. It's really easy to get distracted by the noise but if I block the noise out, and I listen to God, and I do things with intention; everything just works out and everything aligns. I really try not to chase things — even time. That's honestly been my drive. If it was just for me, I'd do music in my room and never share it. But me choosing to share is inspiring somebody else. That's one of the things that motivate me because I thrive around people, and I love seeing people thrive, period. I'm gonna prepare myself to be able to be in the best condition to deliver this message that I have to give.

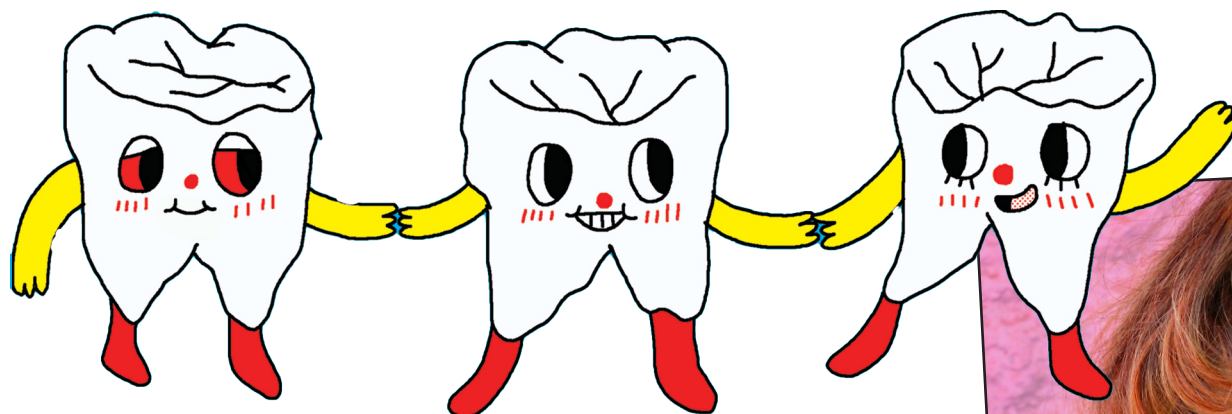
**What do you want your community to have access to?**

I want people to realize that they can do so much more than they actually think they can. I find myself sometimes hearing people doubt themselves, or not use all they're capable of using — whether that be skill, or talent, or mindset, or conversation. I feel like we use five percent of what we can really do. So any way that I can [help,] I love to be a voice to other people like, "yo, you can really do this." I think a lot of people either don't try, or don't believe it because they don't feel prepared — but it wouldn't be coming to you or for you if you weren't prepared. God really puts you in places that you're prepared for. That's why things don't come as fast because we're not prepared for [the next thing] yet, but we're prepared for this.



# Goats, Lasers, or Improv: Who's Really Talking Here?

WORDS BY STEPHANIE VAN WIJK  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOPHY  
PHOTOS BY ALISTAIR HENNING



Do you ever wish you could talk to crows? Trade gossip with the bees in the fields, complain about the weather with guppies at Jericho Beach? What would you say to them if you could? If you asked a crow (in warbled crow-speak) how its day had been, something in the shrieked response might resemble the frustration of the work week. The sometimes Sisyphean struggle of eating enough, sleeping enough, and taking care of our bodies in a world full of bird-spikes.

If you gave Ana-Eve Shendebray of Goats and Lasers three wishes, I'm certain one of them would be to talk to animals, and in a way, she already does. Ana — who also goes by Lady — is fiercely appreciative of communication and its nuances, as well as the imperfections that make sharing information both more difficult and more interesting. Few are as equipped as Lady to apply this to making music; and the overlap between language, communication, and melody finds a comfortable balance in her work. Armed with a portable synthesizer, her voice, and the objects around her, Lady celebrates imperfection and the beauty it brings to the things we do: our handwriting, fingerprints, voices and mannerisms. Lady simply organizes the sound, makes music from the things that are imperfect and beautiful. It's hard to imagine anyone else performing her work; her improvisation is as much a part of the performance as the actual sound, and her presence in the Vancouver music scene over the last decade has had undeniable impact. Her samples are captured in a flash using anything and everything around her, and her beats are fresh, developed before the audience's eyes at many of her performances: all of which are stomped out in a frenzy by confident, experienced fingers. All of this occurs in the moment; incomplete without the interaction

of others, the eyes of an audience and the ears of her OP-1 portable synthesizer: Lady captures the exchange between them as the most beautiful thing in the world, reciprocal and whole.

But more on that in a second. For now, coffee.

I meet Lady at the Wilder Snail: a cafe on the corner of a small neighborhood in Strathcona. It's warm, and the gleaming stained wood interior revitalizes me the second I enter. Transit takes a lot out of me in the last lingering months of cold, but I feel better immediately as I see Lady and grab a seat. She's already ordered a matcha latte and a croissant and set up shop at a table by the window with a sketchbook. I grab an iced chai and we find a spot on a bench across the street to talk. From there we can see crows playing in the field, and on the baseball pitch a murder of old men chainsmoke with glee. Lady is wonderful to talk to for a few reasons — but mostly because she's full of stories, little analogies, and you can never tell where one ends and the other begins. You just have to wait for the big picture. I listen intently as Lady tells me about her job at a cafe in East Van, and a local holiday that the employees have started...

Ana: I like my co-workers. They're nice and it's fun. I started this thing we call cat shirt tuesday. And people get really into it. I love when customers notice that we're all wearing cat shirts. I'm hoping to kind of make it like a block-wide thing. I'm going to start putting up cat posters — nothing but a cat and the words 'cat shirt tuesday.' I'm just trying to advertise the idea.

And then it'll catch on, hint, hint. Nudge nudge.

*Clearly, cat shirt tuesday is a group effort, but Lady has been making music solo as Goats*



*and Lasers for over six years now, and I'm curious about her process as someone who makes music in such a collaborative style.*

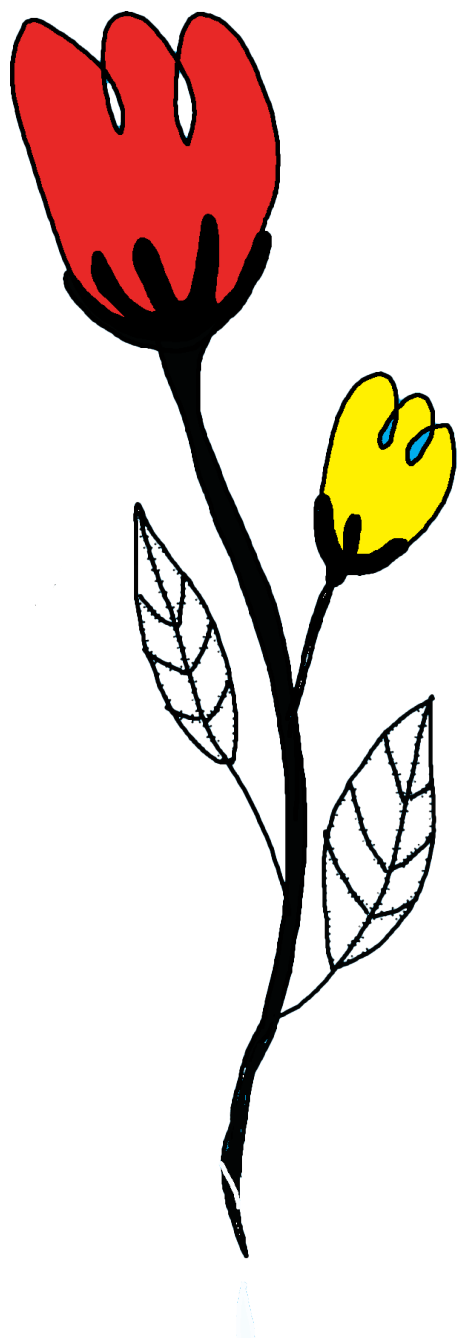
So, Goats and Lasers is just a solo project for now?

Yes. Yeah, it's always just been me. My first performance — whatever it was, maybe six, seven years ago? — I was on a bill at Avant Garden. I'd always be on some bill and people would think I was a band. It was sort of advantageous to me? I had just gotten my OP-1, so I was still a little, like, uncomfortable performing with just that. So for like half of it, I would do ukulele and beatboxing. And then the other half, I would just like, shoot samples, do some loops and things. I think my very first one was an open mic night at Stylus Records.

*The store is closed now, but Stylus Records used to sit on a block just off the Great Northern Way in Mount Pleasant, further south, where Ana tells me they used to perform with their friend Béla on keys.*

Is there a certain album, that hit you in that time when you were starting to make music, that you heard and just went 'I want to make stuff like this'?

I just really like improv. Bobby McFerrin was super influential for me. That was like, as a really little kid. You know "Don't Worry, Be







Happy”? That guy is like the last guy to have an acapella chart-topper. My dad did a workshop with him one time — he has a framed photo of the two of them on the wall, so he’d play a lot of that for me. The first piece on piano I learned was the “Moonlight Sonata Prelude,” but it was because of Bobby McFerrin’s acapella version that I wanted to learn piano in the first place. That’s part of why then I got into beatboxing as a kid. Beatboxing is just such a silly thing.

Was there something specific that got you into beatboxing?

Mostly Bobby McFerrin. When my mom would drive me to school I would just hum and beatbox for the whole ride, every single time. On, you know, like a little electric vespa. And it was really loud and I had this huge helmet on.

And you’d only be able to hear yourself on the ride?

Yeah, yeah. And she would hear it too. It was sort of like the radio for her I guess.

Did she ever say anything?

She’d be like ‘Okay, yeah, this is nice.’

*Sitting on that bench, I can easily imagine being sucked into a world of percussion on the back of a cherry-red Vespa with Lady. She has an easy rhythm to her movements that shows even as she taps melodies into her sketchbook in the sun. I*



*savor the feeling of warm sunshine on my face and we find our way to talking about Lady’s history with percussion - all the while, I picture that cherry-red scooter rocketing through the city in the sun.*

My first instrument was hand drums when I was around three. Like djembes and stuff. I feel like I’ve just drummed and beatboxed and hummed as long as I can remember, really. I learned how to like, do rhythms and polyrhythms before I even knew what those were called, just because I would just listen to other people. Up in Shuswap in the middle of B.C. I would listen to people play at this festival called *Solstice*. Super rural. It was kind of a vaguely neo-pagan festival that my parents liked to go to. They’d take me every single summer *solstice*. Then, when I was 10 or 11, I moved to the sunshine coast with my Mom, and I got really sick with Lyme disease. It actually ended up being

from an untreated tick bite that I got at *Solstice* when I was four. I got the bullseye rash and everything, but we just didn’t know what it was, and then it just faded away. At the time, my mom was more worried about me getting mosquito bites. They were always like, getting infected because I was a four-year-old, scratching them. Call me crazy, but I’m not a huge fan of mosquitoes.

Gotta be the worst insect. Can I ask about your experience with Lyme disease? It can’t have been easy finding yourself as an artist while managing a condition like that.

I’ve just always had like, weird, kind of unexplained-by-doctors health issues. I mean, it was the reason I got into stringed instruments. I bought my mom a ukulele for mother’s day, and it was just hanging on the wall while I was bedridden for a year or two, and like, didn’t really leave the house at all. I remember so little of it because I was just laying in bed most of the time, and my mom is truly an amazing person who helped get me better. Yeah, it was a crazy experience. It was crazy having to relearn how to walk at like, 13.

*From where we’re sitting, Ana and I can see the crows playing in a strip of trees down the block. She mimics their calls and I try my best to do the same.*

I feel like... If I saw a crow making a sound that sounded vaguely human, I think it would weird me out too.

I mean, it’s what cats do — mimic us to communicate. And when you meow back to them and they’re happy about it!

I think we’re not meeting cats halfway enough. I think we could form a kind of pidgin-like communication between us and cats if we get on their level a little bit more. I really like the idea of making art pieces for animals. Like, when birds do that sharpening beak motion? I think it’s crows. Yeah. It’s supposed to be a sign of distress. And, hey? Why have we gotta be stressing out crows?

Now I’m thinking about that one sculpture — ‘Can’t Help Myself’ by Sun Yuan and Peng Yu — I think it was in the Guggenheim for a few months. It’s like a hydraulic, robotic arm that continuously wipes this pool of blood back into itself. It’s interesting to me that it’s not meant to be a representation of human suffering, but it still endears us to the machine. It kind of makes us think about how, you know, it’s a hydraulic arm, but it’s dealing with the same monotonous struggles that we are. And that we’re dealing with the same issues the crows are in some ways. We have to find food, we have to find shelter, we have to fight age and entropy. I really think it’s the same struggle in some ways.

I feel like in general we don’t give animals enough credit. I remember I saw this guy that taught his cat to touch his nose whenever it didn’t want to be picked up, and I think that’s really neat — to give [domesticated animals] a tool for consent.



Would you ever want to make an art piece for animals?

Yes, I would love to. There's that album, *Music for Cats*. I love a small little concept. I'm planning to do a string of conceptual EPs. I want to just put ideas for albums, like challenges, in a hat or something, or a bucket, and then once a month pull them and create whatever that is. I'm working on the list — the first one was supposed to be a sound collage inspired by Lilien Rosarian. It was just supposed to be a bunch of little tape loops, but then it got a lot bigger when I realized I wanted it to have voice acting and audio puzzles. The OP-1 is what I've used the most [for sampling.] I saved up for like, two years in high school, working as a music teacher, to get it.

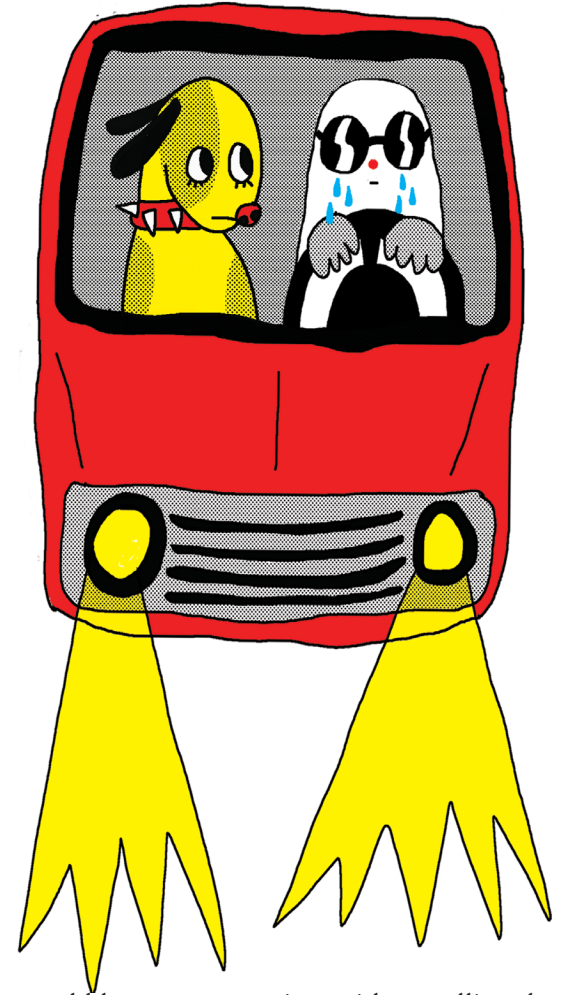
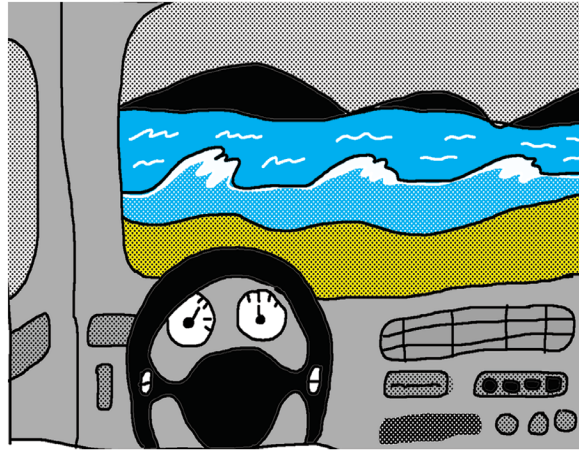
Do you see yourself working with other people more for live shows or recorded work in the future?

Yes, I very much would love to. With Goats and Lasers, basically all I'm doing the whole time is trying to get the audience involved in some capacity — so it's always a collaborative thing. Last year was when I really got into the swing of performing, but because it was how I made rent for a while. I didn't have a job for like, eight months after moving off the coast, and then suddenly I was just like, 'okay, I'm in the city now. Whoa.' It made sense [to base it on improv] because I didn't have to practice at all, and I was a solo act, so I would get all the money I made from the shows. That made it financially viable.

Listening to your music, I really get this impression of appraising the mundane and plain as beautiful, and with that in mind, I'm curious... You have a single called 'The Official Anthem of Spokane, Washington' but you say you've never been there. Why Spokane?

