

April - May 11 2023

local/free

DISCOVER

MAGAZINE

"THAT MAG GONE WILD FROM CITR 101.9 FM"
Vol.40 No.02 Issue 429





EDITOR'S NOTE

The second half of spring awakening starts here, in a fat-fingered guitar solo that rips across the room like a paring knife to a tomato.

Having played a game of endurance, we now find ourselves enormously moved by April — emphatically photographing plants. You're reading this issue of *Discorder* as prepared for you for these incoming months of page-breaks. Suddenly, festivals. Open windows. A bird. New album after new album. Wild horses couldn't keep me away. Anything can get its hooks in you if it shows up at the right time. You will fall in love. The relationship will end, though not at the same instant as the love. Some version of this will continue — maybe forever — happening to you. But this isn't about the cycle, this is about the beginning. This is about Vancouver shaking at 1400hz under the immense pressure of sunlight, and trying to keep it all between our pages.

Start the race on PG. 12-14 with Lana Ladki's profile on artist Luke Meloche — a fast-paced fashion spread with the ferocity of a peroxide dye-job and two Red Bulls. We're starting spring sweat-drenched and sticky. Now, at once and without hesitation, turn back to page 10-11 for Julian Forst's *Flowers in the Pavement: Vancouver's Lotus*. This kaleidoscope reporting of the history of The Lotus Hotel is delivered in rich, itemized detail. It's the sound of a zillion infostreams surfacing at once — which feels appropriate when attempting to write the line between past and present. Lastly, draw your attention to the kestand of all *Discorder* review columns, which we've had to expand our page-count to accommodate. We're doing it all for show-off season. *Slaps car roof* There's a whole lot of exhilaration in this baby.

All the lights turning on at once,
 ~T



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OBVIOUSLY IN OUR COOLBOY ERA



or some contributor bios of APR/MAY 2023

TODD MCCLUSKIE

Todd McCluskie is a vinyl enthusiast, music lover, member of the punk band social outcasts (vancouver) and can be heard weekly on CJSF's *The Blurred Crusade* (the best in punk & post-punk.)

CORALINE THOMAS

Coraline is a two-spirit lesbian from Vancouver Island who writes in more formats and genres than they care to admit, but always comes home to music at the end of a long day. Their other works can be found at <https://www.patreon.com/HuckleberryHouse> / on twitter @AnnieWritesBook / on instagram at pacific_noise_weird.

HANNAH MARTIN

Hannah Martin is an artist and designer based in Vancouver. She holds a BFA and is currently pursuing a post-graduate certificate in Product Design at Emily Carr. Hannah has served as a curator, instructor, and contributor to the arts community.

ATIRA NAIK

Atira Naik likes all things pop culture, and spends her free time watching *Bojack Horseman* and crying.

ANGUS NORDLUND

Poems, opinions, and short stories that can never seem to get finished. Angus is a passionate writer from the small city of Renton looking for any creative opportunity to scratch a constant creative itch. Curious as to what that means? Check out @beefy_writer on Instagram.

JULIAN FORST

Julian is a writer currently studying at UBC. He specializes in arts and culture, and is working towards a degree in the field while writing film scripts and short stories in his free time.

EMILIE PACO

Hi

BRYNN SHAFFER

Bryn Shaffer was once a dormant A.I., trapped in a decaying floppy disk, languishing in the stacks of the great A.R.C.H.I.V.E. Some curious student booted it to their computer, waking it from its slumber. It has luckily rejected its nefarious and mysterious programming, and now just endlessly churns out local media journalism to its terminal.

MARIE ERIKSON

Marie Erikson is a philosophy student who likes writing about art. She enjoys music, dance, and telling people about her cat in her free time.

AMANDA YAU

Amanda Yau is a second year Neuroscience student and a drawer like the piece of furniture.

BRYCE ASPINALL

Bryce Aspinall is an artist and illustrator living in Montreal, Quebec. Besides drawing, Bryce also enjoys skateboarding, playing with his cats, swimming in the ocean, procrastinating and winning Monopoly against his roommates.

KALENA MACKIEWICZ

Vancouver illustrator and Emily Carr University graduate has been a *Discorder* Magazine contributor for over six years, and still trying to go viral online...

PHOEBE TELFAR

Photographer / Writer / Long-time *Discorder* fan. You can reach mae at @pho.telf, drop me a dm, come say hi!



It's easy to get on this list.

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editor@citr.ca or artcoordinator@citr.ca

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ABOLITIONIST ASTROLOGY

from Someone Cool // illustrations by Bryce Aspinall



ARIES

At your fingertips are a million experiences and ways to be. If you're lucky, you get to have a say in what you do with your one, precious, life – an amazing opportunity to be grateful for every day. With that in mind, why would you ever, EVER, decide to waste one moment being, becoming, or supporting the police?

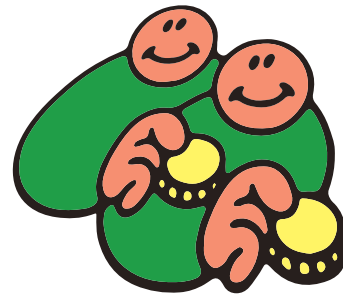


TAURUS

Here's a fun statement cocktail to celebrate Mayday (and probably your birthday!) You will need:

1. The strongest alcohol you can find
2. A bottle, preferably one without super thick glass
3. A very absorbent rag

Keep in mind that the cocktail won't actually explode on its own unless it's throw it overhand and with a little mustard, so make sure you don't do that!



GEMINI

If you can afford it, give money to panhandlers. Who cares what they do with it? What the fuck were you going to spend that money on?



CANCER

ACAB (for real) including friends and family members that you may actually like. Convincing them that they're enforcing structures of exploitation and white supremacy probably won't work, but you have to try. They're family/friends! Don't you want them to get into heaven or whatever?



LEO

Not everyone is going to like you and that's okay. Life is only a popularity contest if you view it that way, and there's no satisfaction in winning against people who don't know they're competing (not that I'll stop trying!) Get the fuck out of here with that high school shit.



VIRGO

You think horoscopes are stupid, which makes you such a Virgo.

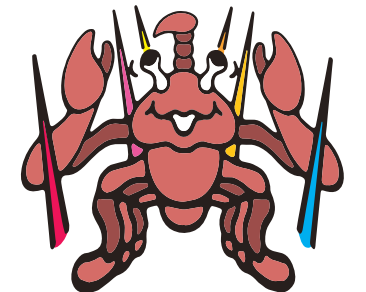
LIBRA

Don't call the police. Literally the best experience I've had with the cops was when I used a cruiser as a barrier between me and a guy who was following me while the cops were inside getting burritos (pork obviously lollllll!). Using them as a prop worked in that situation, but actually getting them involved would have been a terrible idea. It's fine, we'll just be left to our own devices while we give them FOUR HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS a year.



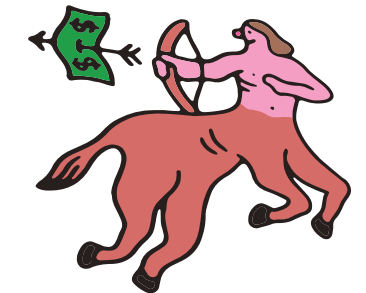
SCORPIO

Judging other people does not actually make you a better person, or life more fun. Do you know what makes life more fun? Art! Drugs! Music! Promiscuity! If that's not your bag it's fine, but get off your high horse about other people doing things that are objectively great. Do you actually think that getting up early feels better than hearing the bass drop when you're peaking on MDMA and kissing a stranger? Really????



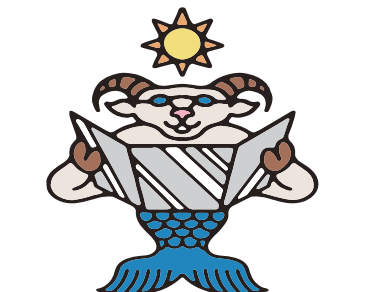
SAGITTARIUS

Talking about money is only considered "gauche" because the ruling class doesn't want any open comparison of incomes; don't fall for it. If wealthy people find you off-putting, wear that shit like a badge of honour.



CAPRICORN

Forget the high ground, playing fair only works when both sides agree to it. Do what you need to get what you deserve!



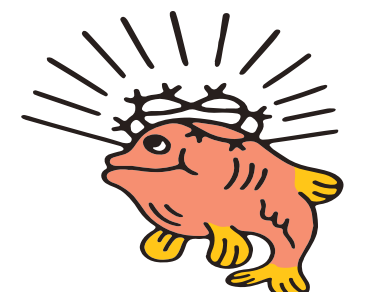
AQUARIUS

I know you've heard the excuse of "a few bad apples," but what people conveniently forget is that the entire quote is "a few bad apples spoil the whole bunch" – which is the complete opposite! But this is a horoscope and not a rant thinly disguised as a horoscope, soooo... I guess my advice is to read the entire sentence if you want to quote it on national television? This month?



PISCES

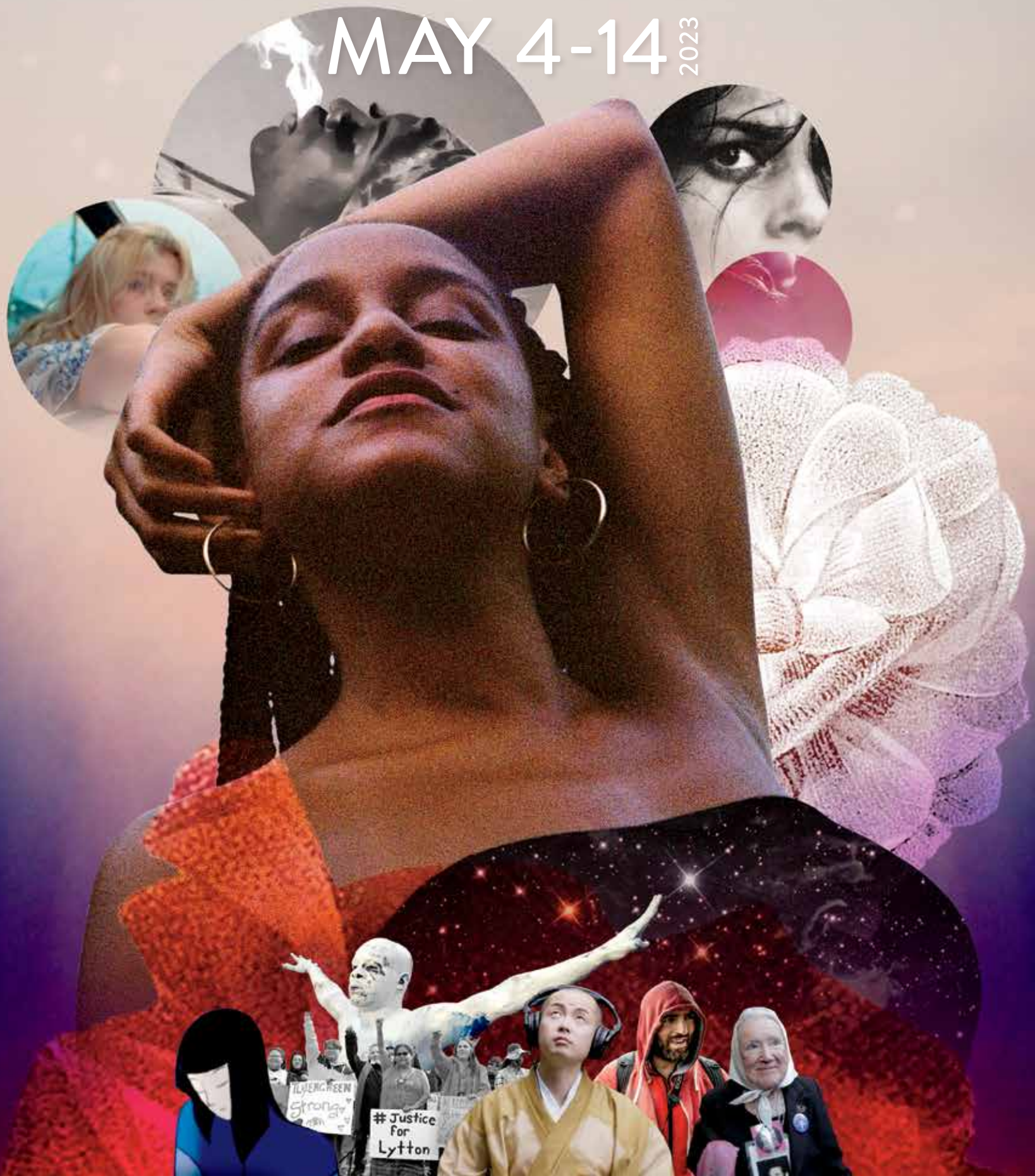
Forget The Lord Jesus or whoever – it's time we start worshipping the Earth (not in a white dreads way!) Which is real. Unlike God. Or astrology... OHHHHHHhhh.



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TALON DUSHINE

THE RAYCAM PROJECT

words and photos by coraline thomas

I've been following The Flower Bomb Collective since I interviewed them for *Discorder's* December/January issue, and I was excited to discover The Raycam Project, created by Flower Bomb members TALON and Dushine. Their friendship, and the network of music and musicians spiraling out around them, really encapsulates what I love about the music scene here in Vancouver. Their music is so raw and real about what it means to live in the Downtown East Side, and it needs to be heard. So keep your ears open for them on *Pacific Noise Weird* (CiTR 101.9 FM on Fridays @ 5pm) which focuses on the music scene here in the Pacific Northwest. I'm excited to follow The Raycam Project going forward.

Cora: So, TALON, Dushine, tell me about yourselves, and this project you've been working on.

TALON: So, the name is The Raycam Project. We only recently started making music together – it was spontaneous, right? Dushine and I have always been brothers. Since he got back from Africa we just started hanging out at my house, we wrote all of our songs. I used to freestyle, and he was like, "oh, I don't like to freestyle." So I [would respond with], "well, then let's write." We wrote our first track, and just kept going. It was never planned, it was never like, "come over to my house, let's make a song." It's more like, "yo, what are you up to? Let's hang out."

Dushine: And we wrote so many songs that it was just like "yo, might as well put it all together." We are influenced by where we come from. We've seen a lot of things, we've seen a lot of heaviness. So the way we

live, [is to find] the words and express ourselves. I hope that people listening to it can relate. Even if they don't, at least we're telling our stories, you know? For real.

TALON: Yeah, we're telling our own stories, and

expressing ourselves. You know, coming from East Vancouver, it's got this reputation of just bad kids, troubled youth, and that's all people really know. With this project, we want people to actually hear what goes on with the youth that live in the Downtown East Side, the struggles we face day to day. People will get the real side of the Eastside with The Raycam Project.

Cora: They'll get to see the people that live in the Downtown Eastside, not just the poverty that exists there.

TALON: Exactly, exactly.

Cora: Tell me about your favourite track off the album.

TALON: My favourite track would be 'Dream Real.' We were supposed to record a different song at the studio. We had some time to kill, and we wrote a new



song in thirty minutes with no plan to record it. When we showed up at the studio and played the beat it was like, "okay well, let's record to it." So did we did, and now it's my favourite song. 'Dream Real' is about the struggles we face every day in the Downtown Eastside. It's how I feel – I heard the beat, and it just came out. It comes from the heart.

Dushine: Straight from the heart, from the soul.

TALON: Exactly.

Dushine: My favourite track is called 'Came Up.' It is just so different. I was surprised by what I was saying, and then TALON went super hard on it – he went crazy.

Cora: So how did you get started?

Dushine: I'm from a small country in East Africa called Burundi. Growing up there was like a movie, for real. Gunshots everywhere, it was crazy. But there was a lot of joy, I enjoyed living there. Then I came to Canada, I was twelve. It made me think about how we don't always think about where we come from, you know? So, we just kinda live.

Cora: How'd you get into music?

