



**DISPERSE**  
MAGAZINE

*that harmless plant material mag from CiTR 101.9 FM*

OCT-NOV 2024 • VOL.41 • NO.05 • ISSUE 438 • ZERO CENTS



# that harmless plant material mag from CiTR 101.9 fm

Oct-Nov 2024 // Vol. 41 // No. 5 // Issue #438  
cover illustration by Adela Lyng

# DISCORDER

m a g a z i n e

## editor's note

### This thing happened in our city,

back in 2004. A guy gets on the now defunct 98 B-line and asks the driver, "how's your day?" to which the driver responds, "good thanks." Story goes, the passenger leaves with the parting words "not for long" and slowly, the driver begins to feel sick. Continuing his route, 10 kilometres from where this guy departed, the driver starts to feel sick. So they're thinking, ok shit, this guy did something. People are vomiting, the paramedics are called, they get sick too. Onlookers, people just arriving at the scene also fall ill. In total, 19 people were quarantined.

It's soon revealed no toxic material was found on the scene. Tests revealed no abnormalities on the bus and nothing found on the man who started it all. Though the toxicology tests were inconclusive, investigators did have some idea of what happened. CBC reported on this as a case of "mass hysteria," alleging, "the incident is almost a textbook case of mass anxiety [...] which does not make illness any less real, just caused by anxiety as opposed to a toxin." It's what is known as a 'mass psychogenic illness' — an anxiety that can spread between bodies as though viral. It's a haunting idea. It's also a comfort. It puts us back in the context of the world by proving that we are, in fact, susceptible to it. That we still have this emboldened throughline to each other — something stronger than a yawn. Modern life is stressful, and a psychogenic illness is an expression of our bodies responding to that, and to each other. Our connective tissue is both precious and erosive. Like cupping water in your hands at 3AM from the bathroom sink, you can only "have" it by letting it run down the drain.

In The Year of Magical Thinking, Joan Didion writes about the frictions of the world's most acute horrors. That cars crash on Sunday mornings, that there are blue skies from which planes fall. She's describing the audacity of ordinariness, how it isn't asynchronous with the fact of grief, but inherent to it. The many, many, modern horrors of 2024 have been met with a similar tonal dissimilarity — there have been good parties and clear waters while Gaza is under devastating bombardment. The BC conservative party is running on a petulant baby platform, whining about plastic straws and journalists. How can it be reconcilable that relative normality persists alongside grief? The answer is not much: just that it does. It just does. And so, our bodies respond in strange and magical ways. We get sick together, we make art together. We write songs in basements, we clink glasses at the frayed edge of a party, we wake up and participate in attitude-adjustment activities. I imagine it like all of our bodies expressing the discrepancies of the world in wayward albums, exhibitions and books. It's all the shows, all the dancing, all the poetry. I mean, sometimes there is shit we gotta express and we can't control it. Like, in Jake Rumbold's review of the Luella show (Pg. 23) or in Prisca Tang's thoughts about Grey All Over by Andrea Actis (Pg. 22). Sometimes we need to put a magnifying glass to the community around the art, as Selin Berkatas explores in POV FESTIVAL: 2024. We're all tied up in strange ways. Read em' and weep em'.

Happy Chat Pile Fall,

-T

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# an inside line on Maxwell's Demon

or some contributor bios

of OCT/NOV 2024

## MILENA CARRASCO

<3 is an october baby, @milecarr

## dani larose

a cryptid who occasionally steps outside of the anxiety monster's dungeon to release something into the void. free palestine

## ADELA LYNGE

I am a second year Media Studies student at UBC who enjoys drawing.

## KATHERINE GEAR CHAMBERS

Katherine Gear Chambers lives, works and organizes as a settler on the stolen and unceded territories of the x̱m̱əθḵw̱əy̱əm, Sḵw̱x̱w̱ú7mesh, and sə̱lilw̱əta̱ nations. She holds an MA from UofT in English Lit and Women & Gender Studies, where her work focused on nationalism & 'CanLit,' zines, and re-defining urban space. She is now working at The Capilano Review and The Ex-Puritan.

## CALLUM RUDY K

Callum is often guilty of taking up a whole couch in the Discorder offices to himself, so he figured he should at least pitch in a couple of times. He plays badly in a few good bands around the Victoria/Vancouver area. He thinks that The Breeders are better than The Pixies.

## SHO RITCO

(they/them) is an illustrator residing in so-called 'Vancouver', B.C. They are interested in making lots of things like zines, poetry, landscapes, comedy, and painting graphic abstractions.

## MARTHA DZHENGANIN

Martha is a mutli-disciplinary artist currently studying fine arts at Langara.

## JAKE RUMBOLD

UBC LFS 2nd Year

## KAREN ZHOU

Karen Zhou is passionate about; online resources, freshly turned compost, the yellow fish stencils by roadside drains.

## ELODIE VAUDANDAINE

Elodie is an artist and student in the UBC-Sciences Po Dual Degree program. Since her recent move to Vancouver, she carries a visual diary of pen and ink drawings of her everyday experiences.

## BILLIE CULLEN

Francis Billie Cullen is a multimedia artist writing a love letter to so-called Vancouver. Cullen maintains that "A Discorder a day keeps the doctor away."

## BERNICE CHONG

Bernice Chong is a third year architecture student at UBC and does everything graphic design and photography. Growing up in Hong Kong, she hopes that Vancouver will give her more opportunities to scratch that creative itch and try out cool projects! She also loves going on side quests and finding cute hidden cafes to people-watch at :))

## KII

@siremenace - Society's Worst Thinker

## VISTA MANSOURI

tiramisu and Iranian cinema lover! happy to be here :)

## ELITA MENEZES

(she/her) is a second-year student in the Faculty of Arts at UBC and an editor at The Ubysey. When she's not writing a story or review, you can find her speed-reading the book she had to finish for class a week ago.

## YSABEL GANA

Ysabel Gana is a visual artist working and living in so-called vancouver

## ADELA LYNGE

Adela Lynge is a second year Media Studies student at UBC who enjoys drawing.

## PRISCA TANG

a Master of Journalism student

## FRANCIS ROGERS (ALVAREZ DE LA CADENA)

(they/she) is a queer, neurodivergent, albertan/mexican filmmaker completing their BFA in Film Production and Sociology at UBC. They love records, cortados, and procrastination.

## FIONA SJAUS

is a local writer who reports on Vancouver's arts and culture scene. When she isn't doing that, she's studying, scouting out good music, practicing violin, dabbling in photography, or just sipping coffee.

## THE CASCADIA CHRONICLER

The Cascadia Chronicler may be the only person who really sees it for how it is. The meteoric rise must be followed by the mass extinction, the patterns cannot be ignored. Krakatoa only erupts when it needs to.

## SELIN BERKTAS

Exploring static and fluid and all the in-between via writing, reading, etc. Enjoying documentary and storytelling.

## FIONA SJAUS

is a local writer who reports on Vancouver's arts and culture scene. When she isn't doing that, she's studying, scouting out good music, practicing violin, dabbling in photography, or just sipping coffee.

## MICHAEL YAP

i like listening to vinyl by king gnu to start my day, to end my day, and during all 3 meals.

East  
of  
Main

BY AMANDA BORDRUP

A DOCUMENTARY

At The  
Heatley

December 7th 2024



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## TEN THINGS THAT ARE WORTH KNOWING ABOUT C1TR AND DISORDER

1. 1987 MARKS THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF UBC RADIO.

C1TR didn't come into being because a couple of years ago a bunch of UBC students decided, hey!, let's form a punk rock radio station. No, the idea goes back much further than that. Though the call letters themselves go back less than fifteen years, UBC Radio's been pumping out some kind of signal since before the last BIG war. So what you're listening to these days is the result of an evolution which has necessarily involved a number of different attitudes and directions. And oh yeah! people as well. John Turner for instance, and Senator Ray Perrault. So watch out if you're one of those people who think we're open game for slugging. You might never know what hit you.

2. C1TR IS NOT COMPRISED ENTIRELY OF TRENDY ASSHOLES WITH WEIRD HAIRCUTS.

Hardly any of us have weird haircuts.

3. MOST PEOPLE COULD IMPROVE THEIR RECEPTION OF C1TR IF THEY WOULD ONLY PUT A LITTLE EFFORT INTO IT.

It can be as inexpensive as hooking a clothes hanger up to the back of your receiver, as easy as walking casually down to Radio Shack and purchasing a splitter for your cable connector (if you're intimidated by technology, ask a friend to help). Better yet, just yank the cable from your TV and plug it into your receiver and leave it there. Everybody knows TV causes permanent brain damage. If you don't have cable, and you live too far away, then get cable installed. Yes, it's worth fifteen bucks a month, just to get C1TR. If you can't afford fifteen bucks a month, run over to your neighbours and splice into their ~~technology, intimidate you, maybe you should consider good old fashioned cable. Hold up your head buddies. Just once, please.~~

Dear Airhead,  
 I live in hell Port Alberni, Punk Population 3, and was wondering if you could print this letter with my address out here in the land of salmon. In this hole in the wall being a punk is a lonely life and you begin to wonder if the whole "scene" really exists with the only sources of anything alternative being *Discorder*, Coast 1040, and *Citylimits*. We get to the cities who know what mosh means about once a month and if we're really lucky, the so-called evil city of Victoria during holidays, so if anyone feels like writing to let me know I'm not just living a hallucination and feels like having a couple of extra people to go partying with, I'm at:

Crystal Hanson



## Listener's Comments

## Top 50

1. DOA
2. The The
3. Iggy Pop (& the Stooges)
4. Nina Hagen
5. X
6. Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers
7. The Cramps
8. Brian Eno
9. Talking Heads
10. The Cure
11. Echo & the Bunnymen
12. David Bowie
13. The Fall
14. Dead Kennedys
15. 54/40
16. Gun Club
17. Lou Reed
18. Bill Nelson
19. Fleshtones
20. Simple Minds
21. Gang of Four
22. Stranglers
23. Trevor Jones
24. Yello
25. The Clash
26. Bauhaus
27. I, Braineater
28. Elvis Costello
29. Siouxsie & the Banshees
30. Adrian Belew
31. Magazine
32. New Order
33. Grandmaster Flash & MELLE Mel
34. R. Greenfield & J.J. Burnel
35. Peter Gabriel
36. Wall of Voodoo
37. The Smiths
38. Herbie Hancock
39. PIL
40. Cabaret Voltaire
41. Joy Division
42. XTC
43. John Cale
44. Bill Laswell
45. Red Guitars
47. The Alarm
48. Death Cult
49. Shriekback
50. Tom Waits

### The Cure



The Head on the Door  
 WEA

I CAN IMAGINE TWO REACTIONS TO new Cure album "Uggghh, they're not it" or "Ugh, this is so cool, I just like this, y'know. But don't despair, Smith and company have been pandering to the Radio since 1976; on *The Head on the Door* the always intense and occasionally brilliant neo-psychotic 2-adapt's a touchy, whimsical, and accessible to which nonetheless continues in the experimental path first charted by their last studio CD, *The Top*. Gone, however, is the wild side-head singer Robert Smith's annoying and talented drummer Andy Anderson, to be replaced respectively by a more streamlined set of tunes, silky smooth vocals by Smith's competent Cousin drummingly new-wave.

"I can only use a little hairspray tonight, cos I've got to use the whole can for Nina Hagen on Monday night" - (Overheard in the ladies room of the Railway Club during Green on Red show Jan. 20)

"There is no way I'll vote for a punk rocker" - unidentified UBC student commenting on the candidacy of Ian Weininger in the student society executive elections. Mr. Weininger sports a Mohawk.

## Quotes of the Month

- Try a completely different way to do news and public affairs - guerilla news, OK?
- Cut out all this trendy electropop b.s. and return to a completely fluid format.
- More bizarre music like before, it is getting far too mainstream.
- DISORDER may well be C1TR's best feature.
- C1TR should be the only station played. The Pit! Not all the other shit.
- Don't want to see you guys go preppy or normal!
- You hate more than you love.
- Get this shit off the air.
- C1TR is a suicide prevention device.
- C1TR is a good alternative radio station flavoured with a slight anarchistic feeling that keeps things interesting. *Discorder* reflect this.

## DO WE HAVE OUR HEADS UP OUR ASSES OR WHAT?

if you hang out in shitty little venues, basements, and firetraps in order to witness music no one's ever heard of, you should write for this magazine.  
 contact: steve dipo 604.822.3017 ext. 3 or <sdipo@axion.net> and you too can be mercilessly edited.

citr 101.9FM presents

# THUNDERGRRRL RADIO

Monday March 8 1999

all day, all night  
 women on the mic  
 multicultural messages and  
 talking race, gender and class  
 dykes, bykos and trykos  
 conix a gogo literary helo!  
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 mention the sporting life  
 mustel musings of women  
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 electronica, classical  
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 history and creating culture

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### A 7 SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE RHEOSTATICS

What's the typical type of sandwich eaten in Toronto: Egg Salad.

How many of you scuba dive: 2.

What's your favorite type of soap: Ivory.

Nardwuar the Human Serviette

THAT  
 MAGAZINE  
 FROM  
 C1TR FM 102

FREE!

SEPT 88

# INTO THE ARCHIVE w/ dani larose.

## THE WORLDS WITHIN THE DISCORDER MAGAZINE TIME MACHINE

words & collage by dani larose

in 2013, jordan wade spoke with the first editors of *discorder* — mike mines and jennifer fahrni — for the 30th anniversary issue. in this issue, the origins of “discorder” as a name was revealed in an article titled; “How That Magazine from CiTR began” which reads, “When it came to naming the future magazine and incorporating the disc-spinning theme from The Spin List, they hit their target. ‘I vaguely remember — how can I put this nicely — the nerdiest guy at the station, a guy named Ethan Minovitz, blurted out something like ‘Order Disc.’ They analyzed and tweaked it around, finally coming up with something everyone could all agree on in *Discorder* [...] Originally it was pronounced ‘DISC-order with the emphasis on the ‘disc’ compared to today where the emphasis has shifted to the ‘Order (as in Dis-CORD-er)’ mines continues, “Obviously ‘disc’ is in there and ‘disorder’ is in there, and we wanted to have order and yet no order. The name just seemed perfect.”

a journey into the discorder archives will almost always reward me with some sort of surprising interview. out of all the things i find in discorder, the dyke stuff (like i wrote in, ‘a scattered love letter to the non-terfy side of 90s queer feminism’ from april/may 2024 ) and cool interviews with bands (especially ones i already listen to) are my favourite to come across. so far i’ve found the likes of green day, soundgarden, courtney love, the roots, the offspring, letigre, cocteau twins, u2, the cure, maceo parker, pixies, pavement, swans, yo la tengo, nirvana, mac demarco, bad religion, new order, the ramones, grimes, and stereolab, to name more than a few. via *elements* — discorder’s sister mag, published from 1995-1996 — i’ve read interviews with a tribe called quest, outkast, busta rhymes and ghostface killah of wu-tang fame. the more i read, the more contributor names i begin to recognize, wishing i knew their stories and the ‘behind the scenes’ of these articles and pictures. maybe it is because i am obsessed with the cyclical nature of ‘coming of age’ within citr/discorder, and vancouver’s alternative music-scene-bubble. it brings me some sort of peace to know that my friends and i are living so many people’s lives.

in a recent venture into the archive i found a review of the cure’s 1985 *the head on the door*, and it’s had me thinking about what it would have been like to hear these albums i adore as they were

released. but what’s even cooler than just hearing these albums, is the fact that citr would receive these vinyls and cds in the mail from labels as promo. oh, to live in a time where you come to citr to eat your lunch and see your friends just to find that the newest album from slowdive, schoolly d or aphex twin had just arrived. late last night, with *the head on the door* (and some d.o.a.) blasting in my headphones, i walked around the ubc campus. switching between staring down at my phone googling what buildings still existed on campus from 1980-1995, which is where most of my interest in the archives lies. staring at the buildings in question, imagining the punks of citr & discorder walking the halls, wondering about the conversations that had happened on the concrete paths below my feet. they made so many memories at these now defunct venues, ones we will never get a taste of. like “the alternatives” club crawl in november of 1987, what the fuck was it like on that double decker bus? or that girl in the ladies room of the railway club on january 20th 1984, who said she had to save her can of hairspray for the nina hagen show the next monday. how big was her hair that night? what went down at drunk and horny thursdays hosted by dj chef at the side door bar? what was it like to live in a time where shindig, citr’s battle of the bands, lasted months? i’ll never know, but there are many who do and you can find some of these memory-holders in the comments of @discorder. archives on instagram. i started this page many moons ago (aka february 2024) when i came to the conclusion that i needed a more streamlined method of sharing the endless funny, interesting, relatable, and surprising snapshots that i found while going through old issues. with an issue placed on the black table of the archives room, i lift up my phone and take a picture. with a simple caption (usually just the date of publication) i post it. i’ve been asked why i don’t just upload the scans from our web archive, and the reason is that i enjoy the transcendent nature of holding the issue as it was. i’ve found that hundreds of people share this same interest. a side bonus of this project has been that dozens of past contributors have reached out to me, or left comments like; “i took that picture,” or “i went to those shows,” or “i remember reading that one.” sometimes they tag each other to say “remember this?” theres something so magical about seeing the instagram profiles of the contributors who are now in their 40s, 50s, 60s and beyond, just as cool as they were when their names graced the pages of this publication. it makes me feel excited for my future, and it shows me just how alive this magazine is. ☺

## DISCORDER CLASSIFIEDS

DESIGNATED NOT A FLIGHT RISK

### Cozy Queer Reading

Looking for a new cozy queer book? Check out my four urban fantasy novels about love, change, and the dream of utopia. More coming soon!" <https://linktr.ee/anniepare>



### Visit CiTR

Come visit CiTR Radio Station at 6133 University Blvd LL500, Vancouver, BC. Listen at 101.9 FM or [player.citr.ca](http://player.citr.ca)! Station tours are weekdays at 12pm!" <https://player.citr.ca>



### Uneven Keel

Uneven Keel: Two men must forge new lives from the ashes of a nation at war. But not everything in their pasts managed to burn..." <https://uneven-keel.com/>



### Portal Project

I have this low aspirational project I've been calling "portal project" but that's probably a bad name because it's really just clickable images set to music, anyways check it out [www.tashahefford.com/portal-6-0](http://www.tashahefford.com/portal-6-0)



### Anarchist Making Month

November is Anarchist Making Month! Hosted by CiTR, brought to you by the Anarchist Bookfair Spend 30 days writing a novel, making art, making anything at all! Contact [sponsorship@citr.ca](mailto:sponsorship@citr.ca) for more info.