Ana: It was, um, the random article button on Wikipedia. I didn't even read the article before I started writing the song! I think that you could look at absolutely anything in the world, and the more you look at it, and the more you think about it, and the more you focus on it — it becomes special in itself. And that's all that really matters.

This circles back to my philosophy around Tinseltown, which people think is a bit, and I will admit, it *did* start out as a bit. But I love Tinseltown. And people ask 'why Tinseltown? Why do you go to Tinseltown?' I just feel like I've just invested time into this



place and like, that's what makes it special: the fact that I find it special. And it could be literally anything. I think everybody has a Tinseltown.

I agree! I think a lot of beauty is just choosing to find beauty in something. Even if it's something that's generally accepted to be beautiful, it's the decision to appreciate something that makes it valuable a lot of the time. I notice a lot of organic sounds and appreciation for nature in your music, do you find there's any kind of translation process between those kinds of natural sounds and putting that in electronic music?

Yes, that's the thing I do! I like the imperfections. I don't think I've ever really used MIDI. All my drumming, even if it's electronic, it's literally just me hitting buttons. I'll quantize it if it's really off, but if it's just a little bit, I'll leave it. That's why I keep the little fumbles in my work. I like that sound of hearing laughs and hearing me not quite say the word right. I'll make a mistake and then make it not a mistake, and all I need to do is repeat it. I just find it's hard to work with a blank piece of paper when I try to write. So I'll just force myself to just do it. Usually how I write lyrics is just recording them. And I never really perform any songs that were songs before the performance. It is all just improv, whatever. I get the audience to write, like, prompts. And then I'd sing about it. Bobby McFerrin did this thing where he hopped, like, he got the audience to sing in the pentatonic scale, and then he would hop and had them sing a note each time he did. I saw this as a kid, and I remember thinking, 'oh my god, that's the coolest thing ever.' What was really fun was that

he would hop one more time without telling the audience what note to sing, and yet they would already know, because it's just intuitive. And that always felt exciting to people because, even if they don't know anything about music, they all get to be like, 'woah, look at this. We all suddenly did something together!' I really just want to encourage more people to make music.

Is there an experience, or a way of seeing things, that you want to see more in music out there?

More queer people making weird music. Whenever I'm listening to music, I always find I'm looking for something that doesn't sound like something I've heard before. That's what's always the most interesting to me, and it can be literally anything.

*Lady performs regularly at local venues and DIY spaces, and you can get the scoop on her next live performance via her Instagram, @goatsandlasers. There's word of new projects already underway and flourishing on her OP-1. You can find her recorded work on Bandcamp, and on the lips of shells found along the Sunshine Coast, if you listen carefully.*





WORDS BY ZEPHYR FREBOLD // PHOTOS BY WENDY VONG // ILLUSTRATION BY MEGHAN LOK

Like many stand-up comedians, Talie Perry thought opening her own comedy club would always be just a “delusional dream” she kept in the back of her mind, but after four years of producing shows and dealing with unsupportive venue owners, she finally opened her own space, inspired by Vancouver comedy club The MOTN. Talie immediately brought Ariane Seiler onboard, a comedy producer who had worked at The Comedy Mix for 8 years. “Right away I knew Ariane had to be involved,” she tells me when we sat down to chat about Chill x Studio, “she knew a lot about comedy, and I knew she was well-respected within the community.” Shortly after, Jason Rowland, who managed The Comedy Mix for 35 years, joined and completed their team, bringing the perfect combination of traditional experience to a new vibrant space. Where colorful lights, disco balls, a tinsel chandelier, and an astroturf stage replace the typical all-black comedy club aesthetic.



**Talie:** I knew I didn’t want a traditional comedy club, I just wanted traditional elements.

**Ariane:** It’s traditional with a twist.

**Talie:** Exactly.

The traditional club environment and the aspirational part of comedy is what the team at Chill x Studio intend to bring back to Vancouver, as during the pandemic the city’s only commercial comedy clubs The Comedy Mix and Yuk Yuks, closed down. Clubs where local and touring professionals could perform in a dedicated space for comedy and amateurs could aspire to get the sought after 3-minute spots on Tuesdays pro/am show — A spot that allowed up-and-coming comics to showcase their best work to producers and established comedians. These traditional and aspirational aspects of the comedy industry is what the Chill x Studio believe are necessary for a city to have a strong comedy scene that supports its working artists and helps new ones to grow.

**Talie:** I wanted to create a space that comedians aspire to perform at, emulating a club environment that supports and inspires comics to grow.

**Zephyr:** After Yuk Yuks and The Mix closed down, what changed in Vancouver’s comedy scene and why is the aspirational element of comedy so important?

**Talie:** I noticed when everything opened back up there was and still are, a lot of very new comedians that don’t know what traditional comedy is — it’s like the scene lost a lot of its structure. Vancouver now has a very indie scene, and that can be great, but it’s not necessarily teaching the proper etiquette of comedy and that’s really dangerous for people that are wanting to pursue this full time.

**Jason:** Right now I think the scene needs a bit more of that aspirational element to it, where comedians understand there needs to be this underlying motivation to improve their showcase sets and their ability to perform on stage because that’s how you are going to get bigger opportunities outside Vancouver. When The Comedy Mix and Yuk Yuk’s were still around, everyone knew if you got that 3 minute spot, it was like winning the Stanley Cup for open mic comics. High caliber comedians that now tour the country like Ryan Williams and Randee Neumeyer all started with those 3 minute sets — I think that’s what all three of us mean by aspirational.

**Z:** As a performance venue, it seems that you uphold a strong expectation of your performers to bring these ‘showcase sets’ to your shows. What does having this expectation do for both comics and a comedy scene?

**Ariane:** When I got back into the scene, I was kind of seeing that comics were always trying new stuff — even on a weekend show. You’re not going to have a lot of returning customers if the standard of quality is not there. It’s not that no one can ever try new stuff on our stage. We just want to create a finite environment where comedians are performing their best material. Because that builds a brand and makes comedians stronger as well.

**Talie:** We also want to help out new artists, which is why we recently held open auditions for our new Level Up pro/am Showcase Show. Which kind of mirrors the Tuesdays at The Comedy Mix... We also have been thinking of incorporating workshops/seminars just so we can try and add a few extra tools to new comics toolboxes.

**Z:** What kind of place do you want Chill x Studio to be known for in Vancouver’s art and comedy scene?

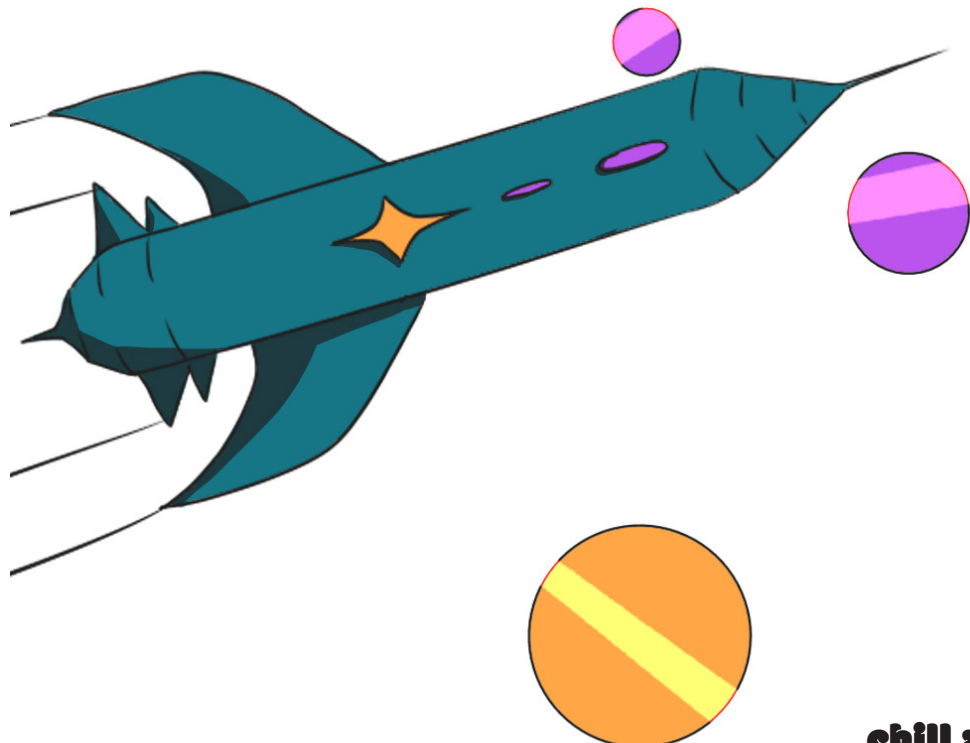
**Talie:** Well, I know when Ariane produces a show she is very focused [on the idea] that someone in the audience is choosing to watch live stand up comedy for the first time, and they deserve to have the best possible product because then they will think, oh, this is going to be an option for me moving forward and they will add it to their rotation of entertainment choices. So creating that sort of environment is very important.

**Jason:** Also the hope from the management team is that Chill x Studio can become a place for comedians to hang out and network — that is part of the reason why Thursday’s show always features a credited headliner, so comedians who aspire to that role can come watch for free and pick the brains of comedians who’ve gone through the process.

**Talie:** I feel there’s just a lot of love in this place, and if I never make it as a comedian I want to be a legacy. I want to be a home people remember when they started their journey in comedy.

Chill x Studio is a woman owned and operated business, putting on a wide variety of comedy shows and events Wednesday through Saturday. The studio is also available to rent.

More information and tickets can be found on their Instagram @chillxstudio.jpg / @chillpillcomedy1 or by visiting their website [www.chillxstudio.ca](http://www.chillxstudio.ca)





# INTO THE ARCHIVES w/dani

A SCATTERED LOVE LETTER TO THE NON-TERFY SIDE OF 90'S QUEER FEMINISM

Discorder April 1992, issue no. 111

Tribe 8 by Jane Farrow

words by dani larose

// illustrations by Jenna Chandler

as i'm intoxicated off of a plethora of delights, i sit with my queer kin, stoned, drunk, et cetera. hope sandoval (my beloved) sways my mind into a trance as "fade into you" blasts in my headphones; the glass of the bus window too scratched to clearly see city lights. i wonder what a dyke thirty years ago in my same position felt. i imagine she's on the bus ride to *grrrlapalooza*, worried to see her many ex flings in the all-too-small vancouver dyke scene. if i could choose an era to be in vancouver during my early 20's, it would be 1992-1996. i feel a spiritual parallel to a lez who just got involved in college radio, wears cheap and ill-fitting thrifted clothes with one or two trusty pairs of doc martens. silver thrifted rings that turn your fingers green. can roll up a joint in a minute or two. just like they did, i pick up my discorder mag, walking past known drop sites: my favourite cafés and record stores. carefully excavating only the best posters and clippings for my ever so niche and esoteric dorm-room wall collage.

discorder first interviewed tribe 8 in the april 1992 edition, later interviewing them again in may 1998. i yearn for an event that could truly match the energy of tribe 8's concerts, where going fully topless was the norm and dykes mashed and moshed, tits to the wind to their lavender heart's content. real dyke shit. i imagine my 1994 self in the crowd with all the other femmes going ballistic. i love real dyke shit like the tribe 8 song "tr\*\*y chaser" where the lead singer, a transmasculine dude himself, sings about his lust for cute cis-male drag queens in a way that doesn't care to cater to any other audience.

back in february 2023, i started the instagram @discorder.archives with the goal of creating my own highlight reel of the discorder mag archive. since then, i've seen multiple people connect with the bands highlighted there, just like i have with tribe 8. other alternative/queer people have expressed to me how they too feel more represented by tribe 8 and other dyke bands of the 90's more than anything currently trending. today, there are many frustrating archetypes; the femme4femme cottagecore lesbian. the bi girl with partially dyed hair who dates gamer boys. the specific and weirdly cis-het dynamic of butch4femmes, etc. as someone who fits the categories of cisgender, femme, and twospirit lesbian, i feel that we need to decolonize and challenge categorization. the later stages of this thinking leads to things like terf ideology

and transmedicalism — which are actively anti-indigenous, eugenicist movements. kathleen hanna from bikini kill and le tigre is often credited as the kickstarter to the riot grrrl movement, and though she may backpedal now, she chose to perform at the *michigan womyns music festival* aka 'michfest' in 2001 and 2005. *michfest* was complicit and silent in their policy which excluded transfemmes in 1991 with a 'womyn born womyn' rule — later policing genitalia directly. in 1994, tribe 8 played *michfest* to the outrage of many at the festival. they wore bondage gear and strap-ons, and sang songs about being sexually attracted to transfemmes as cis & transmasculine lesbians, and getting suffocated by tattooed boobs. the audience reacted to their set with cries of "phallogentric!" "objectifying!" "misogynist!"

what i love about tribe 8 is that they challenge these ideologies with that real dyke shit — a vague spectrum of lust, attraction, gender presentation, gender identity and sexuality that needs not to be defined.





# TRIBE 8

BY JANE FARROW

**T**ribe 8 is a self-professed "girl band for girlz." (If you don't "get" their name, look up tribade in the dictionary). They're grungy, crunchy, sleazy and smart - oh yeah, and not really interested in hiding their preference for sharing their blankets with girlz.

**T**hey've been playing around San Francisco for about a year and have sold out their first 8-song cassette which included the now classic tunes "Neanderthal Dyke," "Powerboy" (about police brutality), "Lazophobia" and "1 Party 2 Many." The Tribe is slated to put out a couple of indie singles soon and will also appear on an upcoming compilation featuring such denizens of the thriving underground girl scene as Bikini Kill, 7 Year Bitch, and The Lucy Stoners. Their contribution is called "I Just Wanna Manipulate My Girlfriend". *Hmmm, sounds like something you might want to pawn your Barbie collection for. Anyway, they're planning to do some touring this spring and might even get to Europe this summer, so check your local listings and don't miss em'.*

**T**ribe 8's aggressively frank treatment of sexual politics and mainstream gay culture pretty much precludes their total acceptance by all dykes, let alone your average shred-head. One woman I met went out of her way to tell me she thought they were "rude, obnoxious and nasty and can't even play their instruments." That's when I knew for sure I'd like them. So I asked around for them and eventually convinced them to sit down and chat about their music, live shows and the San Francisco scene. Present and accounted for at the chin-wag were Leslie (guitar), Lynne Breedlove (vocals), and Mahia (bass). Unavailable for comment were drummer Kat and guitarist Flipper.

**Leslie:** We've been together for about a year. I went to this party and Lynne and Flipper and Kat were playing, it was the first thing they ever did, and they had maybe 4 songs that they kept playing over and over.

**Lynne Breedlove:** There were five actually and we made them up in one week.

**L:** And I thought, that's cool. Then Lynne started yelling that they needed a bass player and I said I'd play bass with them and she started yelling "Hey, we got a bass player." I didn't know any of them and they didn't know each other really well either.

**IB:** We called Kat and asked her if she could play drums and she said "Well, I haven't played in four years, but I'll give it a shot."

**Mahia:** I never knew all this.

**L:** Then we started playing in the back room of someone's house and it was really loud.

**IB:** We had to sound-proof it because the landlord's wife was dying or something.

**Discorder:** You didn't contribute to her death at all did you?

**IB:** Well, I don't think she died but we did have to move out.

**L:** So we had to find a real practice space and we figured if we had more people in the band it would be cheaper. So that's when I switched to guitar and we got Mahia on bass.

**M:** Oh, that's how it happened. Oh my god, I'm so pissed off.

**IB:** Mahia actually sounds the best 'cuz she actually has experience on her instrument.

**L:** Our first gigs were at parties, then some benefits.

**M:** Then we didn't waste any time and went into the studio.

**L:** Our first show was totally great. It was probably the first time I had ever seen that many dykes with their shirts off slam-dancing.

**M:** All these bras and panties flying around and being thrown on stage... people ripping their shirts off. We kept those bras and panties in our storage room for ages.

**So how does the writing go, collective? tyrannical?**

**M:** Spontaneous combustion.

**L:** It just happens, except Breedlove writes the lyrics, all the poetic shit, then we all pretty much contribute to the music.

**What inspired you to wear a ten**

**foot, rather ten inch dildo on stage for your delivery of "Powerboy"; that song about police brutality and homophobia?**

**IB:** Because the line in it goes "you got your night spick, your surrogate dick." I just thought we gotta do something, we got so little talent we got to get ourselves some props. So I went over to Stormy Leather and they had this big old gnarly, ugly, rubber thang for just \$13. So I said, "That's for me."