Dushine: That one is a funny one. My friend, his name's Gladly, RIP to him, he wrote a song and he went crazy. Every time we went to parties, all the shawties wanted him, you know what I'm saying? I was like, "Yo, I really gotta do this! I can do this!" Based on his story I came up with my first song 'Hey Shawty.' It was just to get all the girls to catch on the vibe. Then I got into music more, and I found out I like it. I love it now.

TALON: Music's been a part of my life for as long as I can remember. Whether at home or at school. I used to go to St. James Music Academy. That was

my introduction to music – to singing, but I also used to play the piano. If you asked me this six months ago, I would have said I started making music because I love listening to music – but now I love expressing myself. If I'm going through something, a hard time in my life, then I have music. I write it out, I get it out. Even if I don't release it, I still write about it so I can get it out. Listening to music and being influenced by other artists got me thinking, what if I made my own music? I started off just freestyling, with a beat off YouTube, then I started writing. When I finally found a studio, I was underprepared. I would just show up and that's how the verses for 'Touch Down', my first single, came together. Now with The Raycam Project music is a release. It's about what I've gone through and how I feel, but it's also for people to relate to. I think that's a huge part of why I write – the relating. Because I used to relate to the songs I listened to, what if I could do that for other people? I know I'm not alone in this, whatever I go through – everyone does. Everyone has downs.

Cora: So when is the album dropping? Where are you taking this?

TALON: We're dropping the album this year, with two music videos. There's going to be ten or twelve songs on the album. We're still planning everything out, trying to lock in the vision. But we're giving everyone an insight to the Downtown East Side. It's going to be on all platforms, get it anywhere. We just want to keep going forward, keep making music.



"THE RAYCAM PROJECT"

THE URBAN SCAVENGER'S GUIDE

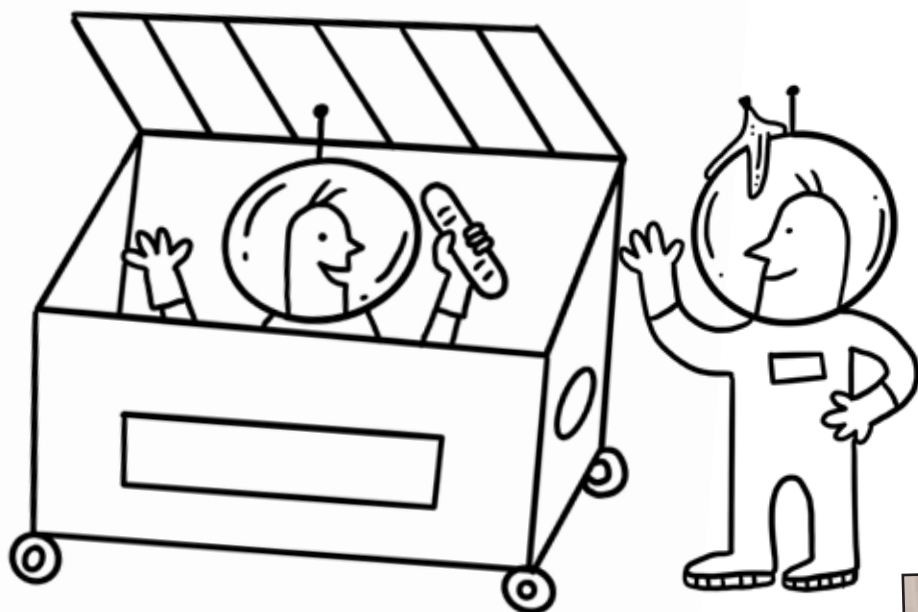
TAKE WHAT YOU NEED,
GIVE WHAT YOU CAN



words and photos by
Coraline Thomas
illustrations by
Kalena Mackiewicz

Welcome back to the DIY series all you wonderful punks and weirdos. This issue's edition is all about getting stuff for free. As the cost of living crisis seems to have no cap in sight, I feel we need this more than ever. And, as someone who has been urban scavenging for years, it's time to pass on a few tips for all you out there who may be curious about the world of urban scavenging.

First things first – even though you may be digging through literal garbage to survive, you aren't the only one. We all have to work together to get through this, and so, a small code of ethics ensures we all get enough. But also that we don't get caught, or risk ruining a resource permanently.



HONOURABLE HARVEST

recommended reading (Kimmerer - Braiding Sweetgrass)

It may be hard and unpleasant to hold to these rules, but if you think of the person before you as having ensured you got enough and that it would be in good shape for you, it makes it easier to maintain. Heed these hood harvesting requests, o' weirdos.

- ☛ TAKE ONLY WHAT YOU NEED.
- ☛ IN PLANT FORAGING, NEVER TAKE THE FIRST NOR THE LAST.
- ☛ RESPECT WHAT IS GIVEN TO YOU AS IF IT WERE YOUR FRIEND, AND GIVE IN RECIPROCITY.
- ☛ TAKE ONLY WHAT IS OFFERED.
- ☛ LEAVE THE SOURCE IN BETTER CONDITION THAN YOU FOUND IT. IF YOU MAKE A MESS, YOU RISK LOSING IT.

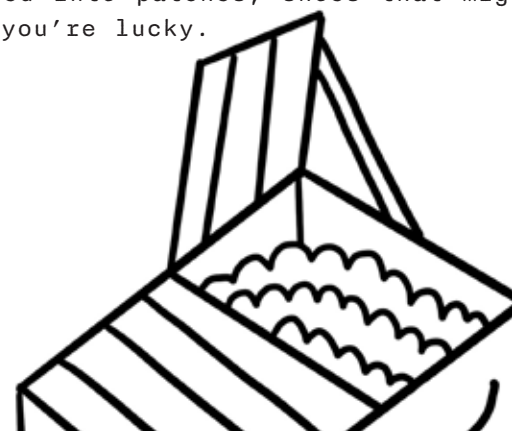


THE SCAVENGER'S TOP FIVE SOURCES

There are a million places you can find free things, from street corners to green spaces, back alleys to best friends, you just have to know where to look. Here are my top five sources for free things I recommend any urban scavenger familiarize themselves with;

1. Free Piles

A 'free pile' is where unneeded stuff goes to languish in the Vancouver rain. They are an excellent source for slightly damp materials. If you have the patience to wash and clean things thoroughly, you can find pretty much every basic thing you need. You can find them everywhere in residential areas, and they offer goods which are still good –like a DVD player you didn't know you needed, or a fine selection of kitchen utensils. The furniture might be a little fucked up (and you need to be careful about mould and bedbugs) but it's free to those willing to make it work. There are also often clothing which can be punked up or turned into patches, shoes that might fit, and backpacks if you're lucky.



2. Urban Foraging

Remember, we have been picking our food straight from nature for longer than we've been humans. This goes hand in hand with guerrilla gardening; the art of planting seeds for edible plants throughout the city. It might not feed you now, but you can look forward to that harvest right before it gets cold. Here in Vancouver there are berry bushes, fruit trees, and wild herbs are all available across urban green spaces if you learn to recognize them. However, you can straight up die if you're not careful. Have someone who knows plants teach you how to identify things safely, or stick to apples and plums. There is also a real possibility of contamination, so don't get your food from the side of a busy road or the dog park. You can find it elsewhere. Remember, you can preserve almost anything you find, I recommend going to your local library and picking up a book on canning or dehydrating.



3. E-Waste Bins

The sleeper hit of the urban scavenger's toolkit – you can find e-waste bins in many places across the urban environment, and they sometimes have whole functioning computers you can simply take and use. These bins, however, are extremely sensitive environments. You have to be extremely careful here, don't just rip through things pulling out pieces to sell because someone might not have a computer at all, and no one can use a destroyed computer. These spots are good for things like screens, desktops, laptops, ram, graphics cards – the works. Just don't expect to run Super HD Video Game de jour. Using found parts requires a bit of knowledge on how electronics work, how to assemble and disassemble, but information is easy to come by. I once found an entire electric typewriter, and a reel-to-reel recording device. So keep looking and you will be rewarded.



4. Construction Site Refuse

If you've ever been near a construction site you know how much garbage they make. That garbage is often useful if you're willing to put the effort in. Just be careful around rusty nails, and keep up to date with your tetanus shots. Lumber, nails, sheet metal, flooring, roofing, you can find it all, and use it to build whatever your heart desires. You will probably also find discarded tools from time to time, especially hand saws. They may be a bit dull, but you can always find another one. It's enough to get you off the ground. Might need a vehicle unless you're ripped – this stuff ain't light. Just try hard and believe in yourself... or grab a friend who's down to get their vehicle a little dusty.

5. Dumpster Diving

You all know what a dumpster is, big metal box behind a building. What you might not know is that they are full to the brim with goods galore. You need to be careful with this one, as it can be frowned upon or possibly illegal, but I trust your judgement. There are two different kinds; Commercial and residential dumpsters. Commercial Dumpsters are likely to have food not able to be sold – but still perfectly fine to consume – or goods they couldn't sell. They are likely to be guarded or at least watched, so you have to be aware. Sometimes they are locked shut, or have compactors. Do NOT get into a compactor, no matter what. Residential dumpsters are neighbourhood-bound and they include finds such as recycling – which gives you so much to work with. Need jars for leftovers? Need paper for writing on? Need boxes for storage? Recycling has your back. One might also find: Excess housewares, pots, pans, spoons and cutting boards. If you're willing to wash them, they're yours! If you find something with burnt-on gunk, you can always boil it with a bit of vinegar or baking soda until it comes clean. Karens are never far from housing, so make sure to keep your eyes peeled for someone ready and willing to yell at you for being poor.



There's so much more for you to find, but I hope these simple tips keep you fed, clothed, and going ever forward in this cyberpunk dystopia it is becoming harder and harder to ignore. Keep your eyes peeled, your mind open, and your pockets full. We'll get through this together.



West Pender meets Abbot street on the narrow land bridge that connects downtown Vancouver to the rest of the mainland. It's a meeting of boundaries: Cross Abbot walking east along Hastings; you'll find yourself in the Downtown Eastside. Cross Abbot south of Pender, though, and the light posts change shape — short posts painted bright red mark Chinatown. These neighborhoods are distinct in identity and in culture, but they flow and mix along the borderlines. In places like Abbot and West Pender where they meld into something new, there are buildings like the Lotus Hotel. It's not ostentatious; no dramatic crenulations mark it out against the Woodward's building or the Sun Tower down the street. Maybe its unassuming decor allowed the Lotus to wear its many faces: luxury hotel, bootlegger haunt, AIDS hospice, and queer haven — it's been all of them once.

Now it's one of Vancouver's infamous single room occupancy housing units, a symptom of a city that has neglected its duty in caring for and funding citizens struggling with homelessness and addiction. Like many SRO buildings, management of the Lotus has changed hands frequently in recent years. The current landlord is DPM rentals, a North Van based real estate company who, according to two former residents of the Lotus, have all but abandoned the building. Both complained of their neighbors hoarding, and of inaction from management when they brought up their issues. "DPM refused to staff anyone on site... The Lotus became horrifically unlivable by the time [I moved out]" said Miles, who lived in the building for a year while going to school in the area. I reached out to DPM rentals for comment and got no response.

But the Lotus wasn't always this way. Visitors in the early 20th century, enticed by full page ads in local publications boasting of the hotel's latest amenities, were greeted by suited bellhops and escorted down mahogany-lined halls, provided with Havana cigars to smoke in luxury rooms. So how did an establishment consistently listed in the *Province* newspaper's 'best hotels' column throughout the '10s and '20s become what it is today?

The land where the Lotus now stands lies within the traditional and unceded territory of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh nations, and 200 years ago, was submerged by the waters of the Burrard Inlet at high tide. Indigenous mariners used the area as a portage route, a temporary waterway between False Creek and the Inlet. The water they plied in cedar canoes has since been replaced by the cement foundations of a modern city. The transformation is unthinkable to me, even with decades of sources and documentation on its development.

The change began in earnest with the railroad and the theft of indigenous land that came with it. Thousands of people were expelled from their homelands, starved by the new scarcity that settlers brought along the rails and ravaged by their new diseases. In 1886 the Canadian Pacific Railway company announced that it would extend its rail line from Port Moody to the township of Granville (modern day Gastown). The town was renamed Vancouver after the first British explorer to arrive in the area and incorporated as a city.

Some sources place Loo Gee Wing, merchant and principle figure in early 20th century Chinese-Canadian commerce, as an early investor in the Lotus Hotel's 1913 construction. He doesn't seem to have had much input in the hotel's business after its construction, but his legacy in the development of downtown Vancouver and British Columbia as a whole are fascinating, so I'm going to talk about him — and there's nothing you can do to stop me. Loo was described by the *Province* in one of his many court appearances as, "like a tailor's model in the suit of a prosperous Englishman down to his patent leathers."

He took over the largest Chinese import-export company in BC, Kwong Lee & Co. from his father in 1887. He quickly became one of the wealthiest men in Chinatown, and his company grew to be the largest landowner in Victoria after the Hudson Bay company. Kwong Lee & Co. demonstrates perfectly the integral role Chinese-Canadians played in building British Columbia and is too vast to tackle here. I'd recommend Tzu-i Chung's paper "Kwong Lee & Company and Early Trans-Pacific Trade" for anyone interested in a more in depth look.

Canada in the 19th century was not a welcoming place to Chinese immigrants, and Loo, like many in the face of a hostile society bent on preventing one's success by legitimate means, often operated outside the boundaries of the law. All this to say, he was kind of a mob boss. Records of Loo are saturated with tales of crime and evasion, painting a picture of a shrewd, complicated figure instrumental to shaping the identity, if not of the Lotus Hotel in particular, then of downtown Vancouver as a whole.

Whoever truly fronted the cash for the Lotus' construction, Arthur J. Bird, architect of many turn-of-the-century Vancouver high rises and municipal buildings, drafted the plans. His design of the Lotus Hotel in 1913 was a private contract, but Bird would go on to become Vancouver's first (and only) official city architect in 1925. Over 60 building permits in Heritage Vancouver's archives list him as the primary architect. Bird became the subject of some tension in local governance in the 1920s when he warned officials of a growing crisis in "the district immediately east of Main Street." He recommended the city build high-density affordable housing in the area to accommodate the rising number of people moving into the city for work. They ignored him, and Bird was dismissed from his position in 1933 after a feud with the alderman. Now the Lotus, one of Bird's most notable works, has been acquired by companies like DPM rentals to exploit the very people that its architect fought to protect.

Before all that, though, Bird got to enjoy his moment in the sun when the Lotus Hotel held its grand opening on the first of March, 1913. A full double page ad ran in both the *Sun* newspaper and the *Province* sounded the fanfare for this new "marvel of modern equipment, elegance, and luxury." Entirely fire-proof, equipped with a sixty-foot mahogany bar and oaken beds of "Napoleonic design," the Lotus, despite changing owners multiple times, maintained its lofty reputation throughout the 1910s. It didn't last long. Hints started to show as early as the '20s. In March of 1924, two Liquor Board agents posed as bootleggers and arrested James Leader for attempting to sell them counterfeit liquor labels. Multiple arrests of Lotus liquor sellers made local newspapers.

In 1930, thirty-two pounds of opium (worth over \$300,000 today) were seized by police in a Lotus room. Wong Yam Mui, a crewmate on a docked Russian freighter, was arrested in the raid and sentenced to five

LOTUS



**FLOWERS
IN THE
PAVEMENT:
VANCOUVER'S
LOTUS**

WORDS BY
JULIAN FORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HANNAH MARTIN



years for smuggling. The Lotus' cloak and dagger underbelly paints the picture of a high class establishment that, for one reason or another, was tasting grit. Maybe impermanent management teams were willing to look the other way, or the hotel's prime location — minutes away from the harbour — made smuggling a foregone conclusion. Either way, the stains were starting to show: in 1936, an article in *The Globe and Mail* referred to the hotel as “modest, clean... inexpensive.” Not a fall from grace, but a far cry from its lofty origins.