### Looking For You

Are you part of a marginalised community and have ideas that you could make happen with/at CiTR? (Events, media, etc.) Send us an email! ([communityengagement.executive@citr.ca](mailto:communityengagement.executive@citr.ca))



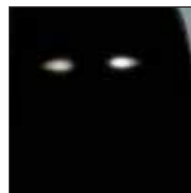
### Childcare Options

Dr. Winnebago Childcare Services: spaces available for children aged 1-9, M/W/F or 5-day possible. Lessons in botany, music criticism and Abecedarian healing. Seasonal snacks, water and unpasteurized milk provided. Fees negotiable, liability waiver required.



### Seeking Home For it

Seeking someone to take it off my hands. I don't know how it got here, and I don't know how else to get rid of it. I can't take this anymore, my life hasn't been the same since it appeared. Please help me. Oh god help me —



### Paid for French Fries

hey, you paid for my fries downtown. I needed a snack, next to some smokers talking too loudly about the people across the street and how "liberal" they dressed. You don't have to call me, just wanted to say thanks. The fries were salty. Hope you're part of the resistance.



### Want your own classified ad?

Half size (25 words, 1 inch tall) @ \$20  
Full size (50 words, 2 inch tall) @ \$35

Email [Advertising@CiTR.ca](mailto:Advertising@CiTR.ca) now!



# DIY CRISIS COOKERY

## ROCK SOUP FOR THE MALNOURISHED SOUL

### SO YOU CAN'T AFFORD A FOOD

WORDS BY CORA THOMAS /  
ILLUSTRATIONS R. HESTER

The cost of living crisis comes for us all, and so with desperate times come desperate housewives. Or however that phrase goes. The price of food goes up, and the money in the paycheque goes down. We're going out less, but buying less groceries, so the news say. So what are we eating? Nothing, as it turns out.

I — your humble author who has lived through financial crashes, recessions, and homelessness — know this state well. Long are the hungry nights, short are the brunches. Come, sit, and partake in my rock soup. We all pitch in a little, and soon we are all fed. The answers can seem unsavoury, but a little MSG will add that umami right back, I promise. Be brave, my hungry readers, a world of delicious cheap and free food awaits you.

**STEP FOUR** is what I call learning to Barrel. This one is a little more difficult, but it'll add dimensions to your life you never saw coming. Preservation of bits and pieces is crucial in making sure you use everything you can. I find lemons, limes, and oranges on their last legs, for sale dirt-cheap the grocery store — sometimes even for free — and take them home. I cut them thin, turn my oven on as low as it goes, and dehydrate them. They'll store for years. Add those to drinks to add a pop of citrus, add them to soups for acidity, chop them up and add them to cakes for sweetness. You can dehydrate a lot of fruits and veggies at home to add to food later, just check out resources online for how. Learning to can is harder, but worth it. I'll provide a recipe below. If you've got the patience, learning to make wine and cider at home is easy, cheap, and a great way to use up fruit and honey.

## ROCK, STOCK, AND BARREL

**STEP ONE** to easing the strain on your overstretched food budget is trimming the waste. I'm not going to tell you "oh, just don't buy coffee at cafes", "avocado toast will cost you a house", "buying nice cheese isn't worth it." That's bullshit and you don't have to take it. Fuck that noise all the way up and down the street to the food bank. No, I'm here to tell you what you can use your food waste for.

**STEP TWO** is Rock soup. You got some leftovers kicking around? Extra lentils? Spare ribs? Baked carrots? Turn that shit into soup, then freeze it. Rock soup stems from an old story of apocryphal origins, where everyone in a village gets together and throws what little they have in a big cauldron, and suddenly there's a ton of soup for everyone. Now, the soup in our case is more metaphorical than literal, although you can't go wrong with soup. You could be making a curry from your leftover baked potatoes and onions by adding canned coconut cream, some tomato paste from the tube, and spices. You could be making pizzas, lots of things can be a pizza. Flatbread, with leftover curry, a bit of grated cheese, baked, bam. That's a pizza. Rock soup means using everything that's already food to make more food. When in doubt, it's soup.

**STEP THREE** is Stock. See, what you never get taught is that most of the vegetable matter you were going to throw away is actually the tastiest part, if you turn it into stock. Potato and carrot peels, onion and garlic skins, roots, tops, celery tops and roots, squash peels; all those little odds and ends that you put in the compost bin? Throw it in a pot with a lot of water, like litres of the stuff, and you will have incredible stock in a few hours. You eat meat? Scraps, fat, and bones from whatever you make, that's stock material right there. Add a little salt, about half a teaspoon per litre, and freeze it. It'll keep forever. Perfect base for rock soup. If you can't eat it, but it's part of the food, you can turn it into stock, and you can freeze it till you need it.

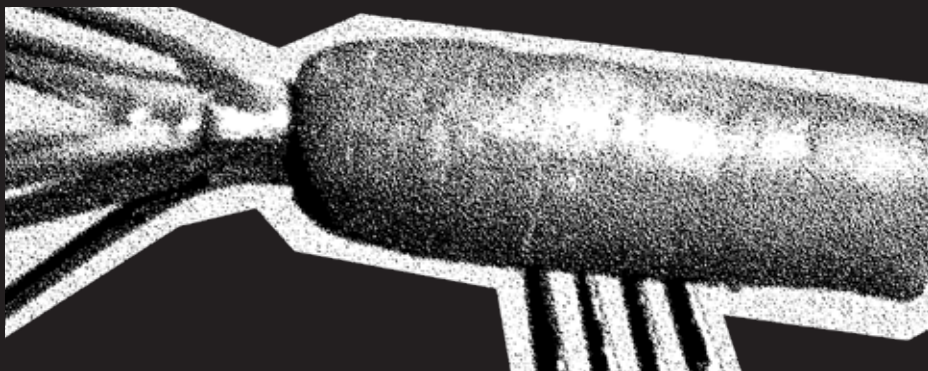


# THE ULTIMATE MINCEMEAT RECIPE

Mince meat? Doesn't that contain meat? It can if you want, oh dear reader, this recipe will take you into the stratosphere. Trust me. Be brave. Be frugal.

- 2 cups hard fruit. Think apples, pears, cherries, mango, etc. (I recommend apples to start)
  - 2 cups diced soft fruit. Oranges, berries, plums, etc. (I recommend Oranges and cranberries to start)
  - 2 cups dried fruit. Raisins, sultanas, currants, etc (I recommend raisins to start)
  - AT LEAST 1 cup of sugar, brown or white, whatever is cheapest
  - AT LEAST 1 tsp of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, allspice, ginger powder, cardamom
  - Optional! Minced red meat or pork, cooked, 2 cups
  - Optional! Lard, suet, or other solid fat, 1/4 cup
  - Optional! If you use citrus in this, grate the colourful part of the rind
  - Optional! Chopped nuts, almonds, walnuts, pecans, etc.
  - Optional! Brandy, or cider, or wine, who cares
- Add it all into one big pot, and just let it cook down on super low for as long as it takes. Taste for sweetness and spice, and keep stirring occasionally. It'll be rich and make your home smell like a slice of the forbidden super-secret holiday spirit they meter out in the smiles of warmth after a cold day. Makes a ton.

This recipe can really take anything you have around and turn it into heavily spiced goodness. Just remember to add spice and sugar to make it sweet and flavourful. The spices and sugar are pulling double duty as preservatives. That takes us to part two: canning. This is a great recipe to learn to can with, because it is safe, due to the sugar and spice. You can just put it in a glass jar with a lid, and it'll last a while in the fridge, or freeze forever, but you can "hot bath" can it, and that'll last for years on the shelf. The process is easy, just look it up. I don't have room here.



## DIRT CHEAP AND CHEAPER

There's no such thing as a free lunch, or is there? We've talked a lot about making what you have go as far as possible, but let's get real. Eventually you have to go get more food. Besides going to the discount rack, don't be afraid to get SEALED food from the dumpster, if you have to. Learn to recognize what is safe but unfit for sale, no big dents, no cuts, no punctures, not refrigerated. You can get a lot from what others don't want. Knock on doors of people with fruit trees in their yards, because they will inevitably have too much. Zucchini and kale are the exact same. People who grow zucchini and kale will forcibly give away what they can. Keep your eyes peeled for free fruit and veg. It's out there, and you can make so much from it.

Where possible, go in on giant purchase of shelf stable goods with friends. Buy that giant bag of rice with four friends, split the cost, and split the rice. Buy dried beans and lentils in bulk. If it isn't heavier than you can carry alone, it isn't worth your money. We might be all broke, but we can turn rock soup into a rock wallet. We all throw a little money in, and we can buy bigger portions. Go a bit farther afield to buy. Tiny grocers have dirt cheap produce, T&T Market

has cheaper cuts of meat and bones for stock. Butchers sometimes give away lard or tallow or suet. If you're willing to go a little further, and bring a bigger backpack, you can get better deals than what the big stores squeeze out of you. Travel in packs, and buy in bulk. Split it evenly, and cook together. It's easier to stretch a food budget if we all eat together. We're all in it together, we gotta act like it.

## BULK BUY BEST BUDS RISOTTO

Don't tell the Italians what I've done to their beloved dish, okay?

- 8 cups of your homemade stock
  - 2 tablespoons of cooking oil or some of that free fat you got
  - 1 large onion (don't forget to save the skins for stock!)
  - Optional! 1/2 cup of carrot (Save peels for stock!)
  - Optional! 1 cup of some kind of finely chopped meat or tofu
  - Optional! Some of those dehydrated veggies you made earlier
  - 4 cloves of garlic (again, save for stock!)
  - Salt and pepper to taste
  - 2 cups of rice
- Add oil to the pan, get it hot, then add the onions (and carrots.) Once they're translucent, add the meat or tofu. When the meat is browned, add the garlic and dehydrated veggies. Once aromatic, add the rice, and cook until the rice is translucent and smells rich and nutty. Then add the stock one cup at a time, waiting for each cup to fully absorb into the rice. When you're out of stock, check the rice for tenderness, then cook or serve hot. Serves 4-6. It'll freeze, too.

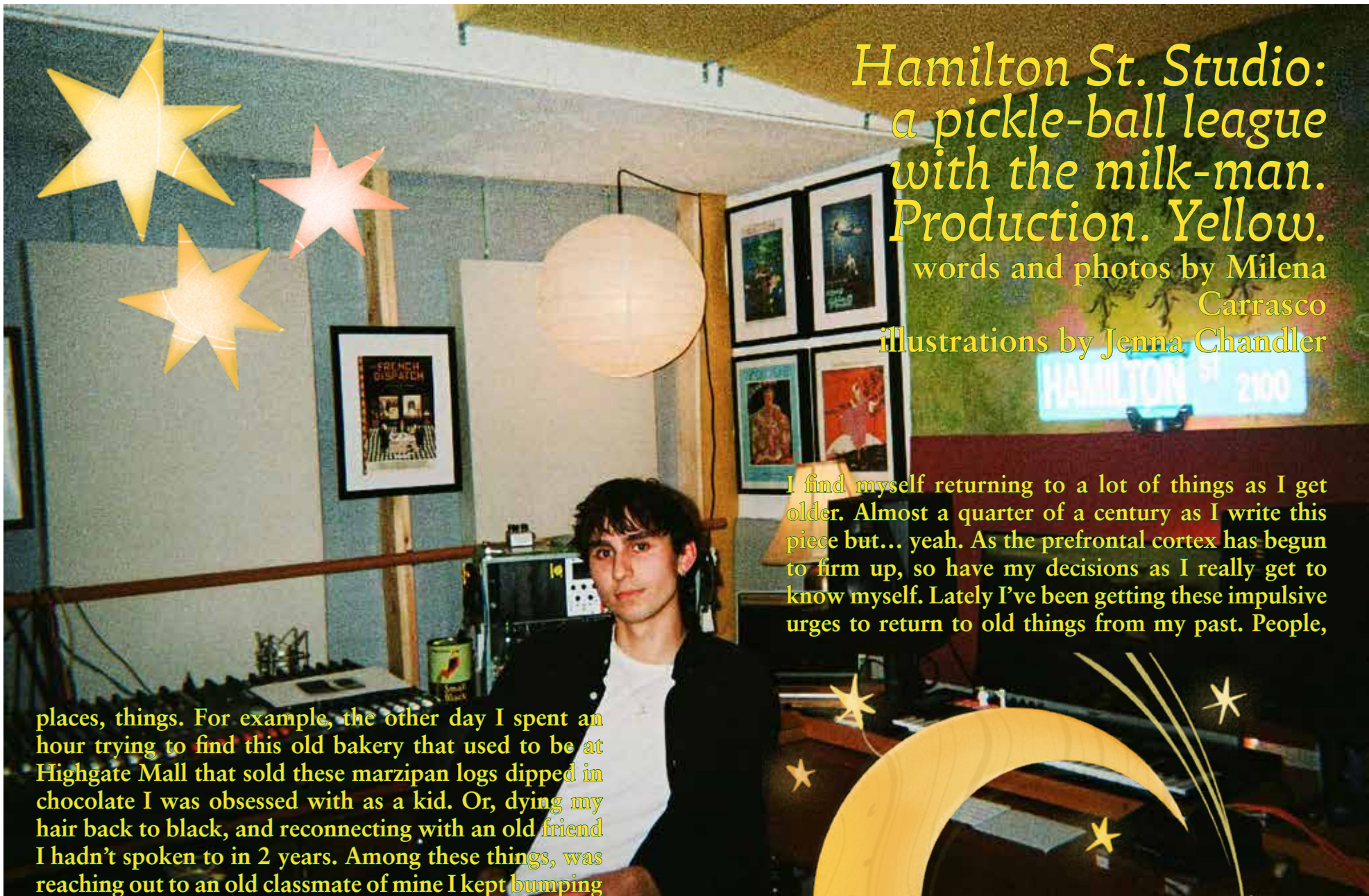
## THE SPICE OF LIFE

While they can seem a bit expensive at first, you need to remember, learning to use spices is the fastest way to keep a smile on your face. Don't make your food like you would pick a rod to beat your own back with. A meal that's good for you doesn't lose anything by tasting good, it just tastes better. There is no amount of cumin that negates b12, there is no amount of butter that eliminates magnesium. Besides, spices are small, and sleeves can be so long. You can make it work. They go a long way. Don't forget you can get bulk spices and split them with friends. Shop around for deals.

I'm also here to dispel a myth; MSG is not bad for you. Not in any substantial way. Otherwise tomatoes and mushrooms would be bad for you too. It's normal. Buy it. Use it. Love it. Spread the word. As well, you need salt to have a functioning nervous system, and fat is crucial in your brain and in your body. Don't treat them like the enemy. As we all run out of money for premade foods, as we all begin to rely on whatever we can get our hands on; salt deficiency is real. Fat deficiency is real. B12 only comes from the meat of ruminants, so if you're vegetarian or vegan, get a supplement. You can in fact get scurvy. Gout. Pellagra. These can happen when you have a restricted diet. I've known people who had scurvy, I've had a salt deficiency. Don't eat like you're invincible, don't eat like you're punishing yourself. Enjoy the variety you can afford, and learn to cook as many things as possible. Spice freely, salt to taste, and believe in the power of food. Variety is the spice of life, and you never know if you'll find a new favourite dish.

## DON'T TAKE THIS LYING DOWN

The state of the cost of living in this world is horseshit. Protest it. Organize, fight back, but most of all, remember that we are all in this together. Share a meal with those around you as often as you can take it. Buy together, and cut out the bullshit from the market. Learning to cook is hard, but it gets easier bit by bit. Cook together, learn each little thing bit by bit, and grow. You'll get better, and it'll get easier. Our cheap as shit lifestyle, may be the only one we can afford, but it doesn't have to taste as bad as you might think. The future is bleak, but our kitchens can overflow with joy and flavour and community. Rebel, little kitchen warriors, an army marches on its stomach. Eat well, make merry, drink deep, for tomorrow is not a promise. We will ride together, or we will fall apart. I believe in you. ☺



## Hamilton St. Studio: a pickle-ball league with the milk-man. Production. Yellow.

words and photos by Milena Carrasco  
illustrations by Jenna Chandler

I find myself returning to a lot of things as I get older. Almost a quarter of a century as I write this piece but... yeah. As the prefrontal cortex has begun to firm up, so have my decisions as I really get to know myself. Lately I've been getting these impulsive urges to return to old things from my past. People,

places, things. For example, the other day I spent an hour trying to find this old bakery that used to be at Highgate Mall that sold these marzipan logs dipped in chocolate I was obsessed with as a kid. Or, dying my hair back to black, and reconnecting with an old friend I hadn't spoken to in 2 years. Among these things, was reaching out to an old classmate of mine I kept bumping into on the streets of New West, Quinn Pickering. I was curious about how the music was going, and thought this would be a nice introduction back into that writing thing I love to do. And so, in this monologue I've found myself in — the following interview includes an eel, a squid, a milk-man who went pickle-ball pro — and there is, of course, Quinn.

The interview took place in his studio on Hamilton Street, New Westminster. I walked in through the backyard, green then a couple steps down into a little cavernous studio with a rug of the world, and another one of the Marlborough logo. Soft light in the corners, a pink velour lamp with a little tassled pulley. So many adornments, so much care. There is a drum set behind the door, which I later found out belonged to his dad.

So there I was sat. On a swively chair staring right at a Wes Anderson portrait. I want to say it was the one about the hotel. I felt comfortable, things eased up. There are always these nerves that come with asking questions and catching up that can only be soothed by just doing the damn thing!

So I mention I've started playing pickleball. We laugh, he thinks I'm joking. I'm not.



Quinn: So at work, we have this milkman that brings in milk every week. One day he came in and asked if I've ever played pickleball. I told him, for whatever reason, "oh yeah I know pickleball. I play pickleball," and now every time he comes he tells me about a different league, and he's like, "we should play together!" So I might, like, start playing pickleball with the milkman.

**Mile: Wow. Yeah. Good luck, my friend. Pickleball players take it so seriously.**

Q: Yeah. I believe it. He was telling me about all these leagues, like, "I'll tell you next time I come in, I'll tell you the best one to join." He's all like, "do you wanna be intermediate?" but I don't know. I don't think I'm there yet.

**M: Bless his heart. The milkman.**

*There's just this feeling...*

*I've been thinking, what is that little thing that pushes us forward? I feel like I pick up and put*

*down so many projects. I appreciate consistency, I look up to the obsessive quality Quinn has — possessed by passion that makes us move forward. He mentions the satisfaction he gets when placing just the right sound in the right place. I compare it to puzzle pieces — that feeling you get when it's finished.*

**M: Explain this 'electric' feeling**

Q: I think that there's just this feeling — everybody has it for whatever they're into. Like maybe you're a baker, and you bake the cake perfectly and feel that rush, or maybe you play sports and are walking on the field for the first time, and you get this feeling of anticipation. Writing a good lyric would give me that electric feeling, and now, as stupid as it sounds, getting the perfect kick drum tone gives me that feeling, you know?

