

DISCORDER

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June 2017

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RICKSHAW

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JUN 17 THE BLACK SEEDS
CLINTON FEARON (ACOUSTIC)

JUN 18 THE SKINTS & MIKE LOVE
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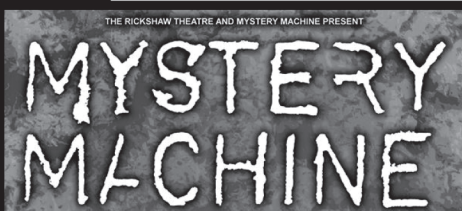
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JUN 23 OLDE WORLDE NUDISTS
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BOG, CRATERS, ALCHEMY CHAMBER

JUN 24 NINJASPY (ALBUM RELEASE)
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THE BITTER END WITH SIMON KING

JUN 28 THE BITTER END WITH SIMON KING LIVE TAPING
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In early May I ran into an old radio mentor of mine. We ended our friendship a year ago over an email thread where I called him out for burdening others with his responsibilities, and he accused me of being ungrateful. The initial sting has faded, and as recently as January I mentioned his name as someone who had positively impacted my life. Upon seeing me, he said he needed to speak his peace, and blurted out:

"You're an awful person."

I chuckled with surprise, and gave him a minute to mansplain it. I pitied him for holding onto that anger for so long. Did he think he could knock me down with a couple insults, and it would make him relevant? I wondered this while also calculating the easiest escape. Our 'discussion' ended with me saying something like, "We both said mean things," between clenched teeth.

It took a couple days to decompress and understand the nature of my own anger. He shared the attitude of so many ex-mentors — people who thought that my accomplishments belonged to them. But my successes and my failures are mine alone. Just because someone shares knowledge doesn't entitle them to take credit for an individual's ambition. Showing gratitude does not mean submission.

In a similar way that some people take credit for other people's success, some like to blame others for their own mistakes and failings. People construct their own versions of reality to protect themselves. Maybe this new reality manifests as a string of passive aggressive texts or ghosting, or maybe it's the social media exaggeration of a negative review. Who's to say.

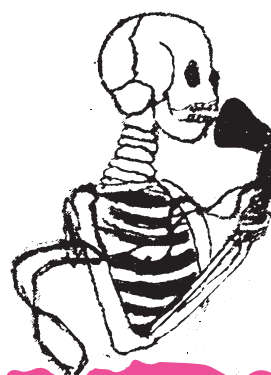
In this issue, The Shilohs get back to reality and back to the studio; Vancouver Tenants Union stands up against landowner bullies; Tintin Yang questions diversity in festival lineups; Sofar Sounds Vancouver goes on the defensive; and RLA ruffles feathers. I hope you like it.

A+

BB

P.S. Is your *Discorder* a golden ticket? 100 magazines in this month's distribution have the new Shilohs flexi stuffed inside, courtesy of The Shilohs and Light Organ Records.

P.P.S. Pull out the calendar to see the full Music Waste festival lineup on the reverse, with art by Bryce Aspinall.



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HOT HEAD

EDITOR'S NOTE: A few of this month's Hot Head submissions are written in response to the Real Live Action review of Barely Legal by Clara Dubber on page 8, posted to discorder.ca on May 17. It attracted angry feedback on social media from the event organizers, performers and their colleagues, who considered the review too mean. Some Facebook comments were directed at Clara personally. Discorder reached out to event organizers Sophie Buddle and Gavin Matts, and encouraged them to submit their feedback to Hot Head. They declined to have their responses published. We did, however, receive Hot Heads from others in their community.

GAVIN MATTS AND BARELY LEGAL

Hi Clara and Discorder,

I was not at the Barely Legal show and up until now I barely had any idea who Gavin Matts was until I saw him trying to rile up more people to inundate you with hate mail.

I just want to say I am so, so sorry for the bullshit you're having to deal with right now. How he has responded is childish, petty, and insecure, and the growing response (him doubling down, attempting to dox, and amassing a large group of friends and fellow comedians to pile onto you) is astonishing and horrifying. That I am friends with some of the people agreeing with and defending him is embarrassing.

Comedians are a different breed and as I get to know more of them I like them less and less.

As a woman I can't help but feel that the response to the review would be entirely different if the author were a man. It's frustrating to feel like I can only speak up to a certain extent for fear that the mob will turn on me next. There are a few of us watching this go down and we are all disgusted by how vile, unkind, deluded, and self-absorbed Gavin is.

From what I've seen, your responses to him have been incredibly professional, and yet he's relentless. Although he probably has no idea who I am and likely would profess he doesn't care, in solidarity with you and anyone else who has to deal with his shitty behaviour I will never attend any show that he is associated with.

He has done more damage to his reputation than any review ever could have. I can only hope that in time he realizes how needlessly mean he is and exactly how wrong he's been through all of this, and I hope the shame he feels haunts him. And if that doesn't happen then I hope that he fails at comedy and dies alone and unloved.—anonymous

BARELY LEGAL REVIEW BACKLASH

I don't know if I'm missing some integral piece of information that creates a portal to an alternate reality, but in the world I live in it's petty and fucking outrageous to respond to feedback by finding the messenger's personal information and photographs and attacking their person. Dead serious, I genuinely believe that the reaction of some individuals in our community is the most infantile and malicious response to such a minor piece ever elicited. It takes a special kind of hateful egomaniac to launch an unimaginative spiral of assault.