**L:** That's slightly more than a dollar an inch.

**M:** People loved it, they got into it.

**L:** Yeah, except the straight boys, they tend to look down between their own legs and feel a bit inferior.

**Actually, I'm kind of interested in knowing exactly who your audience is?**

**L:** Anybody from record reps to straights, to queers, and lots of girls.

**Record reps eh? Well, girl grunge does seem to be getting noticed by some labels. Babes in Toyland just got a Warner's deal and L7 jumped from Sub-Pop to Slash. Of course there's Thurston Moore's "fox-core" endorsement...**

**L:** Oh yeah, that was so terrible, that term they use to lump all women's bands into one big pile of nothingness.

**M:** I think we're too offensive for anyone major. Straight mainstream music biz wouldn't go near us with a ten foot pole.

**They did with Axel Rose.**

**L:** Yeah but he happens to be rabidly heterosexual, male and white.

**How bout L7 though?**

**L:** Yeah, they're big time, they've been around for years and they really deserve it.

**M:** Yeah, they're great, they sell out all the time here.

**And they're pretty out there in terms of content?**

**M:** Definitely. They are totally open and cool, and I think they purposely cultivate ambiguous sexuality.

**L:** They're very queer positive. When they played that song "Fast and Frightening", here in San Francisco, they dedicated it to Tribe 8 and they were all wearing Queer Nation stickers.

**Tell me about a gig that you really liked.**

**IB:** Fugazi.

**ALL:** Yeah!

**IB:** We practiced for five days straight - we were all so paranoid.

**M:** See, we had put out our own leaflet that said "Fuck Pete Wilson, Fuck Frank Jordan, Fuck the Police, Fuck This, Fuck That."

**IB:** "...Fuck Everything, Die Die Die," and some right-wing asshole shows up at the club, Cafe San Disco, waving the flyer and saying "you made a mistake. You don't have your permit yet and we can make life hell for you." So the bar manager calls me and tells us we can't play if we didn't take the flyers down right away. She said the police called and said they couldn't have any punk rock acts playing there because they're too loud. So I made the mistake of telling her I didn't think punk rock was a "volume

cause we're really into supporting this AB 101 Defense Fund thing, AND, it was in her best interest 'cuz we can draw hundreds of people and they drink a lot of beer. So she says, "Okay, you can play and the police will look the other way this time."

**M:** But they told Lynne that she had to agree not to take her top off; no pulling dicks out.

**L:** And they told her she couldn't suck anything.

**IB:** So then we go around and tell all our friends that they had to go to the gig, 'cuz we were really big shit, and they had to support the AB 101 thing.



**M:** The most fun was that Berkley gig, a benefit for People's Park when they wanted to mow it down and make it into a bunch of volleyball courts.

**L:** But another one was the No Apologies, No Regrets benefit. It was for the people who were arrested during the riots which followed the defeat of the AB 101 amendment which would have given gays legal rights in California; like they couldn't lose their housing or jobs over issues of sexual orientation. Anyway, it turned into this big fight between us and the bar hosting the event, who became really worried that we were too controversial and would upset their customers.

**level" and that maybe we weren't quite the kind of band she wanted playing at her bar 'cuz, "we ain't no fucking lounge act, we're super intense, anarchist, pornography punk rock motherfuckers - we be suckin' dick, we be takin' our clothes off, maybe we better re-think this whole thing." She said, "Fine, don't play." Then I realized that my ass would be grass if everyone got home from the Grand Canyon and found out we weren't gonna play this gig, so I realized I had to start kissing her ass. So I said, "What was on those flyers? Oh really, I didn't even know what was on them." Then I told her it would be a real drag if we couldn't play the benefit be-**

**M:** It was really big, tons of people came out, people we never even saw before. They were yelling, pushing, shoving and slamming. Then their show got cut short and people got pissed off.

**L:** Yeah, they turned off our sound; it was getting rowdy, but it was the only time in the whole night the place actually rocked. It was great.

**ALL:** Yeah, that was a great show.

**Anyone interested in getting some Tribe 8 music can contact them through L. Mah, 3354 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94110**

APRIL 19



***NEW RELEASES FROM...***



**VICTORY POOL**



# VICTORY POOL RECORDS

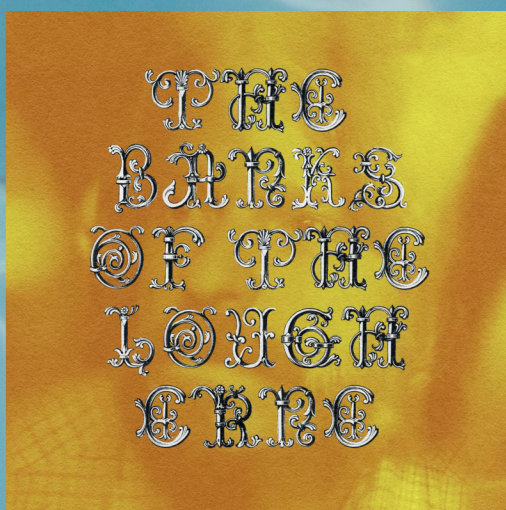
COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE



MOONRIIVR  
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GEORDIE GORDON  
TAMBOURINE  
OUT 11/02/2023



THE DEEP DARK WOODS  
BROADSIDE BALLADS VOL. III  
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# SUNDAY

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# TUESDAY

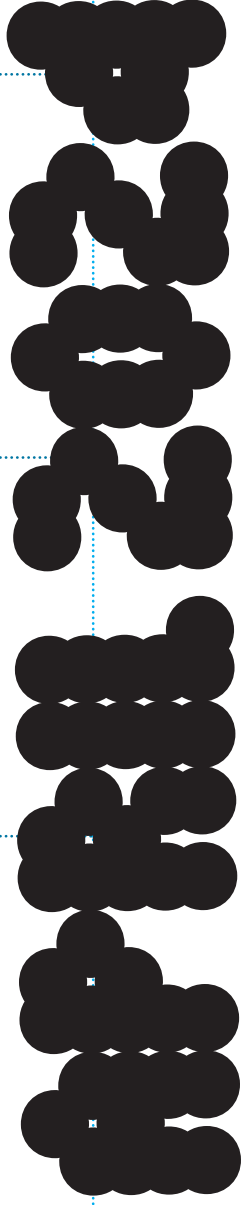
# WEDNESDAY

# THURSDAY

# FRIDAY

# SATURDAY

<p><b>10</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Lizzy Dissolved / Exit Strategy / Livingroom Front Flips @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Feeling United Drag Fundraiser @ Birdhouse</li> <li>· Facet / Taxa / Disruptions / Beautiful Violence @ 648</li> </ul>	<p><b>07</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Every Monday: Gallery Gachet XA Drop-in Studio Time @ Gallery Gachet</li> </ul>	<p><b>02</b></p>	<p><b>03</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Masque / Hollow Point / Kids Help Phone @ Red Gate</li> <li>· King Musu @ Dorothy Summertset Studios (April 10-12)</li> </ul>	<p><b>04</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Horse Funeral / TJ Felix @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Cheap Flavor / Chronic Fatigue / Luella @ askapunk</li> <li>· Couch Jams Collective Open Mic @ Vancouver Black Library</li> </ul>	<p><b>05</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Anthems / Swear Jar / The Dog Indiana / Warm / Bosses @ Red Gate</li> <li>· "We Haul" Normie Corp @ Birdhouse</li> <li>· Parlour Panther Release Party @ the Birdhouse</li> </ul>	<p><b>06</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Damage Control / Chastity @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Zimbamoto / Low Earth Orbit / Dog Nonsense / New Age Doom @ askapunk</li> </ul>
<p><b>14</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Sampha @ Vogue Theatre</li> <li>· Jacob Collier @ Queen Elizabeth Theatre</li> </ul>	<p><b>08</b></p>	<p><b>09</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Daniel Romano @ Hollywood Theatre</li> <li>· Forest Ray / Highland Eyeway / Brother 12 / Jared Doherty @ askapunk</li> </ul>	<p><b>10</b></p>	<p><b>11</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Cindy Lee / Freak Heat Waves / Free Play Angle / Mela Melania @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Blacksmith &amp; Brewer / Waste Coast / Spring Breaks / Dollhead @ askapunk</li> <li>· Ariel Elias @ Biltmore</li> <li>· Hyperspace Festival @ Rickshaw</li> </ul>	<p><b>12</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Epanadas Illegales / Tropical Vinyl Selectors / DJ Hera @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Izzy Cendese / Weak Knees / King Bob / Shimbashi Station @ askapunk</li> <li>· Hyperspace Festival @ Rickshaw</li> </ul>	<p><b>13</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Non La @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Elisa Thorn / Nathan Shubert @ What Lab</li> <li>· Gadfly / Cosmic Sans / Sundog / Saband @ askapunk</li> <li>· Hyperspace Festival @ Rickshaw</li> </ul>
<p><b>21</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· FRESH MEAT v.4 @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Sugarfungus / Sarah Lewis / David Lunch @ askapunk</li> </ul>	<p><b>15</b></p>	<p><b>16</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Chastity Belt / Peel Dream Magazine @ Fox Cabaret</li> <li>· A. Savage @ Rickshaw</li> </ul>	<p><b>17</b></p>	<p><b>18</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Beebomb / The Arbuckles @ Red Gate</li> <li>· The Hausplants / Grdn Collective / Bloom Effect / Garden Mice @ askapunk</li> <li>· Night Is The Mother By Dance//Novella @ The Polygon</li> </ul>	<p><b>19</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Shame Fest @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Slowicide / Luella / cherry pink / Tall Brain / Deathbound / New Age Doom / Benzonn @ 2205 Commerical Drive</li> </ul>	<p><b>20</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Afrorack / Goo / Adam 2 / Jacob Audrey Taves @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Big Sugar @ The Pearl</li> <li>· Honeydrip / Nalule / Teenoble / Laposmoaby / Brendocha @ the Deli</li> <li>· 42024 Party @ The Birdhouse</li> </ul>
<p><b>28</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Disorder @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Charlotte Cornfield / Al Menne @ Lanalou's</li> </ul>	<p><b>22</b></p>	<p><b>23</b></p>	<p><b>24</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Nick Shrubsole / Jon Creeden / CDP / The Fomites @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Book Launch: Pictures On The Wall by Michael Audain @ The Polygon</li> </ul>	<p><b>25</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Hot Lad / Trechraid / Stagnant / Extensive Slaughter @ Red Gate</li> <li>· Leah Rudick @ Biltmore</li> </ul>	<p><b>26</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Worrywart / Slowicide / Laverne / Buddie @ Red Gate</li> <li>· The Shivas / Hollow Twin / Clay Orange @ askapunk</li> </ul>	<p><b>27</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>· Asian Persuasion All Stars / We Found A Lovebird @ Fox Cabaret</li> <li>· Bored Lord Adam / Frankie Teardrop @ Dolly</li> </ul>



FROM THE MIND OF JAMES SPETIFORE



# SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY

## WEDNESDAY

## THURSDAY

## FRIDAY

## SATURDAY

01

· Night Court / The Dumpies @ Red Gate

02

· ORRA / Forrest Moritfee / Dilly Cooner / Other People @ Red Gate  
· Paraphrenalia by gay-softtats @ Slice of Life Gallery

03

· JISEI @ Red Gate

04

· Pura Mania @ Red Gate  
· Yatabtab @ The Pearl

05

· Autonomous Apes @ Red Gate

06

· TALK / Diamond Cafe @ Commodore Ballroom

07

08

· Karaoke w. DJ All Sweat @ Red Gate

09

· Sarah McLaughlin School of Music Showcase @ Red Gate  
· San Fermin / Runners @ Biltmore  
· Teishi @ Fox Cabaret

10

· Disruptions / AK747s @ Red Gate  
· Rogue Folk Club 37th Anniversary w. Jim Byrnes / The Sojourners @ St. James Hall

11

· VERBODEN 2024 @ askapunk  
· GJIF / GoldenGoddess / Angelcannon / Chris Crisp @ Red Gate

12

· Felisha and The Jazz Rejects @ Red Gate

13

14

15

· Bill Can / Willow / Ora Hardly @ askapunk

16

· phuture memoriez / Natlak / Dastard / Slowicide @ Red Gate

17

· Cadence Weapon @ Fox Cabaret  
· Alien Boys / Chairman / Boosh / Waste Coast @ askapunk  
· Vicious Cycles / Jenny Don't and the Spurs / The Gung Hos @ askapunk

18

· Emma Goldman / Drive Your Plow Over The Bones Of The Dead / TGHS / Kudos @ Red Gate

19

· Seeing Grey / Dour / Shimbashi Station @ Red Gate

20

21

22

· Karaoke w. DJ All Sweat @ Red Gate

23

24

25

· Outhouse Productions: Vargouille @ Red Gate

26

· Ambient Lounge V.4 @ Red Gate

27

28

29

· Strathcona @ Red Gate

30

31

· Some Rules @ Red Gate  
· Elliot C. May's Hot Country Night Out @ Vogue



**discothrash**

#14

**microplates**

Zoe Shelton

*illustration by Yuko Yajima*



microplates  
all washed up on  
the shore  
things said but gone  
unseen  
    pieces of lunch boxes  
    refrigerators  
    fragmented bathroom sink  
a span of continents  
fingers cracking open  
history like an oyster  
shell

things: fall into place



## DISORDER / RAWFILES 5.0

## PORTALS

*Portals have been on my mind lately. I work at a bar that just recently installed a portal-like structure that houses an infinity mirror, creating the illusion that the mirror is a long, dark tunnel into the void. I have heard the bar's landlord make jokes that he should be charging more for the new real estate the portal creates in the already cavernous room. I have observed people take selfies in front of it, smiling in front of the infinite passageway. It begs to be walked through, even though that is physically impossible.*

*But not all portals are illusions, and even fewer of them are architectural. Time, in some definitions, is a portal through space. Black holes are portals into other dimensions and galaxies. Birth and death are the portals that book our time on earth. Words, stories, and memories are portals into the past or alternate realities. In my recent memory, the onset of the COVID-19 Pandemic felt like a portal into a darker and more difficult timeline, and the door closed behind us, unable to return to the "normal" we all have by now redefined. So, with this edition, we invite photographers to explore these important thresholds, and what it means to pass through them.*

•

*When I think of portals, I think of the classic books and movies I grew up with. Alice in Wonderland was a core memory for me and I remember falling down the rabbit hole with her while watching the Tim Burton version in 2010. It felt like a reflection of life, as Alice was forced into a new stage, and had to come face to face with the realities of being a woman in the set time period.*

*I did a shoot recently that was heavily inspired by this film, using a plexi-glass frame to create the "portal" between the subject and the camera. She is touching the glass as if she's stuck, trapped behind this transparent sheet, yet nothing is stopping her from putting the glass down. When I look at this photo, it reflects the portals of life, the restrictions and obstacles we are consistently put through to get to the other side. Like Alice, we are not always comfortable with these changes, but whether it's a physical hole you fall down, or an almost invisible sheet of glass, these symbols represent the choices and paths we travel to learn valuable life lessons. • India Morgan*

*It is exhilarating and frightening what can be actualized in four years. Here is a photograph of a dear friend. We stood before this foreign landscape weeks into our move to Vancouver, feeling small and pondering what holds.*

• Hana Ito



*I took this picture of my friends, Kai and Jade, while they stood in the crowd and watched a band play at a house party in February. My favourite thing about house parties is searching for pockets of human connection. I think there's something special about meeting someone at a party, getting to know them, cleaning vomit out of their hair, and parting ways at the end of the night. Participating in this ritual of camaraderie despite knowing you might never see them again. Revelling in the fleeting moments for the sake of experiencing them. Weaving my way through the crowded house with my point-and-shoot film camera, I find myself immersed in various shared experiences of friends as they unfold in real time. Each grouping*

*of partygoers sharing intimate moments, and each offering a portal into a distinct consciousness, a unique set of memories and inside jokes.*

*There's something of an unspoken collective agreement to participate in the revelry—the front door of the house as a portal into a plane where responsibilities are delayed and pushed aside for the following day. I try to capture these moments on film, immortalizing them onto the plastic negative stored in my camera before they are lost to their impermanency and our impaired memories. The party always comes to an end, but these pure moments of authenticity and human connection endure.*

• Julia Zhu





The Vancouver forest has always captivated me. Coming from the dry rolling hills of California, I often find myself enchanted by lushness like I've never seen before. The start of a trail is like a portal into another world, a world untainted by the perversions of man, the fallacies of so called civilization. Trodding atop the hard packed earth, I feel anew, rejuvenated by the most essential joys of nature, the silent, sentinel like trees watching my every move, ancient beyond my comprehension, these elders looking over me as I tramp through their woody domain.

Under the leafy archways, through the posts of twin trees I wander into another world, a portal of floral tranquility. I can hear the soft gurgle of streams, the enthusiastic chatter of birds, and my own thoughts — a true rarity. The forest is truly a special place, and I've come to revere it with an air of sacridity. This forest has existed long before me, and will continue to exist long after I'm gone; I only feel lucky to coexist at the same time as this immaculate beauty.