*There was a portion of this conversation where I responded, yeah I do know — this is all about me, me, me (jokingly.) Which is absolutely never the take I want to pull when interviewing someone. Quite the opposite. This is about you.*



The point of this is for the interviewee to shine. Indeed, the point of the magazine *Discorder* is to highlight local artists in the lower mainland.

Howevrrr ~.~ I want to urge you to do it anyways. To talk about yourself. Take yourself to dinner. Wine yourself out. Write to me and tell me if you're an eel or a squid. You are so interesting. You are simply the coolest. I want to know the person I walk by on the street. I would like to watch the milk-man play pickle-ball. It is a pleasure to know you.

## an eel ..bzzz

**M: So, there's like this theory, that you're either a squid or an eel, and the idea is that squids are born fully formed. They're born as tiny versions of themselves and they just get bigger. Whereas eels, they go through radical changes to become an eel. So which one do you think that you'd be?**

Q: I mean, an eel, I guess, yeah.

**M: Yeah, I figured.**

Q: Yeah.

**M: Such an eel.**

Q: Such an eel. Like, if I stood back and looked at my life as a timeline in relation to music (gesturing) this chunk was my love for electric guitar. This was a hard pivot into songwriting. I can picture it in my head, the hard switch. I mean, we all use our past experiences to build and grow, and I'm sure that I still use that love for electric guitar in my work now. I still use that love for acoustic music in what I do now. [...] It's funny, there's this thing that happens when I'm anticipating an album, or even a movie that I'm really looking forward to — there's this feeling of like, 'this could really let me down' or 'this could completely shift my interests.' Listening to this album could make me obsessed, could inspire me to put down everything and return to an old sound. You know what I mean? When I was thirteen, my sister took me to this Ed Sheeran concert. I don't know why, but for some reason it just spoke to me, as pretentious as that sounds. When I listened to Tame Impala for the first time, I was completely infatuated. It's just like a switch. Maybe that's why it feels so powerful when it happens, because it's so rare.

**M: Okay, I'm curious about songwriting and music production. How does your process change when producing work with others?**

Q: When I'm writing for somebody else, it's much more production-oriented. I'm

trying to make something that's very interesting and good to listen to, while also trying to hit the nail on the head with whatever genre the artist wants to pursue. When it's for me, it's much more like — does this mean something to me? Would I show my mom this?

**M: Okay, that makes sense, for yourself versus for the public.**

Q: And my own writing is never very vague — like I have music that I wouldn't show people because it's very personal. I write very inner monologue-y, you know, and when I'm writing for myself, it's just my own thoughts, which sometimes shouldn't be shared. Songwriting isn't always for sharing. But for music production, it's completely different. I think my obsession with music production revolves a lot around styles of recording. Like, how a guitar sounds can make you feel a lot of different ways — if I close mic it, or if I record it from far away — you can feel like you're watching a band in a theater or you can feel like I'm in a room with you.

## the world! it's as small as a @sugarhill.rug

*I mention how I met Hallelujah, who Quinn has worked with, briefly at the Cinematheque where "Symphony of Fire" was screened. I think I tried to strike up a conversation about how it was cool they were from Burnaby North or something — another little return to the city we grew up in.*

**M: Tell me about other artists you're working with — projects and things!**

Q: I've worked with Haleluyah Hailu. It's kind of weird how we met. She's actually brought this up in another interview because it's a funny story. We met at a music competition — *Burnaby's Got Talent*. I think I got an honorable mention and she got first place. So we met with her beating me in a talent competition, and she was up there with a ukulele and had the entire place captivated. Like that's talent in itself. Later we sort of reconnected, I was just getting into music production and writing with different people. So I just asked if she'd work with me, and she took a chance on me. The first thing we worked on was a song called "Useless."

I've also been working the last year on an album with an amazing indie artist, Saegaes. She released a single recently, and her album is almost done. Or, well, no. It's done, but it's almost released. I'm also working on a track with Sydney

Madison, which will be coming out soon. We're actually doing a music video for it together. Another thing — I've been obsessed with music videos.

**M: Okay. So leaving music for visual arts.**

Q: Yeah. I love it. I worked on 2 music videos for Sydney's boyfriend — he's in a duo called Lone Pines, who I've also done a bunch of work for — and they also have stuff coming up soon. If I were to sort of find a throughline in all of the music that I've worked on thus far, I would say I'm approaching it acoustically, as in, I want [the listener] to feel like they are all in the same room — whether or not there's like, synths, or an arpeggiator, or something in the song that is not explicitly acoustic. I want it to feel like it could just be an artist singing to you. That's the feeling I want people to have. That's the kind of music I like to make. ☺

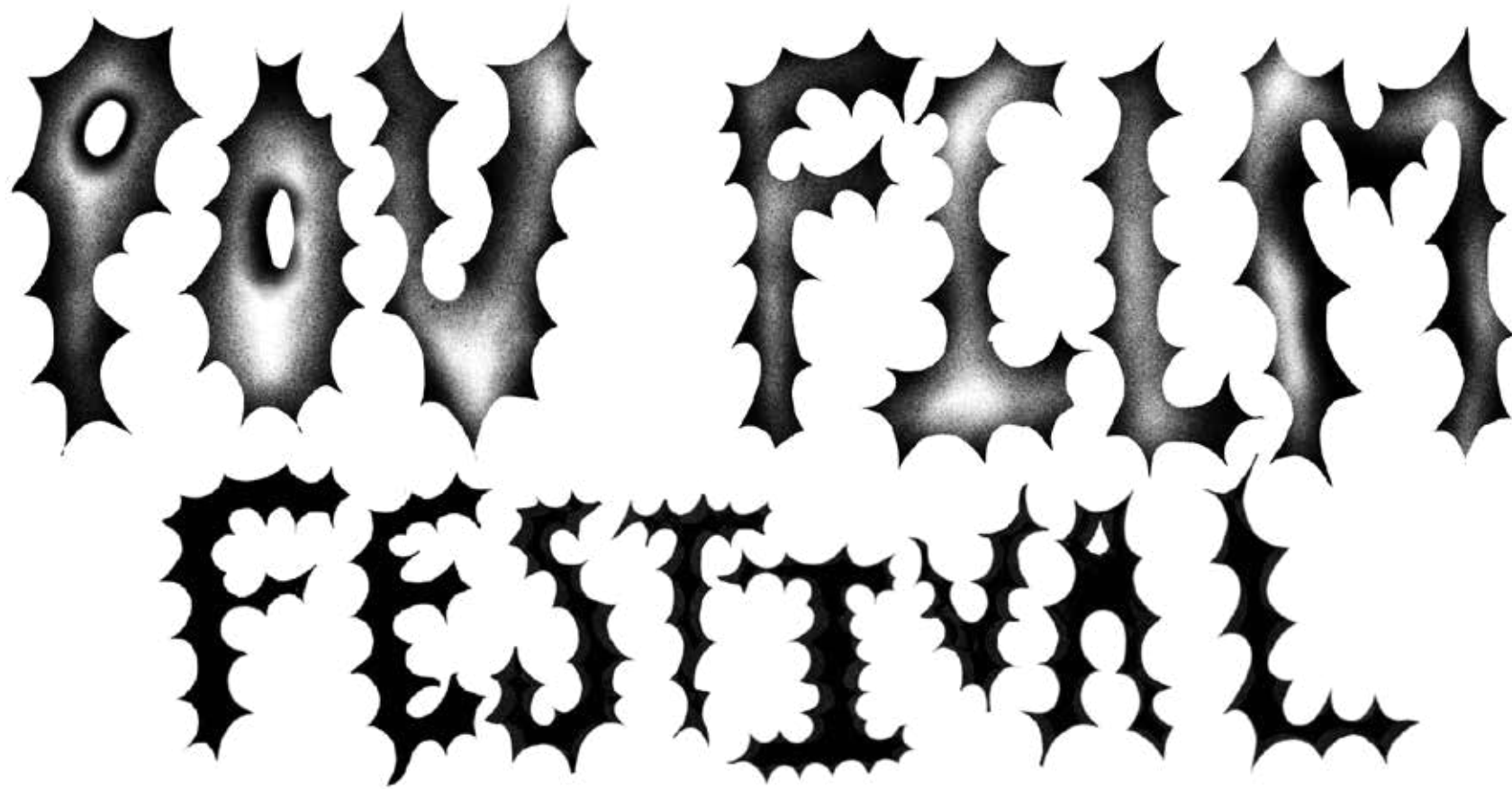
*Listen to: -;` ★ `SUPERNOVA, Quinns new EP can be found on Spotify, his insta is: @quinn.pickering ~- ☆-;` ★ `-'Ode to serafina' by Saegaes out now @saeg.eas ☆-;` Haleluya Hailu's EP "Eternally Yours" @haleluyahailu*

<sup>1</sup> yes, you, reading this

<sup>2</sup> as do you, I say as I swing a pendulum before you

<sup>3</sup> Handmade by Quinn himself





**WORDS BY**  
**SELIN BERKTAS**  
**ILLUSTRATIONS BY**  
**HANNAH MARTIN**

## WHAT DID MUNGO MEAN?

“Honestly, it’s a miracle anyone makes a film.” That’s the line that strikes me most from Mungo McLaggan’s introduction to the *Persistence of Vision (POV) Film Festival* at its 34th year.

There’s a line-up at the door with the first night completely sold out. I recognize some of the coordinators as they run up and down the line, doing their rounds. There are bashful smiles and tight hugs all around. The awkward

in-between chilliness of late September sinks as I chow down on an apple. I don’t think any of us feel the cold, not at all practicing the usual indecision of wearing the jacket or not, given the loud warmth around. The scene warrants an Alexandre Desplat original hovering in the background.

There’s congratulations and giggling and immense gratitude — I have not yet understood how the practice, if not, art (or art, if not, practice) of film generates this closeness. The film industry is best characterized by critics and enthusiasts alike as ‘walking the tittering edge of a precipice.’ It’s one of those eerie spaces that you don’t enter willingly, and if you find yourself in it, it is entirely out of your own will, being thrown in by an other-worldly magnitude of desire. Desire to think? Desire to share? Desire to explore? This one doesn’t have a single answer, as the *POV Festival* comes to assert in my mind.

The cogs and springs of making a film are irrational, not the rational actors that pretend to be irrational when they break. Annie Liu, the writer and director of *Lost in Distance*, noted that the elevator near the set would often break, and the crew would have to walk up 15 flights of stairs with their gear. It’s a miracle anyone makes a film.

Me and Emmi, the director and co-producer of *Motherhood: A 1-MAN CONCEPTUAL EXPERIMENTATION* as well as the outreach coordinator of *POV*, are sat at the back of the empty theatre after the first night. They’ve got numerous flower bouquets in their lap. My phone, held between us, displays the Voice Memos app and is an active reminder that I can’t be unruly in my questions. I can’t ask questions like ‘what drives you?’ or, ‘what is the inspiration?’ because I, too, cannot explain why I’m writing this feature. Instead, I ask about the nature of a student-run film festival.

They tell me, “Filmmaking is very expensive and when you don’t have that money, especially as a university student, the wealth comes from the people that you work with, the collaboration, and I mean I’ve heard them talking about—” a balloon pops in the background.

“That keeps happening,” I say. And it’s true, because over the course of watching eight student-made films throughout the first night of the *POV Festival*, you’d hear a balloon pop every once in a while, behind the sounds of the screen. “It’s the balloons—they’re cheap. If there’s anything about film, it’s that there’s not a lot of money.” I learn that the Film Production program at UBC is made up of 20-person cohorts a year, and the *POV Festival* is a screening of the films made by these students, each taking on a different role for several different films.

## HOW DOES ART INTERSECT IF ART IS INHERENTLY AN INTERSECTION?

Film is an interdisciplinary child. The medium is born of careful, but intentionally clumsy, intersections. Participating film, *CHROME*, lays these cards out easy. It feels serious. There’s body, anatomy, movement, and touch. It’s black and white. It’s about two rival Taekwondo



fighters navigating their preexisting friendship. And suddenly, Bryant is dancing. Oh the joy, the laughter! It's one frame. I later learn from Ethan White, who plays Bryant, that they were told to just dance. None of it was choreographed. They filmed forty minutes of Ethan dancing, first in silence, and later with the film crew cheering, because of course, it's a little funny to dance in the quiet.

And these intersections do not merely apply to the conversations between video and photo and color and architecture and music. Emmi tells me how critical it is that the festival is taking place through a university program because it provokes something academic — an intentionality behind whatever is being shown on screen. They continue, “The film industry is not a sustainable industry, truth be told. It takes a lot. And so I feel like there is this need for every film to be purposeful. And it's like, if you are going to take up this much, what are you going to do with it? That's a big question in our program.”

## SMALL AGGREGATES OR AGGREGATES OF SMALL THINGS?

During the intermission, when I was still trying to chase down the coordinators, make sure they're aware of this review, an endless loop spewed out of my mouth — “after, after the screening, and after, after

you've said thank you's and goodbye's and hugged and everything...” The festival is a space where I am acquainted with many folks, but feel antsy about approaching them nonetheless. I see folks recording for *Film Picnic*, a show at CiTR based on debunking issues in the film industry. They're holding forks with mic's attached. I question it and am told, ‘well, it's a *Film Picnic*.’

I too am given many hugs and cheers of appreciation for writing this piece, for simply being there for the industry, or, the small microcosm of Film at UBC in so-called “Vancouver,” can be celebrated because it is an aggregate of small things.

When I ask Emmi and Sarah, the event coordinator of the festival as well as the director of *Noka*, about the value of small film festivals like this, where the audience is less expectant of the tangible value of the film and more so the story their peers have put on the screen, Sarah explains there is a “breathability” to a film screened to a smaller, more intimate crowd. “I find with this crowd that even when people don't know your story particularly well, like, they don't know that experience, they receive it with love, and they receive it with sensitivity, and that is really important. And I think, yeah, films are made to be seen. You want to show them, whether or not you think they're great, and so even when I feel really anxious about my work, I'm like, there's a story in this, even if it isn't where I want it to be necessarily. Someone will feel or see something, and that's what counts.”

Vulnerability is critical, it seems, but Emmi also notes that judgement can be detrimental for a young filmmaker, explaining, “I think that's the nice thing about student film festivals, is that it allows you

to make those mistakes, but also share that story without feeling like your whole career is on the line.”

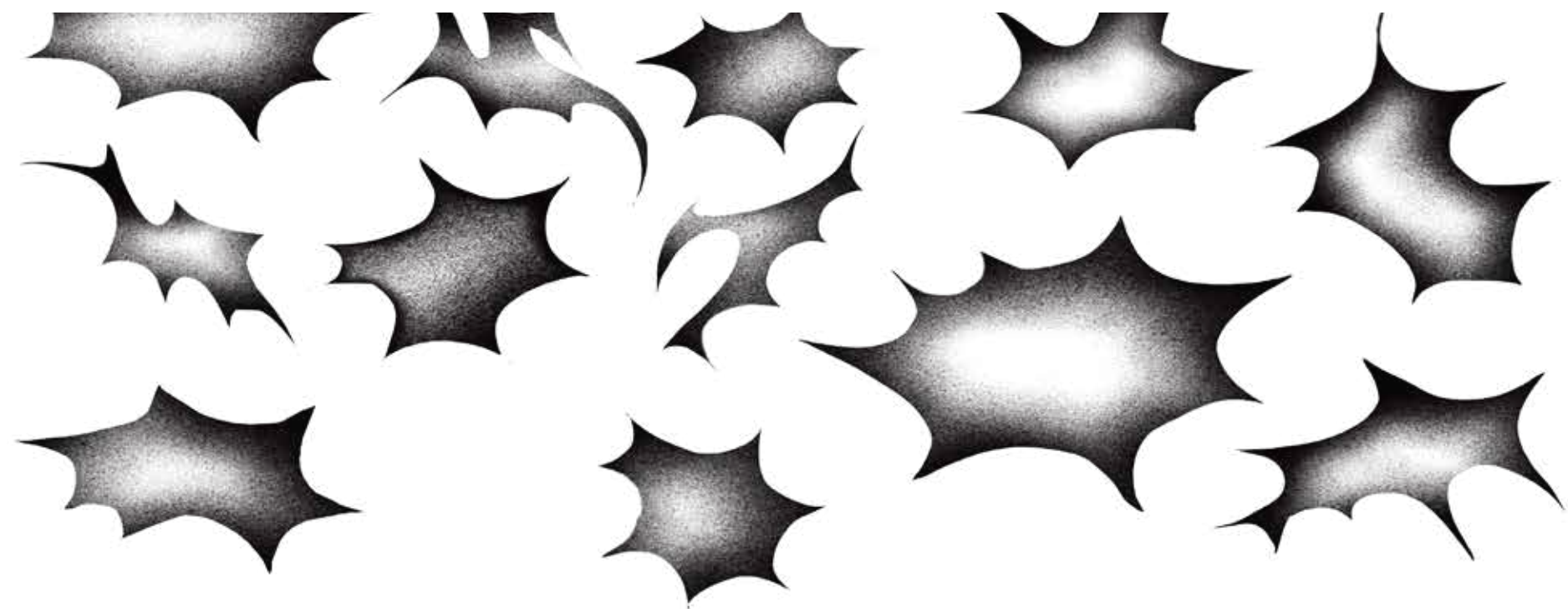
I'm reminded of Emmi's film which played earlier in the night — *Motherhood*. It's an absurdist comedy starring a pregnant woman and her partner whose entire artistry pivots around motherhood. When up on the stage for the Q&A, Emmi noted that she can always point to the fact that it's a comedy to anyone who may object to the film. It made me want to dig around in their head a little, through images of babies flying out, the incredible fast pacing of the shots in the washroom where the protagonist is thrust into a comedic but edge-of-your-seat labour. It feels like a jab at conceptual artists who work towards a concept they have not experienced, those who cannot see, cannot breathe the topic they attempt to embody.

## HOW DO WE EXPERIENCE A LEGACY, PROJECT A COMING, WHEN OUR BREATH IS HITCHED?

Storytelling, in its many forms, seems a diminishing art. In poetry, in journalism,

in radio, or in film. No matter how much its tangibility is sharpened at the edges, it is still a worn practice. Its threads are loose at the seams. And so, when Emmi tells Sarah and I of a CD she found on the floor, I am reminded that the intangible, untouchable, feeling of being seen is perhaps larger than that chorus of ‘the arts are dying.’ She says, “I have a CD sitting in my room, I just found it on the floor. It includes an archive of every *POV* film. I have to get a CD reader and figure out how we can view them. I think that'd be great. I'll put it back when I'm done with it. Before I graduate. It'll be back on the floor.”