I don't care how sick you think the shit you produce is, no one is obligated to enjoy any or all of it and reacting like a bratty twelve year old is embarrassing for you. If you want people to give a shit about you and your work, try not to be a flaming asshole when you get a minor criticism. If you were actually confident in your project you wouldn't be reacting like this. Your insecurity is showing and it's not cute.

I just cannot conceive of a world where this kind of reaction would be productive in any way. Hate isn't funny, if you haven't figured that out by now maybe you should consider a different line of work.—Act Your Age

THESE COMICS SUCK

Are all comedians self-hating smut lords who can't take criticism, or is it a specifically Vancouver thing? I'm seriously asking.

After seeing the explosion of indignation by Gavin Matts, Sophie Buddle & friends on facebook following a negative RLA review of "Barely Legal" in *Discorder*, I was expecting to read the most hard hitting, least informed piece of arts and culture journalism this magazine had ever posted. Comedians responded to the review by screenshotting pictures of the reviewer, mocking her age, her pictures, and linking to her social media profiles. Reading the review, it barely had teeth, and their response is to publicly shame the reviewer for being a young woman?

Comedians stand on stage and say anything for a laugh, but as soon as they get out of that spotlight, they are fragile, melting snowflakes unable to take legitimate criticism that *might* just improve their craft.

Thank god for shows like "Rape Is Real And Everywhere" that prove talent, quality and nuance come out of this city's comedy scene to counter the extreme dick-head attitude propagated by these spineless turds. With any luck the group of "wounded" comics who participated in this ridiculous bruised ego fueled witch hunt, die in debt and obscurity.

Doxing isn't cute, and y'all aren't funny. Grow up.—anonymous

THE FEUD

Barely legal is trying to brand the review and all the fb shit as a "feud" but where's the feud? all I see is some folks sore about criticism and a magazine that knows when to shut up and watch them make fools of themselves.—game over

WEED POSTER

So Weed can make a poster that calls out creeps in the scene and nobody really talks about it? I'm talking about the poster for the Antisocial show April 29 that had the heads of three guys on a sword... Did I imagine it? I like that Will Anderson uses opportunities (like the poster of his band that gets a lot of hype) to call bullshit on something, like this one that literally skewered ppl that have rumours about sexual and domestic violence and misogyny. But if that's what he was doing it didn't go far enough. The poster was a whimper into an abyss of Vancouver organizers and musicians that don't hold abusers accountable because 'he features our band' 'he's a really nice person'. Why don't people talk about it? Will-- you don't live here anymore but thank you for letting Vancouver use you as a scapegoat because it's too cowardly to stand up for its own.—A/S/L





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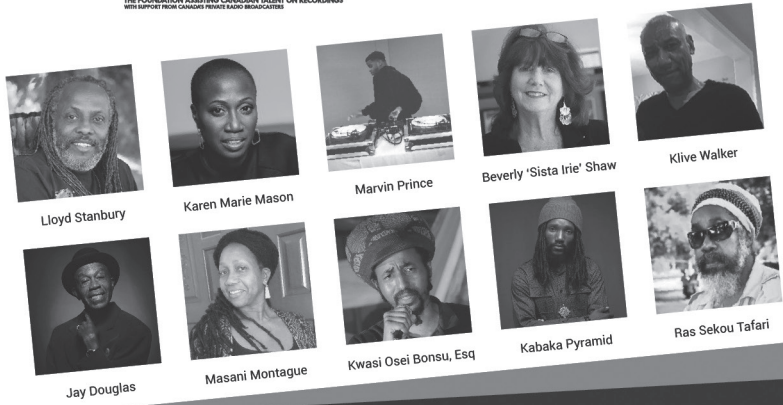
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Hot Head is *Discorder's* feedback column. We encourage any comments on the magazine or the community we serve. All submissions are welcome and will be considered for print unless they contain hateful language. To submit to Hot Head, email comments to editor.discorder@cittr.ca clearly indicating whether or not the submission is anonymous. Physical submissions can be left for *Discorder* Editor-In-Chief Brit Bachmann at the CiTR Station in the UBC Nest. To submit to Hot Head is to consent to being published in the magazine and online at discorder.ca

IN RESPONSE

SOFAR THE MIDDLEMAN OR CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE?

words by Jasper D. Wrinch // illustration by Neetu Dha

EDITOR'S NOTE: In Response is a new-ish column that directly responds to another piece of writing or broadcasting. The following interview with Sofar Vancouver's Catherine Hodgson is in response to "A New Guest at Your House Show: The Middleman" by Emma Silvers, published to KQED Arts April 28, 2017.

In Emma Silvers' article, Sofar Sounds is revealed to be a multi-national \$22-million company that hosts exclusive house shows in 350 cities around the world, profiting off musicians that don't see even a sliver of that wealth, and actively perpetuating the idea that getting paid in "exposure" is adequate compensation. What the article fails to reveal is that only a fraction of the cities that host Sofar shows operate under that model, and most are actively trying to undo those harmful frameworks.