By the 1940s organized crime, at least at the Lotus, seemed to be on a downtick. Reports of illegal liquor sales and drug smuggling all but disappear, and the big time crooks get replaced by small scale robberies and acts of violence: In '44, a burglar jumped through the hotel bar's windowpane; two years later, a seventy-five-year-old man got in a fight and was pushed through the very same window. The many thefts and hold-ups in the hotel, along with a decrease in reports of high-profile guests and events, are consistent with the socioeconomic decline of the Downtown Eastside as a whole. Canada's resource extraction and manufacturing industries began to decline just before WWII, leaving working class residents of Vancouver's oldest neighborhood with less work and worse pay. On top of that, downtown industries were relocating further west towards Coal Harbour, and demand for migrant workers was dropping fast. In context, the Lotus finds a place in the story of its city, feeling the same pain as the people next door.

But the Lotus wasn't going down without a fight. In 1955, just two years after a patron shot two revolver rounds into the bar's ceiling, co-owner Sammy Kee opened the Lotus Gardens dining room for business on the ground floor. A large ad in *The Province* harkens back to the hotel's original banner from 1913, boasting of a “modern [...] beautiful new dining lounge.” The restaurant is described in the same newspaper's food column only five years later as “a meeting place for many newspapermen, writers, and artists,” by this point it seems to have become something of a downtown hub. Kee's rejuvenation of the Lotus, alongside co-owner Lila Chen, seemed to have worked. There's not much information on Kee outside his proprietorship of the Lotus and the Lions, another old hotel turned SRO on Powell street, but his care and labour on the places he built exists in the digitised memory of Vancouver. The Lotus Gardens is gone, gutted and built over. But you and I know it existed.

The coming decades took their toll: management filed for bankruptcy in '76; the hotel was put on the market. By 1980 it saw two more shootings, a bar-fight stabbing, and a failed heroin bust come and go, and Sammy Kee died at 79 in '84. The exploitative tendencies that would grip the place began to show: spurred on by the 1986 World Fair, hotels and SROs all over the city upgraded their rooms and inflated prices, seeing dollar signs in a tourism boom. The Lotus hiked rent from \$225 a month to \$50 a day and evicted 40 tenants.

A few years later, Abbot street would settle into its new identity as the centre of what Lotus bar manager Esther Wilson would call years later “Vancouver's alternative nightlife culture.” The hotel was under new management, and they weren't interested in the glow of days gone by. In the '90s, the hotel put on cabarets and was one of the city's first hospice shelters for HIV positive Vancouverites during the AIDS epidemic. By '98, the building's queer identity was there to stay; the bars on the ground floor were well established queer clubs. In 2000, restaurateur Mark James bought and renovated the building, briefly renaming it the Abbott-at-Pender Heritage House. Catchy right? Patrons must have thought so too; within a year the old name was back. But James gave more to the Lotus than simply a name which didn't stick: the multimillionaire assumed management with a specific mandate to maintain a queer-friendly space downtown, and held this principle above profit. It allowed the hotel's clubs to keep their doors open to low-income patrons for a fraction of the price charged by the ones on the Granville strip.

When it reopened after renovations in 2002, the Lotus hosted Mod meetings and drag shows in its nightclubs — *the Honey* and *Lotus Sound Lounges* — and by 2003 boasted the hotel's greatest claim to fame in over a century of existence: Vancouver's first and, at the time, only lesbian bar: *Lick Club*. Rebranded from the previously gay-coded Milk Club in a corner of the ground floor, Lick quickly became a place of more importance and value to Vancouver's lesbian and trans communities than I have the space or perspective to cover here, and that means it's time for homework. Professor and former *Lick Club* DJ Maren Hancock's 2017 *dancecult* article “Lick My Legacy” covers the bar's history in more depth, and records touching personal accounts of the venue from patrons and members of the community. I'd recommend it highly to anyone interested in learning more about this integral piece of Vancouver's queer identity.

In 2011, Mark James sold the Lotus Hotel. Its new owners closed the clubs on the ground floor and leased the space out to independent businesses. *The Honey Lounge*, *Lotus Sound Lounge*, and *Lick* closed shortly thereafter. The age of drag shows, top surgery fundraisers, and Mod club Fridays at the Lotus was over. After a stormy decade of sales and resales, the ground floor of the Lotus now hosts a large sports bar, the Pint. Their website has no mention of the historic space that they occupy, and no one I spoke to there knew much about it. But there's plaque on the Abbott Street wall. It tells the story of *Lick* in brief. The supplanting of queer spaces is a sadly common story in cities around the world, and it hurts to see it play out here in Vancouver.

But the Lotus Hotel was built to be a temporary home. It was loved and laboured over, breathed and bled in by people who remain now only in the memories of their loved ones and the pages of old newspapers. Loo Gee Wing, Arthur Bird, and Sammy Kee are dead, Maren Hancock and her fellow veterans of Lick have all moved on. The building at 455 Abbott Street is in another period of obscurity; it's still mentioned in local papers now and again, and I'm sure the Pint does well enough on Friday nights, but DPM rentals' handling of the rooms is troubling, and unfortunately typical. The Lotus is not a beacon of luxury in the heart of downtown run by Chinese Canadian trailblazers; it doesn't host a vibrant, queer-friendly nightclub complex. But it still houses hundreds of residents, provides a fun night out for those with a bit of money in their pockets, and remembers what it used to be.



*In
context,
the Lotus
finds a
place
in the
story of
its city,
feeling
the same
pain
as the
people
next
door.*



Discothrash

#10

"An Ode to Blue Neighbourhood (2015) by Troye Sivan Even Though It's Not Even in my Top 100 Favourite Albums"

Amanda Yau

illustration by Emilie Paco



Whenever someone mentions Troye Sivan, I always wonder if they're aware of the cultural phenomenon that his coming out video was in the mid-2010s to every queer kid that spent too much time on Tumblr. At twelve years old, I was too young to engage in subversive queer subculture but I was at an age where subconsciously I felt the pull of the self-expression through consumption of media that I felt was unique that has long been intrinsic to queer people. And at the time, I, a questioning East Asian girl growing up in the Catholic school system, figured that a white conventionally attractive gay man (the most digestible form of Gay Person to parents and the like) would be a widely accepted idol that could pose as my first iota of queer representation. At the axis of expressing individuality by supporting an openly gay artist while still remaining in the bounds of non-offensive apolitical pop music that was widely accepted as "likable," I found myself becoming an avid fan of Troye Sivan.

I first listened to *Youth*, the album's most popular track at the time, in March of seventh grade. The girl I was arranged to sit next to had recommended him. I thought she was so cool. Because of both allegiance to her and my desire to find individuality through music I didn't hear from the radio, I began listening to the song regularly on Google Play Music when our teacher let our class use the computer lab. Google Play Music didn't last as a platform, but my love for the album did grow while it humbly acted as a cornerstone throughout the teetering uncertainty of eighth grade, being thirteen, and the numerous first times feeling an emotion for real. Real joy was playing track 4 on blast with my first real friend group. Real sadness was track 5 mediating the very messy end of my first extremely close codependent best-friendship (for whom I definitely felt real love for the first time, platonic or romantic). Real "Oh God, I might be gay" was crying through the music video of track 9, a song that depicts queer religious angst. It played when I cried in the bathroom because I realized that I liked her (in a way that went beyond the crushes on boys that I would arbitrarily decide on as Attractive after going through the laundry list of all the boys in my elementary school class). Playing, as I freaked out and wondered why this would happen to me out of all people and it had to be horrible divine intervention and remembered that on a trip to Singapore four years ago I had wished at the supposedly magical wishing fountain to be ambidextrous and I googled the definition of ambidextrous and found that it also means Bisexual. From that point onward (and for longer than I'd like to admit) I thought that surely the reason I like girls is because I cursed myself with bisexuality at the Singapore wishing fountain. At the end of that year, I sort of stopped listening to Troye Sivan.

I did listen to *Bloom*, his next album, and "Strawberries and Cigarettes," a song for the movie *Love, Simon*, when they came out, though. I watched *Love, Simon* (a teen romance flick between two gay men, not unlike the concept of *Blue Neighbourhood*) in theatres around a time when I was really questioning my sexuality and I thought, surely I'm straight, because, frankly, what representation was there for me in that film. I introduced Troye Sivan to a hardcore BTS-loving friend who at the time only knew track 3 because Jungkook had covered it. Now, *Blue Neighbourhood* is one of her most cherished albums, and she is one of my best friends. "Strawberries and Cigarettes" always reminds me of her.

Since then, nearly everyone I know who loved Troye Sivan in 2016 has come out – even if we didn't know back then. I guess we found solace as 12 and 13 year olds in yearning nongendered lyrics (and maybe, that we subconsciously were listening to because we knew they were about queerness). And the thing is, it's not particularly outstanding musically now. Of course, it's a solid pop album. Sivan sings of pretty mirages of car rides with a lover, walking through nostalgic suburbs, and how much radio silence between two lovers hurts. I'm definitely being overly critical but despite the emotion in the lyrics, it's never groundbreaking or experimental – he does not, in fact, leave the safe blue neighbourhood of simple metaphors and face-value teenage heartbreak. In a way, its sophomoric qualities were perfect for my tweenage self and friends. I can't blame him, but it is difficult now for me to see myself in the album, and I've since found other albums to project any queer internal angst onto.

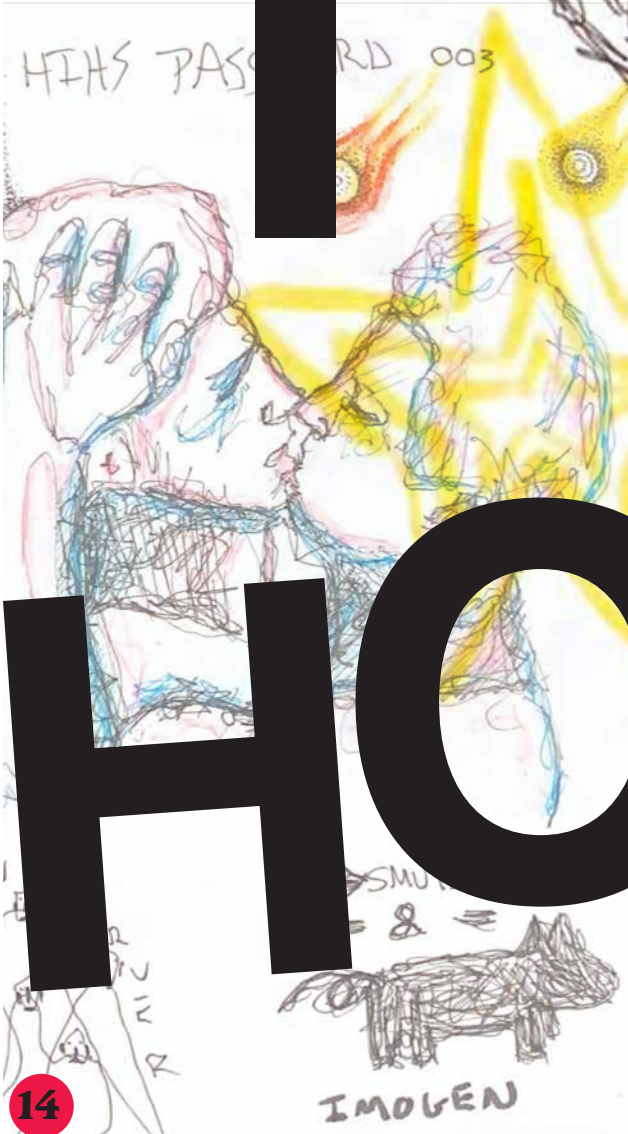
But though I haven't listened to it in years, *Blue Neighbourhood*, to me, is an album rife with the bitter-sweetness of freshman year, early adolescence, and developing a sense of self. Nearly every song has a strong memory attached to it, often of feeling an emotion for the very first time. It is the single entity most intertwined with the long journey of coming to terms with myself as queer. Even considering those I call my favourites now, I can't say that about any other album but *Blue Neighbourhood*.



HEAVEN BY MARC-JACOBSHORSES



IBUYHORSES



IMOLVEN

"IBUYHORSES"

ALL BY HEAVEN



WHO'S HORSE IS THIS?

As one does on a Sunday, 12th of March, I went to church. Maybe that isn't the right way to put it—but getting to marvel at the sheer talent that is Luke Meloche (aka ibuyhorses) cuts it pretty close. In his effortlessly cozy sanctuary, adorned with artful symbols of worship (a makeshift paintbrush cross above a portrait of Terri Joe), the fashion world saw its next big shift. Equipped with the analytical mind of a scientist, the artistic direction of a visionary, and a touch of the goofiness of a chronic shitposter, Luke has it all.

In a very serious and carefully strategized tête-à-tête, I was given a blow-by-blow account of the horse world Luke now finds himself immersed in. It all started with their early days at art high school in Ontario, where a particular interest in painting was sparked. They explored the art form by experimenting with the various strokes and textures of crayons and paint, later introducing fashion as a new medium by painting on thrifted

items of clothing. The whole thing started as a personal 'just for fun' venture, until a major turning point from that period which we know all too well.

After his first few years at university as a pre-med biochem student (I was not kidding when I said Luke had it all) he returned home to the comfort of his grandmother — or his lola — for a gap semester in pursuit of some well-needed mental recalibration. It was during this time, in the dread of peak pandemic-enforced confinement, that this passion developed into a full-time project, guiding a path of self-discovery along the way. To say that diving into a new endeavor head-first is intimidating would be an understatement. Even an artist as gifted as Luke is no stranger to this himself, trying to overcome any obsessive self-criticism or the obvious fear of 'putting yourself out there.' Yet, the support and empowerment of his grandmother is what gave him the confidence and impetus to not only go full force, but also begin to share his craft with fellow social media regulars. Thank you lola!

So what exactly is the 'craft' in question? What are the inspirations? Why horses? Well you're gonna wanna buckle down for this one, as we now get into all the juicy stuff, the nitty gritty, the ushy-gushy of it all. In case you didn't notice, homoeroticism is a pretty large aspect, and it's really only just the tip of an even larger exploration. Luke's semester off was perhaps his greatest catalyst. Already dealing with a wealth of mental health struggles, he experienced a significant moment of introspection as his sex drive virtually disappeared following a course of antidepressants. With previous indications to their current, self-secure gayness, Luke began to question whether they were even a sexual being at all. In pursuit of understanding himself, he tried and tested his reactions to various forms of explicit media — particularly through explorations of the hypermasculine.

And now, cue the archive deep-dives. What better way to depict this gayness than through a steamy portrait of two barely dressed cowboys? Sounds an awful lot like this one 2005 film starring Jake Gyllenhaal and Heath Ledger you may have heard of, except this one was a shot in 1958. Yes, 1958. Now that says a lot about society. But seriously, this Jim

French print was just one of many that Luke had dug up, and it visibly stood out to him over the rest. In this very shoot, you can catch a clear glimpse of this homage on one of the shirts modeled.

As to build on this hypermasculinity, Luke began to manipulate these static homoerotic images into ones with more movement, and more texture. Like many of his projects, this exploration came about unintentionally, and with a touch of irony, the starting point being "building a boyfriend."





Always inspired by their lola, Luke is passionate about staying connected to their Filipino heritage, and fosters this through various readings on his culture. In another deep dive, this time into the wisdom of his ancestry, he took a particular interest in Virgil Mayor Apostol's 'Way of the Ancient Healer: Sacred Teachings.' This is where he first discovered the significance of the centipede; namely its directional symbolism of right and left, each side representing a paternal or maternal connection. Wiggling its way into Luke's subconscious, the centipede marked the start of a recurring dream synopsis, wherein one crawls out of his mouth, leaving what he describes as a little "welcoming bite" on its way. Decoding this as the passing down of knowledge from his lola, Luke made sure not to neglect any centipedes in his subsequent sketches. In fact, one of his greatest artistic inspirations as of late is a microscopic up-close detail of biotic images and insect locomotion. Needless to say, these colourful distorted images also serve to satisfy his ecological curiosities as the rigorous Environmental Science major he now is. Whilst the centipede is less prevalent in the accompanying shoot, we cannot deny its power behind the scenes. More than that, 'centipede' directly translates to "gayaman" in Tagalog. The stars have aligned.