*the POV Film Festival* was very beautiful. I unfortunately only saw the first night, and have little to say of the evening with the awards (and 5 more films!) however, it had a lasting impression, a flavour beyond the intensity, beyond the fantasy, that is making a film. It revealed, to me, filmmaking, filmmakers, and film enthusiasts alike, as a digestible reality of people who love something at its most simple state. It's interesting to me how a series of choreographed conversations on a screen can create and envelop dynamics in the real world. ☺



# Jane Shi

WORDS BY KATHERINE GEAR CHAMBERS  
PHOTOS BY BERNICE CHONG  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILLIE CULLEN

Jane Shi's work demands that we pay attention; not to her, but to the world she renders concrete through language. Shi's poetry and essays articulate the violence of oppressive structures without replicating them, instead showing us the fissures through which imagining alternatives is possible. She teaches us that writing is communal: it is a call to action and an invitation to live differently. In focusing our gaze on the current reality, Shi renders it possible for another one to be created.

**Katherine Gear Chambers:** Please feel free to introduce yourself in whatever way feels best for you, and share what you'd like other people to know about yourself and about your work.

*always permitted by prose or speech. I'm curious: do you find in poetry a fluidity that makes communication across the limitations and boundaries of languages more possible?*

**Jane Shi:** I am Jane; my pronouns are she/hers; I am a poet, organizer and writer. I also edit. My forthcoming poetry collection, *echolalia echolalia*, will be out with Brick Books on October 1<sup>st</sup>. I'm also currently one of the organizers of *Crips for E-Sims for Gaza*, which is a project that has been raising money to send electronic sims to people in Gaza and Jenin, to make sure that they have communication. The project is organized alongside Alice Wong and Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha.

**JS:** Yeah, I think that the purpose of poetry is varied — it's very multitudinous. For example, when you break up a line, you are not just saying that particular line,

**KGC:** You've been publishing your work for over five years now across a variety of genres and forms — both poetry and prose — and, as you mentioned, you have a poetry collection coming out in October, which is very exciting. I'm wondering if you could share a little bit about what you've learned about writing and poetry over the past few years.

**JS:** I enjoy learning how to put a manuscript together and think through the breadth and depth of the project. It helped me see that there were themes in my work. It was very difficult for me to see the bigger picture of the work I've been doing. It's been helpful to have people — other readers and editors — describe the things I'm doing. I enjoyed learning how to be more judicious. That was something that I learned throughout the process of writing this book.

**KGC:** Some of your work speaks to topics of language and translation, with particular attention to moments where there are gaps in communication. Language is, in many ways, a mirror of the social structures in which it is created and used, but there's so much room in poetry to be playful and experimental with language in ways that aren't

you're saying there's a particular double meaning or a deliberate silence that the readers have to take in, which doesn't manifest in prose in the same way. Those silences and the sort of aesthetic choices that poets make often put the onus on the reader to make a decision, or think about what can be said — or what isn't said — on the page. When it comes to translation or heritage, language or miscommunications or communication, [poetry] offers a lot of

space for people to play. I think that for a lot of people poetry just feels right, as a space.

**KGC:** Staying on the topic of language, I appreciate the direct invitation you extend at the end of "Reimagining the Autistic Mother Tongue," in which you encourage people to join you in a process of creating language. I love that the invitation welcomes multiple processes



*and the creation of multiple words. I'm interested in the ways that language can be relational, including in the processes of creation, reclamation, and literary lineages. There's a perception of reading and writing as isolated, lonely work, but I don't think that's always accurate. In what ways can we reinterpret reading and writing as communal?*

**JS:** I think that writing, reading, and storytelling are inherently communal. It's just the way the world currently works that has it seen as solitary, and obviously, the way a lot of writing is done nowadays is very solitary. It reminds me of monks working in solitude; that [practice] is just as important to them as going out in community and sharing what they've learned. Both those aspects kind of balance each other, but I believe language is social. It helps to see writing as storytelling and as sharing experiences, calls to action, or passing down traditions. All of those really ought to be things that we come together around, celebrate and cherish. That inherently means that there's a responsibility to build stronger communities through writing, but also beyond it, because it isn't ideal for the default to be an isolated experience. To build muscles for building community through writing is really important.

**KGC:** In addition to your poetry, I have great appreciation for your essays, and the intentionality with which you reflect on the social and political role of the writer. In "What Will Never Be Again," you quote Jónína Kirton's "Everything is

Waiting,” echoing a longing “for a world where we go as slow as the slowest person in the room, where those who are fast and efficient sit down and listen.” I love your addition, “The room is as wide as the universe. The room includes those who died.”

I’m wondering whether the rhythms of poetry — those you’ve talked a bit about, the pauses and the line breaks — which are very different from the rhythms of prose, can create room for alternative worlds to be constructed; for a different pace of thinking, living, and relating to one another. Can a shift in the rhythms and patterns of communication help move us into different rhythms or temporalities of living?

**JS:** Yeah, I think they can. One example that I recently read is a poem by George Abraham in *Scalawag* mag, “On the Eve of yet another Nakba, a Dream.” The poem is talking about the biggest potluck that could be possibly created for, and by, Palestinians. It calls for all the people who have been in solidarity to be invited to this potluck. It’s a poem that’s very aware of the limits of how utopias are talked about, but nonetheless, it goes there. It just goes all the way to what is desired. I think that poems that do that are really important. They expand what we think is possible. Poems that critique are important, but poems that imagine alternatives are just as important. I think that it all really depends on the intention of the poet, and what they want to do with the poem. There are lots of poems that don’t challenge the status quo. There isn’t anything inherently subversive or revolutionary to these tools, to this art, but for people who want to see a different world, poetry is extremely powerful.

**KGC:** Along a similar note of building alternative worlds, and of poetry being political (or not), I appreciate the explicitness with which your work responds to the current moment, including through addressing Bill C7, the construction of pipelines, and patterns of abuse, including within the ‘CanLit’ industry. The description for your upcoming poetry collection, *echolalia echolalia*, concludes: “Writing against inherited violence and scarcity-producing colonial projects, Shi expresses a deep belief in one’s chosen family, love and justice.” I’ve been thinking lately about the differences between the practices of writing towards and writing against. For me, it echoes a question in movements and community organizing: that tension between protesting the current structures in which we’re forced to exist, and building alternatives. Both of these forms of work are necessary and complimentary, but sometimes feel like they’re coming from oppositional energies, and have different focuses. I’m wondering whether there’s something that language can teach us — toward/against, creation/abolition — and what is your experience of writing through these tensions?

**JS:** I find it more difficult to write about a world that doesn’t already exist, partly because the truth is some of the current

world hasn’t been spoken yet. How can you move to a different world when you’re in denial about what’s currently happening? I think that there is a lot of work to do, for me anyway, to just name and sit with it, and then from that place of understanding to imagine something else. I want to immerse myself, acquaint myself, swim in reality as much as I can.

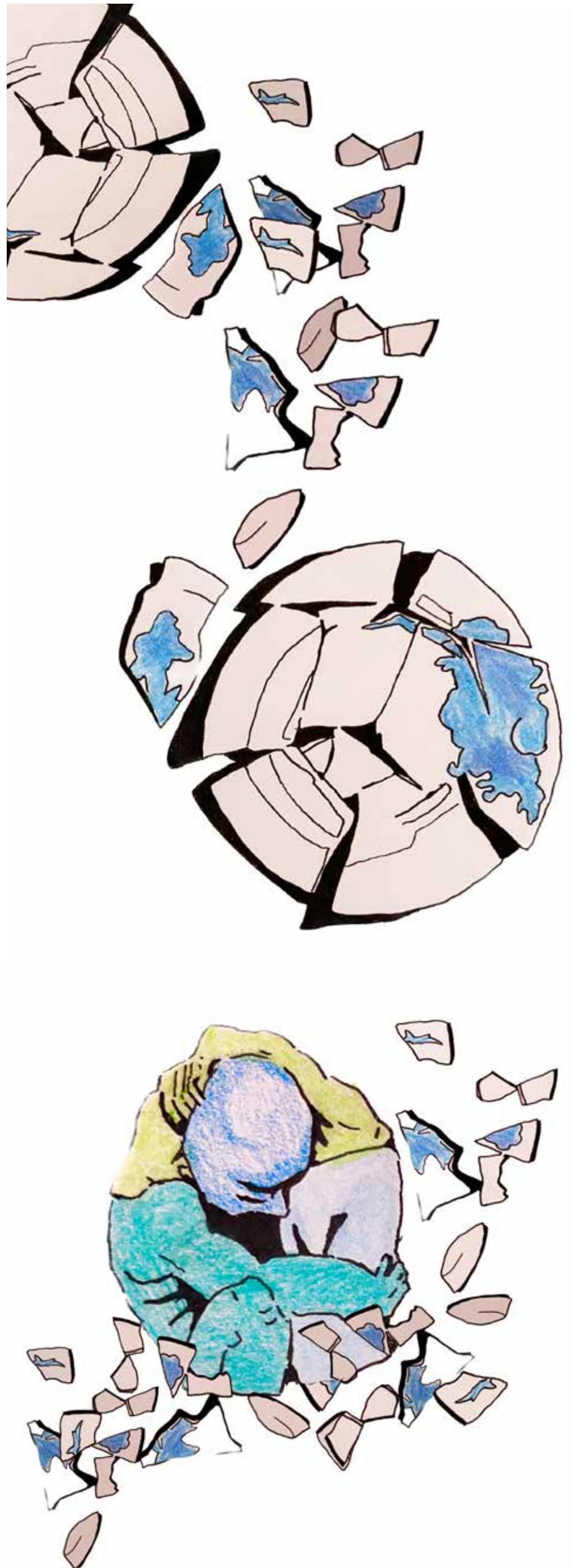
It’s not an intellectual denial, it’s an emotional and spiritual one. It’s more difficult to accept emotionally that certain things are happening, even if you read the facts. Poetry is not reporting, it’s more the sharing of feelings around ‘what does it mean that this world is like this, and how do we respond to it?’

**KGC:** It’s more of an emotional guide, taking us from ‘fact’ to, as you said, ‘impact,’ or the landing. Language is powerful. That kind of sheds light on my next question, but I’m still curious to ask: I tend to think of literature as a form of creating alternative worlds within the current one, especially if the writer has that intention. Kind of like little utopic bubbles. I’ve been thinking a lot about the gap between the alternative worlds we’re creating, and the persistent structure of our current, dominant, oppressive world. You’re saying that your work is more grounded and speaks to reality, but it also engages literally with materials from the world. I’m thinking about “History Flipping,” a work made out of text from the DSM, and “Bill C7: An Overview of Available Help,” which works with the literal language of the bill. It feels like your work is closing a bit of that gap between alternative worlds and this one. What is the role of writing, and maybe of poetry in particular, in attending to that friction or gap between alternative worlds and existing structures?

**JS:** With erasure poems in particular, it’s making the mark of the poet onto the world. The bill exists and the DSM exists, but there is a poet blacking it out or whiting it out. I guess the closing of the gap is the poet’s active resistance or rebellion against those things. These are the materials, this is the language that I’m using, and I’m exercising agency against the text. In doing so, it’s saying, “these can’t bind us.” These aren’t set in stone, these can be wiped away or changed or ripped apart, or discarded completely. Poets, writers — we’re all working with the materials we’ve inherited. In responding to them, we’re saying that we’re trying to create something new. That act of creation, if it’s effective, hopefully opens the door to new possibilities.

If you are able to get yourself into a headspace where you see yourself as someone who can change things for yourself or others, that is almost like an accelerant for the current world to change. I feel like there is possibility in that. You might not believe it; it feels like an act of faith.

**KGC:** Going back to the erasure poems, I know you have poems in experimental forms, like those published in *The*





**Capilano Review.** *Is there something about the visual way a poem appears on a page that has some of that social commentary in it? Some meaning reflected in the form?*

**JS:** “before you were born” is based on a photograph of my family members before I was born. I wrote that poem in Diana Khoi Nguyen’s workshop. Her work is around the death of her brother, who died by suicide and cut himself out of photos. She wrote poems in the space of those photos as a form of radical eulogy, in her book *Ghost Of*. She continues that kind of aesthetic within her second book, *Root Fractures*. I was curious about that form, what tracing the faces of my family members could do; partly because I was a little bit obsessed with the photo, and I know that a lot of books have photos in them, but I didn’t want to simply put photos in my book. It was more what I want to say, what I am seeing in the photo that others might not see. I think that particular instance was very direct: I am speaking through the constraints of these faces. The faces determined where the line ended. The organic shapes of a face, and organic shapes in particular, feel very aligned with what poetry does, so that form feels really natural to me.

**KGC:** *Is there anything you want to share about your new collection?*

**JS:** I’m excited to hear what people think of it. I look forward to reading poems from it, hitting different notes throughout the book by doing so. I feel like people will be able to read it in one sitting. What I’m most excited about is the fact that it is a book, the fact that it’s all together. A lot of my poems are published in other places. I feel like there’s something for everyone

in it, in that there’s both shape poems and form poems, and all of that.

**KGC:** *I’m really curious to hear about your experience of releasing a book of poetry into this world, at this current moment. It’s coming out in October, which, as you know, will be the one year anniversary of the genocide in Gaza, during a pandemic, and as we approach winter months in a city that has been for so long struggling under a housing crisis and the poisoned drug supply – your writing has touched upon each of these crises. I believe very much in the power and possibility of literature, and in the hope and conversations and relationships that can come from it. I’m very grateful that this world, at this moment, has your work in it, and will have more of your work in it. I also imagine that the experience of the author might be different from that of the very eager reader, and I’m curious what it’s like for you, as a writer, to have your work circulating right now.*

**JS:** The thing that I have been thinking about is just the fact that it’s very difficult to organize against empire, against genocide, if we don’t have art and a way to come together to feel our feelings about it. What is difficult about this moment for writers is that we have to navigate institutions that are complicit, or, directly responsible. Like the conversation about the Giller, or other prizes and institutions, about people getting fired, it’s sort of like, *what is a writer?* Who gets to be a writer? Who gets to be seen as a writer when there’s a very strong culture of silencing, or when writing can be a form of propaganda for the state? I wrote this book during the pandemic, so the writing

process was ruthlessly isolating, but I think I needed to write those poems, and I do need to put them out in the world, as much as it is scary, because it helps. These are poems that need to be out in the world in order for me — and hopefully other people — to come together.

If I was, for example, able to bypass the institution, I would still be a writer. If I self-published, I would still be a writer. One thing that’s really been helpful is building community with other like-minded writers. That’s the thing that has been keeping me going, because we have all been converging around wanting liberation, and wanting things to change. We’re all angry about it, and we’re all sad about it, and we all want to do something about it that isn’t writing, because we know that poetry and writing aren’t enough on their own. Community building is keeping me going, and also just connecting with poets and writers in Gaza, and Palestinian writers who had to evacuate. A lot of the people I was able to connect with recently are writers and poets themselves, or translators. Everyone’s sharing Refaat Alareer’s poem, and a lot of his students are continuing to write through genocide, despite the odds. It makes me appreciate this work more, it makes me really value what poetry can do. If I think a little too hard about the state of CanLit I lose my mind, it’s horrific. I exist within it, I suppose, but don’t want anything to do with it.

**KGC:** *Are there any writers who you’re in community with, who you’ve found recently or who you’ve always known, whose work you want to mention and uplift?*

**JS:** I really enjoyed Shō Yamagushiku’s *shima*, and I look forward to work from Joselia Rebekah Hughes. Jody Chan is amazing. I’m really looking forward to new

books from Mercedes Eng and Victoria Mbabazi. Brandi Bird is a fav as well.

**KGC:** *I really love the moments of humour in your own work: there were moments that I was laughing out loud, and it made me feel closer to the work in a way; my body responding made me feel connected to the body of the work. I’m curious if there’s something in humour that speaks to the relationship between the writer and the work, as well as the reader and the work; if there’s something a bit more personal about poetry that contains those elements?*

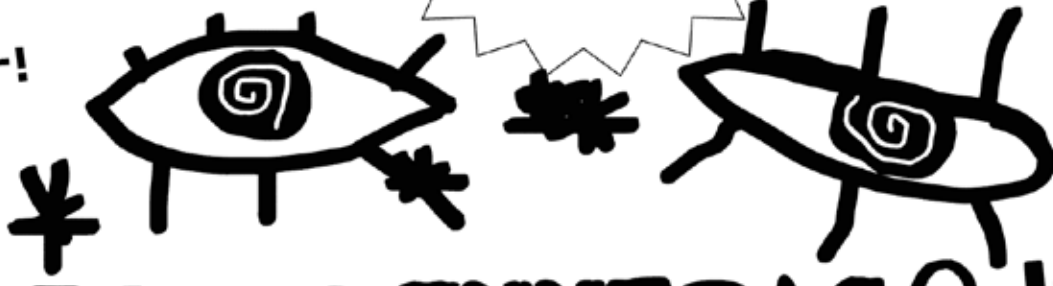
**JS:** I didn’t actually realize that my work was that funny until I read that the book description had the word ‘comedy’ in it. My editor Phoebe Wang said, “you should limit the use of irony in your work,” I found that thought-provoking. I think she’s talking about irony for irony’s sake kind of poetry, but satire and levity are extremely important for coping with traumas. It’s a way for a lot of people to cope with grief, and it’s also very communal. I think that humour in poetry makes a lot of sense [...] there is nothing that says that poetry has to always be serious. Having a space to assert a cheeky voice feels very liberating [...] I know that this room is supposed to be all serious and shit, but I’m not.