Only eight Sofar cities, including San Francisco — about which the article was written — have paid employees. Sofar Vancouver and the other 341 cities are entirely volunteer run, with Vancouver's team hosting 1-2 shows per month. While technically under the umbrella of Sofar Global, the team in Vancouver is largely independent from the organization, and operates with little guidance from its global namesake, aside from occasional check-ins from Sofar's Global Community Manager, Chris Winfield-Gryt.

"What surprised me about the article was the lack of communication that it sounds like other cities are having with

their artists," says Catherine Hodgson, director of Vancouver's Sofar Sounds chapter. "I felt so bummed out because that's been something I've worked so hard on here." Sitting down with *Discorder*, Hodgson breaks down the realities of the Sofar model in Vancouver, both economically and ideologically.

The financial breakdown of a Sofar show is just about the most sour note within Silvers' article, because it shows the organization to be so unabashedly exploitative of the musicians upon which it depends. Silvers calculates that at a particular San Francisco show, Sofar took in approximately "\$1,500 — thirty times more than each band's pay." While those figures are abhorrent, there are stark differences between the finances of Sofar in San Francisco and Vancouver.

First, Sofar Vancouver tickets are still pay-what-you-want, with a suggested donation of \$10, and no one turned away for lack of funds. From what is collected at the door, "money is taken off the top for expenses specific to that show," Hodgson says — things like audio equipment rentals, compensation for artists' transportation, and \$50 for the audio person.

"From there, we split the money 70-30 — 70 per cent goes to the artists, 30 per cent to our Sofar bank account, which goes towards our running costs in Vancouver, like banking fees, google storage, lights," she explains. "It's an average of \$30-\$60 that we keep at any given show." The

remaining 70 per cent is divided evenly between the three acts. They are then given a choice between their cut or a professional live video of their performance, in which case their money goes to the video and video editors.

While it's not the highest paying gig, for the artists and those who put on the show, Sofar Vancouver makes a deliberate effort not to keep anyone in the dark over their finances, let alone profit at the expense of artists. Hodgson says that around "one artist every four months chooses the money over the video." For most artists, the value of getting a professionally-made live video exceeds what their share of the door would be. "I try really hard to be open and transparent about what Sofar is, and what the options are for them," she

explains. "They are in control of saying yes or no, right off the bat. We give them all the details up front, so they can decide what's best for them."

The main source of revenue for Sofar Global is not from shows, apparently — it's from Youtube ad revenue. "That's always been the way they see profit," says Hodgson. The videos produced from all the shows across the globe are uploaded to Sofar Sounds' Youtube channel. And because they are all combined together, that money isn't filtered back to the cities that produce the videos, let alone the artists performing in them.

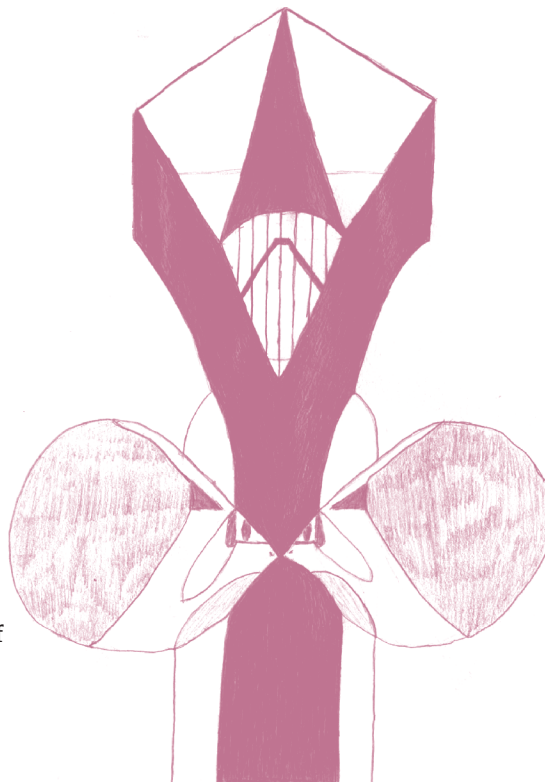
Hodgson acknowledges that there is a need for improvement within the Sofar model. "In terms of business, it's still really young — it only started in 2009," she says. "The way I see it, they were making videos and putting them up, just riding that wave for so long. But now, it's this gargantuan thing, and I don't think they even know where it's going. They have to take a serious look at how to keep it sustainable and transparent." The disconnect between Sofar Global and many of its cities across the world, including Vancouver, is apparent — those who are producing the vast majority of the content through which Sofar makes its money don't see it returned.

While one might think of breaking away from the Sofar name and all the controversy surrounding it, Sofar Vancouver is still hesitant. Despite their independence, Sofar Vancouver is inherently connected to groups of like-minded people all over the world through the brand. "That, to me, is the main thing I'm holding on to," says Hodgson. By cutting ties with the name, they would be distancing themselves from a vast network of valuable contacts, that they often call on to help local artists plan tours abroad.

Hodgson still believes that "Sofar can viably be a for-profit company as long as we're giving that profit back to the people that deserve it and make it happen." That means paying artists who perform in living rooms across the world; that means compensating the thousands of volunteers putting in countless hours of work to make these shows happen; that means calling out the inequity within the company wherever it springs up; that means maintaining communication and dialogue between every level of the organization. Hodgson says, "I'm constantly sending Sofar Global emails with my thoughts on how it can work better and be more sustainable for everyone involved."