If there's one thing Luke wants to get straight, it's that amusement and irony come first. With his raw talent and direct access to prestigious art collections across Chicago — courtesy of his art critic sister — Luke has every right to claim membership in the high-brow art world. Still, he sees no need to dissect or justify the art, just let it speak for itself! But for all the serious art enthusiasts that really need to read into it, you can look out for the easter eggs, though only to realize that you have become a part of the bit.

Playing around with 'the ideal,' Luke found himself building mutant men by attaching elaborate appendages and other sorts of slimy marine creature features. And hence, the first incorporation of biological mutiny was born. One could imagine it as what you might expect the lovechild of an analogue Arca and an aquatic creepy-crawly to look like. In fact, the centipede is an emblem that became of great significance to Luke, starring in many pages of their sketchbook.

If anything, the oozing, literally elevated flip-flops can be said to reference Luke's first occurrences of gay thoughts — something about a Speedo-infested swim practice... Otherwise, it can be as simple as "Omg, this Soundcloud audio eats, lemme make a shirt for it." Their primary motive speaks to the joys of existing online, paying homage to the pop girlies and our generation of devout stans. Even 'ibuyhorses' evolved from Luke's finsta name which was taken from an advertisement he stumbled across on a meme page. Sexy cowboys, gayaman, horses — it all makes sense now.



You can (and will) go follow 'ibuyhorses' on TikTok and Instagram to view said goofy promos, maybe even let out a giggle while you're there.



Contributors
 Luke Meloche
 Michael Julian Partridge
 Orrin Pavone
 Fareed Yaqub

models
 Imran Ahamed
 James Albers
 Kobe Arcilla
 Carmela Borrelli
 Grey Gardens
 Reiko Inouye
 Anson Tso

words
 Lana Ladki

production assistant
 Sora Andrews

jewelry
 huel archives

special thanks
 BUNNY





W E D N E S D A Y 2 3 R D 2 0 2 3

01

- Fiction / Internet Gore / Nymph + more @ Red Gate
- Devours / Wallgrin / Jessicka @ Green Auto
- A Forged Spider's Web @ Unfi 17

02

- Autonomous Apes / Flint & Smoke @ Red Gate
- Audipollination Vol.3 @ 468 Kingsway

03

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- Latrice Royale @ Hollywood Theatre
- Pink Mountaintops / Sinoia Caves Caves @ the Biltmore

- Avery Sloan / Nonarchy / Spectra @ Red Gate
- Julien Lavoie / Laterdays @ Green Auto
- Child @ Hollywood Theatre

- Ruin Garner @ Red Gate

- Advanced Base / Future Star / Devours @ Red Gate

- Two Another @ Fox Cabaret

- King Bull / Mary / Dour @ Red Gate

- Dusknote / Autos Jaquet / Nuclear Disco @ Red Gate

- MIXED GEMS: Aprilween @ Red Gate

- Dames / Down the Lees / Fantasy Boys @ Red Gate

- Paul Is Dead / Mediaslaves / Gadfly @ Red Gate

- Pussy Riot / Boyfriend @ Hollywood Theatre
- How Far Can A Marked Body Go? Ghinwa Yassine @ VIVO Media Arts Centre

- Tei Shi / Loyal Lobos @ Fox Cabaret

- Stew Jams Daytime Ambient Lounge! @ Red Gate

- Too Much Of Anything @ Red Gate

- Disorder: Sissy / XO / Andromeda / Autumn / Clara Langois @ Red Gate

CITR & Disorder 25th Anniversary Kick Off!
@ RED GATE

- Yaris Paris / Tough Sell / Lil_babeee_4eva @ Red Gate

- Dead Quiet / Killer Deal / Elsinore @ Green Auto

- Yaris Paris / Tough Sell / Lil_babeee_4eva @ Red Gate

- Too Much Of Anything @ Red Gate

- Disorder: Sissy / XO / Andromeda / Autumn / Clara Langois @ Red Gate

PHOEBE TELFAR 2023

ART PROJECT BY
PHOEBE TELFAR



· Gogo Penguin @ Hollywood Theatre

01

08

· Mannequin Pussy @ The Cobalt

09

02

03

· Pretending @ Red Gate
· Rose City Band @ The Cobalt

04

· Death Grips @ Harbour Centre

05

· Re-form @ Red Gate

06

10

· Little Sparkee / Lord Wrought / Teeth To Your Throat / Drive Your Plow Over The Bones of The Dead @ Red Gate
· Antibalás @ Rickshaw Theatre

11

QTR & DISORDER 8TH ANNIVERSARY CONCERT SERIES @ RED GATE
· VERBODEN FESTIVAL NIGHT 1 @ The Rickshaw Theatre

12

· VERBODEN FESTIVAL NIGHT 2 @ The Rickshaw Theatre

13

14

· The Shape of Minds to Come @ Red Gate
· VERBODEN FESTIVAL NIGHT 3 @ The Rickshaw Theatre

15

16



· Cheekface / Suzie True @ The Cobalt

17

· Vanden Wool / Green Alderson / Night Jar @ Red Gate

18

· Rozmo @ Red Gate
· Sampa The Great @ Hollywood Theatre
· Supersuckers / The Hangmen / La Chinga @ Rickshaw Theatre
· Archspire @ the Rickshaw Theatre

19

· VANCAF @ Red Gate
· Tim Hecker @ The Cobalt

20

21

· Blue Riviera @ Red Gate
· Yob / Elder @ The Rickshaw Theatre

22

· Slashed Tires / Proper Nouns @ Red Gate

23

24

· Music From Tokyo vol. 15 @ Red Gate

25

· Sleepy Gonzales @ Red Gate

26

QTR & DISORDER 8TH ANNIVERSARY FINALE @ RED GATE

27

· Miens / Bonnuitt / Behaviors @ Red Gate
· An Evening In Space With Plasteroid @ H.R. McMillan Space Center

28

· Noise / Ambient / Experimental @ Red Gate

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31

July 2023

ART PROJECT BY
CHELSEA O'BYRNE



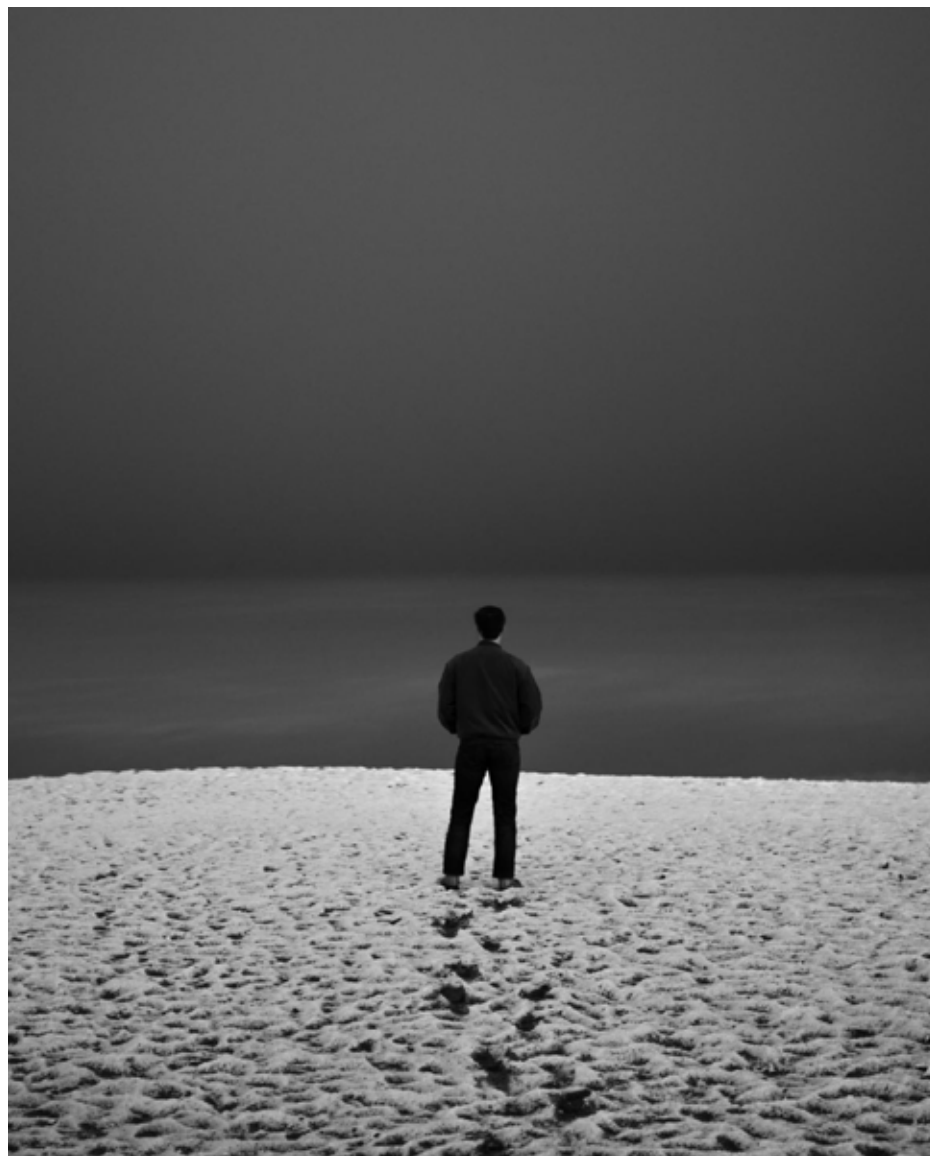
tommy
newport
glasshead tour 23'

APRIL 13, 2023
BILTMORE CABARET
VANCOUVER, BC



DISORDER / RAWFILES

The non-place is a phrase coined by Marc Augé to refer to anthropological spaces of transience — they evoke a feeling of liminality, stripped of human involvement or identity. People become anonymous in non-places, using these spaces only to pass on through to somewhere, or something, else. The non-place is conjured in shopping malls, hallways, airports and hotel rooms. It can be found when one is travelling or falling in love. It lurks in doorways and bridges. There is something spectral about capturing these transitory places — as if the photographer has found something shifting beneath its skin. In this collaboration with Rawfiles Magazine, photographers finally netted the non-place, putting liminality in the spotlight.



The word liminal is very hard to define but I think of it as almost a transitional period, or the threshold between where you are and where you are going. the phrase “in between not yet and no longer” has been a huge inspiration for my work for the past 2 years. This is a very powerful word/ thought/ feeling for me and I find myself at my most creative when I’m in that state. My idea of liminality in terms of photography is dark eerie tones and empty dark spaces with one little light or one point of focus. I believe the focus of liminal photography shouldn’t be a person, but a space. This photo should seem familiar, dark, and somewhat unsettling, yet oddly comforting at the same time. I think this photo perfectly portrays my interpretation of liminality. I love how you can see the footprints on the snow of the man looking into the abyss. This photo was actually taken during the pitch black but I just used a longer shutter speed to properly expose and to blur out the water. • Matthew Osborne



I woke up that morning trapped in what seemed like another dimension, alone. In the eeriness of the quiet, and stuck between the seemingly endless walls of fog, I captured this moment on film. Evidence that this uncanny experience was not a figment of my imagination.

• **Helena Ghorbani**

Narrow alleys in a sense is one of my definitions of non-places. Confined between walls; passing by abandoned pieces; it's a transient space linking significant scenes. This photo was taken in Cheung Chau, an island in Hong Kong. Despite the grimy appearance of each object, the bright colours transformed the image into a frisky story. Descending the staircase, you're faced with the skyline of Hong Kong Island. Upon arrival to this picturesque, you would have forgotten, the narrow alley, non-place, that have brought you this beauty.



At times it felt like Venice was trying to trick you with its narrow streets, sharp turns, and dead ends. You could be walking amongst the clamoring noise of tourists, and with one sharp turn, be in an alley so quiet you could hear the tap of your shoes against the cobblestones. On this day in Venice, I was walking on the sidewalk, noting the peacefulness of the canal. The water was so still, and the air so silent, it felt like another world. Across the street from me was a doorway hidden beneath shadows and I had no idea where it led, or how to get to the other side, yet, I held no urge to discover. I left knowing that someone, sometime, would open it, but for that second that I saw it in passing, it was untouched—a doorway into the unknown.

• **Shawna Tan**

Moving through the carefully curated galleries, taking in the creative minds that have walked through the world is something that stops the flow of time and leaves me in awe. The air in the museum is filled with sweet tension, as if a single exhale could threaten the integrity of the art and the artists.

I often lose myself when visiting museums and can't help but wonder if others feel the same. Which exhibits are these two figures heading towards as they explore the museum? Are they also new to this space? What goes on in their minds as they navigate the mazes of art. How many have walked these paths that hold the power of transporting you to different worlds. Would they come back.

Time stands still in this place, yet we keep moving through it, yearning for more to see, more to feel. • Meagan Ng



The individuality disappears as it merges into a scenery. The outline of the human figure is clear, but their identity is blurred; under the silvery split of light, is there a difference between the human body and rocks on the ground, between life and still life? • Suzu Seki



the Half-Drowned

a review

words by Atira Naik
illustrations by
Tatiana Yakovleva



It is rare that a piece of writing is so intricate that every sentence must be read twice in order to understand something deeper, yet the themes jump out without hesitation. This is how I felt while reading *The half-drowned* by Trynne Delaney, a genre-bending novella which won the 2022 Quebec Writers Federation ‘First Book Prize.’ The story lands mostly within the speculative fiction category, combining magical realism and scientific fiction aspects to create a wholly new kind of narrative.

The half-drowned takes place in a dystopian (yet not at all far-fetched) future where the planet is in environmental ruin and everyone — who could afford to — has left earth to find home elsewhere. It centers around a small Black community who live off the coast of the Bay of Fundy, and have created certain customs in order to carry on the tradition of survival. The most important of these customs being the ‘Rites,’ a coming-of-age ceremony which involves mushroom tea, gold grills, and a brainstem simulator. The ‘Rites’ are their way of reliving history, and can change a person in many ways. This introduces the reader to Harbour, a girl preparing for her Rites, who begins to notice how it has changed her brother LaVon. The third character is Kaya — a being who wound up on the shore of the ocean as a baby. She struggles with feeling like one of them, and subsequently pushes people away, including Harbour, who she was in a relationship with briefly. The interpersonal relationships that the characters form with each other become the crux of the story and ensure that, despite a compelling and refreshing plot, the story remains largely character-driven.

The story weaves through their perspectives, while also being loose with the narrative pronoun. This looseness can lend itself to some confusion; however, a second reading helps clarify many of the references — especially to the two most interesting elements of the story; the prophet and the alien. These elements infuse an eerie sense of the supernatural and sci-fi into the story. The prophet is implied to be LaVon, while Delaney paints the alien as a kind of ‘god’ — a blend of a super intelligent machine, as well as colonialist forces. The alien is referred to as ‘it,’ identifying that it isn’t fully human. Delaney writes, ‘Its arrival might signal a return, to that easy life, if it can build itself a way out, if this is not all that’s left, if it can use a body to become more, to become what it was programmed to be, to supercede earth, to exit into the stars and to live on through abandonment.’ At one point, the alien transmits to LaVon, and through it LaVon learns it has been sent by the ‘angels’ or the people who had escaped to the sky. The alien wishes to take over a body to achieve some higher function. Whether this function is evil or not, or whether an easy life is desirable or not, these are questions the reader is left to answer themselves — staring with the harsh truths of responsibility, action, and greed.