I’m going to put a needle to the balloon. ☹️



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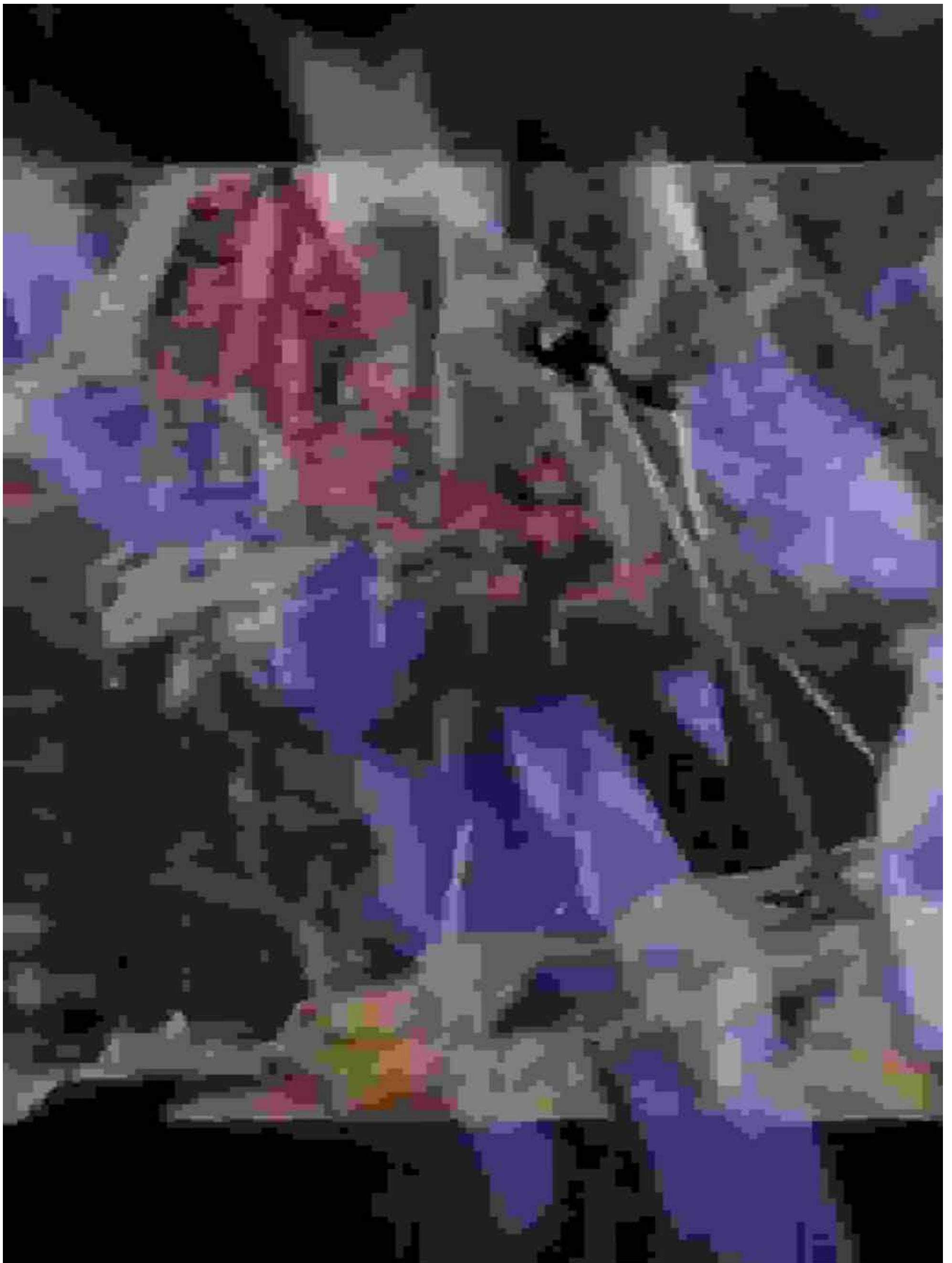
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**Saturday**

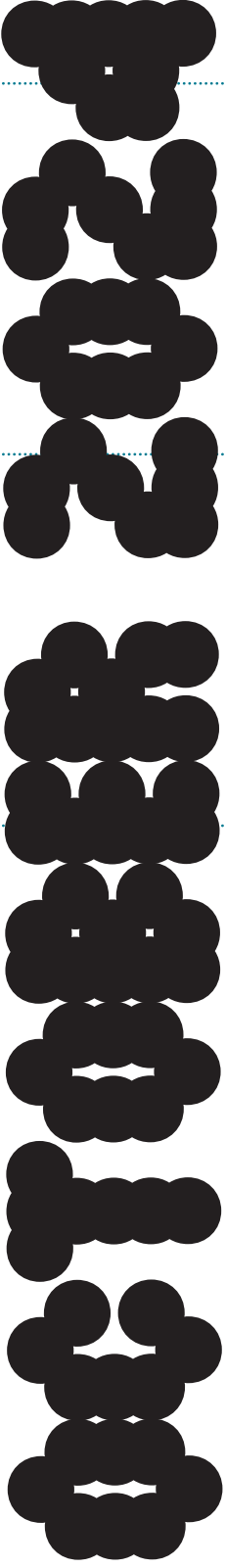
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MONTH ART BY MARTHA DZHENGANIN

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12

· Free Play Angel/The Lentils/My Name Is Del @ Green Auto Body

· New Moon Comedy @ The Projection Room  
· Autogram/KCAR/Muncho Joe @ Green Auto Body  
· M0AA/Revolution Above Disorder /Bloom Effect @ The Cobalt

· Massy Arts & Mycelium: eSims and Art Build for Palestine @ Massy Books  
· Hope In Shadows Calendar Launch Event @ Carnegie Community Centre  
· Layten Kramer/Brandon Wolfe Scott/Ella Koth @ Green auto Body

· Plo Man/Overland/Dairy Free @ Dolly Disco  
· WRESTLECORE: Horror on Hastings "Black Mirror" @ Rickshaw

· Punching Knives/MOLE/?NUMB?DAME?/TJ FELIX @ Red Gate  
· Slift/Meatbodies @ The Pearl

13

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· The Black Dahlia Murder/ Dying Fetus/Spite Vomit Forth @ The Vogue

· Shannon & the Clams/The Deslondes @ The Rickshaw

· Tu-Ma/Andrew Wayne/2GIRLS1DAW/B4AT/Libra Baby/Tough Sell @ Green Auto

· Women In Media Breakfast Fundraiser @ Yaletown Roundhouse  
· Money Funeral/Strathcona/Papaya Given @ Red Gate  
· KONTRAVOID/MVTANT/I SPEAK MACHINE/TOTAL CHROMA @ The Cobalt

· Official unauthorized uncertified B\*\*l\*r R\*\*m af-ters @ Red Gate  
· Tablespoons/Focal Tear/slowicide @ Red Gate  
· Gadfly/Cherry Pick/ Piss/ Chalcedony @ Green Auto  
· Unwound/Steel Pole Bathtub @ The Pearl

· Boiler Room x Normie Corp  
· Scarlet Fever/The Hausplants/Nitroglycerin/Pale North @ Red Gate  
· Worrywart/ La Lune/Sleepy Gonzales @ Green Auto  
· Hatebreed, Carcass/Harms Way/Crypta @ The Rickshaw

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· YEP/Death Lettuce/Bananahaus/How to Survive A Highrise Hotel Fire @ Red Gate

· Royal Otis @ PNE Forum

· LUELLA/DEMON CLEAVER/ ADIAMORPH @ The Cobalt

· Autogram/KCAR/Muncho Joe @ Green Auto  
· Gross Misconduct/Neck of The Woods/Mvlgrove/Blackwater Burial @ Rickshaw

· Fake Fruit/Speedreader/Reveal Yourself @ Green Auto  
· VOSH/DEVOURS/ H.Å.L.T. @ The Cobalt

27

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31

· cumgir18 @ The Pearl

· 604 RECORDS HALLOWEEN PARTY @ The Cobalt

· Halloween show & costume party!Live (or dead) @ Green Auto

· The END Halloween Party @ Moodswing Coffee / Bar  
· SHREK RAVE: Scared Shrekless @ The Pearl

# SHINIG 2024

**Sunday**

**Monday**

**Tuesday**

**Wednesday**

**Thursday**

**Friday**

**Saturday**

03

· Roisin Murphy @ Vogue  
· La Luz/Tele Novella @ The Pearl

04

· Shutups/Woolworm/Sun Spots/Still Depths @ Green Auto  
· Cadence Weapon/Super Duty Tough Work @ Fox Cabaret

05

**Qualifier Night #01**

06

· Vancouver Horror Show Film Festival @ Scottiabank theater  
· Vincent Lima @ Fox Cabaret

07

· the Vancouver pancakes & booze art show @ fortune sound club

08

· Enigma Pulse III @ Biltmore Cabaret  
· Blood Incantation/Midwife @ The Rickshaw

09

· Willie Watson @ Biltmore Cabaret  
· Washed Out @ Hollywood Theatre

10

· PawPaw Rod @ Biltmore Cabaret

11

· Shutups/Woolworm/Sun Spots/Still Depths @ Green Auto  
· Cadence Weapon/Super Duty Tough Work @ Fox Cabaret

12

**Qualifier Night #02**

13

· Vancouver Horror Show Film Festival @ Scottiabank theater  
· Vincent Lima @ Fox Cabaret

14

· Naked Giants/La Fonda @ Fox Cabaret  
· Dwi Davin/Fake Ruth @ Green Auto  
· Suuns/Phuture Memories @ The Pearl

15

· Bygones @ Biltmore Cabaret  
· Drive Your Plow Over The Bones of the Dead/Jisei/emma goldman/piss @ Red Gate  
· @ @ WISE Hall  
· Sparta @ The Pearl

16

· TR/ST/Guest Provoker @ Biltmore Cabaret  
· Chinese American Bear @ Green Auto  
· Death From Above 1979 @ Vogue  
· Kate Bollinger @ Fortune Sound Club

17

· Duster/Dirty Art Club @ The Pearl

18

· Shutups/Woolworm/Sun Spots/Still Depths @ Green Auto  
· Cadence Weapon/Super Duty Tough Work @ Fox Cabaret

19

**Qualifier Night #03**

20

· Vancouver Horror Show Film Festival @ Scottiabank theater  
· Vincent Lima @ Fox Cabaret

21

· Jila Gray/Stefani Kimber/Aza Nabuko @ Green Auto

22

· MOONRIIVR @ Green auto

23

· Mo Kenney @ Green auto

24

· Vancouver Vinyl Record Show @ The Heritage Hall

25

26

**Qualifier Night #04**

27

· Machine Girl @ Harbour Events Centre

28

MONTH ART BY ELODIE VAUDANDAINE

29

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DECEMBER 06

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## **Finale**

..... DECEMBER 6



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TW: SUICIDE MENTION



# Grey ALL Over

WORDS BY PRISCA TANG  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADELA LYNGE

## How am I supposed to critique a book about the death of someone's father?

*Grey All Over* by Andrea Actis is a compilation of all kinds of memories she has collected of her deceased father. In intermittent order, the book goes through a roller coaster of emotions — feeling lost and confused of the sudden death of a loved one, feeling warmth from fond memories, feeling angry and hurt by the unfairness of life. The five stages of grief are detailed in the book through fragments of conversations, notes, transcripts from self-recording videos, emails interactions, and poems.

The book starts with *Soul Ash*, a sequence of stream-of-consciousness about where the father's ashes should be placed. If I have to be honest, I was confused by the weaving thoughts that the narrator was going through. It did, however, create the distance necessary for me to better under-



stand the situation. I can tell the narrator is frantically trying to decide where to place the ashes, and uses this as a segway into talking about the soul. The narrator also, bizarrely, compares soul and afterlife to “playdough kid use.”

*“The soul is something that is going to be eased upon death that goes back to how it goes back really goes. Goes into this whatever this plasticine this kind of playdough kid use. So it's going to be gun again to be some other person.”*

The comparison to “playdough” and “plasticine” depicts her idea of the afterlife, where souls are being moulded into another person. This thought keeps her hopeful, if only momentarily, as she still holds on to the belief that her father

did not just completely disappear, or be reduced to ashes. The repetition of “goes back” and the colloquial use of “kind of” shows that this section is written in an informal setting. The illogical or randomness of the content reflects the anxiety that the speaker is experiencing, where her brain jumps from one racing thought to another. In the endnote of the book, the author mentioned that many parts were composed on iPhone notes. And I believe this is one of them, as the narrator just dumps all her thoughts in writing and uses it as a method to vent out her emotions. When I was anxious or angry, I did the same thing — ramble on notes. These words and thoughts reveal what runs in a person's mind when they are grieving.

However, as a reader, the fragments of her memories cause confusion. The lack of setting and context keeps me wondering, “WHAT IS HAPPENING????” Some might be intrigued and eager to find out more about the father, but there is also a good chance the reader might feel frustrated by the puzzling message in the first chapter.

Yet, I think Actis is smart about revealing the cause of death slowly, but surely. This gives her time to introduce her dad without presenting him as a static character. The dad is presented in different lights, shaping him as a multi-faced character.

In the chapter “Does Andrea dream of Electric Dead,” she uses a series of notes to explain her complicated relationship with her father. Through my interpretation, I feel like she acts more like a parental figure to her father than the other way around.

*“i was hanging with dad after finally reaching him on the phone, had tried several times (on his bday, Xmas), and he acted like “oh, I hadn't realized.”— 04:39*



*and deep inside I know dads not drinking and has a good chance of not starting again because he knows he's good at this— 03:28*

*I guess we are roommates or something, and he says he is going to get some milk at the gas station, be back in three minutes. but I KNOW there is something wrong, like is faintedly going off somewhere to die because he doesn't want to do it front of me (like any normal almost-dead person, that is their choice most typically) — 06:37”*

Actis uses excerpts of her father's diary in hand writing to reveal his thoughts before leaving the rehabilitation facility. In the last few days in the centre, he was thinking and planning for the future. Just through these snippets, readers understand that this father-daughter



relationship is unusual. Actis is the one usually reaching out and looking out for her father. She is the one that is hoping that he doesn't fall into alcoholism again. She is the one that worries that he might commit suicide.

Without expressing it directly, Actis is able to convey the special relationship she had with her father before he passed away. In this chapter, readers are seeing the father from the daughter's perspective, and are given an impression that he was not the most emotionally stable person. Readers can also feel how much Actis treasures her relationship with her father, further understanding why his sudden death causes immense pain.

To build a round character, Actis also published excerpts of his father's diary, so readers can understand the mind of the father. The handwritten diary was composed when he was in a rehabilitation facility, and he was expected to be discharged after the assessment —

*“I GUESS I SHOULD, WHATEVER I DO, INCLUDE TRYING TO FORCE MYSELF TO GET INTO ONE OF THOSE “MEETINGS.” I'LL HAVE TROUBLE DOING THAT ON MY OWN — I KNOW THIS— I'M SUCH A CYNIC.”*



The diary entries show that, while the father suffered from addiction, he was determined to get better. At this point I still don't know the cause of death, but it appears as if he is looking forward, to move on. The diary also shows that, despite the father's struggles, addiction and money problems, he was a good person at heart. He paid attention and cared for the other people at the facilities, and he was observant about other people's needs.

After the readers build an understanding of who Jeffery Actis was as a person, the author reveals the moment she found him dead in the bedroom through a phone call with her mother.

A lot of memoirs about lost loved ones, such as *Hereafter* by Amy Lin or *Crying in H Mart* by Michelle Zauner, focus a lot on grief. These memoirs express grief in a more direct and explicit way, and construct the lost love from the perspective of the author. But Actis' memoir is honest but implicit. She presents her father for who he really was — a complex and dynamic character with a good and bad side. Leaving room for the readers to interpret, Actis presents her father through the records of his life and the breadcrumbs he left behind. 😊



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Over the Summer, the Massy Art Gallery in Vancouver's Chinatown hosted *Ravelling Seams: Visioning Hope*, a joint exhibition of multimedia works from Sena Cleave, Allison Chow and Rawan Hassan. *Ravelling Seams* includes sculptures, weavings and paintings, which bring together each artist's experience to showcase their individual culture and identities. As the Massy Arts Society website puts it, "the works in this exhibition outline the edges of collective hope while ravelling the lived experience of artists reaching —but never touching— the history of what could have been." The exhibition brought together a wide range of works, both conceptually and visually, "braid[ing] intimate reflections with public spaces, archives, and the touchstones that constitute them."

The first pieces I encountered were Chow's "Scrolls" and "Shifting Sculptures", which incorporated found objects from North Vancouver's Shipyards, creating works which were a combination of found nautical objects with handmade pieces. "Scrolls" is an installation of two large painted scrolls which hung from the ceiling and draped down to the ground, both with small sculptures sitting on top of them around the midway point. One of these sculptures features curved pieces

of slightly worn and rusted metal, as well as colourfully painted cardboard pieces that follow the curves of the metal pieces. Chow's other work, "Shifting Sculptures" included an almost humanoid robotic figure, made of circles and curves of cardboard, on top of a base of rusted and oxidized green and copper metal. The installation included a chain wrapped around the bottom which fell to the floor, where a small anchor sat on top of a bright yellow circle of cardboard. Beside these, moving the eye from floor to ceiling, was a



work which used large green mooring line, laid out in a way that made it look delicate — despite it's bulk. This piece included small coloured cardboard figures and rusted metal bits dispersed within this frayed and worn rope. These works bring together the natural and industrial elements of the Shipyards, reflecting how they come together to create this space where Chow and many others find a sense of community and inspiration.

Chow's pieces were curated together, but as I walked through the exhibition, they slowly became mixed in with Hassan and Cleave's works. Her final piece, which found its home between Hassan and Cleave's works was a wood box with a metal chain coming out of the back, used as a sort of podium for a little figure made of two word metal circles which supported pieces of red, yellow and blue painted cardboard.

Hassan's "Where We Once Stood" focused on Palestinian tatreez, a form of traditional Palestinian embroidery, and explored Hassan's positionality as a diasporic Palestinian.

Hassan uses both textile weavings and linework to explore her identity, two of her pieces being intricately woven traditional textile pieces, while the other two were made of paper, and were a slightly more modern take on Palestinian embroidery. The first textile piece was

woven with black, white and red threads, where the deep red colour stood out against the black and white lines. The other was of light grey, white and dark green threads, and was also made up of traditional designs.

The two paper pieces stood out to me, in which Hassan's detailed linework pairs with traditional patterns and designs. The dark blue and black piece was three dimensional, as pieces with different patterns overlapped one another on the outer border of patterns and designs, which was contrasted by a centre rectangle which featured Hassan's intricate and flowy linework — creating shapes reminiscent of a mountain range with a sun lingering above it. The other work, one of olive green paper with stark white cutouts and thin, detailed black linework, included a wavy linework border on the outside, with tile-like designs on the inside, all of which bordered the central design, a mountain range with a rising sun.

Cleave's works alternated with Hassan's, highlighting the weavings and textures in both their pieces. Cleave's three "woven netting sculptures" which are woven from butcher's and poly rope contain a number of different objects which reflect *sonaemono* (offerings) in Japanese diasporic communities.

One large cream-coloured piece with black vertical lines hung freely from the wall and had bits of dried orange peels, clumps of



rice, and dried kelp woven throughout. It was hung up solely by the woven ropes, giving it an organic feel. Another cream coloured artwork includes small pieces of rope, tied on with small metal fish, apple seeds, and sideways metal cans which held offerings. Lastly, Cleave presented a piece which is woven from orange and white rope, and includes dried kelp, apple seeds, dried orange peels, as well as bits of rope and a cardboard cylinder carrying grains of rice. All three pieces flow freely from the wall, curving at the bottom.