You can learn more about Sofar Sounds Vancouver by visiting sofarsounds.com/vancouver. For Emma Silvers' "A New Guest at Your House Show: The Middleman," kqed.org.



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ONLY A VISITOR

LINES DRAWN INWARD

WORDS BY MAXIMILIAN ANDERSON-BAIER
// ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARIA CENTOLA
// PHOTO BY ANDI ICAZA

Nestled amongst tables, I sit with Robyn Jacob of Only A Visitor. The coffee, something called a clover or a dover, seems overly caffeinated. My legs are all jitters and my mind jogs. “This is the most drugged up coffee you will ever have,” she laughs as we fall into conversation.

Since their 2015 debut release of *Tower Temporary*, Only A Visitor has provided Vancouver with music as energizing as an elaborate caffeinated beverage. Fronted by Robyn and accompanied by drummer Kevin Romain, bassist Jeff Gammon, and vocalists Emma Postl and Celina Kurz, Only A Visitor weaves a sound impactful and fresh. Genre muddling, *Tower Temporary* found Robyn establishing a distinct voice. Between minimal and nearly neo-classical piano, mounting vocal harmonies and stuttering jazz rhythms, Robyn dives into cryptic imagery centered on both the personal and the abstract.

But if *Tower Temporary* found Only A Visitor laying the groundwork of their sound, their newest release, *Lines*, acts as a further exploration, an exclamation point on an already established sentiment. “As a group we have become more excited about the project,” she explains, and this rising enthusiasm is apparent. *Lines* illustrates a greater refinement than its predecessor, something which Robyn attributes to a growth in intimacy, “for *Lines* I have tried to write more for the members of the band, more specific to what they do.”



“Canada is built upon erasure, especially Vancouver. I find it really satisfying to dig stuff up. And it’s there. The information is out there.”

“It is a new thing for me. I am trying to explore working with other disciplines. I really like collaboration and it is another great learning opportunity.”

The addition of dancers serve as a marker of Robyn’s willingness to collaborate with surrounding creative communities. “I could not be doing what I am doing without their support. I am constantly asking people for ideas [...] from all facets, from the improv jazz scene to the indie D.I.Y. scene. And I think that is something our band is able to do well, to go back and forth between scenes.”

This openness to collaboration, however, does not suggest that Only A Visitor is steering away from deeply personal subjects. If *Lines* hosts a set of pervasive themes filtered through an individualistic lens, Robyn insists that her next project will be defined by greater cohesion, while still pertaining to the personal and intimate. “I am working on a concept album,” she states. “It started out as a research project into my family’s immigration history to this area. Specifically to my mom’s side of the family, who are Chinese, and just digging up the history of this area in terms of Chinese diaspora. It was really fascinating to me, especially thinking of Canadian identity and identity in general, so it kind of bridges into my activism but it also bridges into me.” In this process, we see the maturing of a creative technique. Just as *Lines* uses the personal to extrapolate and explore larger, pervasive forces, Robyn’s search for identity vocalizes silenced and forgotten histories. Past policies of racism and white

supremacy are revealed. “Canada is built upon erasure,” she continues, “especially Vancouver. I find it really satisfying to dig stuff up. And it’s there. The information is out there. And you don’t know it unless you seek it. It isn’t just handed to you.”

Buried within this exploration of themes daunting and grave, however, Only A Visitor remains dedicated to infectious melodies. Not all art needs to host thoughts long and winding, a point Robyn keeps firmly in mind. Despite dealing with subjects of significance, she still wishes “to make just songs.”

And it’s this ability to house two warring and contradictory notions, beauty and exposition, which makes Only A Visitor so striking. In the pop skeletons of *Tower Temporary* and *Lines*, the listener finds something both ethereal and fleshy. As the voice of Robyn tangles up with those of Emma Postl and Celina Kurz, one is overcome by its angelic nature. But depth is found in the sublime and the personal.



Before embarking on a cross Canada tour, Only A Visitor will be playing at the Red Gate Revue Stage on June 16. On this date, their debut full length album, *Lines*, will also be available for streaming and purchase. For more information onlyavisitor.bandcamp.com, or follow them on social media.



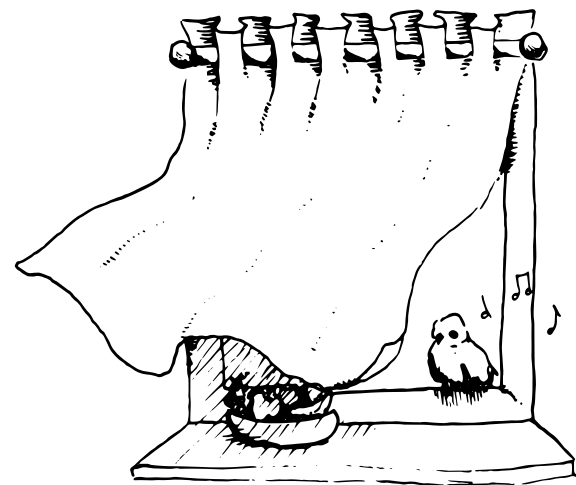
Though *Lines* finds Only A Visitor blending further into an intertwined unit, the themes at play remain diverse and vast. Contending with notions of feminism, the natural world and the trauma buried within history, the listener is served a smorgasbord of compelling images. Robyn attributes this thematic diversity to the nature of her creative process, stating, “I would experience something and I would go and have a writing session and it [these themes] would be the foremost thing on my mind. So, I would write about them. And it came to be they [these themes] imbued the tunes very heavily.” It is this approach to writing, steeped in the personal yet strikingly universal, which lends Only A Visitor an edge.