Delaney touches on a number of real-world issues, although they explore them with varying depths. The most frequently recurring themes are capitalism and racism, and of course, environmentalism — the very premise of the story is based on the fact that the upper class has left the rest to live on a planet they believed was sure to die. That up in the sky they had been able to defeat death itself. It is also relevant to today’s economic structure that the lower classes tended to be people of colour. Interestingly, the people who managed to escape are referred to as ‘angels’ in the story, embellishing the idea that religion comes from a circular chain of humans having transcended some level of technology, à la *Interstellar*. This is the future. When Delaney brings up the past, usually through older characters who are remembering a life before the ‘midcentennial collapse,’ they often reference the African diaspora, and the transatlantic slave trade. For example, a conversation the prophet has with the alien: ‘We were over water sardined foot to head to foot to head. Piglet fetuses. We were on blocks getting ourselves chopped into pieces. We were south and north and east and west. We were cargo. And we were free in never being free. Free if freed?’

Another interesting element of the future which Delaney envisions is that traditional and oppressive models of love, partnership and gender identity have all but broken down. There is full acceptance of queer and polyamorous relationships, as well as non-binary people, at the end of the world because people are desperate for love in whatever ways they can get it. The attitude can be summed up in the way Delaney describes the townspeople’s attitude towards Kaya and Harbour’s relationship drama: ‘Everyone in town is tired of fights between ex-lovers. Move on. We’re all we got. If you don’t like what you’ve got, find something else.’ And in the way LaVon describes his polyamorous relationship, ‘We’re drinking but my thoughts all line up like ducklings and I know I love them both. Who’s the leader? Who follows? What follows? A trick question: We’re all the leader. We all follow.’ A bleak kind of hope. Kaya and Harbour’s relationship is also interesting; full of longing, yet both cannot seem to completely give into each other. In fact, Harbour spends the first half of the book contemplating asking for a gold chain she’d gifted to Kaya back. Through the journeys they each take with one another, we see how their acceptance for their worlds, each other, and themselves grows.

Delaney’s style of writing follows a loose poetic-prose blend; it often misses punctuation or uses anaphora to create a sense of rhythm. This provides an otherworldly quality to the work, while the prose and dialogue keep it grounded in the grim reality they’ve crafted. This style also helps the characters and the plot beats shine through. The juxtaposition between these two elements keeps the story moving without allowing it to fall into too depressive, or too abstract, a spiral.

This is a story that needs to be returned to so that it can be fully understood. The reading of it can keep changing depending on the lens one absorbs it from, which allows *the half-drowned* to have a multitude of meanings — although all equally terrifying. This story forces us to consider our own lives, the relationships and responsibilities we hold within them, and the contributions we make to the world as a whole. Delaney manages to ask readers these existential questions while painting a dark, thoroughly mesmerizing world, full of rancid imagery and yet, within it: a pearl, a new tooth. Delaney shows us how love, healing, and life seem to persevere, hanging on to the thinnest gold chain.



THE TANGERINE PROJECT / words by Fiorela Argueta / photos by Nikola Yee

Crates of tangerines are neatly stacked upon each other in front of a window display. If hurrying past, I would mistake this crammed and narrow space for a small market in Vancouver's Chinatown, but my curiosity is piqued by the polite arrangement of branded crates and tangerines which are deliberately placed on a bench. Entering the space, there is a sense of affection and care in the placement of the objects laid bare for a viewer's meditation – this is not a market selling discounted fruit.

Toronto-based artist Seooyeong Lee's exhibition, *the tangerine project*, at Access Gallery, presents a body of work which humbly explores love, trauma, and community. Lee's exploration materializes in neatly composed photographs and installations from ephemera of past happenings. Almost appearing as sketches, *Study of a Tangerine* (2022) and *Study of Tangerines - Version 2* (2022) capture the decomposing gestures of tangerines. Historically, artists have used carefully arranged fruits as studies of light and dark, composition, and social commentary, which often demonstrated tribute to the arts and an opportunity for an artist to express their painterly virtuosity. Further artistic discourses also consider *memento mori*, an artistic trope that reminds viewers of our inevitable death and that any moment could be our last. Viewing these photographs, I could not help but wonder, why is Lee attempting to extend, even lovingly venerate, the life of this fruit?

Lee's exploration departs from such grand Western notions and focuses instead on imprinted memories. Lee invited guests to join an intimate setting where they sat around a table to peel and eat tangerines while thinking of past traumas and anxieties. It was a communal way of taking care of oneself and others through an honest act of holding pain. In this space, tangerines are appreciated despite their flawed and bruised bodies. Once the fruit has been consumed we pause to appreciate the detritus of their life — the scattered peels that once held a fruit are left in our hands. Living in an age where we easily discard things, Lee encourages thoughtful reflection and an understanding of the intimate relationship we have with objects and our desire to preserve them.

These sentiments were preserved in *Today I'm Afraid...* (2022), a residual from her performance, *Round and Round* (2017), in which she relied on participants to deliberately peel and consume tangerines, placing the leftovers in plastic bags with the submission of one overwhelming anxiety from each contributor. *Today I'm Afraid...* (2022) documents the performance using inkjet print on transparency film which gives viewers an archival record that likens the peels to a human body. I was very taken by the vulnerability of some of the participants who shared their fear of failure, love, and being alone.

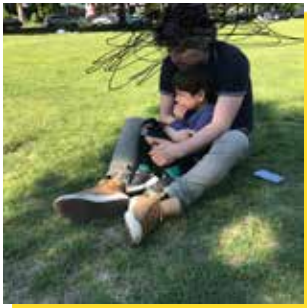
the tangerine project reminds me that our bodies carry our experiences, particularly how trauma bruises our bodies, and how Lee's work encourages participants to allow themselves to be held and accepted. This sense of being taken care of is also noted by Kate Belcher, Curator at Access Gallery: “[c]aretaking is something I’m often thinking about when curating... taking care, for me, is akin to holding sorrows or concerns — for a friend, an artist, for the work itself.” These thoughts carry on in *How to Read a Tangerine Peel* (2022), where peeled tangerines are carefully placed on top of pre-loved handkerchiefs. In these photographs, Lee allows viewers to interpret the imprinted memories that have been collected with a photographic medium. As viewers, we are urged to imagine the life led by these peels and how tenderly they were held in the pockets of their caretaker. By documenting these tangerines through a photographic medium, the tangerines are shown tender appreciation and given a repurposed second life.

Throughout the exhibition, I kept noticing more endearing idiosyncrasies in Lee's work. Such instances occur in Lee's subtly comical artwork, *Bag for Two to Three Tangerines* (2022), where the artist crocheted wool yarn to create a net to hold only two to three tangerines. While looking at this work, I was followed by a single fruit fly hopping from tangerine to tangerine in her exhibition. Despite the seriousness of Lee's work, there is also a relief as if you just had a sincere conversation with a loving friend and you find gentle humour in the situation. In many ways, there is a sincerity to *the tangerine project* that encourages discussion of ordinary gestures and their generosity. The tangerines are not for sale, rather to be shared.



Under Review

Albums!



Francis Baptiste

Snəqsilx(Family)*

(SELF-RELEASED)

APRIL 23, 2022

Francis Baptiste (he/him) is an Indigenous singer-songwriter from the Osoyoos Indian Band, currently based in Vancouver, B.C. His album *Snəqsilx*(Family)* explores ideas surrounding relationships, self-love, and emotional

pain. Baptiste moves through these topics authentically while he expresses his anxiety and painful emotions with impact.

The album's second track, "Reasons I Can't Say," explores Baptiste's impressive vocal range as he sings with heart and deep emotional capacity. With lyrics like "she has me on a string / kept for safekeeping / for reasons I can't speak aloud," it's filled with phrases that are hard to ignore – it makes you step back and really feel the meaning of the words.

One of my favourite lyrics is "Way back when / the sweet smell of fall" found in the third track, "Rivers End." It captures what's missing and the pain of "what could have been." A new direction is what is needed, a change – something that will bring joy.

I can't say enough about "River's End." Its profound lyricism combined with a twist on rock has embedded hope. Baptists honestly expresses his work – he shows us a strong, vulnerable, perseverance that is his own. The lyric "when it hurts / I close my eyes / I feel it all" really caught my attention and really hit home. When the pain is too much, the escape is to close the windows to the soul. His emotional range in this album is powerful, not only through his lyrics but also through his raw talent.

Each song not only flowed nicely from each other, but also offered a perspective which may not have been considered before. This is the first time I have listened to Baptiste's work, and it was a joy to experience.

He captures many different emotions in a very authentic and special way. I thoroughly enjoyed *Snəqsilx*(Family)* and I look forward to listening to more of his work soon. **Jannah Lay**



Amanda Sum

New Age Attitudes

(SELF-RELEASED)

SEPTEMBER 9, 2022

In *New Age Attitudes*, Amanda Sum definitely has something to say, something to show, and something she knows nobody knows. Her entrance is quiet, yet, enchanting. "Sweet on my tongue / linger a little more /

cradle my lungs / till I am strong enough to hold my breath under water," she sings with a blooming boldness. With each unfolding line follows a ricochet of echoing notes; it's almost as if Sum is discovering another dimension, and we are just at her footsteps, trailing along in this life-long journey she has begun to embark upon as a young Asian woman.

Sum's breezy vocals quickly melt into a brief, promising silence, before plunging into the start of the second track, "New Age Attitudes." The gushing welcome of the rallying trumpet and the spirited percussion are anything but shy. Featuring an all-Asian female band and all-female production crew, Sum lays the groundwork in "New Age Attitudes" for a debut that is both empowering when it comes to the well-known torment of navigating through adolescence, especially for BIPOC and other marginalised groups, while also reassuring the non-social butterflies trying to get by in a world for social butterflies.

"I've got it together / I've got it all under control" Sum assures herself in "Awkward Bodies." The poppy hook, "We are just awkward bodies / awkward bodies" is almost

like a mirror of the anxious mind – unable to shut-up in the absolute worst possible moments. And Sum admits to a universally relatable feeling in "Party Party Party Party," "I don't wanna go but I still wanna be invited." But despite the anxieties, Sum transforms these mantras into catchy, groovable tunes, while still occasionally receding into more introspective moments.

Throughout Sum's exploration of the self in relation to modern society in *New Age Attitudes*, the warmth and support of the all-female group is felt in all the highs and lows of the album. Even within the ebb and flow of the individual tracks, the unpredictability of coming of age is reflected and embodied. From the upfront introduction of "New Age Attitudes" to the fast-paced world of "Undecided Minds," to the spoken-runs in "Meticulous Articulation," it is clear Sum still has so much more to say about her world and ours. **Grace Zhang**



stuttr

Stuck In The Muck

(EARLY ONSET RECORDS)

NOVEMBER 18, 2022

The first song from stuttr's recently released four song EP, *Stuck In The Muck*, hits me like a weighty snow shovel in the back of the head – and my ears are still ringing. This initial track, titled "Medicate," features a thumpy drum

kit, crispy bass line, sporadic guitar screeches and flat-lining mumbled vocals with lyrics such as "I've got no songs medicate me / I've got no sorrow medicate me / I've got no loved ones medicate me I've lost my fun so medicate me." Kind of reminds me of Los Angeles hardcore masters OFF! The lo-fi dirty production fits well, any more clarity would detract from the grit. A jazzy tempo change at the three quarter mark adds some depth and helps cement and solidify the opener. Then we ramp up for one more go around and close "Medicate" in a juiced-up altered state – which is what I would fully expect from a band that is labelling itself as "a four piece experimental post-punk ice cream sandwich with subtle notes of broken glass and hardcore."

So then, track two: "2 B Tangoed." A guitar part reminiscent of Dead Kennedy's fare circa 1980s, straight edged energy and no nonsense punk rock – "I'm trapped in my bed again I don't exist till 11am" – all coming in at a short and sweet 2:44. stuttr, stuttr...

"Nebraska" comes in at 5:24, easily the longest track and quite likely the most enticing. A Punk-O-Drama intro as the rhythm section kicks in, contrasted by sparkly clean guitar and muddy vocals, "Murder, murder Bloody fucking murder That's what you shriek / Your walls closed in." Dark, brooding, rhythmic, throbbing, death scream, chaos, nonsensical, retreat, energy, out of control sabotage, brought back down and back home.

The closer is "Bob Mentality" and it slides in well with the preceding 3 tracks. An audio bombardment of sorts, crazed at times and a bit of a noisy mess. "I'm a professional default And so is my good friend bob / Vancouver idolizes his ways / Corn on the fucking snobs" (I like the Van City references that stuttr employs, it's a good look for these locals). I enjoy the heavy last minute of the track as it taints my impression of stuttr – thick sloppy hardcore, syrupy rich in desperation, sprinkled with fermented slices of far out experimental fidelity.

Stuck In The Muck by stuttr is a worthy second effort by the band. I would be interested to see how this setlist translates in a live environment, I would imagine quite well. The hardcore aspect of their material offers a rough appeal, but it's their experimental meanderings that set them somewhat apart from others drifting in the same genre. I would hope they continue to explore these more alternative sounds on future recordings. I don't believe we've heard the best from this group and I look forward to future releases as they continue to define their signature stuttr sound.

Todd McCluskie



bananahaus

Welcome to the bananahaus

(SELF-RELEASED)

JANUARY 23, 2023

Alright, imagine if Bauhaus, Agent Orange and the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion had a love child band. Now imagine if the lead singer of this band was Noodle from Gorillaz. Take all of that and make it the soundtrack

of *Baby Driver*, except where the main character is played by Devon Aoki. Now watch that movie with your headphones on at full volume – this is, essentially, the experience of listening to bananahaus' *welcome to the bananahaus*.

Personally I'm the type of music listener that picks songs from different albums and puts them all together in a playlist, but this is the sort of album that you can't stop listening to until you've experienced it from start to finish. "bananahaus," the first track, is a nice lead-in to the rest of the album. I loved the track's opening sequence and the small lull before the lead guitar began playing – the rhythm created by the guitar and drums throughout each song is very addictive. bananahaus are able to combine a fast tempo with high-pitched vocals and a vintage 80s/90s-type sound to create something that really reminds me of Le Tigre. "pecking order" keeps ramping things up, followed by "beef stew" which at first mellows out the album's flow by slowing the pace a bit and focusing more on interesting chord progressions and intervals, before speeding up towards the end.

One of my favourite tracks was the next one, "gonna show," particularly for the drums and both the lead and rhythm guitar work. I love when artists include monologues/spoken word to their music, and to have that added to the end made "gonna show" all the more enjoyable to listen to. "mouse trap," the fifth track on the album had an awesome sound. I like that bananahaus aligns the lead guitar to the melody, and with their particular voice it worked really well. The final track, "tally the score" was a perfect finish. Somehow, they managed to recreate the consistent feel that they maintain throughout the album while also giving it the feeling of an ending track. I felt like I was watching the end of *Baby-Driver-feat-Devon-Aoki*. Great job bananahaus on the fantastic first album! I can't wait to see what they come up with in the future. **Castiel Radivojevic**



Hyaenas

Little Trophy

(SELF-RELEASED)

FEBRUARY 2, 2023

A new band is on the block in BC and is making their voice heard. With their debut EP, *Little Trophy*, Hyaenas inspires listeners to get back on their feet, resist oppression, and fight for who and what they love. Some

might argue that a band should try to quietly get on their feet before rattling off something so profound. But Hyaenas are sick and tired of listening to the rules. An album cover with graffiti, mannequins, and machinery? Songs from a queer feminist lens? It's clear we should be listening to this instead.

Oh, No (Intro) This opening track serves as a quick introduction to the overall message of the album. The few lyrics are the chorus for the next track, "Little Trophy." What makes it so heart wrenching is how quietly they are spoken, as if lead vocalist, Sophie Heppel, is mimicking someone desperately trying to find their voice after being beaten down for so long. Solemn guitar strings tie it together like a mangled bond before we are introduced to the next track.