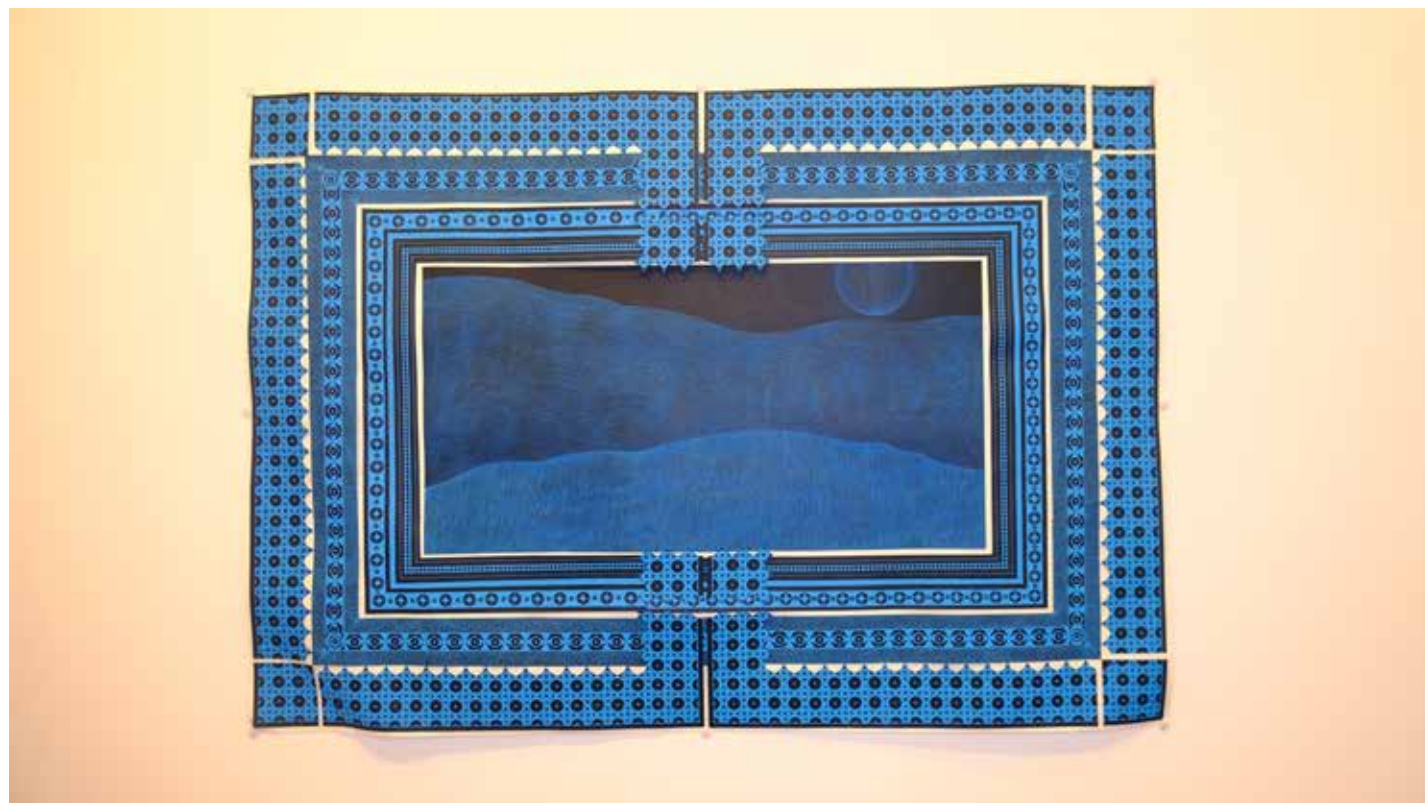
What struck me about Cleave's pieces was the interplay between two things that I believe play a significant role in any diasporic community, especially for children growing up in one: food and fabrics. Each element of their work, from the butcher's and poly rope used for weaving, to the specific items woven into the pieces are reflective of the *sonaemono* in Japanese diasporic communities. I felt that the grains of rice were especially symbolic, as they are such a staple food for many diasporic communities. The apple seeds and dried orange peels are reminiscent of fruit as a staple part of gatherings between family and friends. Besides being a practical decision, I interpreted Cleave's choice of including the seeds and peels, rather than the entire fruit, as being symbolic of these foods as offerings. Overall, Cleave's choice of materials and the way these materials are held up by these weavings and nothing else are telling of how communities support one another.

On the other hand, Chow's pieces, for me, were about the contrast in material and form. The "Scrolls" showed a contrast between the delicate, water-coloured scrolls with their light and airy designs, and the statues made of thicker cardboard and metal pieces — displaying the duality of the North Vancouver shipyards, where nature and the nautical mix. Chow's combinations of clunky, worn out found nautical objects like mooring line, chains and anchors and other metal bits and bobs with her own hand painted elements are reflective of her own creativity and imagination. The cardboard cutouts that either follow the curves of the metal pieces, or are uniquely cut into organic swirly shapes seem to reflect how Chow's creative process and reflections interact with the sights and sounds of the area.

Above all, Hassan's works were intricate and beautiful and left me stunned by their detail. Her use of traditional weavings and

designs reflects Palestinian culture and tradition, not just through the visuals but through the practice of weaving and embroidery as well. What stood out the most to me were Hassan's paper *tatreez*, where her own style and artistry really came through. The interplay between tradition and Hassan's unique, individual lived experience is reflected in how her two paper pieces have both patterns and traditional designs, as well as free flowing linework with curves. This combination exhibits Hassan's identity as a diasporic subject, and moves away from traditional storytelling to the stories of Palestinians in diasporas. The choice of using paper, rather than weaving, highlights Hassan's artistry and linework — with the imagery of a mountain range and rising sun remind me of the Palestinian landscape. The lines that make up this imagery are fluid, representing Hassan's hand, displaying their lived experience.

What stood out the most about the pieces in this exhibition were the combinations of mediums and the resulting textures. Each artist's choice of medium was bold and unmistakably their own, as each piece is easily distinguishable based on each artist's style. But ultimately, texture was



the most striking element of this exhibition on the whole. The choices of combining organic materials, old and new materials, fabrics and metals created an incredible fusion of textures that made each piece a story of its own.

The presentation of the works in this exhibition heavily contributed to how I took it all in. Rather than isolating each artist's pieces, the artist's works are presented together, alternating as you move through the gallery space. This emphasizes the uniqueness of each piece, before moving onto that of another artist's, making it a sort of pleasantly chaotic viewing experience. It's difficult to settle into the essence of one artist piece as you jump from piece to piece, but by the end of the experience, the differences shine through to reflect their individual stories and positionality.

My approach to this exhibition came from a unique place, as each of these artist's works ties back to aspects of my own identity. I was born and raised in North Vancouver, and grew up as a part of the Persian and Middle Eastern diasporic communities. Each artist's works have very different stories, styles and significance, they work together to show a range of cultural diversity that coincidentally relate to some aspect of my own

identity as well. While at first glance, these works being visually and aesthetically so different, and jumping around from one to the other felt a bit odd, they also all reminded me of home in one way or another. Whether that home be the landscapes of North Vancouver, the art of the Middle East, or family gatherings with offerings such as the *sonaemono*. This allowed me to take away how so much difference can work together so well, as each artist's reflections on their own backgrounds were ones that I could relate to, serving as a reminder of how fundamentally similar many of us are — despite cultural differences or identities. As silly as I felt walking around, taking notes, feeling all art critic-y, *Ravelling Seams: Visioning Hope* was truly an incredibly unique experience and exhibition. ☺



# Under Review

## MUSIC



### Bootlicker

#### 1000 Yd. Stare

NEON TASTE / STATIC SHOCK

17/05/24

This past July, a letter to the editor graced the pages of Victoria's local rag, *The Times Colonist*, entitled "Turn Down the Noise in Centennial Square." "We had no idea when we purchased our condo in Lower Johnson how noisy it could be," whinged downtown resident Lisa Tindell, "but the biggest surprise is the noise invading our condo from Centennial Square." Lisa is referring to *Eventide*, the slate of free weekly shows held in the centrally located Centennial Square every summer in Victoria. Usually these events are well attended, but the one to which Lisa owes this particular sleepless night was a special one. Headlined by local hardcore scene mainstays Iron Lung, the lineup also featured a killer string of punk acts including Victoria's Coup D'état, Woolworm, and our subjects today, Bootlicker. The scene at the square that night was riotous, with the pit full to bursting with battle-jacketed chain punks and ill-prepared indie kids. In the days following the event, it was many of these same attendees who took notice of Lisa's letter and latched on to one complaint in particular: "though they tout [Eventide] as music for all ages, it is clearly one dark and dystopian band after another." To which the punk kids responded in chorus, "sign me up."

So why the long preamble? I'm certainly not looking to chastise Ms. Tindell. No one is, of course, obligated to enjoy hardcore. I'd simply like to thank her for supplying the perfect language for this review, because Bootlicker's new album *1000 Yd. Stare* is concerned with nothing if not the overtly dark and dystopian. Opening track "State Property" makes their intentions clear right away with some classic blown-out drum production that peaks and buzzes with unwavering sixteenth-note drive. Bootlicker's mononymic vocalist Lewis has been honing his heaven-blessed growl to a sharp edge since at least the band's fantastic 2020 EP *How to Love Life*, and is in top form here. His relentless musings on the choking hand of the state and the "ultimate tax" of the draft may seem like tired hardcore-isms at first, but are given uncommon weight by an earworm vocal delivery that imbues the song with real immediacy. In fact, what sets this album apart from some of its more by-the-numbers contemporaries is the bevy of vocal hooks peppered throughout. Early highlight "Cannon Fodder" finds the band continuing to lament the plight of the duped soldier, with Lewis delivering the refrain "send them out as cannon fodder" with a memorably shredded wail. Of course, one can't deny the chops of the killer four-piece band backing him up. In particular, the rock-solid drum-and-bass combo of Mark and Goat refuse to let up for any longer than the few seconds' silence between tracks on the already blisteringly paced album. But the real rhythm section showcase on the record is instant rager "On All Fours," with its rollicking dum-dum-cha-cha beat and repeated drum breaks – Bootlicker evoke classic influences like the Germs and Misfits without ever sounding tired or derivative. I would be remiss not

to also give the track a nod for perhaps the single best vocal delivery on the entire record, as Lewis shouts: "resign to apathy/autonomy's haaaard!"

On past records, Bootlicker's unwavering commitment to their straight-ahead D-Beat style has won them a dedicated audience, but has also left some album cuts feeling somewhat characterless. Despite *1000 Yd.*'s breakneck runtime, the band manages to find a few spots to switch up the routine just enough to eliminate some of this sameness. "Billionaire Bunker" begins with a fuzzily brooding sonic collage, then a booming full-band march, before launching into a particularly explosive tirade against the cowardly upper classes, locked in their sound-proof shelters. "With Reason" features some viscerally satisfying guitar wailing, complemented by yet more drum and bass heroics (including a cherry-on-top bass break right in the center of the track; a surefire way to my heart). Still, tracks like "Red Serge" and "Right to Your Door," though respectable as further proof of the band's fine-tuned sound, begin to feel a bit redundant after a slew of equally hard-hitting anti-authoritarian anthems.

The only track to crack the two-minute mark, "Submission pt. III" serves as a fitting conclusion to the album and to a trilogy that began on the band's first EP back in 2017. The steely, scratching guitars underlying the repeated bark of "submit, submit, submit" put a fine point on the album's core sentiment of disillusion and disgust with our unabashedly exploitative capitalist monopoly. In Bootlicker's world, there is no 'rising above;' we've sunk too deep into the muck to do anything but thrash and spit, but damn do they do it well.

So yes, Bootlicker may be another in a steadily growing lineage of dour bands making loud music with oppressively bleak themes, but are we not entitled to that once in a while? To answer a question posed in "Turn Down the Noise:" "Can't we have music that is fun, beautiful, musical, family friendly, and uplifting?" Well sure Lisa, but as long as we keep triple-tap air striking civilians, leaving our own people to rot in the street, and allowing ourselves to be led around by the neck at the behest of corporate interest, this music just makes a little more sense. **-CALLUM RUDYK**



### Pure Anthem

#### IN MIRRORS

SELF-RELEASED (2024)

I've never taken an interest in lyricless music – which is why it was such a surprise and delight to hear IN MIRRORS' *Pure Anthem*, a vibrant collection of songs that constructs a new world around you as you listen. Artfully built from electronic and synth sounds, the 2024 EP plunges you into a light show of music and captivates you with every cinematic composition.

The title song builds up resonant layers of anticipation, immediately drawing you in. It keeps switching between crisp clinky beats, soft orchestral tones and fuzzy, crunchy sounds, always evolving to hold interest. The ending is like walking through a neon waterfall, emphasizing a few isolated lines over a background of static. Here is an intro to the journey: "Winter" brings things down, a little heavier and faster than the first song. It feels like

speeding weightlessly through a pixelated city at night, the streetlamps creating a rhythm in your periphery. This mix of angelic tones in the background and heavy, fuzzy foreground layers evoke such conflicting emotions; like moral greyness in sonic form – it’s quite incredible.

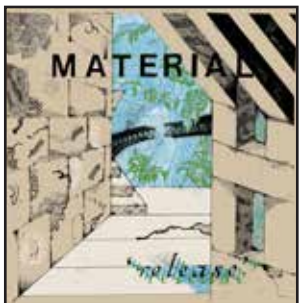
We then dip into “Champion,” a song of suspense and tension that never quite breaks. It staggers its layers, creating this echoey effect that sounds like being in a cave, unseen things lurking around every corner. The discordant notes and rhythm feel disorienting and ominous, a mysterious interlude to the high-energy tracks which surround it.

The beginning of “Angel” sounds like heaven glowing blue. As the sway of the introduction sinks into a clashing, sparse discord, it’s like being pulled out of paradise and trapped in a fearful world of beating drums, stinging guitar and a laser-like hiss. Then, the sound from the start comes back like a light at the end of the tunnel, or perhaps the middle of it. This song tells the clearest story to me, conjuring waves of peace and worry as it progresses.

“Atlantic” is like the climax of the movie, a big crescendo of conflict and suspense as it builds into a glittery, yet dark, conclusion. I like how the strings are initially isolated and sound almost pure here, when so much of the EP has been very electronic and layered – it really adds something whimsical and makes for an exciting, complex payoff as it builds.

If “Atlantic” was the climax, “Pure Anthem (Coda)” is the music that plays during the credits – a perfect end cap as you take in the art you’ve just witnessed. It rounds out the sonic journey by calling back to the first song in a shorter form, the perfect transition out of the EP’s world. Starting quiet and building up, it encapsulates both the harsh and soft, the heavy and light feeling of the music.

Altogether, *Pure Anthem* is an eclectic voyage that evokes emotion, succeeding in telling a story without once uttering a word. IN MIRRORS claims to make the “sound of strength and vivid dreams that end and result in tears,” and I wholeheartedly agree. **-ELITA MENEZES**



## Material

Release

SELF-RELEASED | 2024

Release is the 3rd studio album by the Vancouver-based band, Material. The album is eclectic of high-energy post-punk found in the late 70s and early 80s of the UK rock scene. With the album totalling just under 24 minutes, it is a short but sweet collection of sounds. Each song sounds different, yet cohesive, in the grand scheme of the record, and it is apparent that Material has refined the themes and ideas that were previously explored by their other works – as well as engaging with new ones. Before even approaching the album from an entertainment angle, I must say this is by far their best engineered album –, a complaint I had with their other works was how *amateurish* it sounded, with sub-par mixing. The vocals were often too loud or too quiet in some parts, and there were discordant instrumentals which veered too far into the red. This is because Material’s previous work often took more of a Midwest-Emo direction with its “basement recorded aesthetic.” *Release (2024)* is itself a sonically pleasing record, there seemed to be quite sufficient time put into the audio engineering – and it shows. If I had to describe the album from an entertainment aspect, I would say that “it did its job,” but it was not a revolutionary expansion of genre. It wasn’t something I have never heard before, nor did it necessarily excite me, but it did its intended purpose. It was professional, and that is what I love about this album. These are experienced musicians showcasing their talent, with beautiful and creative solos. This album was less of an exploration of theme, and

more of a refining of craft, and with this album I feel Material has established themselves within the genre. If a friend were to show me this unprompted, I would never believe they had less than 100,000 monthly listeners on Spotify – let alone 100.

Thematically the album is very straightforward, discussing the feelings of the self-titled songs; “Regret,” “Nostalgia” and “Grief.” Discussing both the experience itself and the overcoming of those aforementioned emotions. There is an obvious melodic difference between the first and second halves of the album. The former includes more up-beat lyrics and melodies, with strumming patterns reminiscent of surf-rock, and themes of melancholy. The songs “Release,” “Illusion,” “Goodbye,” and “Nostalgia,” remind the listener of bands like the Cure and Siouxsie and the Banshees. The latter half of the album slows down and offers the listener a somber experience with songs like, “Regret,” “Grief” and “Growth.” Overall, the wide range of topics and instrumentals is satisfying in many ways without feeling “samey” as the album progresses. My personal favorite would have to be Illusion, although the shortest song on the album, it leaves nothing to be desired, both the vocals and instrumentals are fiery and up-beat, the guitar riff is tasteful and not too difficult. I couldn’t help but try to replicate it on my own guitar upon the first couple listens. The solo at the midpoint is entertaining and playful, without doing too much it still shows the listener that the guitarist has a level of mastery over their instrument. *Release* is a solid album, with solid tracks that play wonderfully both as singles and as a cohesive front-to-back listen. I wish to hear them experiment more with their sound, as it’s quite evident they are talented and I’m curious where they could take the genre. This album will be sitting comfortably in my Spotify liked, and I hope to hear more from this artist in the future. Best Regards, Kii **-KIITAN OYERINDE**



## Cascadia Chronicle

Bol-Oh No

SELF-RELEASED | 2024

I would say I have no words to describe my disappointment in this, but the following 800 odd verbs, nouns, adjectives, etc., will only suit to prove me wrong. I was indeed gobsmacked into a stunned silence for many a gripping, unsettling, undoing minute afterwards, but now that I have regained my senses, I have only become more aware of the bliss that voided space was. Now, I am overflowing with descriptors, emotions, experiences, and awareness of how truly, unbearably terrible it was. I lament the time I spent so far shunted from my own body and consciousness that I could not truly perceive how wretched a state I was left in. Were I to make a choice again, I would spend a week collecting all the broken glass and rusty shards I can from across the city, collect them into one great heap, and form a nest with which I will lay myself to my grave.

Really, no one can be blamed, but myself, for holding out hope that this world could only contain a certain amount of cruelty and suffering, but time and time again this proves that in this indifferent universe, there is always room for another ounce, another meter, another mote that can make even a true god blink. This may be the last time I can afford myself such optimism, such naivete. No, were I an innocent, unsuspecting of this gruelling slog we call life, I would simply ask to be unmade, but the sins that have soaked my hands and stained my soul only merely opened my heart, mind, and third eye to how bad this is. I cannot imagine going to my grave with this experience, so I can only hope in the largeness of time I will be granted the boon of amnesia. I am screaming and smashing my fists against the gated walls of fictional media, where a bump on the head gives the grace I so dearly seek.