Yet, Robyn sees room for growth. At their June 16 tour kick-off and album release show at Red Gate Revue, for instance, Only A Visitor will be accompanied by dancers. “They are from the Two Big Steps Collective,” she notes,

THE SHILOHS

DISJOINTED,
DISILLUSIONED
--and--
BACK FOR MORE

words by Elijah Teed
illustration by Emily Valente
photo by Duncan Cairns-Brenner



"Anytime you take three years off to make a record seems like too long to me."

Johnny Payne isn't one to mince words, even if it's at the expense of his band's work ethic. Joined by fellow Shilohs member Ben Frey in the dimly lit Guys & Dolls pool hall, he's quick to shrug off Frey's point that a lot of bands take big gaps in between albums: "Yeah, but they all suck."

Fortunately for Payne, The Shilohs don't suck, despite their disappearance after the release of their self-titled LP back in the summer of 2014. While it's hard to pin down exactly why the band wound up taking such an extended hiatus, Payne points to an underwhelming tour in support of the album as an initial destabilizer.

"We put out the record and we went on tour with The Fresh & Onlys that summer. It was a really long tour, all over the States, and I don't know — it was fine, but it was a bit demoralizing," he says. "A lot of the shows were fun, and a lot were just dead. We were tired at the end, and when we came back no one really wanted to play or practice."

"We were on high momentum for about two years," Frey adds, citing the release of their previous record (*So Wild*) in 2013, their subsequent tour with Real Estate, and putting out *The Shilohs* in quick succession. Frey continues, "The next step should have just been there for us, instead of kind of starting from square one again."

Although The Shilohs did get back into the studio shortly after their initial post-tour slump, the push to put out new material wasn't enough to overcome the pull of other pursuits.

The band's bass player, Dan Colussi, moved out East to attend graduate school, and Payne left to Valencia, Spain for the better part of a year with his partner.

"I just needed to get the hell out of here," Payne explains. While some of his time in Spain was spent writing new songs and analysing the mixes The Shilohs had finished before he left, it was also an opportunity to get away from the routines of life in Vancouver, and enjoy simpler pleasures.

It's a big part of your life, basically your entire twenties, to spend with four guys making music. It seemed worth addressing in songs."

The Shilohs' next full-length album won't be out for some months still, and while Frey and Payne are careful about revealing too many details, they do explain that the upcoming record reflects a lot of the recent experiences and changes they've undergone. Payne talks about their disillusionment with the music industry and show business, as well as ruminations about the band itself, as focal points of the new album.

"It's a long time," Payne says of the band's eight year history. "It's a big part of your life, basically your entire twenties, to spend with four guys making music. It seemed worth addressing in songs."

At the moment, the duo are excited about their new single, "Sleep City," a song Payne and Frey collaborated closely on with local artist and producer Malcolm Jack. Compared to the '60s-style pop songs that The Shilohs are best known for, "Sleep City" stands out in its psychedelic embrace. While conga drums beat in the background and guitars duel over open chords, Payne's voice takes on an uncharacteristic mysteriousness as he sings a forgotten history of Victoria, B.C.. It's an infectious tune, and one that came about through an interesting writing and recording process.

"Before I went to Spain, I spent a bunch of time in Victoria, and it was really hot that year," Payne says. "I had a bunch of weird lyrics and imagery based on things I remembered from Victoria that were gone."

He lists the monolithic woolly mammoth in the Royal B.C. Museum, the figures from the former Royal London Wax Museum, and the Princess Marguerite (a luxury cruiseliner that sailed from Victoria to Seattle from the 1960s to the 1990s) as inspirations for "Sleep City," all of which come up in the song's lyrics.

"It was so hot one day that I started laughing thinking about the wax museum and if it could get hot enough that all the figures would melt, and just how funny that is, to think about all these celebrities and historical figures just melting like that Vincent Price movie," Payne continues, "It sort of tied everything together, as far as something that was once great, like fame or a beautiful landmark that you think is timeless, but everything eventually disintegrates."

Upon returning from the island, Payne took the ideas he had to Jack and Frey, and the three of them began experimenting and developing "Sleep City" in a shed behind The Lido. The collaborative effort saw them bringing in patrons from the bar to listen to the song, or even try singing parts. Accompanied by "All the Best," a new b-side written and recorded before "Sleep City" came to fruition, The Shilohs' single will be released as a flexi disc, 100 of which will be included in select issues of *Discorder*, with more available in record stores across the city. Through the flexis, Frey and Payne hope to represent the idea of tangible decay that underpins the lyrical content of "Sleep City" itself.

In the meantime there is still a lot to figure out, as The Shilohs prepare for an upcoming album and potential tour without a full band at the ready. But, with the new single and a renewed sense of focus, here's hoping The Shilohs can pick up some of that momentum they've worked hard to accrue.

Were you one of the lucky 100 to get a copy of "Sleep City" in your mag? If not, pick up the single at your nearest record store, and keep your eyes peeled for The Shilohs' upcoming album scheduled for release on Light Organ this fall.