• **Morris Hayes**



I took this picture during a trip. With each gentle shake, the snow globe transported me back to all the cherished moments of childhood, where time stands still. • **Liz**



We'd all like to imagine magic is real. The room feels magical but the birdcage had a fern in it till the fern died. In the summer, when the light comes through the window and we dry our clothes on the stand, it feels timeless, future past and present together. • **Renee Paul**



Moving into dorms this year has been an experience. Getting to meet new friends, learn new things, and have a certain level of independence has been beyond exciting. Still, I never realized how much I would miss the sunsets in my living room at home — until I left. • **Emily Lau**



# Teeth

by Dallas Hunt

words by Marianna Schultz  
illustration by Brian Lee



The searching poems in Dallas Hunt’s new collection, *Teeth*, are preoccupied with imagined worlds — worlds in which everything has gone a little (a lot) better. In these realities, death will mean the beginning instead of the end, Indigenous poetry won’t be about, “how / difficult something is because colonialism has made it so,” and destruction will mean something good. In the meantime, Hunt’s poems consider celebrity wrestlers and poisoned livers, and revel in the pain of having something to lose; all while attempting to practice their dream worlds into futurities.

Dallas Hunt is Cree, a member of Wapeseewipi (Swan River First Nation) in Treaty Eight territory in northern Alberta, and a professor of English literature and Indigenous studies at the University of British Columbia. He first started writing poetry while immersed in criticism and theory during his PhD, and released his first collection, *Creeland*, in 2021. The thoroughness and rigor of an academic is evident in Hunt’s work, but nothing is obscured by pretense and no feeling is withheld. These poems know what they want to say, and navigate fearlessly toward their truths. By way of lean, biting verse, *Teeth* pulls apart structures of oppression, and licks the bones clean.

*Teeth* is divided into sections by the even, separate appearances of three animals: a squirrel, a gopher, and a bear. In the book’s first poem, a Cree person laughs when his non-Cree friend asks him, over the body of a dead squirrel, if he would like to “provide / an offering to / this deepsleeping / relative.” In “for miscanik-wacas,” the speaker details what happens when you accidentally piss on gophers in the forest at night (but “not because it’s funny”). In “kaskitew maskwa,” the speaker’s father, who is working on a resource extraction site, is chased up a pole by a bear — the pole’s function here

to “pillage,” and “destroy the hunting / grounds that the black / bear needs for nourishment.” Varying from quotidian to bizarre and frightening in their materializations, the animals in *Teeth* remind us of the possibilities that rustle in peripheries. However immutable the colonized world pretends to be, there are always ways for these peripheral worlds to puncture and disrupt our reality. In “kaskitew maskwa,” the father’s life changes after his encounter with nature. He becomes anxious and withdrawn:

*“as though each person  
has a bear in them  
waiting to come  
out, desperate  
and aching and,  
maybe they do”*

These animals are the vestiges of a world that wasn’t imaginary at all, but “who witnessed a world / crumble around them” and now live modified lives in this new one. Hunt’s work is acutely aware of land and the natural world: the way settlers have treated it, the ways Indigenous peoples have been torn from it, and the things that now exist in its place. One poem observes, “as an urban ndn, / furniture means a world, a life / without pity.” The treatment of things as placeholders, or inadequate replacements, is a familiar theme throughout the book; “we would make better if we knew how to *make* better so instead we make do.” The poems itch with the feeling that things aren’t right — a discomfort intensified by the idea that there is a parallel, yet inaccessible, reality in which things *could* be right. Hunt reminds us that what was made (“etch-a-sketch a / world”) can always be unmade (“and shake it to smithereens!”).

*Teeth* is filled with fang-like poems that stick tight to the margin, leaving stretches of blank space that emphasize the sparseness of Hunt’s style. But occasionally, a sinuous free verse poem fills the page from edge to edge, leaving no room for misinterpretation. These poems cut straight to the point. “[I]’m tired of indian poems” begins one such poem:

*“just imagine! if you were  
outside the bounds of legibility,  
especially by  
literary communities. where  
you didn’t have to write about  
trauma and  
moose meat and berries”*

Hunt imagines an environment for Indigenous voices free from fetishization, tokenism and predatory opportunists; issues that are notoriously prevalent in the fields of art and academia, especially in the current moment. The use of the Cree language in Hunt’s poetry is one way of resisting the “bounds of legibility,” in that it doesn’t endeavour to make itself understood by non-Cree audiences. This way forward is exciting — let the art of the oppressed not be for everyone, not concern itself with universality or leading its audiences towards interpretations, and let it be championed by grants and programs and funds anyway. Referencing the settler photographer who romanticized Indigenous people as his subjects, Hunt makes his feelings about the exploitative white gaze clear:

*“i wish a waning sun would  
implode that a riptide would pull  
at us, gleefully  
and that edward curtis would die  
in the photo of his static lens,”*

*Teeth*’s absorption with death is hard to ignore. While often alive with moments of rage or joy, it seems that the poems always return to remembering our impermanence. “Life is a bullet that finally gets there. / how do you outrun a bullet in open space,” Hunt wonders. Humanly, he writes about this inevitability with conflicting and varying feelings: sometimes sure of their relationship (“i would nestle death”) and other times hopelessly attuned to “the tiny pleas / our hearts make / to stay alive.” You might expect this awareness to lead to a frenzied sense of anxiety, but the poems take their time, whether they like it or not. “[Y]ou spend your time sitting on life jacket bins on ferries and letting your / liver kill you,” Hunt observes, as a friend might gently, but painfully, point out. These poems hurtle towards mortality, sometimes in surrender, but sometimes with glee. Either way,

*“what a great  
gift death  
makes  
for new worlds”*

✱



Not all contemporary exhibitions include esotericism, exploration of teenage girlhood, or a multi-scene narrative. A recent exhibition of Deborah Edmeades' work at Afternoon Projects demonstrated all three. In a single work.

The exhibition *Debi's (Teenage) Theosophical Enlightenment* centres six pastel pink acrylic panels in 18th century-inspired shapes. Each of these six panels, ordered by binder tabs, depict a monochrome pastel scene. The ensemble reflects a feminine mixture of child and adult found in teenage years, from the cheer of delightful colours drawing attention in a characteristically bare gallery space to the use of tulle for creating the work's anchor to the ground.

From a distance, *Debi's (Teenage) Theosophical Enlightenment*, (2023) appears as merely a pleasing mix between "girly" colours and the online "academia" trend. But the first panel in the sequence, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality" displays not the French nationalism that its title suggests, but rather a depiction of the self exceptionalism that is common among teenagers, paired with ancient symbols. Illustrated between two Roman-inspired Corinthian columns and the words "pater" and "mater," a clearly teenage girl holds a bouquet of grain and stands on a checkerboard balcony in the spotlight of an eye shining above. The panel visualizes a teenage daydream of being special and in a different environment. When this common experience of yearning for acceptance is unfulfilled, Edmeades' teenage girl seems to find it in feeling chosen by the divine.

This teenage girl begins an adventure on the next panel, "Enlightenment Freethinkers: blasphemers, pantheists and neopagans." Riding a pegasus made of three phalluses, she takes off over a field of grain, possibly that from which her bouquet came. The religious themes

continue with the story; the scene is surrounded by a doodle-style image of each western zodiac symbol. These details are further developed in the following panel, "Wisdom of the East," which relies less on story to instead demonstrate elements of many religions. The panel centres around the teenage girl, who is now surrounded by lions and holding rods and rings, reflecting ancient Mesopotamian goddess art such as the relief "The Queen of the Night." The contemporary central image is titled "The Patrons and the Senate of England"

in Latin. The mixture of ancient and geographically broad influence continues below, where Egyptian pyramids and a sphinx are placed beside a rough sketch of Stonehenge.

Our heroine then confronts a powder-wigged Enlightenment era male figure in "Animal Magnetism" who sends beams from his hands to her head and chest. They are surrounded by nature, and the teenage girl is working at a desk with a circular diagram reading "world spirit." In the following panel, "The Hermetic Revival of the 19th Century," she holds a torch to a free standing mirror printed with the word "tetragrammaton," which describes the four letter spelling for the Jewish god. An object with a Star of David sits on a table next to her, and a disco ball hangs over the scene. At the corners, an angel and devil interact with the girl, while a model of planets sits at the base of the page.

The story concludes with "Radical Spirits," and a "good bye" on the back of the preceding page. On this panel, the teenage girl is held by her wrists to a tufted chair with lengths of fabric connecting to two tall bodies draped in fabric outside the central frame. A mixture of letters resembling those on the previous panel's mirror lay scattered at the bottom, surrounded by two low circular tables with long, protruding triangles pointing at the teenage girl.

Despite the intricate details and iconographic references, the story of "*Debi's (Teenage) Theosophical Enlightenment*" leaves much room for interpretation. One reading sees the teenage girl discovering the esoteric in "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," in the environment of her father and mother — or "pater" and "mater," and setting off to explore this new spiritual world. Her journey would end when confronted with the powder-wigged man of "Animal Magnetism" and being forced into a different religion via the chair in "Radical Spirits." I nonetheless find a history of an ancient goddess that the teenage girl sees herself in more compelling. In this telling, the teenage girl imagines herself as the goddess — living her story from pre-human creation, reverence in ancient culture, questioning through the Enlightenment, revival in the shadow of another god in the 19th century, and a chained existence in the modern world.

Such a story would also reflect a common teenage grandiosity and anguish. As a former teenage girl myself, I remember feeling alone on a path from joyous childhood to what seemed to be a death of the spirit in adulthood. I felt trapped in a situation that I thought only applied to me. While I now tend to forget how forlorn and exceptional I felt, Edmeades' work reminds me of my teenage self's longing and scheming to escape society as it was. *Debi's (Teenage) Theosophical Enlightenment* honours the struggle of teenage years that even recent teenagers like myself often ignore. Even the outward-facing friendly tone and pastels are respected.

But, with this exploration of childhood in a cheery wrapping some may call "frivolous," Edmeades also returns to the old tradition of making art that is undoubtedly religious. Of course, using religion, or even Theosophy, as inspiration for visual art is nothing new, *Debi's (Teenage) Theosophical Enlightenment* is unusual in contemporary art for its obvious religious associations. It is perhaps as clearly connected to religion as a Medieval portrait of Jesus. Yet, for its use of religious and ancient symbols, it evades notions of domination that ancient gods or even Roman column capitals have historically been used to convey. These symbols instead aid in legitimizing the experience of teenage girls in a world where what is feminine or childlike is belittled but iconographies of power from millenia ago are admired. It's unusual for a contemporary artwork to lay out a scene by scene story. It's even rarer for one to highlight two uncommon, seemingly opposed themes through details that will leave lingering curiosities even after writing a review of it. ✨



## Debi's (Teenage) Theosophical Enlightenment a review

words by Mary Eriksson  
photos courtesy  
of Afternoon Projects





# Films For Gaza

WORDS BY OCEANIA CHEE //  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. HESTER

Redgate and/or Liquidation World (I still don't know the difference between the two) are still setting up when I arrive, ten minutes before the event begins and sweating from the walk from the bus stop. I feel a little bad for arriving early, but I get stamped — a linocut of a watermelon slice — and head into the empty venue.

The last time I was here, I had volunteered to be an extra in a scene of a friend-of-a-friend's short film. I remember the bustle of a thousand moving parts, and I was just one of them. It's strange to be on the flipside of it now, being back to watch short films with just as much complex, deliberate work behind them. I help set up some chairs, and then I grab a drink — a deliciously briny martini, made with olives grown in Jenin.



Here's something I didn't know until I looked it up: "Palestine" (*Falasteen*) is derived from "Philistine." The Philistines were the biblical predecessors to the people we know today as Palestinians, and in the English language, a *philistine* is a person who is "hostile to culture" and uncivilized in their tastes. This is the kind of sleight-of-hand dehumanization that, if you have paid any sort of attention to how the English-speaking world has treated Palestinians, is both disappointing in its prevalence yet shocking in its cruelty, and so commonplace as to be conveniently blameless.

Of course, the reality is that Palestinians have claim to a culture and an artistic tradition that is far older and richer than most in the West can even begin to imagine, one that persists today even after over 76 years of brutal occupation. After all, said opening speaker Sobhi al-Zobaidi (filmmaker and co-owner of the incredible East Van food joint Tamam,) "There are currently more working filmmakers in the West Bank than there are in the entire city of Los Angeles." Not because of any notable economic input, but as the extension of some deeper, more primal need for Palestinian filmmakers to tell Palestinian stories.

In the 9 short films curated by local activist Natali Karajeh, we are welcomed to the 'in-between' that is the Palestinian filmic imagination. Nowhere was this more evident than in the opening film, Ahmad Saleh's *House* — a fable-like claymation story depicting a family having their home slowly taken over by the guests they first welcomed in. The connections to reality are contextually evident, but *House*'s dreamlike tone belies its politics, instead welcoming its audience into the liminal space between myth and reality, disappearance and appearance, permanence and temporality.

After *House* was Saleh's *Ayny*, another occupation rendered in painstaking claymation. Saleh's dreamscapes of devastation invite the audience to question what our minds might otherwise reject outright in a protective flinch. We become children, raptly listening to parables of something between sorrow and joy. "Do not believe what you see," the mother in *Ayny* says to her two sons, "The tree is not a tree. The sky is not free."

In our first longer offering, Saeed Taji Farouky's *Strange Cities are Familiar*, we are placed in the collapsing mind

of an aging Palestinian father living in exile. Time and space crumble in on themselves; the Palestinian memory so ruptured by trauma and displacement that the boundaries of international borders, of linear time, are rendered useless. Mohammad Bakri's performance as a grieving, ailing man, dislocated from his home and his family is palpable; again it is through fiction that we access unimaginable pain.

Children, and the violence they have no reprieve from, are ever-present. All but one film, *The Cup Reader*, are haunted by the implicit knowledge that Palestinian children are not spared from the harm that we try to protect every other child from. In the audience, I was placed in the unthinkable, terrible position of having to brace for brutality when I saw a child. Dina Nasser's *One Minute* is almost entirely pitch-black. We are left only with the cries of an infant, and the nearing sounds of bombs in the distance. *One Minute* takes place in the suffocating blackout of the 2014 Shujaiya Massacre in Gaza; the heaviest bombardment of a seven-week long conflict that had murdered over 490 children. Farah Nabulsi's *Today They Took My Son* was a similar reminder that this is art rooted in violent realities; that what these children face are not the exception but the rule. Since October 7th of last year, over 10,000 Gazan children have been killed. Everyday, the death toll climbs higher and higher.



At intermission, the lights go up, and I think this might be the quietest Red Gate/LiquidationWorld has ever been at an event as packed as this. I follow my friend, Omar, away from our seats and I get another drink. The mark of any good movie is how it wills you into its trance; but now that I'm not sitting silently in the dark, I'm reminded of just how many people there are. I hang back and watch the crowds forming around the tables in the foyer.

It's difficult to not be affected. At times, I am selfishly envious of people who can read about the ongoing genocide and then continue to function like nothing is wrong. I'm keenly aware that my tenuous link to Palestine is nothing compared to what Palestinians, Arabs, and Muslims are going through. Even then the pain is, at times, excruciating. Omar and I make lame jokes about the graffiti in the bathroom, but we are mostly quiet. I keep my envy to myself.

He introduces me to Alia, a representative from Artists for Palestine Canada and a Masters student studying Information Science at UBC. She's a strategic thinker, she tells us, and she's currently trying to get her faculty to stop working with Israeli universities. When I express my own frustration about the somnolent beast that is the Faculty of Political Science, she offers to chat with me later about what kind of action I can take. I'm reminded that this event isn't just a film screening, but a chance to be in collective solidarity.

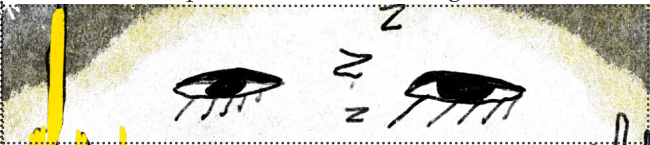
On Google and Apple Maps, searching up "Palestine" will lead you to Israel, with dashed lines demarcating the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. A subtle course correction. In *Your Father Was Borth 100 Years Old, and So Was the Nakba*, the ghost of a Palestinian exile wanders through Google Maps' Street View. The city of Haifa, "Israel's San Francisco," according to 'Tourist Israel,' has its name automatically translated into official Hebrew, and not the Arabic from which it originated. Where this city once housed 60,000 Palestinians, now

only 3,000 remain after decades of ethnic cleansing. This occupation creates unhappy ghosts that walk ceaselessly down "Liberation Street," erased from our records and unmoored in digital space. Razan AlSalah based this experimental piece on the experiences of her exiled grandmother, who never returned home.