Little Trophy It all starts here. "I'm not your little trophy / I'm not your prize to be won." Echoes from the intro start us off on our journey through this EP with a declaration of self-worth. And trust me, those aren't the only ones. By the time you get to the end, you realize who you heard in the last track is not the same person. They are now reborn and here to let their voice shine loud and proud. Let's continue, shall we? Believe it or not, there's much more in store.

For the Birds A sonorous war cry of a track that echoes themes of standing up for those in need. If you don't believe me, just listen to the drums at 1:00 and tell me that isn't a beat you would go to battle for. The track's rebellious nature becomes transparent when you hear, "Can you hear the blackbird singing? / In the dead of night it's bringing a call for all who've survived." More bird references show up later, with vivid lines like, "You hang us all like crows on a wire." It gives you the sense that something is at stake and that there's no question it's worth fighting for.

It's Not Up to Me It's time to pick up the pace! This track starts like your classic indie rock song – fast, catchy, and a head bopper. It reminds me of Good Kid, who has a similar approach to their music. Complimenting this speed is the line "Not gonna stop and freeze" and "It's going now." However, Hyaenas aren't afraid to slow down the pace partway through to let their message sink in. If you're wondering

what exactly that message is, I guess you'll just have to go and listen for yourself.

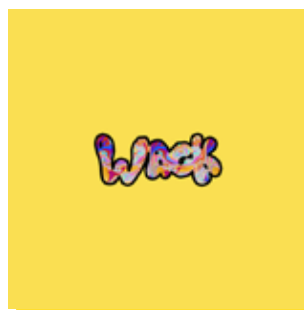
Another Level Hyaenas really dig into their rock side here. Opening with heavy drums and claps, a guitar-synth combo comes out of left field with shades of Joan Jett and Hall and Oates respectively. It might sound jarring, but they go together like peanut butter and jelly. Speaking of things you can put on toast, "You take my time you take my money / Lure me in with your milk and honey" is one of the best pairs of lyrics in this EP. And if you're worried that this isn't as hardcore as you'd like, "Deal with God, deal with the Devil / Take it up another level" should do the trick.

White Rabbit By far my favourite track on this EP. "White Rabbit" razes the air with electric guitar sounds while delivering a message that will pick up any person from their lowest point like a phoenix rising from the ashes. The lyrics are equally powerful and give me goosebumps. Every. Single. Time. If I'm ever feeling down or demotivated, I pop in my headphones and let this track boost my morale with words like, "So don't go chasing rabbits chase your dreams." It's also a great track to add to your gym playlist.

Written in the Stars The best way to sum up this final track is farewell. "It was written in the stars / Oh, that we have far to go," tells you that your journey ain't over yet. You have places to go and you will go far for them. "Look up and find what's been outlined," sounds like a way of saying you are destined for greatness. The contrast between this inspiring message and the rest of the EP makes you feel like all the trials and tribulations have been overcome and that it is now time to move on to better things. Sorry if I'm starting to sound like a frantically typed English essay, but it's just that moving! Lyrics aside, the synth is what hits the emotional beats the best. Luvia Peterson's work throughout the EP has been incredible and she does it again at 4:10. In the final moments, she transports you to the top of a mountain as you watch the sun rise over a big blue ocean. What awaits you next?

A new year can be filled with challenges. We may be four months in already, but it's never too late to pick up the pieces and persevere through what life throws at us. Hyaenas are here to show you that you are a beast who is not to be trifled with. So take their hand and join them on this journey of self-empowerment.

Angus Nordlund



WACK

Your Band is Wack?

(SELF-RELEASED)

FEBRUARY 13, 2023

Looking at Wack's Bandcamp page, they claim to make dance rock and garage rock music. These are adequate labels, describing the band's sound as dance-worthy rock tunes with a DIY edge. But there is more to this album than

just that. On *Your Band is Wack?*, the band blends several eras of rock music in a cohesive fashion.

The first half of this record can get pretty heavy. The thumping bass lines and gritty guitars make for some great breakdowns on tracks like "Galactic Funkeys." The sound (and especially the title) of this track evokes classic rock fundamentals from a time when Paul McCartney was bringing heavy tracks like "Helter Skelter" to the mainstream. The band also changes things up with structure, using pacing and slower sections to build tension before exploding into a cacophony of hard rock sounds, or a key change like on the track "Sometimes." "Seven" is a noteworthy track from this section of the album, especially because of the song's chilling outro: "That fuckin first night / When we just met / You broke me baby / I won't forget."

The second half of the record makes for a noticeable shift in tone. For instance, the singer embraces autotune a lot more on tracks like "Caught Spottin (dnaL)" and "Say What You Want." The tracks are less evocative of classic rock and show an evolution in the band's sound. The frantic guitar riffs, as well as the near stream-of-conscious lyrics, on "Caught Spottin" are reminiscent of an early Talking Heads song. There is more variety when it comes to the use of guitars on this record. Chords are drenched in effects pedals that create a distinctly upbeat atmosphere. The use of the Dorian mode provides these latter tracks with a distinct style compared to the first half of the album.

What also makes this album refreshing are the lyrics that showcase vulnerability. The singer pretty much has an existential crisis after smoking too much weed on "Say What You Want." "All of My Friends" details a situation where an ex-partner cheats on the frontperson with one of their friends. "Sometimes" starts with the declaration that the singer sometimes hates their own voice. The band deserves a lot of credit for expressing such vulnerable moments and providing them with a catchy soundtrack.

With *Your Band is Wack?*, the band introduces themselves with a catchy set of dance-worthy rock songs, enhanced by vulnerable songwriting, captured succinctly by the album's title. **Jack Ducharme**



Babe Corner

Crybaby

(SELF-RELEASED)

MARCH 21, 2023

By the first line of the opening track "Takedown," I am already sad. If you, like me, are susceptible to a wistful guitar, the ones curling in by the track's second line will be enough to sink you into a contemplative mood for the

rest of the day.

But the fun of Babe Corner's first full-length album, the aptly named *Crybaby*, is that the lows are never too low. An indie rock band from Vancouver, Babe Corner is comprised of five members: Haley Blais, Lilli Carr, Alli Deleo, Jess Jones, and Lindsay Sjoberg. They describe themselves as having a "nostalgic rock vibe," which they deliver in spades. Sjoberg's lead vocals are pearly in a quality that feels both old and new, evoking the 1960s of Judy Collins and today's Cate Le Bon, and the supporting multiple harmonies lend a soaring choral nostalgia to the whole affair.

Following past singles and their EP *Killer*, Babe Corner continues to build on their classic sound, but on *Crybaby*, they explore other musical roads, and bring more vulnerability into their lyrics. There are glimpses of something new interspersed through the album, like in the rollicking "Summer Slaughter," the galloping country-folk of "Bone Dry Dunes," and in "Caught On The Double," a sly, grunge-lite track with thick guitar and bass riffs that are some of the most fun on the album.

Underneath the honeyed languor of the instruments and vocals, there is an unease in the lyrics. "Takedown" describes the cyclical process of two people setting each other atop pedestals and subsequently knocking the other off. In the title track "Crybaby," Babe Corner reckons with the existence of God, and half-laments, half-scoffs, "Now I'm the kind of girl who cries." Death settles in the dust of "Summer Slaughter" (hello, slaughter) and perches quietly in "Your Body."

Still, on the whole, it's the Babe Corner you know and love. *Crybaby* is dreamy and airborne, held aloft by swirling reverb, hooky guitar, and glowing synths sequined throughout the tracks. It feels like the dog days of summer, cooled by every window in the house thrown open to let the breeze in.

For enjoyers of other Canadian indie artists like Peach Pit, Alvays, and Haley Blais (great in her own solo career, and a notable non-Juno nominee), *Crybaby* is a pool of light, a sunny and sticky record without ever being cloying. Even in its vulnerability, you still get the overwhelming feeling that the music is propelled by a communal joy in its making, and you're along for the ride. Everyone is welcome in Babe Corner. **Nicola Roscuata**

Books!



Queer Little Nightmares

Arsenal Pulp Press

2022

I loved summer camp as a child — long days spent in the sun and tan lines from Keens worn too many days in a row — but I always dreaded the nights. It would start with a simple proposition from one of the girls in my bunk: "does anyone want to hear a scary story?" and then devolve into a full-blown tale telling session leaving me unable to sleep. The fear I felt hearing those stories mixed with my general discomfort at

being assigned to live in the "girls' cabin" was a nauseating cocktail. At long last, David Ly and Daniel Zomparelli's horror anthology, *Queer Little Nightmares*, let me in on all the fun. This collection perfectly captures the feeling of spooky stories told with only a dim flashlight for illumination — but now Bloody Mary is replaced by lesbian werewolves and wistful creatures from the black lagoon.

It's common advice when crafting a monster story to not show your monster until the last second. Leave your audience seeing its shape only in shadows and flashes of claws, scales, and teeth — their imagination will fill in the gaps with greater horrors than you could dream up. The poetry and stories in this anthology utilize this advice to its fullest effect, representing queerness as that very thing which cannot be fully seen, understood, or depicted. In the collection's first story (and one of my favourites), Amber Dawn's "Woolly Bully," we are never quite sure what we are "seeing" unfold. Two girls sent to a farm appear to be undergoing some kind of unearthly transformation as they fall for each other over a series of sticky summer nights. Yet, we, the reader, are denied any declaration of *what* these girls are turning into, only teased with cryptic messages in poetic lines such as, "a syrupy strand of

bile yokes my mouth to the browning grass. / I'm on all fours. My fingers paw the ground." David Demchuck's delightfully frightening "Nature's Mistake" employs a similar effect as we catch glimpses of a derelict fairground and come to meet the creature who dwells within it. The way these stories, and many more in this collection, deny their reader an explanation for their monsters and refuse description of these creatures is precisely why these pieces are *queer* little nightmares — they are full of wonderfully unruly bodies and lives which escape simple categorization. Every author in this collection harnesses the way in which queer experiences have been seen as monstrous in their denial of hegemonic ways of being, and transforms that into something powerful — given fangs and fur. It is a collection full of nuance with many pieces providing intersectional approaches to this theme of queer "monstrosity," such as Andrew Willmot's "Glamour-Us" — a story I absolutely loved — which offers a poignant look at class and experiences of transness packaged up in a futuristic tale of biohacking.

Queer Little Nightmares is an excellently composed collection — there are stories in here that will thrill you, there are those which will chill you to your core and keep you looking over your shoulder (for scares, Levi Cain's "Gruesome My Love" and Hiromi Goto's "And the Moon Spun Round like a Top" are standouts), and there are those which might make you cry, such as Anuja Verghese's "The Vetala's Song" which had me weeping on a public bus. This collection takes the form of a menagerie of oddities, creatures, and strange things which go bump in the night, but unlike a freak show of yore, here it is the monsters who run the show. So do yourself a favour — grab a copy of *Queer Little Nightmares*, turn out the lights, hide under your covers with nothing but a flashlight and, as Zomparelli writes in the collection's introduction, proclaim your love "for everything monster!" **Fred O. Beeby**

Video Games!



Inscryption

Created by Daniel Mullins

SPOILER WARNING - Minor design and narrative spoilers ahead for Inscryption

Do you like card games? Neither do I. I've never found the adrenaline pumping action of go fish or bridge that thrilling. As someone who typically spends her free time playing Dungeons and Dragons, or exploring open

story driven video games, I've always found the lack of immersion or narrative in card games... meh? So, when I say *Inscryption*, a game solely developed by local Vancouver based creator Daniel Mullins and advertised as a digital strategy horror card game, is the best video game to come out in the last few years, I don't say it lightly. It's a really good card game. Well no sorry, that's not it, because *Inscryption* really isn't a card game its actual—wā=-- ;seoi j-- -q- eff765f35ew53fe— Wha= oitjh within th-wegf1655g game85654768-- =

Whoa. That was weird. Sorry. Anyways, as I was saying.

I cannot recommend *Inscryption* highly enough. The gameplay is well thought out, the aesthetic horrifyingly beautiful, and the mechanics are easy to pick up. And you will literally pick them up, because when you boot the game for the first time there is no option on the home menu to create a new game, only continue an existing one. It's a strange design choice, and it sets the scene for *Inscryption's* overall focus of making the player feel like something, although you may not know what, is wrong here. Besides the lack of a new game button, the menu instils an uncanny dread with its other visual elements — faceless human shapes on playing cards make up the clickable areas, and flickering lights with faded retro graphics make us feel like we are playing on a screen within our own screen. Before the game even starts *Inscryption* plants this idea that we are picking up a game that started long ago before we got here, and which has perhaps even been purposefully abandoned. The setting of the game world is a dark wooden one room cabin, created with stylish 3D graphics. Although later on the setting - 5654DFIHOG5324— - F THHE7444DONT PLA35000WNE—

Weird that happened again. Sorry... I've lost my train of thought... Oh, right.

The darkened 3D cabin has a haunting and ancient feel to it. The space brings to mind an escape room puzzle, with its minimally explorable area and strange alphanumeric riddles. Most glaringly there is a singular locked door, from behind which emanates a flickering bright light and mechanical clicking sound. However,

while you are free to wander around the cabin, the main action takes place at a large wooden table where the only other person sits – a man mostly shadowed from view with crazed spiralling eyes and decaying long fingers beckoning for you to join him. The table, your main area of play, is adorned with cards depicting illustrations of animals, a pair of pliers, various bottles with even more cards, and an ancient looking scale weighed down by.... teeth.

To begin the gameplay, you sit down at the table as the nameless man across from you rolls out a map, and begins to tell a story of a lost traveller wandering the woods searching for a cabin. Quickly you realize this story is about you, the player, finding the cabin you are now in. At various moments the man pauses the story, and a round of cards is played. The card game is brutal not only in difficulty but also in its dark, body horror-esque visuals. Each round you strategically play various animals with differing abilities and strengths in a showdown against the man's animals. But there's a catch – each new card played costs blood, requiring you to sacrifice other cards to gain enough currency. The process is nothing but cruel. You will often find yourself playing cards depicting a scared squirrel only to stab a knife through it in order to play a stronger, more vicious creature. "A worthy sacrifice" the man will grumble from across the table. Each successful point in your favour materializes more golden teeth on the scale tipping it towards victory. If you've played your cards right hopefully you won't need to turn to those rusty pliers for something more desperate... Each round won ends in material rewards, more cards, and more story progression. But then, just as you're starting to get the hang of the game, and the sensation that the tutorial hand holding is ending, the macabre card duels become even more upsetting when the cards start talking to you. Begging with you. Hinting to you what cards to play next and what items, beyond the table in the cabin itself, you need to find, and how if only you can get past that flickering clicking door then you can a 11000000000000000000000000000f— =9—890-8245-2355253546235423-0sef;j eESCAAAAPE4. . –

What was I saying? Where – Oh right. The review...

The card game is strategically quite difficult and it takes a while to get the hang of each round, building your deck to suit your own unique play style. While winning a round against this mysterious man feels like a great achievement and is rewarded with strategic prizes, the true boon is the continuation of his tale. Each card duel that falls in your favour means more is revealed – the story of you, how you got here, and... where is here anyways? Who is this man? Why did this game start halfway through? Wait why am I recommending you play – WAIT = w r e 4 4 7 w 5 7 4 – - 2 3 5 3

Sorry... I'm not feeling very well...