Cry mercy, those who read now my plight, for the angels, demons, magicians, miracle workers, or magical jackasses who may inhabit this earth to grant me intercession from this experience I have undertaken

for you. Do not follow my footsteps, the good, nor the evil. Please know that it is not worth the rot that will take deep into your marrow. “Surely,” you say, “if it is so bad, I must try, too.” This is the devil talking. This is the tempting lip above the decision to jump into the cold and dark waters that only hold ruination. Take up competitive stabbing, recreational car crashing, or even acid dipped sandpaper tasting. Anything else would only prove to be a greater way to spend your time and fragile, mortal body.

If anyone has an inside line on Maxwell’s demon, I seek to contract him to separate the particles in my body from before and the ones after, so that I can be remade whole, sans all of this. Barring him, if anyone knows a surgeon who works on the soul, even with a shaky hand and a hungry knife, I am offering top dollar. Of the stages of grieving, I seem to be spread thin across bargaining and anger. I don’t think, barring some truly horrific excising and summary disposal of my spirit into a burning dumpster willed with the off casts from a society of mournful cockroaches, I will ever truly reach acceptance, nor would I want to.

There are approximately three hundred thousand words in the average unabridged English dictionary. Were I to spend the rest of my life arranging them into the perfect order to describe exactly how awful this has been to my body, mind, soul, and spirit, it still would not come within one one millionth of how damaging it truly is. I need new words to express this. *Sprunchze. Garmptolpt. Flunnst. ArktoLvct.* These are new words, extracted raw from my lips as they escaped with air lost to the mere remembrance of the experience. Words wrought from pain, disgust, and soul-rending fear for the prospect of going on like this. Words that only capture the audible vectors of this lingering, festering memory. If you were to make them, while clawing bloody lines into your face at your face, falling to your knees on sharpened obsidian gravel, shivering like a -30 chill has sunk into your bones, and strobing a brilliantly green 200,000 lumen flashlight directly into your eyes, you might begin to understand what I went through to write this paragraph for you.

The sensorium circumstantius for this is far beyond that of the act of remembering. Bear this in mind. I do not warn you simply for the moment, but every moment after. You will be changed. It will not be for the better. If you take no heed from me but this: find a better grave, and start digging there instead. **-THE CASCADIA CHRONICLER**



## Suzy Sheer

### Euphoriphilia

BRONZE STANDARD LIVING | JULY 2024

+ + Light + + is piercing your retinas. You were on the bus home 11pm on a Sunday. Your eyelids were so heavy, but as they fell, your body did that weird jolting thing, and this time it really feels like you’re falling. And now you have to squint, because you’re face to face with highbeams ~ No, something brighter. It’s ♡ Real ♡ Love ♡♡♡ H4ve y0u 3v3r w4nt3d a cyb0rg g1rlfr13nd? Well now you’re noclipping out of reality and into Her mechanical arms!

Suzy Sheer is the collaborative project of boysinblush and tuchscreen. Released under *Bronze Standard Listening*, their latest album is a hypnagogic mesh of electronic, ambient, and post-punk experimental sound. *Euphoriphilia* calls to mind Crystal Castles’ most famous tracks, as well as *Crest* (of Bladee x Ecco2k fame). But Suzy Sheer glides even further into the hyperreal, gifting us with the audio equivalent of aspartame laced downers.

“Uncrushworthy” is past bedtime. You’re on the couch and so tired, but bed is impossibly far away. The lights are on and too bright, and the TV is airing a documentary about rare sea creatures, but all the words are unintelligible to you now. It will nevertheless remain in your subconscious for years to come. This is our postmodern fruitger aero. Drift off into the world of ambient electronica – just sleep here.

If hyper-electronic-scream was a thing, “Euphoriphilia” would fit right in. With the drums and synths and screaming, this track is a lot – in a good way. It feels like clicking an icon that makes a fun sound effect and then doing that over and over again. “Glitter” is like entering a cyberpunk club; blurred faces and a mission to complete. It has the same melancholic feel as a good breakcore track, but the synths and ethereal vocals play a main role in manufacturing that feeling here.

The interesting chord progressions and choppy lyricism make listening to “GTHRMX” such a unique experience. I wonder what that stands for. Suzy Sheer really put the “experimental” in experimental electronic with this one.

With the next track we’re all-in on the futurism again. “Kiss (No Crosses)” kind of gives a mid tempo future bass vibe, but with more noise – projecting an optimism that nicely compliments the rest of the album. The main motif is also really catchy, reminiscent of more popular edm sounds.

Finally, the album closes off with “Chain.” With a consistent beat and repetitive vocals, this track ties everything together smoothly – or as smooth as you can get with these choppy drums.

*Euphoriphilia* sounds like dissolving our dreams and sending them to storage in a cloud server. Like leaving your old life behind and entering a new, lightweight dimension. There you go in your ethanol-powered hovercar, down lanes of holographic storefronts advertising conceptual concentrate. Everything is packaged in thin plastic film. Her skin looks like it too. Her eyes look past//into you, and you know this is where you’re meant to be. The /accelerationists were right the whole time.

Suzy Sheer is a familiar yet refreshing presence in the electronic scene, with their bright lights and captivating arrays of sound. FFO daydreaming, trail cam pictures of deer, cyberfeminism. **-KAREN ZHOU**



## EKKSTACY

### EKKSTACY

JAN. 24, 2024 | DINE ALONE

Ekkstacy’s latest and self-titled album is certainly uncertain. Most know Khyree Zienty under his moniker, which is a shame, because his LP is so brutally honest it almost feels as if you should be on a first name basis with him by the end of the thirteenth track.

Zienty’s roots originate from bedroom pop – ‘bedroom’ in a purely structural sense, since he often sings about what it’s like to miss home, when home is made of someone whose heart you can’t inhabit.

Amongst the monolithic wailing guitar, even, the pounding drums which sit atop swaths of contemplative acoustics, slowly *Ekkstacy* is strips back, layer by layer, the story of someone who just wants to be understood – someone who’s tired.

In the album’s opening track “i don’t have one of those,” Zienty surrenders from the get go. A voice submerged in the reverb of a dreamy guitar sings “You make me feel at home, and I don’t have one of those.”

It’s Zienty’s attempt to build up the walls of his mind for us as we look on, which makes the crunch of the guitar in ‘luv of my life’ startling. This subsequent track is about loving someone to death. Not in the affectionate sense, rather forming a bond while toxically toying with putting your life in their hands.

We toss around these confines as the honeymoon phase of this love elapses in “i guess we made it this far” and in “alright,” Zienty borrows the drawl of Kid Laroi as the two pass around questions about this dying love in limbo. In “goo lagoon” this precariousness is quashed by alcohol and the coast. The distorted guitar is heavy throughout, the noise of a distressed mind.

The omnipresence of a lover has undercut the work's narration until now, where we meet her in "bella." It's here where Zienty reaches some kind of rationale for a romantic fixation smothered by bad memory. And as Zienty exclaims, "I just don't like remembering, and you just love pretending," one can't help but wonder who faked not noticing the other first. It seems acting like Bella isn't there mends an irrational infatuation that should've died down by now, in time for "shutting me out."

It's this motif of remembering to forget her that cuts through "problems" featuring Trippie Redd and "get me out." The two are singer songwriter-esque, supported by acoustic strums that back on to the chaos consuming "fuck" that persists until the album's end.

In a way, "chicago" and "headless horseman lost his way" are complimentary. Where the former speaks of the delusional certainty of whirlwind love, the latter is the sobriety of the morning after, the kind that leaves you floundering and guilty for attaching to a heart that isn't your own.

Zienty finishing this album's exploration that's been smeared with unhealthy love, pain and confusion with a song called "i can't find anyone" must be intentional. It admits the defeat of a battle for acceptance in a climate where the search for affection is fragile and temporary so regressing back to a muted limerence seems more dependable.

Because we're all distanced from each other by fear and words we don't know how to say. Each of the tracks *Ekkstacy* sings like the lengthy text you'll never send to an ex because it's stupid and dramatic – so *Ekkstacy* does it for you. He'll do it on behalf of all of us. **-FIONA SJAUS**



## Miguel Maravilla

### Palaban Militante

MAY 3RD, 2024 | SELF-RELEASED

After multiple listens of the project and spending weeks wondering how to approach this review, I think the best way to describe *palaban militante* is 'personal.' Miguel Maravilla's *palaban militante*, released on Bandcamp on May 3rd is dedicated to the peoples' movements in Palestine, Philippines and India. Maravilla states the album is 'borne out of witnessing ongoing peoples' struggles and that it was made 'in response to the actions during International Workers' Day.' This much is clear when looking at the cover art and listening to his lyrics, which tackle its political subject matter head on. However, the piece of information that stuck out most to me in his Instagram announcement was that the project was made in 2 days. Upon acquiring this bit of context, I finally was able to make sense and put words to this project's uniquely intimate and raw charm.

In the simplest of terms, *palaban militante* is the product of an immensely talented artist being left alone with just his thoughts and an acoustic guitar. There are songs such as the 3rd track "the people shall be Always victorious" and the 4th track 'the time is now' which feature more sonically rich production. "the people shall be Always victorious" is a particularly standout track which samples an impassioned speech by Leila Khaled about the peoples' struggles the project is dedicated to while space-y synths and a catchy syncopated drum break play in the background.

This is a stylistic departure from his *Always (LP)* project that was also released earlier this year on Bandcamp which featured much fuller and playful production. For those seeking a continuation of *Always (LP)*, the project does still offer brief glimpses into this more expansive production style in the aforementioned tracks 'the time is now' and 'the people shall be Always victorious'. These tracks really showcase the full depth of Maravilla's musicality and his knack for crafting tracks with rich instrumentation.

But once again, at the core of *palaban militante* is just Miguel Maravilla and his acoustic guitar. The majority of the songs, particularly the first two tracks, "war machine" and "sisigaw tayo," feel almost like demos or rough drafts with how sparsely the songs are produced. The tracks are all short – none of which are over 3 minutes long, and the 5-track long project comes in at just over 10 minutes. For the most part, the tracks just feature him strumming away on his acoustic guitar with the occasional layered vocal or warm arpeggio on his electric guitar as the hook. However, this is by no means intended as a criticism towards the project – as I believe this is at the core of what makes *palaban militante* such a great listen.

The project feels deeply intimate and personal, almost as if we're hearing a person's frustrations with the way of the world, straight from the source, in real time. A great way to visualise this would be to imagine it as if it were *MTV Unplugged*, and how this stripped-back sound creates a sharp contrast to the original recordings. While listening to it, you can almost visualise Maravilla rushing over to his guitar, just as his feelings bubbled to the surface and the words writing themselves. The result of which is a collection of tracks that are raw and bare-bones, but listeners will never be left in doubt regarding his feelings, or wanting more to be said. Maravilla's vocals do a lot of the heavy lifting here, his voice cutting straight through with its soft clarity irrespective of the language he sings in. The tracks "hanggang sa tagumpay" and "sisigaw tayo" have Maravilla singing in Tagalog, and despite my language barrier, he is able to express his anti-imperialist ideals all the same. Maravilla's singing always maintains a gentleness, yet manages to convey a myriad of emotions, whether it be his sadness, his frustration, and, most importantly, his hope for the future. Even with the very difficult subject matter that this project was made in response to, the project never once feels bleak. That's not to say that it offers a sanitised version of reality, the project doesn't mince words about the urgency needed to tackle the political and socio-economic issues at hand. It's just that Maravilla instead chooses to place his focus on the action needed and the possible future and victory that our actions could create.

My only critique of the project is that at times, and especially during my first few listens, it can feel a bit one-note because most of the songs do boil down to Maravilla and his acoustic guitar. This lack of variety in the instrumentation could create a feeling of monotony especially on initial listens. However, I hope this doesn't deter people from giving the project a listen as I found the project to be enjoyable and I'm excited to listen to what this artist's next project will shape out to be.

Favourite Tracks: "hanggang sa tagumpay", "the people shall Always be Victorious" and "war machine." **-MICHAEL YAP**



## P:ano

### ba ba ba

SELF-RELEASED | 2024

You're on the bus home, watching dark green trees and wet umbrellas go by. The overcast sky paints the world grey, but things are warm within the soft sweater around your shoulders. This is the world built in "a bit of coquitlam" – the first song in P:ano's latest album *ba ba ba* – through melodious, layered vocals and low strings that feel like coming home. The album contains "a sense of bewilderment and gratitude for the here and now," a soundtrack to autumn days full of wandering.

One thing that makes this album so warm is its sense of nostalgia, found in songs like the on-the-nose track "song." It feels to me like something from childhood, part of a tune from a kids' show, but through the lens of being grown up, somewhat disillusioned. The wobbly background noises, low horn and tambourine make it a head-bopper. In the same vein, "mariko" is pretty in a jingly way. Every layer of the instruments can be picked apart: the quick drum,

the dip of violin, the silvery bells throughout. The harmonies elevate the song, with the slow strings coming in to mirror the noise. The bridge contains a quick series of lyrical images and the addition of an electric guitar to the soft and mellow noise, paired with those lovely harmonies.

For more ambient background tunes, “days swing” is a slow groove to nod along with. It goes down smooth, something suited to calm days of peace. “poco trail” is quite different, but serves a similar effect – it’s a song for the day-to-day, with a quicker pace while still remaining gentle throughout. These songs are the kind that accompany daydreams, pleasant and undistracting.

The song with the highest level of energy, “mikey’s new house,” feels like speeding to the beach on a dirt road, sun setting the world alight. The development of the song, covered in a fast drum beat and harsher guitar, is a valuable show of the artist’s instrumental range in an album that is very mellow on the whole. Along with the energetic backing, P:ano keeps the same coffeehouse vocals. The incongruence is not unwelcome, but I would have liked to hear more variation to match the shift in energy.

However, the song “old shoe” threw me off – heavier, with guitars that sound far away and sting the track, but the same soft vocal. Some kind of variety could have complemented the dimensional, warbling instrumental, but it feels slightly disconnected here. This isn’t to say discordant vocals never work for them; the song “spani” feels like an eerie scene unfolding, void of that melodiousness that characterizes most of the album. It’s off-putting, and the gentle vocals create this dissonance that works well. A similar effect can be found in “what was i thinking” – there’s a strange tension between the upbeat and the unsettling, this liquid piano and soft vocal backed by echoey, fuzzy noise that’s strange and comforting all at once.

In terms of storytelling, the song that stood out to me was “leaving the salon” for its simple yet effective imagery and matching instrumental development. At the beginning, the use of a single vocalist and the soft strings create a base for the song to build from, and it does – as the speaker’s mind wanders, more layers come in, relatively light, but reflective of the internal desire of wanting to be somewhere else. The lines “painting with one colour” and “I know what supper is tonight / I know what shows we’re gonna watch” illustrate this person’s life as very monotonous and routine. Their “mind is packing its bags all the time,” dreaming of more – something many people can relate to as they float through mundanity. The line, “Is this really me?” really sets off the song, introducing quicker and relatively more intense horns and strings that continue to build until the song’s end, where the singer says “I’m not going anywhere.” The crisis ultimately ends in nothing, a retreat to the familiar, something not necessarily negative, but certainly nothing new. I think it’s a well-executed and compelling journey through someone’s thoughts, illustrated in each aspect of the song.

Whether you’re looking for unique storytelling or ambient noise, P:ano’s *ba ba ba* captures “unwieldy observations” in the form of enveloping sound. The collection is steeped in nostalgia and a sense of uniqueness within the mundane, shown through golden highs and discordant lows. The band’s latest era is a kind of music that you can close your eyes and take in, and the kind of music that takes you in in return. **-ELITA MENEZES**



## Francis Baptise

### *Sənklip, the Trickster*

SNEQSILX | AUG, 2ND 2024

Francis Baptise is an Indigenous songwriter from the Osoyoos Indian Band Reservation who is a self-proclaimed “divorced, washed-up, recovering alcoholic.” Baptise navigates being a single father and middle-aged musician while trying to survive in Vancouver supporting himself and his son off of his musician income. Baptise released his debut album back in 2022, called *Sneqsilx (Family)*,

which included songs in the endangered Nsyilxcən [nah-silk-sen] language. Nsyilxcən currently has less than 100 fluent speakers, but through his music, Baptise plays a pivotal role in keeping this language alive, practiced, and included in art through every song and each audience member that listens in. His newest album *Sənklip*, the Trickster was released on August 2nd 2024 and includes 10 songs which touch upon the topics and themes of addiction, anxiety, and missing home.

At its core, *Sənklip*, the Trickster is an album about Baptise’s experiences as a father, a recovering addict, and how he navigates his mental health. *Sənklip* translates to “Coyote” in the Syilx [see-ilk] language, and the album weaves in this cheeky, mischievous, flawed creature whose curiosity gets them into some silly little trouble. Stories about coyotes are core oral traditions to the Syilx peoples, as though passing these stories down to kids, they learn vicariously through the misadventures of *Sənklip*, teaching them lessons.

The album cover of *Sənklip*, the Trickster portrays Francis Baptise with his son – which I found so very wholesome, sweet, and heartwarming. When I spoke to CiTR’s Indigenous Collective Lead Dani Larose about the album, she noted that much of Baptise’s music is about “relearning how to be a good dad. With that context, it makes the album cover that more significant.” Baptise’s son was born and raised in East Van, and Baptise, in large part through this album, has tried to remind his son of his Syilx ancestry despite not growing up on the Rez. The concept of learning and growing through mistakes is also ingrained into the album, and we will dive into a few of the songs that stood out most to me while listening.

The second track “Work in Progress”, will connect with listeners on many levels. I could definitely see versions of myself reflected in this track, as being someone who has made mistakes and has a reputation for being a little stubborn. The lyric “I won’t admit I’m wrong, even when I know I’m wrong for sure” reminds me of some debates that my dad and I used to get into back in my teens, where I ended up being so caught up in being right that I forgot what we were discussing in the first place. This song is all about the learning that we do in life, getting into trouble, and making mistakes, and if that’s not incredibly relatable, I don’t know what is. Fucking up is something we have all done (if you haven’t, you’re lying to yourself) and this song not only acknowledges that, but also embraces the learning that comes along with it. This song feels like a reminder that we all make mistakes, but if we take those lessons and apply them to our life down the road, we can forgive ourselves for fuckeries we’ve done in the past.

“Prismatic”, the 4th track on the album, is about anxiety, withdrawal, and panic attacks. On first listen, however, you might not come to that conclusion as it’s a very upbeat song; a profound dichotomy of singing lyrics about a panic attack with an incredibly bubbly drum line and an optimistic feminine harmonizing voice. The lyrics “why are you shaking, while your partner sleeps soundly? Why can’t you breathe, tonight?” is belted towards the middle of the song, painting a vivid image of experiencing a panic attack while laying next to someone you love and someone who loves you while they are peacefully asleep. Panic attacks can feel like the end of the world, an uncontrollable body response sometimes triggered by anxiety, or perhaps in this case, by a combination of anxiety and withdrawal. However, the image of experiencing this overwhelming unpleasantness while laying next to someone who understands and loves you is comforting in some Sylvia Plath-Elliott Smith way.