Erasure is a multidirectional process. The current bombardment of the Gaza Strip has led to the loss of schools, universities, museums, mosques, physical repositories of culture and history. Non-exiled Palestinians (a dwindling minority) are corralled into tiny pieces of land where their movements are policed extensively. In *The Present*, going into the West Bank to buy a fridge is a violent and degrading affair of cages and segregated roads. This is how Palestine disappears; through the slow destruction of its land and the tightening of its boundaries.

*The Cup Reader* directly opposes a future of attrition by building up a world that is refreshingly complicated and vibrant. The only comedy in this selection, we are brought into the tittering joyousness of womanhood as Warde, the titular cup reader, presents each of her clients with their futures. In interviews, writer-director Suha Araj is explicit about wanting "for once ... to keep the occupation out of sight," a sisyphian task when shooting in Palestine. Its shadow is just barely, unavoidably, detectable in *The Cup Reader*, but instead of its repressive omnipresence, Araj leaves us with a distinct portrait of communal survival.

There's something kind of beautiful about a film set to me. Actual filmmakers might find that kind of corny, because as far as I can tell, being on set is a constant source of frustration. I think I'm just in awe of the collaborative spirit in the act of filmmaking, the deliberate care and coordination of every single decision. I see something of survival in it. In every film you watch, even the ones small enough to need the help of volunteer amateurs like myself, every single moment has been painstakingly storyboarded, blocked, lit, tested, shot, and reshot. Months of work condensed into a single glowing moment. Ahmad Saleh described this alchemic process beautifully: "I love the things that make you see the amount of patience behind making it."



The last film is yet another one of Saleh's fables, *Night*. It imagines the night as a pale-faced entity which whispers happy memories to lull us into sleep, despite the best efforts of a mother looking for her daughter, missing in the rubble. I wish I could say more about it, but its unspeakable beauty has to be experienced firsthand. It's a perfect, haunting sendoff, with an ending that is somewhere between merciful and cruel.

On the way out I stop by Massy Books' table, looking through their expansive collection of books on Palestine. I flip open a compilation of Mahmoud Darwish's poetry: "If it weren't for the mirage, you wouldn't have been steadfast."

"Steadfast," in Palestinian Arabic, translates to *sumud*, referring not only to the virtue of resilience, but to a political imperative based in the shared ability to resist and survive occupation. I take it as a tool — not as a passive descriptor of something far off from me, but a remedy against the nihilism of apathy. What *Films For Gaza* showed me was the dynamic ways we can show collective solidarity for Palestine, through film, through literature, through laughter and chatter and togetherness. 🍷

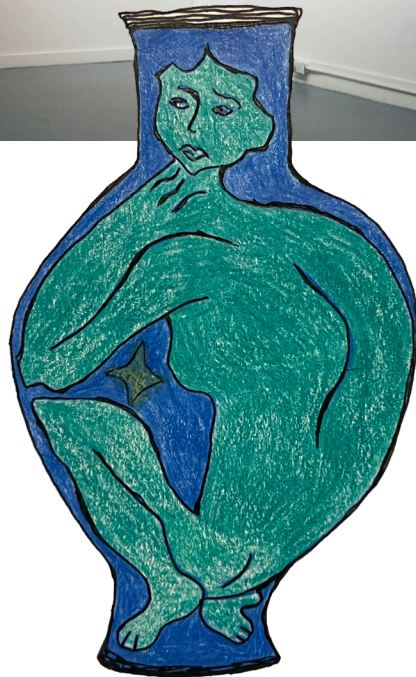




What exactly defines a Vessel? While you could refer to the Oxford or Cambridge dictionary and riffle through their wilted pages attempting to discern which of the plethora of definitions is most accurate, a trip to Gallery Gachet’s most recent exhibit, *A Canoe is an Island*, may offer the most multiplicitous answer. A collaborative exhibition between five central artists: Lydia Brown, Simon Grefield, davi de jesus do nascimento, Valérie d. Walker, and Speplól Tanya Zilinski; Gachet’s *A Canoe is an Island* orients the notion of “Vesselhood” as a central tenet for the lived experience and relationship between bodies of colour and bodies of water in an anti-colonial worldview.

However, the investigation of the “Vessel” is no new endeavour, but a prominent subject in the most avant-garde artistic and literary communities. During one of the ‘Meetings on Art’ at the 2022 Venice Biennale, writer, professor, and Black Humanities scholar Christina Sharpe delivered a keynote address titled “What Could a Vessel Be?” Sharpe’s invitation to deliver this talk — alongside an impressive panel comprised of Rinaldo Walcott, Canisia Lubrin, and Wu Tsang (Walcott was cited as an influence on Gachet’s exhibition) — was born from Sharpe’s vast academic background: Black Diaspora Literature and Theory, Black Visual Cultures, and Black Feminist and Queer Studies. Intersectional companionship is certainly of top consideration in much of her work. Sharpe’s discussion of the Vessel began with an analysis of Ursula K. Le Guin’s *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction* and Leonora Carrington’s *The Milk of Dreams* (by which the title and theme of the 2022 Biennale was inspired.) She recounts that in Le Guin and Carrington’s work, “the vessel appears as shape, container, bag, body, ship, and as narrative networks, capable of transporting us across time and space.”

I had the privilege of hearing Sharpe present an updated version of “What Could a Vessel Be?” during her visit to UBC’s Green College in the fall. Presenting a workshopped version of her inventory essay before it is slated for a book-length



### “What Else Could a Vessel be?”

words by Samuel Albert  
photos by Sarah Beltagy  
illustration by Brielle LeSage

publication in 2025, Sharpe’s synthesis of the historical, literary, sonic, and artistic representations of the Vessel has stuck with me ever since. It is no coincidence that Sharpe’s essay was commissioned in the first place in response to the curatorial masterpiece of the 2022 Venice Biennale — an iconic iteration of the festival I also happened to have attended in May, 2022 — and that this theme of the Vessel has been taken up by a local curator as well. While the basis for the essay was grounded in two works of literature (Carrington and Le Guin), the investigation of the Vessel lends itself most to physical interpretation; the Venice Biennale curator Cecilia Alemani said herself that the title was taken from Carrington’s surreal masterpiece because “the Surrealist artist describes a magical world where life is constantly re-envisioned through the prism of the imagination. It is a world where everyone can change, be transformed, become something or someone else.” The artworks of the Biennale reflected this central ethos, often dismantling, scrambling, and metamorphosing themes of subjectivity, nature, and humanity with evocative creativity. Sharpe’s essay clearly resonated with these same themes making the interrogation of the Vessel the ideal companion for a visual arts festival. While Vessel scholarship is rapidly developing, nowhere in the city of “Vancouver” at

least, does the paratactic definition Sharpe offered in Venice feel more visceral, yet digestible, than at Gallery Gachet.

At Gachet, the five artists’ works, phenomenally curated by the friendly gallery director Olumoroti Soji-George, evoked many of the same questions Sharpe asked in her essay. Sharpe asserts: “The skin of wood is a Vessel. Companionship is a Vessel.” The massive *Untitled* overturned War Canoe of Lydia Brown, which paradoxically dominated and seamlessly blended with the exhibit, emblemized both of Sharpe’s statements through its smooth, skin-like exterior, and relationship to the rest of the exhibition. The work of Brazilian artist davi de jesus do nascimento falls into perfect companionship with Brown’s canoe; nascimento’s inclusions featured a performance art video depicting the artist and their father building a canoe together, with photographs of their bodies and the canoe-making process plastered around the gallery. Nascimento’s work ingeniously blends together the boundaries between the canoe and the human form, between one Vessel and another. If “the skin of wood is a vessel” as well as “companionship,” I can think of no better representation than nascimento’s video of construction and kinship, fusing both the skin of their racialized body with the wood of the canoe. While the natural rhythm of Gallery Gachet orders you to view nascimento’s video and images before Brown’s canoe, this direction feels revelatory. On my visit, I thought Brown’s canoe *was* the product of nascimento’s video — a culmination of the exhibit. It was not until gallery curator Soji-George impishly clarified that *Untitled* was the work of a *separate* artist, that the disparate yet interconnected narrative each artist brought to *A Canoe is an Island* felt most arresting. The companionship between artists is one possible epistemological Vessel that a journey through the exhibit can evoke.

Sharpe poses another important consideration in her essay, asking, “Is identity a Vessel or a pitfall?” The limitations of identity can often subject the notion of the Vessel to scrutiny: who belongs, who rejects, and who will be excluded from the Vessel are all of salient concern once multiple parties enter a dialogue of Vesselhood simultaneously. Gachet interrogates this conundrum carefully, privileging an ethics of care as the throughline of the exhibit without homogenizing the array of cross-cultural Vessels represented. Walker’s striking tapestries exemplify this, evoking fluidity with their billowing shades of blue. The journey of consuming *A Canoe is an Island* is an odyssey itself; the seamless blurring of artistic demarcations (notable by the lack of artist identifiers next to any of the works) allows a universal identity,



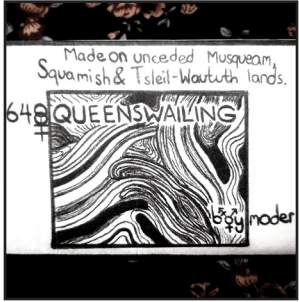
a conversation, about the nature of the Vessel to emerge without sacrificing the unique style or subjectivity of any of the five artists represented. If you are confused by which artist created what, you can obviously refer to Soji-George or the printer pamphlet, but sitting with the work, examining what identity it carries, will often reveal distinction.

The final question Sharpe echoed back in October was whether “solidarity is a Vessel,” or a concept destined to sink. While the answer seems simple, that solidarity, like companionship, would certainly be a Vessel, perhaps the most life-preserving one there is, the question of solidarity’s Vesselhood is pertinent to dissect. Companionship celebrates differences, whereas solidarity implies unity and assimilation. Does the Vessel still float if all colonized bodies are stripped of their individual identities in favour of solidarity? Or does it sink, crushed by the weight of such amalgamation, leaving those historically adrift yet again in the wake? I believe both narratives can coalesce and evolve. Brown’s *Untitled* Canoe, the final and largest of the artworks at Gachet, was notably overturned. Suddenly foreign-looking, perhaps flipped over by the weight of such responsibility, the canoe’s very utility as a Vessel appears uncertain and at risk. Yet, as the title of the exhibit suggests, *a canoe is an island* — solid ground. Perhaps the pressure of the Vessel, the weight it carries for so many colonized bodies, can be alleviated by reimagining exactly what a Vessel is, theoretically and literally. If a canoe can be flipped over to become an island, perhaps the Vessel can as well. Perhaps companionship, identity, and solidarity can all stretch their arms around each other and coexist harmoniously if, as Christina Sharpe and the artists of Gachet suggest, we just reimagine what *else* a Vessel could be.





# Under Review



boymoder  
*648QUEENSWAILING*  
OCTOBER 6, 2023  
(SELF-RELEASED)

*648QUEENSWAILING*. Like *648 Kingsway*? The DIY venue? DIY perfectly explains the fun album, *648QUEENSWAILING*, by boymoder. The album covers dark themes with personal lyrics and rhythmic sounds. Because 500 words is not enough to review each song, I'll highlight a couple favourites. The first track on the album is "damsel flies." Before listening to it I had to look up what damsel flies are (and entomologists) because I'm maybe not the sharpest tool in the shed. I had to think about the lyrics to really get the feeling of the song — this is something I had to do for most of the songs on the album. Their lyrics are complex and relatable, giving the song a personal feeling to an otherwise bouncy song. The whiny, yet raw, vocals give the lyrics an even more original feel. Next, "siren song." I picture myself doing a little jig on the dancefloor (obviously at 648 Kingsway.) The lyrics are profound, showing me a mirror of me and my ex (yikes!) and us "drowning on dry land." Maybe it's time to open the notes app and start writing. Anyway! "sad (a light)" has a hopeless and distant feeling — as if that what once was will never come back. Notes app, save me!

Now, "emasculate conception" might be my favourite on the album. Hard to decide. It has a skramz vibe with a strong opening. Or maybe it's not skramz. I don't know everything about genres, there are too many! "misconstrued" — this one was probably the song I thought about most after listening to it. I want to know more about the story told in the lyrics. I read this as the transgendered experience of trying to fit in, showing interest in barrettes, and being labeled creepy by the people one is trying to fit in with. This is not just a personal experience, the lyrics point to transphobia nation-wide (and worldwide), making these lyrics probably the most profound of the album. I found dark and personal themes to be the main topics explored in *648QUEENSWAILING*, but 'misconstrued' stood out as more of a political statement, a justification of identity, and an interesting perspective from all the transphobic dialogue spread on the news. Lastly, 'lil lullaby' is a sad yet heartwarming song with more hopeful (finally) feelings to the lyrics! Overall, I found this album easy and accessible to listen to, with a track for everyone to like and head-bang to. While the songs do sound similar and can be hard to distinguish between, I don't think that's bad. It's a cohesive sound with lyrics that act as a highlight to each track. I don't believe in giving albums a rating because music cannot be qualified, so I suggest you listen to it yourself if you're looking for something DIY, fun, and Vancouver-based! Tell me what you think of it, too.  
— CAMERON ROBINSON



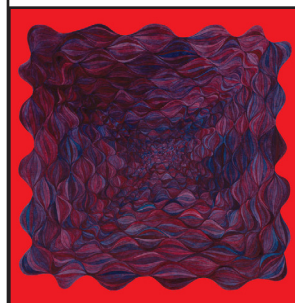
Moka Only  
*In and of Itself*  
MAY 19, 2023  
(URBNET RECORDS)

Moka Only's 2023 album, *In and Of Itself*, explores the artist's loose train of thought across tracks that weave in fun production and a variety of instruments, which flow through relaxed and melodic beats. Moka is an acclaimed Vancouver-based artist who has released over 50 albums, not including the numerous projects he has worked on with other artists, most notably his role in the band Swollen Members. Moka's music is primarily classified as hip hop, yet he has a talent for exploring and incorporating various genres, including jazz and soul — and this album is no exception.

*In and Of Itself* is a playful album, it bounces between more dramatic and assertive songs, including "Drainpipe" and "Oh Thousands," to more laidback tracks, such as "Restart" and "Just for the Night." A personal favourite of mine is the track "Don't U Kno." There are moments of echo, background vocals, smooth beats, glitches in production, and lyrics that seem to be speaking directly to the listener — yet all these parts are balanced in a way which never makes the track seem cluttered or overwhelming. "Don't U Kno" is especially potent following the previous track, "Double RL" which acts as a palate cleanser that leaves the listener eager for the next track. "Double RL" is a purely ambient song and foreshadows to the instrumental version of this album Moka released a few months after the original.

It is clear that Moka has a talent for, and experience in, writing albums, and *In of Itself* is a cohesive piece — each song smoothly transitioning into the next. While the melding between songs creates an enjoyable experience, it leaves something to be desired for the intrigue of the listener. The rapping is consistent, and the production is well done, but it did little to hold my attention — especially after the first 25 minutes. This was particularly noticeable in the stretch of songs from "Naturally" to "Need to Know," these songs felt like repeats of earlier moments on the album, offering few new ideas or enticing moments. It is important to note that this album is entirely written, performed, and produced by Moka Only. While this is impressive as a completely solo endeavour, the lack of collaboration contributes to the sense that this album is a first draft, a ramble. Moka lacks a perspective outside of himself to edit or push the sound at moments. The editing of a few songs would increase the effectiveness of the album, rather than have the unique and playful elements feel overdone.

*In and Of Itself* is an album that showcases the talent of Moka Only, which has supported his long and illustrious career. While it is not a groundbreaking record, it is a solid and enjoyable listen, that fits well among his many other pieces of work. —SOFIA WIND



*Beatings are in the body*  
*Beatings are in the body*  
MAY 26, 2023  
(SELF-RELEASED)

Very few artists are audacious enough to begin a story with a lullaby. But *Beatings Are in the Body* are. It is because the precociously experimental trio's self-titled debut is not just about letting go, but also about conjuring up the space to feel, and to recall things that seem to sit at the bottom of a waking mind.

Vocalist Erika Angell, pianist Róisín Adams and cellist Peggy Lee tug at something innate in their album, weaving poetry in motion with classical and electronic vehicles.

In many ways, the work runs a cycle. It begins in "Blurry," recalling those childhood watercolor memories. "This is what I am, I say, this is where I come from," Angell accepts, a place tied down with its love and pain. A voice asks, "do you like it here or is it painful?" juxtaposed against the drawing cessation of "coming out for laughter, coming out for kisses" that fades out along with the piece.

This is where the mind naturally goes when it has the moment to do so, where feelings, laughter, and the kisses of a mother always seem to stay at the forefront of this recall. "Triploop" seems to stand out. The anthropomorphic synth fixes a broken system that anxiously transfers into the first half of "Like a Deepness / Let Go," where the vocal's syntax is just out of reach and the echoing of "like a deepness" is the only string of words that can be made out. Eventually, this voice begins to grapple with how to let go amidst a mind marred with excess thought which begs to be given away. Adam's piano mediates Angell's voice in and out of cessation.