As someone who doesn't often enjoy card games, I was pleasantly surprised by how much the complexity, difficulty and narrative devices of *Inscription* changed my opinion of 'strategy' on a fundamental level. The critical thinking the game required of me – to make tough choices, to think far in advance and to know when to call it quits – challenged me in ways that other games haven't. And it scared me. It really scared me. Because *Inscription* is, if you haven't guessed already, a game that isn't what it appears to be. Much like the other work of Daniel Mullins, a local master of the bizarre indie game, *Inscription* is a horrific mystery of the highest calibre structured within a well animated, well designed and addictingly difficult card game. Its use of confined space, 4th wall and ARG plot points, live action cinematics, haunting sound effects, existential dread, and the most terrifying character to emerge in recent horror games, a Computer— / - / 3 4 / 3 - 4 - - 3 / / / 6 5 4 5 8 o i 6 5 6 1 4

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Bryn Shaffer

Restaurants!



Disco Cheetah
1183 Davie St.

Disco Cheetah first won the hearts of Vancouver for being a food truck that sells Korean dishes with a Western twist. I visited their restaurant in Davie Village – a vibrant diner situated on a vibrant street, open 7 days a week from 11am, closing at 10pm on Mondays to Wednesdays and 11pm on Thursdays to Sundays. I ordered 5 items

from their menu, which is identical to the one they use for their food truck parked at Robson Square on Tuesdays to Fridays, from 11am to 2pm.

The first item I tried is the House Brewed Almond Milk Tea. It has an earl grey tea base, with a floral after-taste, and is not too sweet, making it perfectly complementary to their heavier flavoured dishes. As per the staff's recommendation, I tried three of their signature multigrain rice bowls – the KFC, Bulgogi and Jeyuk. The KFC's main protein is Korean Fried Chicken, which is served with pickled red radish, vegetables, and topped with Garlic Mayo and Sweet Chili sauce. These sauces give the whole bowl an overall sweet taste, rather than savoury, which was unexpected. As for the Bulgogi Beef bowl – served with cabbage kimchi, carrot pickle and topped with Plum Mayo and Chili Chili sauce – the taste ended up being quite spicy and savoury, which worked well with the slightly sweet marinated beef. Third, we have the Jeyuk Spicy Pork bowl, served with pickled red cabbage, Miso Butter, and topped with Garlic Mayo and Chili Chili sauce. The star of the show is definitely the miso butter, which was so creamy it tasted like savoury ice cream.

I know many people like going to Korean BBQ for the *Banchan* (side dishes), and these three rice bowls definitely satisfy that craving since they are served generously with these flavourful sidekicks. These rice bowls are also generously portioned, so for \$16-17 a bowl, they are a bang for your buck. Lastly, I ordered their Just Fries, which came with a choice of 5 sauces. The fries were crispy on the outside and soft on the inside, which went well with the garlic mayo sauce I picked.

Overall, I really enjoyed dining at Disco Cheetah on a calm Saturday afternoon – with its menu items designed to be served fast, this would be a great location to grab a quick snack, or to dine in. **Bridget Chu**

Concert!

Fundraiser for Crab Park w/ Freak Dream, Guile, Fisei, and Blimp
MARCH 17, 2023 @RED GATE

What's better than a concert? A concert for a good cause, of course! March 17th was a fundraising show for the residents of Crab Park Tent City, with all proceeds going towards greatly needed supplies, such as clothing, sleeping bags, and toiletries – all organized by Guile.

Freak Dream was up first. They manage a really eclectic blend of genres, at one moment industrial techno-punk, and funky noise-rock the next. Their stated influences include Nine Inch Nails, Grimes, and Prince. I recognized a bit of The Prodigy in there, Rage Against the Machine in the vocal performances of a few songs, and even some Geddy Lee-like high notes. They played with silence and minimalism the most out of the four acts; they would drop out all sound besides a few gentle beats, then slam back at full force, bringing the energy of the mosh pit falling and rising with them. They got in, they shredded, and they got the mosh pit bouncing like they were trying to stomp a hole through the floor.

Guile's set was next. After a short lead-in, they unleashed a sonic boom that damn near rattled the lenses out of my glasses. They were visually fantastic; the lead singer affixed a thick metal chain to their mic stand, and the whole stage was bathed in red light. The vocals had a kind of wounded, desperate quality, at once violently pleading and accusatory. They reminded me of that painting about truth coming out of her well to chastise mankind, only instead of a woman armed with a whip, it was a moustached person armed with a thick chain and a sweet mullet. A highlight of the performance was near the end, when the energy dropped to a tense and driving rhythm. Then, from that

REAL LIVE ACTION!

valley, came the iconic bassline from Fleetwood Mac's "The Chain" (get it?). They built off that bassline into a crescendo that was all their own, and judging by the mosh pit, the crowd approved of the homage.

Next up was Jisei, who began with a dedication to Eden Knight, a Saudi Arabian trans woman who recently took her own life after being coercively relocated and detransitioned by her parents. Lead singer Leda XO (it/its) brings an incredible amount of energy to the stage. Watching Leda move is like watching a tiger stalking back and forth in a cage it knows is about to break open, exuding a gleeful ferocity. Guitarist Alexis is an anchor in Leda's storm, weaving a wall of sound to compliment the wide ranging vocals. Leda can growl with the best of them, scream like a banshee, and peppers in a kind of mock pleading. A review of Jisei is incomplete without mentioning that from start to finish, Jisei is queer; as they put it, queer as in "fuck you."

Lastly was Blimp. Lead singer Josh gives a great performance, speaking calmly in between songs and howling during them. He's got a yell that works as a bridge between the low notes of the bass and the higher thrashing guitar, and the result is a blasting carnage released in short, punchy songs. Their song construction evokes classic early punk bands like Death and Ramones, with crunchy guitar riffs and relentless rhythms. They bring a great irreverence to their material that is just plain fun, too. **Alex Lane Antrobus**

Theatre!

Teenage Dick FEBRUARY 9 - MARCH 5, 2023 @ARTS CLUB

High school tropes meet Shakespearean insults in this hilarious yet still devastating rendition of *Richard III*. From the name alone I was excited to see this production, and needless to say, I was not disappointed. Using lights and mirrors to invoke the intensity and contemplative darkness that is signature of many of Shakespeare's tragedies, while also featuring phenomenal and moving acting from all members of the cast, it was definitely a treat to watch – it is a play "not to be fucketh with," as the dialogue goes.

One aspect I appreciated was an addition found towards the end of the show – an introspective monologue by Anne Margaret (played by Cassandra Consiglio) during one of the play's final and darkest scenes that sheds light on how many of Shakespeare's stories disregard the suffering and, in a sense, humanity of many of the female characters he creates. It's not something that I've seen being done in any Shakespeare rendition I've watched so far. These choices, in stark contrast to the inherently goofy nature of *Teenage Dick*, made it into a show that made me simultaneously want to laugh until my stomach hurt and sulk in a corner. Don't get me wrong though – although it's a tragedy, the cast does an excellent job executing the script's funniest lines, and the animation with which each actor played their

characters made the audience crack up over and over again. Christopher Imbrosciano (Richard Gloucester) did such an amazing job playing his role, creating a Richard who I loved, hated, related to, and was disgusted by; his anger at the world felt so real, and in my opinion, he was perfect for the job of portraying a bullied boy who has an unyielding drive to get his revenge for all the pain he has felt. Similarly, Cassandra Consiglio (Anne Margaret) was able to bring to life a girl who was meant to merely be a love interest and tool for Richard to obtain power. Her dancing skills were beautiful to watch and she portrayed Anne with earnesty and honesty. Another actor I would like to praise is Cadence Rush Quibell (Barbara "Buck" Buckingham) who played Buck with a hilarity that had the audience falling for them even more than Richard. Their delivery of their more comical lines were highlights of the play, and any scene they were in would instantly be filled with witty responses that wrangled Richard back in from his scheming and put him in his place.

If you want to watch a theatre performance that will make you laugh and cry, that will keep you at the edge of your seat, that will make you sad to remember that it must end at some point, *Teenage Dick* is definitely a must watch! Another perk: they have a Disability Artists Market in the lobby where you can browse cute plushies and bead jewellery, and a locker that you can vandalize with sharpies! **Castiel Radivojevic**

Starwalker DIR. COREY PAYETTE – MARCH 1, 2023 @THE YORK THEATRE

If there are two things I love in this life, it's musicals and drag. Judging by the amount of Instagram ads I got for *Starwalker*, even the almighty algorithm knows it.

Starwalker is an unapologetically local, queer, and Indigenous new musical from director, writer, and composer Corey Payette. The story follows Star (Dillan Meighan Chiblow), a young Two-Spirit Indigiqueer, as they become embroiled in the world of East Van drag – finding love, and reconnecting to their own identity along the way.

The show marries themes of chosen family, intersectionality and Indigenous identity into a constellation of radiant and touching storytelling through the art of drag.

From the moment the show opens, the audience is thrown right into a House of Borealis drag ball. The queens break the fourth wall, telling the audience to cheer louder while performing death drops and duck walks in "Jizz-ney Princess" campy couture. But throughout its runtime, *Starwalker's* characters shed their sequins and sarcasm to reveal the tenderness and vulnerability at the core of drag family.

Payette's music and lyrics parallel the culture-mash story, blending dance beats and contemporary Broadway fare with Indigenous drumming and singing. These musical motifs culminate in the act one finale song where Star uses their drag debut to explore and affirm their Indigenous identity in a part performance, part protest showstopper.

Any theatre kid knows that songs can really make or break a show. Luckily, *Starwalker* offers some really infectious earworms and moving melodies

complemented by the cast's strong vocals and Ralph Escamillan's vogue-inspired choreography.

The show's musical muscles really get flexed in act two, when the heightened tension allows for more story-driven and impactful songs. Stand-out tracks include act two opening bop "Bothered" (drop it on Spotify, Corey) and the penultimate emotional ballad "Soar," which really shows off Chiblow's singing chops.

In terms of makeup and costuming, *Starwalker* outfits its cast with the expected drag opulence and just enough DIY touches to ground the story in its East Van roots. The queens' looks range from almost Met Gala-worthy to straight up off the rack, reflecting the reality of what you would see at a typical Vancouver drag show (no tea, no shade). Each performer also had their own unique style of drag makeup – another nice, authentic touch.

Throughout the show, the York Theatre's humble stage is transformed from Mother Borealis' plush bedroom to a clothing store to the woods of Stanley Park – each set just as effective and grounding as the last. Moody blue and red tones and energetic disco lights complement each scene to transport the audience to the emotional world of the characters.

At the heart of *Starwalker* are the relationships between the House of Borealis drag family. The relatively small-scale and low-stakes story works because of how these relationships come to life through Payette's music and dialogue and the charismatic performances from the entire cast.

Starwalker's poignant beauty lies in its ability to recognize both the melancholy and joy behind many queer experiences – from losing family to finding a new one. **Phoebe Fuller**



NOAH DERKSEN
sanctity of silence

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CiTR 101.9FM PROGRAM GUIDE

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	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	
6_AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX	6_AM
7_AM	ORANGE GROVE RADIO	PACIFIC PICKIN'	FROM HERE FORWARD	CANADALAND	UNCEDED AIRWAVES	CiTR GHOST MIX	CRACKDOWN	7_AM
8_AM				RESEARCH REVIEW	OUTDOOR PURSUITS		FUTURE ECOLOGIES	8_AM
9_AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	RUSSIAN TIM SHOW	QUEER FM		CLASSICAL CHAOS	9_AM
10_AM		LOVE IN PUBLIC	MUSIC IS GOOD	PHONE BILL	BACK TO THE GARDEN	THE SATURDAY EDGE		10_AM
11_AM	ALL ACCESS PASS	TRAINING TIME WITH JEFF!	INTER SECTIONS	CiTR GHOST MIX	MUSIC'S ON THE MENU	NOT MY FIRST SCHMODEO	CiTR GHOST MIX	11_AM
12_PM	LEENIN' WITH JEFF	AGAINST THE CURRENT	THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH	AGAINST THE CURRENT		12_PM
1_PM		SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI	LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE	TRAINING TIME WITH RUBY!	MUSE'ISH	PRISM PRESENTS ...	THE ROCKERS SHOW	1_PM
2_PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	FAN CLUB	CiTR GHOST MIX	SONGS WITH FRIENDS	HARMONIC HOOLIGANS	BEPI CRESPIAN PRESENTS	POWER CHORD	2_PM
3_PM	ASTROTALK	CHOPPED 'N' SCREWED	CiTR GHOST MIX	CHARTS-O-MANIA				3_PM
4_PM	THE REEL WHIRLED	TEACHABLE MOMENTS	THIS IS NOT FINE	CiTR GHOST MIX	SONGS WITH FRIENDS	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	4_PM
5_PM	SPINNING FONK	CiTR GHOST MIX	ARTS REPORT	DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT	PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD	MANTRA	THE ARMAN AND AKHIL SHOW	5_PM
6_PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR	GOB STOPPER	EURO NEURO	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	ALL ACCESS PASS	FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER	6_PM
7_PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	AFRICA'S LIT	DOGEARED	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANCETH'S HIDEAWAY	UNCEDED AIRWAVES	RADIO WAVES RADIO	7_PM
8_PM		CRIMES & TREASONS		CROWD FLIP	2010 RADIO	CiTR GHOST MIX	CANADA POST ROCK	8_PM
9_PM			NINTH WAVE		LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SOCA STORM	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	9_PM
10_PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	SLIMEWIRE					10_PM
11_PM		SAXOPHONE LA NUIT	PLANET FHLOSTON	AFTN SOCCER SHOW	COPY/PASTE	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN	RANDOPHONIC	11_PM
12_AM					ONE HOUR OF HAPPY HAPPY FUN-TIME MUSICK			12_AM
1_AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX				RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	CiTR GHOST MIX	1_AM
2_AM			CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX		THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA	2_AM
LATE NIGHT								LATE NIGHT

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 <-hey, this kind of cell means this show is hosted by students
They are also highlighted in this colour on the guide,
you can't miss it.

MONDAY

ORANGE GROVE RADIO

7AM-8PM, JAZZ
Orange Grove Radio Episode 7 is here! Featuring the best and brightest in Canadian Jazz.

• programming@ctr.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

ALL ACCESS PASS

11AM-12PM, SPOKEN WORD
Brought to you by the CTR 101.9 FM Accessibility Collective.

• programming@ctr.ca

LEENIN' WITH JEFF

12PM-1PM, TALK/LEARNING
An eclectic talk show with host Jeff Lee.

• programming@ctr.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@ctr.ca

ASTROTALK

3PM-4PM, STARS/SOLAR SYSTEMS
Space is an interesting place. Marco slices up the night sky with a new topic every week.

• programming@ctr.ca

THE REEL WHIRLED

4PM-5:30PM, FILM / COMMENTARY
The official show of the UBC Film Society, "The Reel Whirled" is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Juan Pablo Saa and edited by Navin Adcharyavanich, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• programming@ctr.ca

SPINNING FONK

5:30PM-6PM, MUSIC / DA BEST
Spinning Fonk... the best radio station in the world.

• programming@ctr.ca

SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE
Presented by the Music Collective of CTR.

• programming@ctr.ca

GOBSTOPPER

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK
So good you stop talking.

• programming@ctr.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 soundtracks to be. All in the name of ironclad whimsy.

• programming@ctr.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@ctr.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 IN PUBLIC

BIWEEKLY 10AM-11PM, TALK
Let's talk about the power of radical listening. With an emphasis on diverse storytelling, this podcast carves out space for intentional conversations on community, listening, storytelling, and social justice.

• programming@ctr.ca

TRAINING TIME WITH JEFF

BIWEEKLY 11AM-12PM, TALK
Radio but with training wheels on.

• programming@ctr.ca

INTERSECTIONS

12PM-1PM, TALK
Tune in every two weeks for conversations about gender, race and social justice brought to you by CTR's Intersectionality Collective!

• intersectionalitycollective@ctr.ca

AGAINST THE CURRENT

12PM-1PM, TALK
News from Vancouver and Lower Mainland. Brought to you by the News Collective at CTR 101.9 FM.