“Lazy Lake” feels like it belongs in the soundtrack of an early 2000’s indie road trip coming of age film. “Tee tee mul teequit,” translating to “lazy lake,” is a song about missing home, and for Baptise specifically, missing the land and people of the Osoyoos Indian Band. On Baptise’s Track-by-Track breakdown on his website (which I highly recommend checking out.) He mentions his worries regarding if his son fully understands the meaning of being an Indigenous boy being raised in East Van, far from his ancestral land and the Osoyoos Indian Band. However, this song expresses the message that both missing home and also paving your own way can coexist harmoniously, and that when the dust settles, he is comforted in reminding himself that he and his son will return to the Nk’mip dirt along with those who came before him, and those who will come after him.

Overall, this album feels like an ode to learning, family, language, self-growth, recovery, reflection, love, and compassion. Touching on sensitive subject matter through upbeat instrumentation, Francis Baptiste expresses his experiences not only as a father, but also as an artist navigating his own journey of addiction recovery, forgiveness, and self-compassion.— FRANCIS ROGERS

## REAL LIVE ACTION

### Luella, Terrifying Girls' High School, drive your plow over the bones of the dead, Filigree Silver God

@ BRITANNIA COMMUNITY SCHOOL & COMMUNITY CENTER | SEPTEMBER 14, 2024

“Welcome to Britannia Community School & Community Center” written over a paint chipped rainbow and a mass of backpacks slumped on the side of the gym is what greeted fans of Vancouver’s hardcore and screamo scene as they walked into the Britannia Secondary School Gym to catch a show featuring filigree silver god, drive your plow over the bones of the dead, Terrifying Girls’ High School and Luella. Littered on the path to the gymnasium were chalk drawings, hopscotch courts, instructions to “do 6 jumping jacks” and parents recording their kids’ first bike rides on the school grounds set to the backdrop of *filigree silver god’s* abrasive soundcheck. These crowds seemed extremely diverse – and not just in hair colour.

The show was all-ages and it was clear from one glance at the crowd, with the ages of the fans ranging from kids who seemed like they could be students in middle school who did not realise gym class was over, to their forgetful parents, coming to pick them up 3 hours after class was dismissed. They were covered in piercings, spikes, band logos, and a lot of black. Arriving shortly after *filigree silver god* had started, a sizable crowd had begun to form around the group at the back of the gym. The vocalist was whipping their hands back and forth, commanding the massive pit to ebb and flow, almost telepathically, causing participants to thrash into each other like some emotionally broken wizard finding joy in manipulating unsuspecting townsfolk. The aggressive, guitar-led songs gave way to scenic arpeggiated passages at the stomp of the peddle board. The vocals felt like background noise, with no discernible lyrics or melody, but adding to the agonising atmosphere. The songs flowed into each other with ease, there were no words spoken, no awkward downtime, just a look between band mates before another violent cascade of sound. After *filigree’s* short but sweet set there was a brief intermission, and the crowd of leather clad punks wandered out of the gym into the school yard as the screeching guitars and distorted bass of *drive your plow’s* soundcheck accompanied frantic reactions to what everyone just witnessed. *drive your plow’s* set was just as ferocious as the act they followed. The screamo power trio conjured up a furious storm of guitar, bass and drums, as the guitarist and bassist traded off high, blood curdling screeches and low, bone shaking growls respectively. The bassist/vocalist took a unique approach to their singing, with each cry taking on an almost rhythmic quality, giving the songs a punchy feeling, providing the pit dwellers with an easy groove with which to throw around their fists and feet to. This feel was only heightened by their extraordinary drummer. Adorned in a mask and industrial grade headphones, their determination to never allow a beat to get stale kept the songs dynamic and ever changing.

Their fast, intricate fills and rapid, precise cymbal clutches made them a mesmerizing figure to watch as I tried to predict how their body would shift and flow into the next passage. The songs themselves felt like epic vignettes that never felt the need to sacrifice heaviness, building on a brutal base and stretching it as far as the band’s imagination could go. After this set the patched up, silver-spiked punks once again funneled into the courtyard, choosing to walk instead of hopping over the hopscotch courts, in typical punk fashion. Terrifying Girls’ High School were up next and at first the vocals seemed almost nonexistent – with only the faintest noise able to be made out from the front person – as it turns out, the microphone had gone kaputt shortly after the first song started. This was quickly replaced, and thankfully so, as the

front person’s presence was vital. They were the first performer to verbally interact with the crowd. They were met with cheers and applause when they earnestly told an audience member to dump their boyfriend, and an even louder round of cheers when they called for a free Palestine at the end of their set. Everything else about their performance was excellent as well. The dissonant guitar perfectly intertwined with the rhythm section and ear piercing feedback to create an uncomfortable yet oddly groovy sound. The final act of the night was *Luella* and they definitely seemed like the odd act out. The three piece composed of 2 guitarists and a drummer played music that leaned much more into a typical hardcore sound, while the 3 bands prior wore their grindy, screamo influences bright on their sleeves. *Luella* played fast, chugging riffs which transitioned into brutal and slow breakdowns that the crowd ate up and spat back into each other’s faces. The pit grew exponentially during their set, and soon it became a blur of flailing arms and legs and two steps galore. Gone were the high pitch cries for help from the other bands, *Luella’s* singer had already been to therapy and they were pissed off that they didn’t get their money’s worth. It seemed like the perfect end to the night, after all this pain and suffering that was so present in the sets of the earlier bands, *Luella* was the emotional catharsis, letting out all of the anger that had been built up over the last 3 sets. In that sense the show had the perfect venue, it’s not uncommon for young teenagers to bottle up their emotions until they have no other option but to release it in a fit of rage. *Luella* provided the perfect soundtrack of this temper tantrum, viciously chugging away while hate-filled screams roared out of the speakers and a massive crowd thrashed and flailed around like many children before them had in that same gym. —JAKE RUMBOLD

### Ignite the Arts Festival Weekend

@ MULTIPLE VENUES, PENTICTON, B.C. | MAY 2024

Nestled in the north western desert valley between Okanagan and the Skaha lake, in Penticton BC, during the first week of spring, the arts come to full bloom, as a match is lit to ignite the best of the arts in British Columbia. The three day festival, *Ignite the Arts*, is a cornucopia of artistic ventures that has featured over 70 artists at nine different venues around Penticton every spring. During the performances, there were workshops held for expressive arts, theater, songwriting and musical production. One of the workshops titled, Songs in the Round: Mental Health, entailed four different songwriters openly sharing their journey through mental health and healing. I gathered a momento from the performance – a quote, “This is a free world, why do I feel shackled and caged? Found on a Tim Hortons wrapper.”

Beginning Friday night, the festival is kicked off with the “Parade for No Reason,” featuring Vancouver local, Balkan Shmalkan, where Penticton-based and visiting artists paint the town with the glorified splendor of celebrating the start of festival season. On the Saturday, featured at Highway 97 brewery, was Dennis Hawkins-Bogle’s gorgeous storytelling of *Where is Gris Friod*, a first-person narrative of his time working as a school principal in the high arctic. Despite the tiny distractions of reciting the tale in an active brewery, the audience remained captive for over an hour, as he told his story, and offered poetic detail of experiencing the blistering -36 degree weather, and witnessing the arctic sun. At the Elks Hall, John Hamm, AKA the “*Theremin Man*,” took the audience into an illuminating, galactic world – showcasing original material he wrote using the theremin. Hamm’s lyrics were quirky, nerdy, and fun, and the audience was enthralled with the technology of how a theremin was played. Particularly, it was amusing to see how Hamm played up the galactic space-age concept with his performance. One of a kind show. At the Brit Bar, Mikenna Hope, a new emerging hip-hop artist from Kelowna, was part of a freestyle cypher. Hope’s performance was authentic and capitalized on thoughtful, genuine lyrics of activism and love for one’s community.

The festival wouldn’t exist without the masterminds of Julie Fowler and Paul Crawford. Prior to *Ignite the Arts*, Crawford and Fowler had worked in Wells BC with Fowler as the Arts Director of the infamous *Artswells Festival* for 17 years. Today, Crawford works as the curator at the Penticton Arts Gallery.—HANNAH SNIDER

from the desk of  
Dr. Phineas Winnebago...

# the STAR CANYON DIGEST

## ARIES

The twin curses of fortune are the everfear of its loss and continued wanting for more than what you have. Horizons change but are never reached. All that awaits you are new opportunities to experience disappointment.

## TAUROS

And here comes that intransigent grief, old as fire and diamond. Perhaps it is time to embrace your strange and fantastic non-belonging. You need not wait for disaster to be resurrected.

## GEMINI

Among the many destructive outcomes of our accelerating progress, chequing accounts are in retrograde once more. You must endure. Let the rain clean the river.

## CANCER

Pushed forth from sourceless wind, time fills all space like loose dust to bury worlds entire, painless darkness upon painless darkness. You fight over nothing. We all look down and see the Earth.

## LEO

Certain lyings are a necessary kindness, for we all know things that we do not believe. Welcome the gods into your personal wreckage and force the expansion of your mind and character. Remember: your heart is all muscle.

## VIRGO

Your laughter is rich as ash, but fun cannot make the day last forever. It can, however, hedge against an indifferent world, cruel in scope and at the height of its powers. A better ritual, I think, than renewing frightened vows to bones in the sand.



## LIBRA

All wars – being the most spectacular example of human failure – are lost. So where do you keep the truth? How does one describe the sounds and shadows of such extraordinary crimes to those who were not there?

## SCORPIO

A light put-out leaves behind a darkness more deep and profound than the dark it was summoned to dispatch. There is cold horror here, unsafe as a kept secret. Prepare to be alone forever.

## SAGITTARIUS

Resist compliance. Do not surrender your only self to the idea of work as presented by incumbent thought, for you do not understand the true cost of what you earn. Incur debts with abandon. Live a generous and compassionate life.

## CAPRICORN

Fate arrives silent as light, with oblitative force to whatever world it enters. Flee the coast or wait for the big one, I cannot tell you what to do. Some things are so big and complicated, it takes a long time to discover they are broken.

## AQUARIUS

Here's the fine print: there are no shortcuts to love, wisdom nor any other process by which one person attempts to understand another. I'm sorry. All minds are lonely, exploring creatures lost to exile and dreaming of return.

## PISCES

All people pretend to be people, but you like being liked too much. You ache with hope and settle into the shape of whatever you wear. Just make art and don't waste time.



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

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

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# CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

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

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6 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		DEMOCRACY NOW!	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX			6 AM
7 AM	WORDS AND CULTURE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	CiTR GHOST MIX	HARBINGER SHOWCASE	VIEWPOINTS		RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	7 AM
8 AM			QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES	OUTDOOR PURSUITS		8 AM
9 AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS				RUSSIAN TIM SHOW	QUEER FM		9 AM
10 AM		IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD	LOVE NOTES	CiTR GHOST MIX	BREAKING BARRIERS	FILM PICNIC	THE SATURDAY EDGE	10 AM
11 AM	NANCY'S PANTRY	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	UBC MEDICINE LEARNING NETWORK	JESSE'S LIT	MEDIUM GOOD (OCTOBER ONLY)		11 AM
12 PM	LETHAL REFRESH		DOGEARED	THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH	UNCEDED AIRWAVES	12 PM
1 PM		SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI	LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE	LE REETUAL	FAMILIAR STRANGERS (EVERY 1ST THURS)	WHAT'S IN THE HAT (EVERY 2ND THURS)	HAIL! DISCORDIA! (EVERY 3RD THURS)	1 PM
2 PM	PARTS UNKNOWN							2 PM
3 PM	CiTR RADIO ALL SORTS	CiTR GHOST MIX	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN		C	HARMONIC HOOLIGANS		3 PM
4 PM	CiTR GHOST MIX	TEACHABLE MOMENTS	THE REEL WHIRLED	VISUAL MEDIA	MIXO-TROPH	NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	4 PM
5 PM	UNCEDED AIRWAVES	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	ARTS REPORT	DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT	PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD	MANTRA (81-WEEKLY)	5 PM
6 PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR	GOBSTOP PERRR	I LUV U HOUR	EURO NEURO	KAFOU MUZIK			6 PM
7 PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	BACK TO THE GARDEN	AFRICA'S LIT	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANTH'S HIDEAWAY	AZZUCAR MORENA	NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTG SLOP TROUGH	7 PM
8 PM								8 PM
9 PM		CRIMES & TREASONS						9 PM
10 PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	J CHILLIN	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL				10 PM
11 PM		CiTR GHOST MIX	SAXOPHONE LA NUIT	AFTN SOCCER SHOW	COPY/PASTE	CiTR GHOST MIX		11 PM
12 AM					ONE HOUR HAPPY HAPPY FUN TIME MUZIK			12 AM
1 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX				RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	CiTR GHOST MIX	1 AM
2 AM							THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA	2 AM
LATE NIGHT								LATE NIGHT

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# CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

## September 2024

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	knitting*	<i>Some Kind of Heaven</i>	MINT
2	DOG DAY*	<i>A T-shirt with Writing on It</i>	FUNDOG
3	KALLITECHNIS	<i>MOOD RING</i>	SOUL OVER EGO
4	Potatohead People*+	<i>Eat Your Heart Out</i>	BASTARD JAZZ
5	4BPM*	<i>To you, someday</i>	SELF-RELEASED
6	estle*	<i>It's Always Been You</i>	ORANGE MILK
7	Varis Paris*+	<i>Possibly Forever</i>	SELF-RELEASED
8	Field Collector*	<i>Coils of the Unspoken</i>	COILS
9	WUT*+	<i>Mingling with the Thorns</i>	HHBTH
10	Various Artists*+	<i>DIY for DULF</i>	SELF-RELEASED
11	p:ano*+	<i>ba ba ba</i>	SELF-RELEASED
12	Teen Daze*+	<i>Elegant Rhythms</i>	EASY LISTENING
13	Fake Fruit	<i>Mucho Mistrust</i>	CARPARK
14	Boy Golden*	<i>For Eden</i>	SIX SHOOTER
15	username	<i>god bless</i>	LIKEWISE
16	Charly Bliss	<i>FOREVER</i>	LUCKY NUMBER
17	LEATHERS*+	<i>Ultraviolet</i>	ARTOFACT
18	CHANTSSSS	<i>Shyness</i>	CO: CLEAR
19	KROY*	<i>MILITIA</i>	BEHAVE STUDIOS
20	Fleur de Peau*	<i>Contre-Sens</i>	INDICA
21	THE NAUSEA*+	<i>Requiem</i>	ABSURD EXPOSITION
22	Claudia*	<i>Diss</i>	SELF-RELEASED
23	Hinds	<i>VIVA HINDS</i>	LUCKY NUMBER
24	MONO	<i>OATH</i>	TEMPORARY RESIDENCE
25	Empanadas IIegales*+	<i>Creepy Mambo: Rooftop Sessions</i>	WE ARE TIME
26	Cecile Believe*	<i>Tender the Spark</i>	AMBIENT TWEETS
27	nezsa	<i>Soul Searching</i>	EMPAWA AFRICA
28	The July Effect*+	<i>...With Your Dying Breath</i>	VETZER HARA
29	Olivia Barrett*	<i>Elsewhere</i>	SELF-RELEASED
30	Nolan Fae*+	<i>Scene After Scene</i>	CRYSTALLINUM
31	Energy Slime*+	<i>Planet Perfect</i>	WE ARE TIME
32	Gadfly*+	<i>SURA</i>	RIPSESH
33	Suzy Sheer*+	<i>Euphoriphilia</i>	BRONZE STANDARD LISTENING
34	Various Artists*	<i>Anthology of Experimental Music from Canada</i>	UNEXPLAINED SOUNDS
35	Duster	<i>In Dreams</i>	NUMERO GROUP
36	Dobet Gnahoré	<i>Zouzou</i>	CUMBANCHA
37	Web Rumors	<i>Travelling Circuits</i>	SELF-RELEASED
38	The Sylvia Platters*+	<i>Vivian Elixir</i>	GREY LODGE
39	Supermodal*+	<i>Notes &amp; Tones</i>	SELF-RELEASED
40	Kearney*+	<i>Video Nasty</i>	SELF-RELEASED
41	TWINN*+	<i>BASEMENT</i>	MALA.
42	Misyron*+	<i>Kingdom of Misery</i>	SELF-RELEASED
43	EARTH TO EMILY*	<i>SOCIALITE RODEO</i>	DITTO
44	Seefeel	<i>Everything Squared</i>	WARP
45	Malakili	<i>Malakili</i>	BLACK WATER
46	Madeline Doornaert*	<i>Broken Harbour</i>	SELF-RELEASED
47	Head Portals	<i>A Lesson In Object Permanence</i>	CASA DE PORTALES
48	Fucked Up*	<i>Another Day</i>	SELF-RELEASED
49	Francesco Leali	<i>Let Us Descend</i>	UNTIL RIOTS
50	Hotel Mira*+	<i>I Am Not Much Help</i>	LIGHT ORGAN
all tears flow from the same source			

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](mailto:music@citrc.ca). You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.

**Jackson Ramsey**  
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Justice: Live

# UPCOMING SHOWS IN VANCOUVER!

October 6  
**FOG LAKE**  
Wise Hall

October 6  
**MONTELL FISH**  
Commodore Ballroom

October 8  
**JUSTICE: LIVE**  
Pacific Coliseum

October 15  
**TONY ANN**  
Hollywood Theatre

October 15  
**SHANNON AND THE CLAMS**  
Rickshaw Theatre

October 19  
**TINZO + JOJO**  
Biltmore Cabaret

October 21  
**SAMM HENSHAW**  
Fox Cabaret

October 22  
**ROYEL OTIS**  
PNE Forum

October 22  
**OFF BOOK**  
Rio Theatre

October 27  
**PJ MORTON**  
Vogue Theatre

October 28  
**KATE NASH**  
Hollywood Theatre

November 1  
**PORCHES**  
Hollywood Theatre

November 2  
**2HOLLIS**  
Hollywood Theatre

November 9  
**WASHED OUT**  
Hollywood Theatre

November 13  
**VINCENT LIMA**  
Fox Cabaret

November 14  
**NAKED GIANTS**  
Fox Cabaret

November 16  
**TR/ST**  
Rickshaw Theatre

November 29  
**JELANI ARYEH**  
Fox Cabaret

December 9  
**SUNGAZER**  
Hollywood Theatre

December 10  
**ZEAL & ARDOR**  
Rickshaw Theatre

December 15  
**THIEVERY CORPORATION**  
Vogue Theatre

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