Where the juxtaposing flurries and grunts of Lee's cello stand out in "Cottage Rounds," and clashes of confused metal and dainty vocal percussion sound like a dentist searching a mouth in "Rhiza," "Rainbow" opens us to the possibility of liberating oneself from the mind's confines, leading up to an atmospheric crescendo.

"Unfetter" and "5.5 Prayer / Tree" pair naturally together. In the former, fleeting controlled breathing beckons to a wind. The stretch of a cello and keys threatens to stir the meditator out of their slumber, but they breathe on.

Then comes "the feeling of feeling after not feeling" in "Her Hands" where the whining strings are expressive of a stream of consciousness. It's in "Mermaid," the voice again declares, "this is what I am, I say, this is where I come from," but this iteration now carries new meaning — something strangely parsed, but that holds more truth. In "Dog Moon," the voice holds on to that lost sentiment.

Autonomic and automatic, oddly transcending yet innocently minimal, one sits on the cessation of the last note of "I Don't Want What She Has" without being able to identify when exactly they began to understand this guiding voice. What *Beatings in the Body* achieves is the demonstration that music can answer some of the biggest questions of existence with just the beat of a keyboard, the dynamism of a cello, and the raw voice of an open soul. And this story is not tied down by an even meter, because neither is the mind. Like I said, it's a cycle. And a digress into the shadows.—**FIONA SJAUS**



C. Diab  
*Imerro*  
FEB 16, 2024  
(TONAL UNION)

C. Diab's *Imerro* is infused with a hypnotic and contemplative essence of desire — one which expands infinitely into the imagination of the listener. According to C. Diab, the inspiration behind the title *Imerro* comes from an ancient and potentially lost Greek word meaning, "desire for, I desire you." I hear this desire most clearly in the songs "Lunar Barge," "Crypsis," and "The Excuse of Fiction."

Wordlessly, through a mixture of guitar, piano, synth and more, C. Diab conjures up an inexplicable yearning that connects humanity and nature. C. Diab, who is from Port Hardy, Vancouver Island, reportedly takes inspiration from British Columbia's natural landscape, and as someone who is also from B.C., I hear the beauty and mood of the temperate rainforest explicitly throughout his soundscapes. "Quatsino Sound" is a beautiful area of inlets in the northwest of Vancouver Island, as well as the name of the fourth track in *Imerro*. The atmospheric quality of this song encapsulates the feeling of the West Coast, specifically the coastal landscape.

The first song, "Ourselves At Least," sets the tone of *Imerro*. Diab combines a strong guitar-bowed melody with a steady, metronome-like beat reminiscent of a steady march or heartbeat. "Lunar Barge," the second and, in my opinion, one of the most potent songs on the record, continues with intense and hypnotic bowing on the guitar. Moving forward, "The Excuse of Fiction" changes the album's tone. The guitar, as well as the way that this song slowly builds itself up, reminds me of the dreaminess of The Durutti Column. The album continues with the song "Crypsis," which starts clear and melodic and, through synthesized glitches, transforms into a different song altogether.

The next song on the album, "Erratum" shifts the tone of the album again, including a powerful, piercing saxophone sound to begin and then transition into a gentler melody with piano and guitar. "Tiny Umbrellas" may be my favourite song on the album. The intricately played twangy banjo adds new complexity to the sounds of *Imerro*, which I absolutely adore. The final song, "Surge Savard," completes the sound of the album with a loud combination of synthesizer, guitar and saxophone; it's a great conclusion.

Overall, *Imerro* is a beautiful album with a lot of depth and complexity. Would I recommend this album for a feel-good, easy-listening roller-skate around Stanley Park? Nope, but if you are looking for an ambient album to make you feel something, then this collection of contemplative songs is perfect for you. —**TESSA MCDERMID**



Lego Indiana Jones  
*Hope All Well*  
FEBRUARY 6, 2024  
(DISCOVERY EUROPE LLC)

Maybe the best place to start with describing Dublin/Vancouver-based Lego Indiana Jones' debut album, *Hope All Well*, is with the playlists on their Spotify page. Vocalist and pianist, Pierce Comerford, lists Radiohead, Black Country, New Road and Weird Al Yankovic as references, while drummer, Tom dePaor, includes an interesting combo of Aphex Twin and Modest Mouse amongst others.

It's clear these lists weren't made for the sake of it when you listen to the album. You could probably label the album, generally, as 'rock' or 'indie', but the group is able to blend so many sounds which fall under those banners, while maintaining a sense of cohesiveness and distinct personality, that it would honestly be a disservice.

"Thank You, Elijah Wood," for example, starts off understated with a midwest-emo feel, and suddenly pivots into a hardcore, punky banger.

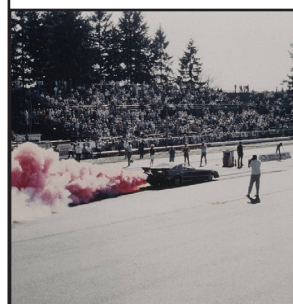
As "Elijah Wood" suggests, the lyrics on the record are as diverse as its sound, and often quite tongue-in-cheek. "People Like You", a 7 minute epic exploring a simultaneous desire and distaste for someone, provides quite the stark contrast against "Infinite Jim," which imagines Jim Halper from *The Office*'s sanity unraveling as he is forced to live his entire life again every time someone watches the show.

This mixture of sincerity and individuality keeps the album fresh and interesting throughout. Lego Indiana Jones — probably obviously, given the name — don't take themselves too seriously, and a real sense of personality shines through throughout the album. As mentioned, 'People Like You' explores a complicated, seemingly romantic relationship, something some might consider a bit cliché on an indie rock album. But Comerford's complex, almost absurdist lyrics ensure that it is anything but, whilst still communicating a clear message through his choice of language.

It's also abundantly clear the three are very talented musicians. dePaor explodes into an insanely intricate extended drum break on "Mr Worry" which almost sounds like a math rock track — there's certainly an element of his aforementioned inspiration, Aphex Twin, present. There's also a really interesting reinterpretation of my bloody valentine's "When You Sleep," translating the classic shoegaze track into a piano-led anthem — a favourite of mine off the album.

If I had one criticism about *Hope All Well*, I'd say that sometimes the more irreverent moments detract from the album's sincerity. The less serious moments on the album do keep it interesting, but sometimes it feels like the band are afraid to take themselves seriously, which is a shame because their musical talent is obvious throughout. On "Cloudy w/ a chance of meatballs" the band are able to communicate something genuinely sombre through the instrumentation; though the seemingly nonsensical lyrics about their 'friend' with 'rubberised feet' watching the titular film are quite distracting. But, hey, maybe that's the point.

Nonetheless, if you're into rock/indie/anything that might fall under that genre (or interesting music in general) you should give *Hope All Well* a go. The trio are extremely talented musicians and maintain a witty, happy-go-lucky vibe throughout. It's a real treat. Bravo.— **LEO MCGURK**



Leave Yourself Alone  
*Leave Yourself Alone*  
(2023)  
(SELF-RELEASED)

Leave Yourself Alone's self-titled debut contains a variety of indie and rock sounds paired with illustrative lyrics that I want to hear over and over. The band uses shifting instrumentals to back up their compelling subject matter, which ranges from feeling stuck in life, to finding support in other people, to leaving yourself alone.



The band has multiple vocalists which presents a contrast between the album's light, collective sound (all vocalists at once), and the vibe that they're speaking directly to the listener (when there's just one voice present). This duality happens right off the bat in "Goodness Gracious," which switches from heavy, intense layers that engulf you, to quieted moments that feel personal and pointed — stressing lines like "Love isn't a miracle or a lack / Sometimes it gets so bad / You peel back and start again / From the moment you let them in."

"Catch Somebody" shows mellower parts of their range, but still emphasizes the intense electricity of their music. The chorus cuts through the song like a laser beam, stinging tones layering up to create an explosion. The lines "Some of us catch the boat / While the rest just catch somebody" bring the message together; simple, but unique and well done.

My one gripe with this album is that the songs could be shorter. They show different styles in tracks like, "I am afraid I won't do anything" and "Leave Yourself Alone," delving into more classic rock and distant, low sounds. It's cool, but it feels like they're packing too much in lyrically and sonically, and it's working against them. Nearly all of the songs suffer from getting in too early and drawing out to the point where the impact is watered down. This band definitely has the ability to create a complex musical journey in their songs, but right now, it feels somewhat unfocused.

There were two main highlights for me; "Hope in a Bottle" which has a silvery, sometimes acoustic sound, that is contrasted with the sentiment of life passing by and feeling stuck where you are. The chorus is simple — but it's one to yell — and the verses are littered with lyrical gems: "So what's stopping a simple undertaking / When I'm lacking I fiddle and I'm flaky / Yeah, it's abnormal, it's insane / You go ahead as I trouble with my lace." On another high note, I'd go to a concert to see "Race Car Driver" live. I could feel the atmosphere of singing this song in a crowd; the simple lyrics and imagery hit, set to tune that makes it kind of ethereal.

Overall, *Leave Yourself Alone* is a debut with a lot of promise. I'd like to see them lean into their lyricism and condense their sound to give every beat the weight it deserves without competing with other musical elements. They have some truly terrific moments and I think they can hit the nail on its head in the future, making them a group to look out for.

— ELITA MENEZES



Mulch  
*Still Sweatin*  
JULY 20, 2023  
(SELF-RELEASED)

Mulch is reaching for the indiscernible. The Vancouver trio, consisting of Cam Borthwick, Devon Parkin, and vocalist Patrick Kinch, make liminal indie-rock that is not congruent with any one period, sound, or niche. Their debut album, *Still Sweatin*, is the kind of document that could only come from devoted students of indie mainstays deep in the record bin. Hear the *Slanted & Enchanted* maximalism of their guitars, the wall-of-sound chaos now synonymous with bands like Wednesday and Feeble Little Horse. At its best, *Still Sweatin* is the efforts of three highly proficient musicians ready to commit to the fuller sounds of their contemporaries, grit and all.

The band proves an encyclopedic knowledge of generational rock institutions as the record develops; their structures are varied, cadence can change on a dime — nothing is safe from reinvention. It makes for an exciting listen, often evoking the complex yet melodic stylings of indie stalwarts like Snail Mail, with pedals that hew closer to power-pop revivalists Hotline TNT or Alvways. The album's title track rests atop a melancholic fuzz not unlike TNT's recent record, *Cartwheel*, the delivery of each line a bored drawl. These songs feel meticulous and laboured, but never over-rehearsed, as if the band was challenged to splice the DNA of multiple tracks into a three-minute fireball. Opener "Thunder in the Garden" morphs from moody guitar arpeggios and spaced-out reverb into a rock-out tailor made for the neighbours basement, finally settling on a shoe-gazey roil as Kinch's voice edges on glossolalia. This treatment of vocal-turned-indiscernible fuzz is at once an understanding of genre and a somewhat obvious concealment of the band's often unremarkable lyricism. If *Still Sweatin* has a fault, it is in the unfortunate unaccomplished nature of its diction within an otherwise great suite of music. "Nothing is real up here/ Looking up to what's real," goes a line from standout "Swallow Your Tongue." While peers like newcomers Wednesday fill their meticulous songs with narrative arcs, recurring antagonists, and set dressing, Mulch opt for a decidedly shapeless lyrical universe. The writing is never offensive, but the utilitarian approach to the lyrics throughout the record is frustrating; a placeholder for something

to be added at a later date. This will go unnoticed by casual listeners and ignored entirely by fans of this strain of noisy alt-rock, who turn to lyrics the same way indie-folk listeners emphasize four-piece arrangements.

The band strikes a less jarring balance when lyrics recede not only into static, but nonverbal entirely. It works to make "Withered in Water," whose refrain is a recitation of "la-la-la's," all the more gratifying. In its final moments, the song descends into a repeating invocation: "what is this?" as if the answer is in the statement itself.

It becomes clear across *Still Sweatin*'s runtime that Mulch is a band fully-leveled up; audacious and unpretentious, and ready to dispel naysayers with time-honoured, head-banging hedonism. In full embrace of their influences, Mulch's restless music feels in search of big ideas, and even better sounds. *Still Sweatin* mostly delivers.

— ZACHARY ANDRADE



Non La  
*Like Before*  
MARCH 29, 2024  
(MINT)

In the next room over, someone is talking about love. You close your eyes and listen to their muffled words through the wall that separates you; whispering, laughing, and yelling, about the painful and humiliating things that make being in love so beautiful. They're as joyous as they are mournful, and as you listen to them telling their story, you hear reflections of your own.

This is the experience of listening to Non La's sophomore album, *Like Before*. The album is at different times minimalist and maximalist, intimate and distant, nostalgic and new, while always remaining raw and emotionally honest. With its gritty alt-pop sound and aching, often uncertain vocals, listening to this album for the first time felt like I was intruding on a conversation between partners — personal and beautifully uncomfortable.

Non La is the project of multi-instrumentalist artist DJ On, who played every instrument on the album, adding to the intimacy of the music. The sound of *Like Before* hearkens back to 90s and 2000s indie and alternative rock, with guitar lines and audio mixing that call to mind Weezer or the Strokes, but On injects a unique vulnerability into this familiar sound with his heavily controlled recording process and his lyrics which explore themes of queer acceptance, non-monogamy, insecurity, and heartbreak. *Like Before* is as tongue-in-cheek as it is resonant, peppered throughout with humor and innuendo. The music video for the song "Hurtful" depicts On receiving a chopped-off hand as a gift from an obsessed fan — a "strange li'l guy" in white makeup and a purple wig — exemplifying the contrast between gravity and fun that characterizes this album.

On invites us in with "Dark Room," a soft, unpolished song just over a minute long, about the experience of meeting his partner at a bathhouse, and alerts us that his experiences (and ours) will be shining through the album's twelve tracks. From there it's a journey of feverish ups and downs, from the thrumming instrumentals of "Hold Me Down," to the plaintive and lullaby-like "Forget," to the anxious repetition of "Running Out." I loved the title track, "Like Before," with its textural, crashing sound and lyrics full of sexual wordplay, about the joys and insecurities that come with non-monogamy. The melodic, dreamlike "Into the Water" was another standout for me, with mournful verses building to a full and lyrical chorus.

When I first listened to this album I was surprised by my own reaction to it. I felt swept up in this love story, and the universalities and specificities of relationships that On captures so well. I often found myself feeling that familiar ache that echoes throughout so many of these songs, a real testament to the raw emotion of the music. With *Like Before*, Non La proves to be a fresh and much-needed voice in music, giving voice to queer joy as well as pain. *Like Before* does what I think good art should do: invites you in and asks you to stay for a little while.—ANNABEL SMITH





The Golden Age of Wrestling  
*Scorpion Deathlock*  
 JAN 19, 2024  
 (INTRASET)

The greatest hurdle for any artist is learning to innovate. Being stuck in your ways is a trap that many creatives find themselves in, be it an author writing the same types of novels, a director producing the same movies, or a musician rehashing their old records. But after listening to *Scorpion Deathlock* on repeat, I can safely say that The Golden Age of Wrestling has succeeded in writing a perfect follow up, displaying equal parts enthusiasm and tact on his third LP. Masterminded by queer-pop artist Jeff Cancade, *Scorpion Deathlock* comes hot off the heels of a killer hot streak in 2022's *Crossface Chicken Wing* and 2023's *Homecoming Queen* under his Devours moniker, the Vancouver-based Glambient mastermind has returned with a new full-length effort to keep the run alive. Complete with familiar and all-new sounds alike, *Scorpion Deathlock* is another step forward in his already-impressive catalogue, taking the listener on a 10-track journey complete with twists and turns like any great pro-wrestling match should.

The record opens with "Blood for Shakespeare" and lead single "Ferrari Rocher," which not only showcases a naming sense that many would kill for, but the video game OST influences from the previous records. The latter even takes a dip into the realm of house music, with its steady rhythms and body-roll inducing melodies, juxtaposed with TGAoW's brilliant ability to create a sense of space and scale in his work. The outro even pays healthy homage to guitar heroism, with a chiptune lead line that is bound to provide any face with a healthy dose of stank. It's a fresh sound that treads a lot of genre lines, but sounds all the better for it. By far one of my favourite moments on the record.

But things only heat up from here, with the haunting ballad-esque "Paperhouse," which feels like feeding an introspective Drake song through dark matter, producing an eerie and sombre vibe that brings a splash of emotion that's difficult to come by in the ambient space. This is juxtaposed by "Earthworm Gym," which is what I take to be a reference to the classic game protagonist, actually makes for a great workout song with its groovy 808 pattern and layered synth melodies that takes the energy back up to speed. This level of prowess is perhaps shown best on another single, "The Chauffeur." Building from a sparse keyboard line, the track gradually builds and layers upon itself, creating a full-sounding ambient soundscape that doesn't overstay its welcome — instead keeping the listener hooked on new idea after new idea.