LYDIA AINSWORTH / NASHLYN

MAY 4 / FOX CABARET

Lydia Ainsworth descended to the stage. In her wake, a duo of dancers, donned in dark drapery, wore steely masks. Their movements matched the music, projecting with constant velocity, their bodies like objects floating and twisting seemingly as if they were coming from a place void of gravity. They fed off each others flows, communicating in a way akin to a capoeira conversation.

All this as Ainsworth opened with “The Road,” a song that exemplifies her sound: a powerful contralto voice, accompanied by very deep bass and lyrics that are generally lucid, existential, and romantic. An MC Ride dop-pelganger accompanied Ainsworth on midi-drums, and despite there being only two musicians on stage, the crowd at the Fox was entertained by an intoxicating mix of music.

The room was full but not packed, and despite her energy and the dancers on stage, the crowd made a collective decision to stand still. My hyperactive legs resigned to this fact, as I stood, closed my eyes, and swam in her sound.

Listening back to Ainsworth’s album, I get the feeling that she brought more energy, volume and intensity to her live show than on the record — though her album is by no means tame. This could very well be an impression based on the milieu of a live performance versus a recording played on headphones, but there is no doubt that Ainsworth is the real deal — she has both range and power.

She played mostly through her newly released album, *Darling of the Afterglow*, but also played “Moonstone” and “Hologram,” two of the stronger tracks from her 2014 album *Right from Real*. Her encore performance, a cover of Chris Isaak’s 1990 hit “Wicked Game,” sent chills down my spine.

Nashlyn opened the night, and impressed me with what a one-person show can do nowadays. Equipped with a guitar, a voice, a laptop and a mixer, she created a breadth of sound that was an excellent prelude to the main act. Her simple barre chord strumming, airy vocals and life-and-love lyrics were solid. My only quarrel with her performance was her decision to stand so far back from the edge of the stage. While only about six feet back, the crowd matched this distance and therefore abated a level of intimacy that could have been.— *Paul Rozehnal*

BARELY LEGAL: AN UNDERGROUND COMEDY SHOW

MAY 5 / SLICE OF LIFE GALLERY

Sophie Buddle and Gavin Matts host Barely Legal, a secret stand-up show held on the first Friday of each month. With an ever changing lineup, this platform showcases a wide range of performers, from local talent to more established comedians from abroad. Without openers or headliners, the sets were instead piled with weaker sets at the beginning and end of the night and the strongest in between.

The May 5 show was held at Slice of Life Gallery, which offered drinks and craft donuts to attendees. The venue was small without being cramped, despite selling out seats, necessitating a wall of bodies in the back. A haphazard stage made up of a few boxes covered by a rug sat in the corner, with rows of benches and chairs scattered around it. While the performers seemed sometimes unsteady, to the audience the stage felt more like an elevated plane of a living room than a stack of crates.

Buddle wasn’t able to host this instalment, leaving Matts to MC alone, warming up the audience with a short innocuous set before introducing the first performer, Kyle Bottom.

Being the first set, Bottom lacked ease and confidence. Each joke was an island and he did not buoy this choppiness with compensating material. His marijuana jokes were banal and his homelessness bit was disrespectful.

Randee Neumeyer, another local, followed Bottom with a similar lack of continuity, but dissimilarly observant humour. Her lack of flow sometimes acted to punctuate her sharper points, but that seemed more of a happy accident than an artistic choice.

Third was Langston Kerman. Hailing from N.Y.C., he brought an experience and culture of audience participation into the space. He lifted the energy and never let it fall, expertly eddying his set around the audience. At times it felt like he was phoning it in, but he is so talented that his phoning was still quality comedy.

Then came Michelle Buteau, who had the strongest set of the night. Also

from N.Y.C., she carried over Kerman’s energy with a set that was organic and strong, gracefully bounding through topics between audience interactions that she ensured lent themselves to her material.

Cory Michaelis was able to build up to and execute each punchline but not build on their momentum, resulting in a mountainous set. Alternately, Ashkan Mohammadi built his set up halfway and then plateaued. His set was not low-energy and engaging, like Ron Funches’, but drawling and heavy-lidded.

Jacob Samuel’s comedy was consistent and well executed, with no exceptionally bad or good pieces. Finally, Chris James closed the night with a well-meaning, but slightly boring set. He acted as a stand-in host for Matts, who had to leave early.

In the end Barely Legal was a surprisingly good comedy show. Despite the hosts’ absences, it was well-curated and organized, and Buddle and Matts were able to both bring in incredible comics and make a platform for local comics to hone their craft in a generous space.— *Clara Dubber*

Nashlyn photo courtesy of Frances Shroff.



TIMBER TIMBRE / THE WOODEN SKY

MAY 5 / VOGUE THEATRE

The Wooden Sky opened to a seated audience that simmered for Timber Timbre. The band was polite about it, though — they didn’t demand cheers or applause, but earned them with their brand of twang-tinged indie psych rock.

Hailing from Toronto, The Wooden Sky was stripped down to three touring members. They played a good balance of old songs and new ones off the recently released *Swimming in Strange Waters*. “Black Gold” came near the beginning of their set, hinting at the political undercurrent that would later define Timber Timbre’s set. Lead vocalist Gavin Gardiner’s banter was reserved, peaking at the mention of his 6-month old niece in the audience.