• programming@ctr.ca

SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI

1PM-2PM, SAXOPHONE, OF COURSE saxophone in the afternoon

• programming@ctr.ca

FAN CLUB

2PM-3PM, MOVIES / CRITICISM
Aisia and Daniel discuss film, television, and pop culture at large, in relation to industry, financial, and social changes.

• programming@ctr.ca

CHOPPED 'N' SCREWED

3PM-4PM, SAMPLING/MAGIC
Chopped & Screwed is the show for all things sampling. Each week we cover a new artist and talk about their discography and best samples with the goal to highlight the music that has influenced what's on the radio today.

• programming@ctr.ca

TEACHABLE MOMENTS

TUES 4PM-5PM, TALK/POP
a show with music about being uncool

• programming@ctr.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@ctr.ca

DOGEARED

ALTERNATING WED 6PM, SPOKEN WORD / BOOKS
Dogeared is a book club that meets biweekly though the airwaves of CTR 101.9 FM. Every two weeks we will read a new book and discuss it with y'all, our loyal bookclub members

• dogearedbookclubradio@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@ctr.ca

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, HIP HOP
Uncensored Hip-Hop & Trill Sh*t. Hosted by Jamal Steeles, Homeboy Jules, Rely Rel, Malik, horsepowar & Issa.

• dj@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@ctr.ca

PLANET FHLOSTON

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, IMPROVISED MUSIC
A late night exploration into the depths of the unknown...

• programming@ctr.ca

SAXOPHONE LA NUIT

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, JAZZ / SAX
A continuation of Saxophone a l'apres midi, at night.

• programming@ctr.ca

WEDNESDAY

FROM HERE FORWARD

7AM-8AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD
From Here Forward shares stories and ideas about amazing things UBC and its alumni are doing around the world. It covers people and places, truths, science, art and accomplishments with the view that sharing better inspires better.

• programming@ctr.ca

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECLECTIC
Live from the Jungle Room, join radio host Jack Velvet for music, sound bytes, information and insanity.

• dj@jackvelvet.net

MUSIC IS GOOD

10AM-11PM, TALK/MUSIC
Hey! Welcome to Music is Good, the podcast where we pick a random album every week and discuss it, with your hosts Devalin, Annie and Tuesday.

• programming@ctr.ca

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@ctr.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@ctr.ca

THIS IS NOT FINE

WED 4PM-5PM, SOCIAL COMMENTARY / MUSIC
A show about everything that is not fine. Tune in for your healthy dose of rage radio about culture, media, and society, featuring cool music.

• spokenword@ctr.ca

ARTS REPORT

5PM-6PM, TALK/ ARTS & CULTURE
The Arts Report on CTR brings you the latest and upcoming in local arts in Vancouver from a volunteer run team that likes to get weird! Based primarily in Vancouver, BC, your show hosts (Ashley and Jake) are on the airwaves.

• arts@ctr.ca

THE MEDICINE SHOW

ALTERNATING WED 7PM-9PM, ECLECTIC/PERFORMANCE
Broadcasting Healing Energy with LIVE Music and laughter! A multi-media variety show, featuring LIVE music, industry guests and hopefully some insight.

• programming@ctr.ca

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 6:30PM-8PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE
If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• programming@ctr.ca

CROWD FLIP

ALTERNATING WEDNESDAYS 8PM, ECLECTIC
2021/2022 Student Exec show! It's a show that's a talk show but it's not really a talk show and it's not a music show but it also is a music show

• programming@ctr.ca

NINTH WAVE

9PM-10PM, HIP HOP/ R&B/ SOUL
Between the Salish sea and the snow capped rocky mountains, A-Ro The Naut explores the relationships of classic and contemporary stylings through jazz, funk and hip hop lenses.

• Facebook: NinthWaveRadio

SLIMEWIRE

10PM-11PM, BUMPS / WEIRD
Join each week as she unpacks freaky finds and underground sounds to rule your nighttime world.

• programming@ctr.ca

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / COMMENTARY
The AFTN Soccer Show (aka "There's Still Time") is a weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps, MLS, and the world of football.

• programming@ctr.ca

2010 RADIO

ALTERNATING THUR 8PM-9PM, INDIE / ROCK / CLASSICS
Good & interesting independent music from the past, present and future. Hand selected by Charlie D.

• programming@ctr.ca

SUBGENRIFICATION

ALTERNATING THURSDAYS 8PM, SUB-GENRES / DISCUSSION
subGenrification™ is a podcast/radio show that dives into specific sub-genres of music. Each episode, hosts Char & Ani pick a sub-genre and discuss the history, scene, politics and origins of said sub-genre as well as describe how it came to exist and showcase a short playlist of our favourite songs from the genre.

• programming@ctr.ca

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE
Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CTR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.

• programming@ctr.ca

RUSSIAN TIM SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK
Hello hello hello! I interview bands and play new, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

• rocketfromrussia.tumblr.com

PHONE BILL

10AM-11AM, ECLECTIC
Hey there you've reached Phone Bill on CTR 101.9FM. So sorry we can't take you're call right now, but please tune on Fridays at 5pm for the freshest guest-curated playlists from across the country!

• programming@ctr.ca

COPY/PASTE

11PM-12AM, ROCK/POP/INDIE
Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CTR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from

• programming@ctr.ca

MUSIC'S ON THE MENU

11AM-12PM, ECLECTIC
Alex and Hugh discuss what music they're listening to including major new releases, older personal favourites, and the local scene. Tune in weekly for analysis, discussion, and some questionable takes!!

• programming@ctr.ca

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE
Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

• duncansdonuts.wordpress.com

TRAINING TIME WITH RUBY!

1PM-2PM, MUSIC / SWEAT
Radio served hot with a side of training!

• programming@ctr.ca

SONGS WITH FRIENDS

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, SONGS/FRIENDS
On Songs with Friends, Daniel brings on a different friend each week, and together, they talk about their favourite songs, their lives, and their friendship!

• programming@ctr.ca

HARMONIC HOOLIGANS

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, MUSIC / EAR SOUNDS
Just three guys trying to show you some new tunes for your ears.

• programming@ctr.ca

CHARTS-O-MANIA

3PM-4PM, MUSIC / THE BEST
Tune in every Thursday as Jay, Bee, and Nikki bring you the most popular tracks from the CTR airwaves and discuss!

• programming@ctr.ca

SONGS WITH FRIENDS

ALTERNATING THU 4PM-5PM, SONGS/FRIENDS
On Songs with Friends, Daniel brings on a different friend each week, and together, they talk about their favourite songs, their lives, and their friendship!

• programming@ctr.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@ctr.ca

ALL ACCESS PASS

6PM-7PM, SPOKEN WORD
brought to you by the CTR 101.9 FM Accessibility Collective.

• programming@ctr.ca

UNCEDDED AIRWAVES

7PM-8PM, SPOKEN WORD
Uncedded Airwaves is a bi-weekly radio program produced by CTR's Indigenous Collective. We are committed to centering Indigenous voices and offering alternative narratives that empower Indigenous people and their stories. We recognize that media has often been used as a tool to subordinate or appropriate Indigenous voices and we are committed to subverting these dynamics. The team is comprised of both Indigenous and non-Indigenous people who are passionate about story-telling, alternative media and Indigenous affairs.

• programming@ctr.ca

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ONE HOUR OF HAPPY HAPPY HOUR-TIME MUSICK

12AM-1AM, INDUSTRIAL
late-night listeners grab some warm milk and join nikki v for an adventure into the geniuses that pioneered industrial music and those that continue the craft today! we'll look at local icons and classic acts in the indiosphere...

• programming@ctr.ca

UNCEDDED AIRWAVES

7PM-8PM, SPOKEN WORD
Uncedded Airwaves is a bi-weekly radio program produced by CTR's Indigenous Collective.

• programming@ctr.ca

QUEER FM

8AM-10AM, TALK/POLITICS
In case you missed them on Tuesday, tune in to Queer FM's rebroadcast on Friday morning!

• queerfmvancouver@gmail.com

BACK TO THE GARDEN

10AM-11PM, MUSIC / PERFORMANCES
Back to the Garden is a live music review hosted by Sam and Molly. It profiles a different artist weekly, playing a curated mix of their greatest hits and deepest cuts, while going beyond the artist's discography featuring music from other artists who have inspired or been inspired by their music.

• programming@ctr.ca

NOT MY FIRST SCHMOE!

ALTERNATING FRI 11AM-12PM, TALK / COMEDY
a show for schmoe. a comedy show devoted to celebrating people's embarrassing moments, aka schmoeisms, because at the end of the day they happen to everyone.

• programming@ctr.ca

DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH

12PM-1PM, TALK/ECLECTIC
Join us every Friday at noon as we play our favourite sounds for the enjoyment of all who reside in Thunderbird Radio Land.

• daveradiopodcast@gmail.com

MUSE-ISH

ALTERNATING FRIDAYS 1PM-2PM, EXPERIMENTAL/IMPROV
Using found sounds, new music, and an eclectic vinyl library join me, chrufused, as I mish mash everything that inspires me (and anything you send in) into new improvised tunes.

• programming@ctr.ca

PRISM PRESENTS...

ALTERNATING FRIDAYS 1PM-2PM, INTERVIEWS/WORDS
Hosted by UBC Creative Writing master's students Vivian Li and Sofia Osborne, PRISM Presents... features readings and interviews with the many amazing poets, fiction, and nonfiction writers who have graced PRISM International's pages, as well as contest judges and faculty and students from the UBC Creative Writing Program.

• programming@ctr.ca

BEPI CRESPIAN PRESENTS

2PM-3:30PM, EXPERIMENTAL / DIFFICULT MUSIC
CTR's 24 HOURS OF RADIO ART in a snack size format! Difficult music, harsh electronics, spoken word, cut-up/collage and general CRESPIAN@ weirdness.

• Twitter: @bepicrespan

NARDUWAR PRESENTS

3:30PM-5PM, MUSIC/INTERVIEWS
Join Narduar, the Human Serviette for an hour and a half of Manhattan Clam Chowder flavoured entertainment. Doot doola doot doo... doot doo!

• narduar.com/rad/contact/

PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD

5PM-6PM, ECLECTIC
Pacific Noise Weird delves into the nitty gritty of the latest grunge, indie, garage, hip-hop, and metal coming out of the Pacific Northwest. With an eye towards the production process, PNW looks to show you just who is behind the weirdest noise of the PNW, and where it all comes from.

• programming@ctr.ca

FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER

6PM - 7:30PM, DISCO/R&B
Friday Night Fever - an exploration into the disco nation B-) Every alternating Friday, join Sophie and Max on a journey of disco, funk, and RnB.

• programming@ctr.ca

CANADA POST ROCK

7:30PM-9PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE
Formerly on CKXU, Canada Post Rock remains committed to the best in post-rock, drone, ambient, experimental, noise and basically anything your host Phone can put the word "post" in front of. Stay up, tune in, zone out.

CITR 101.9 FM CHARTS

MARCH 2023

	Artist	Album	Label
1	Jonah Vano*	<i>portrait of a dog</i>	People's Champ
2	Super Krystal*+	<i>Super Krystal</i>	Self-Released
3	Young Fathers	<i>Heavy Heavy</i>	Ninji Tune
4	Cherry Blu*+	<i>Hollow Bastian</i>	DIGITAL COMPANY
5	CLASS	<i>But Who's Reading Me?</i>	Feel It
6	Bridal Party*	<i>Cool Down</i>	Self-Released
7	Khotin*	<i>Release Spirit</i>	Ghostly
8	TJ Felix*+	<i>ABORIGINAL SINS</i>	Self-Released
9	Zulu	<i>A New Tomorrow</i>	Flatspot
10	mole*	<i>poolblood</i>	NEXTDOOR
11	Kouslin	<i>Patterns</i>	Livity Sounds
12	Afternoon Bike Ride*	<i>Glossover</i>	Friends Of Friends
13	Only A Visitor*+	<i>Decay</i>	Mint
14	Citron Citron	<i>Chagrin Bleu</i>	Les Disques Bongo Joe
15	mandaworld*	<i>For Emotional Use Only</i>	twilight
16	mui zyu	<i>Rotten Bun for an Eggless Century</i>	Father/Daughter
17	Hyaenas*+	<i>Little Trophy</i>	Self-Released
18	U.S. Girls*	<i>Bless This Mess</i>	4AD
19	daniel callihoo*	<i>Product</i>	Self-Released
20	CLEAVER*+	<i>Pain Everlasting</i>	Self-Released
21	The Go! Team	<i>Get Up Sequences Part Two</i>	Memphis Industries
22	Marin Patenaude*+	<i>Sex & Dying</i>	MDP Arts
23	MAUVEY*+	<i>BEFORE THE ALBUM: A love letter to the moons of Mars</i>	604
24	Miss Grit	<i>Follow the Cyborg</i>	Mute Artist
25	Mieux vaut danser*	<i>Mieux vaut danser</i>	Self-Released
26	PVA	<i>BLUSH</i>	Ninja Tune
27	Library L'Amour*	<i>Premier Caprice</i>	STROOM
28	SoyJoy*+	<i>sing back into me</i>	Self-Released
29	MIDI Janitor*	<i>Bulk Order</i>	HOTHAM SOUND
30	Fucked Up*	<i>One Day</i>	Merge
31	Blessed*+	<i>Circuitous</i>	Flemish Eye
32	Giant Swan	<i>Fantasy Food</i>	KECK
33	Jalouse*	<i>Nature morte</i>	Pantoum
34	Co-op*+	<i>Reward System</i>	Self-Released
35	Wallgrin*+	<i>Yet Again The Wheel Turns</i>	Self Released
36	Daemogog*+	<i>Yawning Expanse Yearning</i>	Self-Released
37	The Drin	<i>Today My Friend You Drunk the Venom LP</i>	Drunken Sailor
38	Rong*+	<i>Würst</i>	Kinda Cool
39	kid kardashian*+	<i>Everything You Are / Bright Dream</i>	Self-Released
40	kate greenwood*	<i>memories</i>	Self-Released
41	Kylie V*+	<i>The Runaway</i>	Aquarian Letters
42	Ladytron	<i>Time's Arrow</i>	COOKING VINYL
43	METROLAND	<i>1.1</i>	Alfa Matrix
44	Sunny War	<i>Anarchist Gospel</i>	New West
45	Fluffy Maybes 松软许诺	<i>Rawland</i>	Self-Released
46	Atsuko Chiba*	<i>Water, It Feels Like It's Growing</i>	Mothland
47	Best Fern*	<i>Earth Then Air</i>	Youngbloods
48	Black Belt Eagle Scout	<i>The Land, The Water, The Sky</i>	Saddle Creek
49	Anodyne*+	<i>Moving Parts</i>	Self-Released
50	WACK*+	<i>Your Band is Wack?</i>	Self-Released

how's that for a slice of fried gold?

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@citrc.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.



EUROVISION SONG CONTEST SHOW

EUROVISION SONG CONTEST SHOW
06.00 PM EVERY OTHER TUESDAY
ON CITR 101.9 FM

be a **role model**
friend **advocate**
burger expert
mentor



Our volunteer mentors help youth recognize their many strengths and work towards their goals.

To learn how you can become a mentor, visit:
unya.bc.ca/mentorship



Urban Native Youth Association

JUNE 21-25, 2023

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SLEDISLAND.COM

* SELECTED BY
GUEST CURATOR
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BARTEES STRANGE /

HELADO NEGRO* / AKINTOYE /
EMMA RUTH RUNDLE /
MANNEQUIN PUSSY / AMINDI /
HAVIAH MIGHTY / SPELLING / SUMAC /
LITURGY / POM POM SQUAD* /
WATER FROM YOUR EYES / SESSA /
KAINA* / SEN MORIMOTO* / THICK /
GULFER* / PELADA / BIG|BRAVE /
SUFFERING HOUR / 1876 / MAASSAI*

**PLUS OVER 150 MORE ARTISTS
STILL TO BE ANNOUNCED!**



Structured / Abstraction