The record closes on "Labradorite," featuring fellow Vancouver artist Future Star, whose heavenly vocals mesh perfectly with Cancade's layered production, treating the listener to equal parts thick walls of sound and catchy pop hooks. The closer's satisfying swells and progressions are a showing of savvy that displays a level of poise that only comes with experience. Because with the release of *Scorpion Deathlock*, Jeff Cancade delivers and cements the breadth of his artistry with undeniable style and glamour. Through splitting his work between Devours and this, his catalog continues to grow and up the ante. One can only imagine where he'll take his sound next, and I for one, am all for it. —**OLIVER CHEUNG**

# REAL LIVE ACTION!

## GWAR / Cancer bats / Fuming Mouth

THE VOGUE THEATRE | MARCH 20, 2024

.....

GWAR once again invaded Vancouver this March, and what an adventure it was.

Prior to this show, I'd never listened to a full GWAR track, let alone an entire record front-to-back, but I'd been well aware of the reputation which precedes them for quite some time. Upon learning they were coming to The Vogue, I wasted no time snagging myself a ticket. What better way to cut my teeth than by diving headfirst into the deep end of the blood-and-demon-jizz filled swimming pool at one of their infamous live shows.

After the crowd of Bohabs were sufficiently warmed up by Fuming Mouth and Cancer Bats, GWAR walked out to Black Sabbath's "War Pigs," accompanied by a frenzied audience choir, foaming at the mouth in anticipation of the guaranteed chaos to come. I enjoyed the opening track from a distance, admiring the stagecraft at work. But, as soon as the first spurts of blood showered over the audience, my friends and I slammed our drinks and marched our way into the warzone, never to cross paths again until the end of the night.

The floor was crushingly packed with bodies locked shoulder-to-shoulder like a sea of human cattle, all vying for a place in the splash zone of the next display of on-stage gore. I've never fallen so much in a single mosh pit in my life. I've also never launched as many people on top of the crowd as that night either. I counted 15 bruises on my legs alone the next day, and I could barely lift my arms above my head for the next three.

No ideology was safe from GWAR's satirical stage show. The only clear political allegiance of the band was a firm pro-Palestine stance, as illustrated by one member of the band degloving Benjamin Netanyahu's head on stage like a Scooby-Doo villain in retaliation for his crimes against the Palestinian people.

I watched a topless woman throw elbows in the pit with a smile. A ten-year-old child somehow made it to the front of the pit on his dad's shoulders to receive a blood rocket blast from the stump neck of a recently decapitated Joe Biden. Blothar was brought to climax by the fervent fellatio of a dinosaur hand puppet, ejaculating a rope of blood directly at my open eyes and mouth. I'm still excavating the blood from my ear canal with Q-tips over a week later (just another reason to remember your earplugs, folks.)

After the band's grand finale, during which they systematically dismembered a giant blue-blooded bug-eyed monster piece by piece, they returned to the stage for a three-song encore of "Sick of You," "Fishfuck," and "Fuck This Place." This high-energy epilogue to the set garnered a raucous singalong from the audience, wherein the band made sure not to let a single audience member go home unsoaked. By the end of the night, my entire body was saturated in blood, not a single dry inch to be seen. It took me over 20 minutes and 4 rounds of shampooing before the water finally ran clear in the shower.

This was a show I will remember for the rest of my life. I will undoubtedly be buying a ticket the next time GWAR comes around, and I suggest you do the same. — **MATT SCHMIDT**



from the desk of  
Dr. Phineas Winnebago...

the STAR CANYON DIGEST



**AARIE**

You finally understand that every last and little thing has consequence. As the multitudes diverge, pause to contemplate the separate wills that compete from within. Trust that all knowledge is imperfect.

**YAUUO**

We are meant to share our joy and sorrow, so get out your heavy words. That is one way to speak less while saying more. The signal is already buried; avoid adding to the glut of unsophisticated noise-trading.

**GRUURE**

Let go of fake heat. You are surrounded by lights that burn needlessly in empty rooms, but you will not find answers amidst their glow. Sadly, this world demands our loneliness for a time, and in some cases, forever.

**CARICR**

There is no debt ceiling, not anymore, but one can still cross fingers for a slow and well-managed decline. There will be life after the state. Falling trees always make sound.

**UUG**

It is late and only the fools are still dancing. Stop wasting moonlight and join them! You do not need a plan for passing time in paradise.

**UUGO**

You will sail far beyond any distance from which one could hope to row back, bearing witness to pure absence. This - because your heart desired. You will discover there is no mystery; only a great and vast nothing that renders void the sum of all choosings.

**UUGO**

Some systems - think: operating/immune/legal - are made stronger by their assailants. What other fortunes are made through iterative disorder? Will any measures ever meaningfully counter the foul influence of greed and foolishness upon this world?

**UUGO**

At some point you made a choice that bent all of history toward this one lonely tower. One day, you will comprehend the terrible cost of all this beauty and have to decide which parts of yourself not to carry forth.

**CAGYUUAUO**

Most questions are a matter of when, not if. The same goes for redemption. Taken together, those probabilities provide loose-fitting principia for organizing the human spirit. You just need to learn the maths.

**CAPAUOAN**

When did you become so governable? If all roads reach death, for what other life are you preparing? Find your rage anew! Bathe once more in the seamless amber current!

**UUGO**

I still believe that you are the answer to my prayers, but some things take time. I am always rushing toward your futures to brush the sugar from your cheek. In times good and bad, my thoughts are of you.

**UUGO**

Of the many worlds for choosing in this scattered, crushing vacuum, calamity led you to this wet and mudded field. There is too much to unremember; that is the truest human cost to which we are all indebted. Wait for the precious truce and reclaim the embers of your grief.

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR:** PHINEAS WINNEBAGO PH.D., M.D., IS THE AUTHOR OF MORE THAN 14 BOOKS, PRIMARILY NONFICTION IN THE AREAS OF HEALTH AND WELLNESS, AMAZONIAN BOTANY, CRIMINAL JUSTICE, AND MUSIC CRITICISM. SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING HIS DOCTORATE OF MEDICINE AT THE BAYLOR COLLEGE OF MEDICINE IN 1972, DR. WINNEBAGO BEGAN HIS CAREER AS THE HEALTH AND SCIENCES CORRESPONDENT FOR THE POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL. HOWEVER, HE IS BEST KNOWN FOR SINCERELY, PW, HIS INTERNATIONALLY SYNDICATED SUNDAY COLUMN THAT DEALT WITH A RANGE OF SUBJECTS INCLUDING EMERGING NATUROPATHIC PRACTICES, PSYCHOLOGY, PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT AND SEASONAL RECIPES. RUNNING UNINTERRUPTED FROM 1981-1987, THE COLUMN AND DR. WINNEBAGO ARE WIDELY REGARDED AS THE PIONEERING FORCES IN THE FIELD OF ABECEDARIAN HEALING, WHICH GAINED POPULARITY THROUGHOUT THE 1980S UNTIL DR. WINNEBAGO'S ABRUPT DEPARTURE FROM PUBLIC LIFE IN THE FALL OF 1987.

THE STAR CANYON DIGEST APPEARS COURTESY OF CORREIO BRAZILIENSE. DR. WINNEBAGO CAN BE CONTACTED VIA ELECTRONIC MAIL AT [STARCANYONDIGEST@CITR.CA](mailto:STARCANYONDIGEST@CITR.CA). ALL CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE RELAYED-TO BUT NOT READ-BY DR. WINNEBAGO. PLEASE ALLOW 8-12 WEEKS FOR RESPONSE.

THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS EXPRESSED ON THE STAR CANYON DIGEST ARE THOSE OF DR. PHINEAS WINNEBAGO AND DO NOT REFLECT THE VIEWS OR OPINIONS OF CITR 101.9 FM OR DISORDER MAGAZINE.





# CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"Discorder recommends listening to CiTR every day." - Discorder.

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6 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		DEMOCRACY NOW!	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX			6 AM
7 AM	WORDS AND CULTURE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	CiTR GHOST MIX	CANADALAND	VIEWPOINTS		RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	7 AM
8 AM				IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES	OUTDOOR PURSUITS			8 AM
9 AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	RUSSIAN TIM SHOW	QUEER FM			9 AM
10 AM		CiTR GHOST MIX	LOVE NOTES	AGAINST THE CURRENT	BREAKING BARRIERS	BACK TO THE GARDEN	DOGEARED	10 AM
11 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	UBC MEDICINE LEARNING NETWORK	BELKIN GALLERY AND POLYGON GALLERY PRESENT: RADIO ART BY DANI GAL	CiTR GHOST MIX	SCHMOEDIO	DISC OLLIE	11 AM
12 PM	LETHAL REFRESH	CiTR GHOST MIX	NANCY'S PANTRY	THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH	UNCEDED AIRWAVES	12 PM
1 PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI	LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE	HAIL! DISCORDIA! (EVERY 3RD THURS)	MUSE'ISH	CHOPPED 'N' SCREWED		1 PM
2 PM		LEENIN' WITH JEFF	LE REETUAL	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN	TRAINING TIME W/ CIARA	BEPI CRESPIAN PRESENTS... AND NARDWUAR	POWER CHORD	2 PM
3 PM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	TAKE JUAN	CiTR GHOST MIX	THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE BROADCAST	HARMONIC HOOLIGANS	FAMILIAR STRANGERS	3 PM
4 PM	UNCEDED AIRWAVES	TEACHABLE MOMENTS	TRAINING TIME	MIXO-TROPH	THE REEL WHIRLED	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	4 PM
5 PM	MUSIC'S ON THE MENU	ANIMAL BRAIN RADIO	JESS'S LIT	NEBULON ONE	ARTS REPORT	DEAD SUGGULENT HAUNT	PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD	5 PM
6 PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR	GOB STOPPER	EURO NEURO	CiTR GHOST MIX	KAFOU MUZIK	THAT SONG FROM THAT MOVIE	ALL ACCESS PASS	6 PM
7 PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	DO YOU FEEL HOW I FEEL?	AFRICA'S LIT	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANC'TH'S HIDEAWAY	CiTR GHOST MIX	AZZUCAR MORENA	7 PM
8 PM		CRIMES & TREASONS				2010 RADIO	CiTR GHOST MIX	8 PM
9 PM				CiTR GHOST MIX				9 PM
10 PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	SLIMEWIRE			LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SOCA STORM	10 PM
11 PM		PLANET FHLOSTON	SAXAPHONE LA NUIT			COPY/PASTE	MOON BATH (MONTHLY)	11 PM
12 AM				AFTN SOCCER SHOW				12 AM
1 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX				ONE HOUR HAPPY HAPPY FUN-TIME MUSICK	RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	1 AM
2 AM							THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA	2 AM
LATE NIGHT								LATE NIGHT

STUDENT PROGRAMMING

**DO YOU WANT TO PITCH YOUR OWN SHOW TO CiTR?**

EMAIL THE PROGRAMMING MANAGER AT [PROGRAMMING@CiTR.CA](mailto:PROGRAMMING@CiTR.CA) TO LEARN HOW



# Monday

## WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-11AM, ECLECTIC

Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights

BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

## LETHAL REFRESH

3PM-4PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Host Chrissariffic takes you on an indie pop journey not unlike a marshmallow sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## UNCEDED AIRWAVES

4PM-5PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Unceded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## MUSIC'S ON THE MENU

5PM-6PM, MUSIC / MUSIC

Alex and Hugh give their opinions on new music releases of albums and singles, as well as discuss their thoughts on topics in the music industry, such as what gives artists staying power and what ideal album length is.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## GOBSTOPPER

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK

So good you stop talking.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, EXPERIMENTAL

Join Gak as he explores music from the movies, tunes from television, along with atmospheric pieces, cutting edge new tracks, and strange goodies for soundtrack to be. All in the name of ironclad whimsy.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ

On air since 1984, jazz musician Gavin Walker takes listeners from the past to the future of jazz.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

# Tuesday

## PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, ROOTS/FOLK/BLUES

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

PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

## LOVE NOTES

ALTERNATING TUES 10AM-11PM, POP/ECLECTIC

Love Notes is a biweekly show hosted by Naomi and Peka. Each week, a new guest selects a great love of their life—a romantic partner, a sibling, a best friend, a parent—and together, we create an episode showcasing the music of them.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## UBC MEDICINE LEARNING NETWORK PRESENTS

ALTERNATING TUES 11AM-12PM, MEDICINE / TALK

UBCMLN Presents showcases the best of the UBC Medicine Learning Network family of podcasts, home to a variety of UBC Medicine voices, subjects, and stories that empower lifelong learning, foster excellence in education, and promote educational innovation.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## NANCY'S PANTRY

ALTERNATING TUES 12AM-1PM, ECLECTIC / MUSIC

Eclectic selections from Nancy's pantry!

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI

1PM-2PM, SAXOPHONE, OF COURSE

saxophone in the afternoon

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## LEENIN' WITH JEFF

2PM-3PM, MOVIES / POP CULTURE / CRITICISM

LEenin with JEFF is a weekly podcast that discusses movies,

poetry, movie or play scripts and fun facts! I Feel free to contact me if you would like to join me on my show!)

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## TAKE JUAN

ALTERNATING TUES 3PM-4PM, TALK/ MOVIES

a celebration of cinema that will captivate both present and future film buffs. Hosted by Juan Pablo Saa

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## TEACHABLE MOMENTS

TUES 4PM-5PM, TALK/POP

Citr's 1-stop-shop for what's hot & what's not since 2019

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## JESS'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 5PM-6PM, JESSE/ LITERATURE

tbd.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## ANIMAL BRAIN RADIO

ALTERNATING TUES 5PM-6PM, PUNK/ ROCK

Broadcasting the best of Goth, Punk, Alternative, and New Wave Music! Keeping the 80s alive with fresh finds and timeless classics. Best listened to with old, broken speakers.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## DOGEARED

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, SPOKEN WORD / BOOKS

Dogearied is a book club that meets biweekly through the airwaves of CITR 101.9 FM. Every two weeks we will read a new book and discuss it with y'all, our loyal bookclub members

DOGEAREDBOOKCLUB@GMAIL.COM

## EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / FANDOM

Euro Neuro is a show about the Eurovision Song Contest, which is an international songwriting competition.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK / MUSIC

Africa's Lit: more than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## DO YOU FEEL HOW I FEEL?

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, FUNK / HOUSE

An extremely funky radio show with a focus on house and techno music.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, HIP HOP

2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST. With Jamal \$teeles, Yvng Malik & Rellly Re\$

CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM/CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

## OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arrian, introduces you to his various interest through his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports. Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## PLANET FHLOSTON

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, IMPROVISED MUSIC

A late night exploration into the depths of the unknown...

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## SAXOPHONE LA NUIT

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, JAZZ / SAX

A continuation of Saxophone a l'apres midi, at night.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## YOUNG MUTT AND FRIENDS' RING SHOP AND MENTAL HEALTH SHRINE

12PM-1AM, RINGS / MENTAL HEALTH

your guess is as good as ours.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

# Wednesday

## DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECLECTIC

Live from the Jungle Room, join radio host Jack Velvet for music, soundbytes, information and insanity.

DJ@JACKVELVET.NET

## AGAINST THE CURRENT

10AM-11AM, NEWS / ANALYSIS

News from Vancouver and Lower Mainland. Brought to you by the News Collective at CITR 101.9 FM.

SPOKENWORD@CITR.CA

## BELKIN GALLERY AND POLYGON GALLERY PRESENT: RADIO ART BY DANI GAL

11AM-12AM, EXPERIMENTAL / CONCEPT

Through his in-depth research and technical experimentation, artist Dani Gal draws our attention to sound, distributed archive of sound documents and their role in the workings of ideology and the production of cultural memory. These transmissions invite us - as embodied listeners - to consider the relationship of political events to acoustic events.

## THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECLECTIC

Dan Shakespeare is here with music for your ears. Kick back with gems from the past, present, and future. Genre need not apply.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## LA BONNE HEURE WITH VALIE

1PM-2PM

A new show on the air?! From mellow and indie, to more experimental, join 'La Bonne Heure' for a little bit of it all - both in English and en Français! With some interviews on the horizon and many good times too... soyez sûr de nous rejoindre!

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## OUTDOOR PURSUITS

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, NATURE SOUNDS/HOWLING

Jade Quinn-McDonald explores the outdoors with guests from many walks of life.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## RUSSIAN TIM SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK

Hello hello hello! I interview bands and punk, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

ROCKETFROMRUSSIA.TUMBLR.COM/ROCKETFROMRUSSIA@CITRAGMAIL.COM

FACEBOOK: ROCKETFROMRUSSIA

## BREAKING BARRIERS

10AM-11AM, ECLECTIC

Thematic episodes playing music from throughout the 20th century across all styles, genres, and borders.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts.