Indeed, The Wooden Sky’s performance certainly had a homey and familial vibe to it. While musically The Wooden Sky were tight, they lacked the energy expected from an opener. It wasn’t memorable.

Backlit orange, Timber Timbre opened with the post-apocalyptic “Sewer Blues” from their latest *Sincerely, Future Pollution*. The audience swarmed the front, beginning to sway in a unison that persisted for the set. “Hot Dreams” was met with purrs and cheers, as vocalist Taylor Kirk baited the audience with a light-hearted “shhhhhh, come on people.” Noticeably, every mention of “babe” was replaced with “man” and “buddy.” As the song teasingly came to a close, the audience cheered and whistled in anticipation.

It was followed immediately by a newer song, “Western Questions,” with swift-moving verses addressing the politics of colonialism — “Western questions / Villages moving / The

visitor sailing in / Drifters / Grifters / Spanning sifters looking for a flash in the pan / International witness protection through mass migration / The imminent surrender of land / Tucked in safety at the counter of a luxury liner with a noose in my hand.” I would argue this was the high point, when Timber Timbre transported the Vogue into a holy and wholly separate dimension. But when the song ended, the crowd clapped with some uncertainty. Just shy of a month after the release of *Sincerely, Future Pollution*, the audience still needed time to fall in love with the new stuff.

At some point, Kirk commented on the hushed audience, which was made even more obvious by one annoying concert-goer that demanded, “PLAY ‘DEMON HOST’” between every song. Kirk rebutted, “Stay quiet, we like you like that Vancouver city,” before playing “Do I Have Power.”

And Timber Timbre did have power, rendering the audience gleefully submissive. So submissive, in fact, that when the band left the stage, there was a painful pause before the crowd remembered to cheer them back on. When the set truly ended, Timber Timbre turned off their own amps before leaving the stage, and didn’t look back. The audience left the shelter of the Vogue, and spilled back onto the cesspool of the Granville strip. — *Brat*

VANCOUVER OPERA FESTIVAL PRESENTS TANYA TAGAQ

MAY 12 / VOGUE THEATRE

The crowd on Granville Street filed into the Vogue and scrambled for seats nearly an hour before the show was to start. Presented by the inaugural Vancouver Opera Festival and sold-out days before, the bustling theatre was patiently waiting for Tanya Tagaq, the Polaris Prize-winning Inuk experimental musician, visual artist and accomplished throat singer.

After a long wait, the lights dimmed and a handful of people stepped onto the stage, taking their place on the riser at the back. Looking nervously off stage from where they had just come, they waited as a few more followed. Trickling out over the next few minutes and building the anticipation in the theatre, a choir amassed, eventually spanning the entire back of the stage in three rows — at least 50 strong.

Then, after another moment of suspense, Tagaq strode out, joined by choir leader Christine Duncan of the Element Choir, drummer Jean Martin and violinist Jesse Zubot. “Sorry, we were downstairs in the green room,” said Tagaq. “We had no idea. We were just chatting away.”

Before playing, Tagaq took a moment to address the audience. Casually, she explained that the set would be entirely improvised, and that maybe, only maybe, would they find themselves playing something from her latest record *Retribution*. Tagaq also drew attention to her long crimson dress, explaining that it was made for her by Indigenous designer Tishna Marlowe. The bodice was decorated with her own birth stones, as well as her mother’s and daughter’s, and the red colour represented missing and murdered Aboriginal women. “Please, never be silent about that,” she said. “Okay, now for some music.”

Slowly, they began. Sparsely scraping and tapping his drums, sending the sounds through delays and distortions, Martin created a soft and dark wash of sound. Zubot lightly droned his violin, dragging his bow across the strings to unveil rich and dissonant textures and squeaks. As the two musicians gradually built up a deep and foreboding sonic atmosphere, Tagaq stood at centre stage, with her head bowed, swaying as if entering a trance. Finally, as the soundscape reached a crescendo, Tagaq joined in. Her guttural, breathy and never static throat singing cut through the wash of sound and impregnated the music with urgency and vitality.

With her back to the audience, Duncan, waved hand signals at the choir and brought their voices to life. I’d never seen a choir improvise before. Keeping rhythm in staccato bursts or shrieking to heighten a moment’s intensity, the choir filled out the stage without the need for harmony or lyrics,

Lydia Ainsworth photo courtesy of Frances Shroff.





Sugar Candy Mountain photo by Lucas Lund.

directed by Duncan's deft movements.

In one continuous surge, Tagaq and her support warped and weaved their sounds together, never fully blending in and never wholly standing out. They moved through the set as if they'd done it a thousand times before, but still with the excitement of not knowing what was coming next. Tagaq was never still, twisting and contorting her body to the music, physically becoming part of the sound. At one point, Tagaq even drifted off the stage, still singing from behind the curtain, as if the music had consumed her, and all that remained was her voice.

The crowd around me was entranced. Most sat still, eyes wide and mouth open to the almost instinctual display of musicality on stage, while others let their eyes close, and their head roll and bob around, completely engrossed in sound.