DUNCANSDONUTS.WORDPRESS.COM

## HAIL! DISCORDIA!

1PM-2PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Hail! Discordia! is the (loose) translation of Disorder Magazine where co-hosts Zoie McLymont and Isabelle Whittall take articles and turn them into sound pieces. But it's a much more than that. Local artists are invited to perform and speak about their work, while Izzy and Zoie do readings and weave in music for the ultimate sound feast.

EDITOR@CITR.CA

## TRAINING TIME W/ CIARA

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, GET ON THE AIR!

A weekly training session for the radio-curious!

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## HARMONIC HOOLIGANS

ALTERNATING THU 3PM-4PM, MUSIC / BAR SOUNDS

Just three guys trying to show you some new tunes for your ears.

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## FAMILIAR STRANGERS

ALTERNATING THURS 3PM-4PM, WHO/ OH, IT'S YOU

---

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## MIXOTROPH

ALTERNATING THURS 4PM-5PM, MUSIC/ HISTORY/TRIVIA

Allow us to fertilize your mind with an eclectic mix of world sounds and genres, music history and useless trivia. We have something for everyone...

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## THE REEL WHIRLED

ALTERNATING THU 4PM-5PM, MOVIE/ CRITICISM / TALK

"The official show of the UBC Film Society, 'The Reel Whirled' is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Grove, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT

5PM-6PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

A plant- and nature-based alternative music show for everyone from the experts to the over-waterers.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## ALL ACCESS PASS

6PM-7PM, SPOKEN WORD

brought to you by the CITR 101.9 FM Accessibility Collective.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## BAMULADES

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, RAP / HIP-HOP

n/a

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

# Thursday

## CANADALAND

7AM-8AM, NEWS / TALK

CANADALAND isa news site and podcast network funder by its audience. Their primary focus is on Canadian media, news, current affairs, and politics.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, NOS-TALGIA/ADVENTURE

In Search of Lost Venues visits music venues from Vancouver's past. In each episode, host Kristina Rothstein in is conversation with a different local musician, discussing an ex-venue while walking through the surrounding neighbourhood. Topics include memorable shows played and seen, and how these spaces shaped the local music culture and community. Locations discussed include the Sugar Refinery, The Blinding Light!, Ms T's Cabaret, the Cruel Elephant, the Starfish Room, the Retinal Circus, the Smilin' Buddha Cabaret, the Toast Collective and many more.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## OUTDOOR PURSUITS

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, NATURE SOUNDS/HOWLING

Jade Quinn-McDonald explores the outdoors with guests from many walks of life.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## RUSSIAN TIM SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK

Hello hello hello! I interview bands and punk, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

ROCKETFROMRUSSIA.TUMBLR.COM/ROCKETFROMRUSSIA@CITRAGMAIL.COM

FACEBOOK: ROCKETFROMRUSSIA

## BREAKING BARRIERS

10AM-11AM, ECLECTIC

Thematic episodes playing music from throughout the 20th century across all styles, genres, and borders.

PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

## DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts.

DUNCANSDONUTS.WORDPRESS.COM

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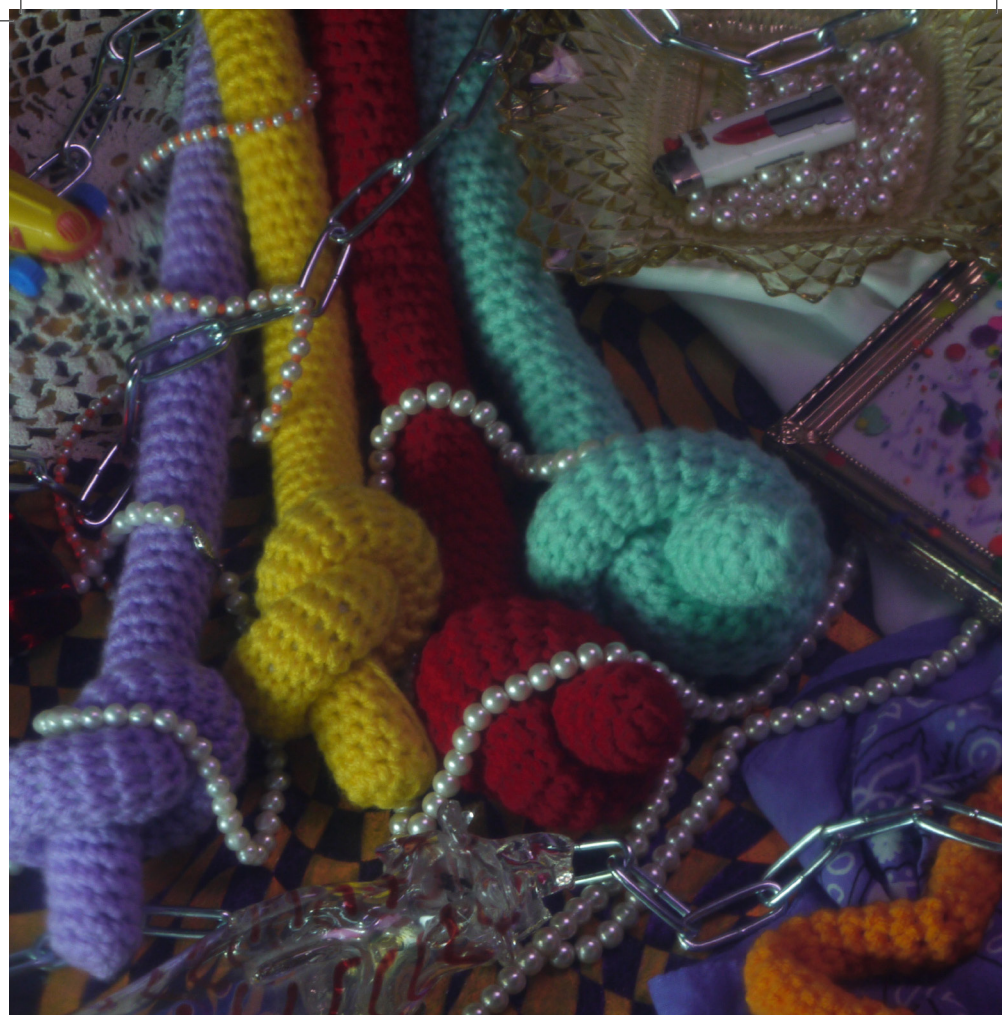


# CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

## march 2024

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	VEP*+	<i>Reprimand</i>	SELF-RELEASED
2	Apollo Ghosts*+	<i>Amethyst</i>	YOU'VE CHANGED
3	PACKS*	<i>Melt the Honey</i>	FIRE TALK
4	Mark Hjorthoy*+	<i>Lessons Long Learned</i>	SELF-RELEASED
5	BITTER//WASHED*	<i>Bitter Illusions</i>	BANDWIDTH
6	Astrid Sonne	<i>Great Doubt</i>	ESCHO
7	Avery Sloane*+	<i>Tired of This Setting Sun</i>	DEAD FOX
8	C. Diab*+	<i>Imerro</i>	TONAL UNION
9	Cherry Blu*+	<i>You Keep Me Medicinal</i>	DIGITAL COMPANY
10	Breeze*	<i>Sour Grapes</i>	HAND DRAWN DRACULA
11	Chain Whip*+	<i>Call Of The Knife</i>	NEON TASTE
12	Allison Burik*	<i>Realm</i>	SELF-RELEASED
13	Danielle Boutet*	<i>Pièces</i>	FREEDOM TO SPEND
14	Ian Wellman	<i>The Night The Stars Fell</i>	ASH INTERNATIONAL
15	bit depth*	<i>herdbound</i>	SELF-RELEASED
16	BLACK HELIUM	<i>Um</i>	RIOT SEASON
17	AC-893	<i>SUPERCALIDEESTATE</i>	MINIERA
18	Alex Nicol	<i>Been A Long Year Vol. 1 &amp; 2</i>	SELF-RELEASED
19	Helena Deland*	<i>Goodnight Summerland</i>	CHIVI CHIVI
20	Tim The Mute*+	<i>Might Never Happen</i>	KINGFISHER BLUEZ
21	Bombino	<i>Sahel</i>	PARTISAN
22	Glenny*+	<i>Now You Know</i>	NORDIC TRAX
23	BLOODRHINE*+	<i>BLOODRHINE</i>	SELF-RELEASED
24	Coco Koop*+	<i>Try</i>	SELF-RELEASED
25	Discovery Zone	<i>Quantum Web</i>	RUNG INTL.
26	girlsnails*+	<i>california kickball</i>	SELF-RELEASED
27	Guitar	<i>Casting Spells On Turtlehead</i>	SPARED FLESH/ JULIA'S WAR
28	Gulfer*	<i>Third Wind</i>	TOPSHELF
29	Deli Girls	<i>Deli Girls</i>	SELF-RELEASED
30	Benny Sings	<i>Young Hearts</i>	STONES THROW
31	Mamarudegyal MTHC*+	<i>ABREACTION*+</i>	RUDEGANG
32	Roach McGuirk*+	<i>anti-perks</i>	SELF-RELEASED
33	Girls 96	<i>1996</i>	MATERNIDADE
34	Bill Can*+	<i>Mud Bath</i>	SELF-RELEASED
35	UwU dust bath	<i>UwU all starz (UWU002)</i>	UWU DUST BATH
36	Coma World	<i>Coma Wong</i>	BYRD OUT
37	Estoy Bien	<i>Apoyo Emocional</i>	CASATA
38	Julie Arseneault*	<i>Nothing Sweeter</i>	SON CANCIONES
39	MAYBEL*	<i>Gloom</i>	IDEE FIXE
40	Ben Frost	<i>Scope Neglect</i>	MUTE ARTISTS
41	SoyJoy*+	<i>door frame</i>	SELF-RELEASED
42	Markus Floats*	<i>Fourth Album</i>	CONSTELLATION
43	Fast Fashion*+	<i>by the view</i>	SELF-RELEASED
44	Richard Bégin*	<i>Lavrador</i>	REVERSE ALIGNMENT
45	cranberry virgin*+	<i>from the floor</i>	BYRD'S NEST STUDIOS
46	A.Trozzo*	<i>Bigcat</i>	SELF-RELEASED
47	Dermabrasion*	<i>Pain Behaviour</i>	HAND DRAWN DRACULA
48	Hannah Frances	<i>Keeper of the Shepherd</i>	RUINATION
49	Inn Echo	<i>Hemispheres</i>	SELF-RELEASED
50	Ancient Teeth*	<i>Humanizer</i>	DEBT OFFENSIVE
1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (\*) are Canadian, artists with hashtags (#) indicate FemCon, and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to [music@ci-tr.ca](mailto:music@ci-tr.ca). You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.



### "Paraphernalia" @softgaytats

art exhibition • entry by donation

Thursday, May 2 – Sunday, May 5

OPENING NIGHT: Thursday, May 2 / 7 -11 pm



**Slice of Life**



[slicevancouver.ca](http://slicevancouver.ca)

604.707.0708 // @SLICEVANCOUVER

special thanks to:



This event takes place on the unceded traditional territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations.



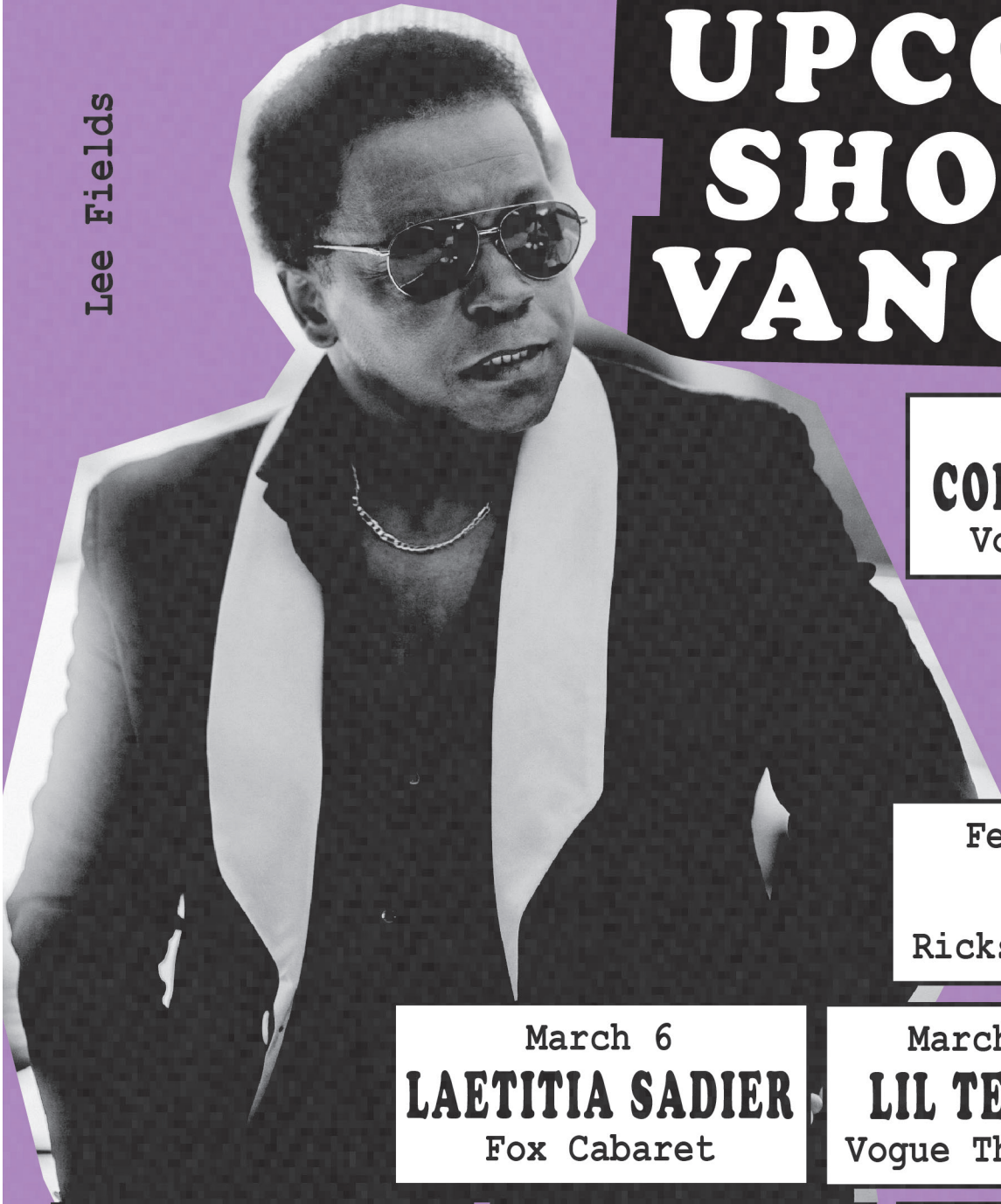
# APPLICATIONS OPEN NOW

ARC 2024 ARC 2024 ARC 2024



Lee Fields

# UPCOMING SHOWS IN VANCOUVER!



February 2  
**COLD WAR KIDS**  
Vogue Theatre

February 3  
**BABYTRON**  
Vogue Theatre

February 8  
**FUCKED UP & SUPERCHUNK**  
Rickshaw Theatre

February 24  
**SQUID**  
Rickshaw Theatre

March 1  
**REAL ESTATE**  
Hollywood Theatre

March 6  
**LAETITIA SADIÉ**  
Fox Cabaret

March 8  
**LIL TECCA**  
Vogue Theatre

March 9  
**WILLIAM FITZSIMMONS**  
Fox Cabaret

March 10  
**RYAN BEATTY**  
Commodore Ballroom

March 11  
**DARREN KIELY**  
Fox Cabaret

March 14  
**LEE FIELDS AND MONOPHONICS**  
Vogue Theatre

March 19  
**JON VINYL**  
Fox Cabaret

March 20  
**BRISTON MARONEY**  
Commodore Ballroom

March 30  
**HOT CHIP DJ SET**  
Hollywood Theatre

April 1  
**DANNY BROWN**  
Commodore Ballroom

April 2  
**MATT MALTESE**  
Hollywood Theatre

April 4  
**SLEATER-KINNEY**  
Vogue Theatre

April 14  
**SAMPHA**  
Vogue Theatre

April 17  
**CHASTITY BELT**  
Fox Cabaret

April 20  
**CHEEKFACE**  
Biltmore Cabaret

April 23  
**JOSÉ GONZÁLEZ**  
Orpheum Theatre

April 26  
**KILTRO**  
Fortune

May 10  
**SLICK RICK**  
Hollywood Theatre

May 25  
**CEDRIC BURNSIDE**  
Fox Cabaret

June 7  
**LITTLE BIG**  
Vogue Theatre

Tickets & more info  
[timbreconcerts.com](http://timbreconcerts.com)