After over an hour-long torrent of music, the band went quiet. After a moment of disorientation, the audience snapped out of the trance and gave a standing ovation. Martin and Zubot bowed and left the stage, and Tagaq brought out Shamik for an all-vocal encore. While Duncan led the choir, Tagaq almost conversationally throat sang to the beatboxing Shamik. While it definitely lacked the power and emotional resonance of the main performance, it showed a playfulness and versatility to Tagaq's otherwise intense sound.

In a daze, the crowd slowly shuffled down the aisles, and out of the theatre. —Lucas Lund

KIKAGAKU MOYO / SUGAR CANDY MOUNTAIN / THEE MAGIC CIRCLE

MAY 18 / COBALT

How do you review a show when you were moshing for half of it? I'll try to pull apart the experience from the torrents of shoulders and sweat that is the most beautiful human experience: the friendly mosh. A nice mosh really enforces my faith in humanity.

Rarely do all three acts at a show deserve to be the headliners, but on this occasion at the Cobalt, Thee Magic Circle, Sugar Candy Mountain and Kikagaku Moyo could have taken that spot.

Thee Magic Circle came on first. The Vancouver-based group consisted of a drummer, three guitarists, a bass player and a tambourinist. Each member was dressed in a time warp back to the psychedelic '60s, save the drummer. Their sound was hypnotic, but full of energy. Each guitarist had their turn singing and each sounded different — from drawn out to acid rock. They made you want to dance, but it was the first set so the elements in the crowd had yet to twist into more volatile compounds.

The second act, Sugar Candy Mountain, was the most technically skilled band of the three. Drummer Will Halsey's jazz-inspired playing felt improvisational and exciting as he created new rhythms every few seconds, while the rest of the band — a guitarist, bassist and keyboardist — worked for him. By their second song, I lost myself to dance, so I can't really tell you what their visual stage presence was like. I will repeat: their drummer was a gift from the heavens.

The main act, Kikagaku Moyo, was awesome. "Kikagaku Moyo" translates to "geometric patterns" which gives an idea of what kind of music they played. It was less fractally and improvisational than I had imagined prior to the show but they executed their repetitive, trance-like tones to perfection,

and the raw power and balance of their instrumental songs helped fuel the aforementioned mosh. Vocals were minimal if at all present — instead they focused on flawless transitions and synchronous playing, with riffs and licks atop smashing barre chords.

If you weren't in the pit, you probably didn't have the space or desire — or perhaps courage — to dance. Immediately next to the sweaty mosh, the crowd was essentially static: a stoic solid surrounding a massively energetic ball of liquid, sloshing, breaking barriers, appearing, disappearing, evaporating and sublimating, somewhere in the pit. While the moshers were a heavy minority that night, I am certain they (we) had the most fun.—Paul Rozehnal



Thee Magic Circle photo by Lucas Lund.

!!!

To have a live show considered for review in *Discorder Magazine* and online, please email event details 4-6 weeks in advance to Jasper D. Wrinch, Real Live Action Editor at rla.discorder@citr.ca.

RLA is also expanding to include comedy and theatre, among other live experiences. Feel free to submit those event details to the e-mail above.

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ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY'S
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JUNE 22

THE RIO THEATRE'S VINYL CABARET
A TRIBUTE TO STUART MCLEAN

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DAZED AND CONFUSED
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FESTIVAL LINEUP DIVERSITY

BE BETTER

words by Tintin Yang//illustration by Amy Brereton

In 2016, a record-breaking 180,000 people attended Pemberton Music Festival over the festival's four days, similarly, festival attendance world-wide is climbing. As festival season has officially kicked off with the arrival of summer, I pose the age old question: Where are the femme, non-binary, and trans musicians?

While the demographics for music festival attendees are almost evenly split between female and male, on stage there is a noticeable imbalance. Before it was cancelled, Pemberton's planned lineup featured 65 acts in total, including only seven all-female groups and nine mixed-gender groups. Unsurprisingly, this trend continues across the majority of North America's big music festivals. According to an investigation conducted by the *Huffington Post* that looked at 10 popular music festivals in 2016, only 22 per cent of the acts weren't entirely made up of cisgender males, and it goes without saying that headliners specifically tend to be male-dominated.

With statistics like these, it's obvious that music festivals have a gender problem. To that, festival organizers have been quoted responding that gender imbalanced lineups are a product of inequality within the music industry.

Systemic sexism certainly plays a role in homogenous festival lineups, regardless of music genre. Although women dominate pop music charts, female pop artists aren't usually among those who are asked to headline and perform at events like Coachella or Lollapalooza. *Billboard's* 2015 investigation into genres and demographics at Coachella suggests that electronic and 'indie' artists are the most prevalent festival performers. While the independent music community seems to establish more inclusivity at large events, the electronic music scene in particular still seems to be one of music's biggest boys clubs.

Another argument that promoters and organizers simply book whomever's popular and available is also problematic because it favours bands that have more funding for promotion. After all, how can promoters seek out bands that aren't financially able to 'put themselves out there?' Perhaps it's the way that organizers go about seeking artists for their festivals that don't prioritize gender parity either. It seems like organizers aren't willing to scout for musicians that represent diverse perspectives, that it's more convenient to fill lineups with similar-sounding bands that fit the so-called "vibe" of so many music festivals.

Having an imbalanced festival lineup is not only reserved for the 'big' music festivals. FVDED In The Park's modest 36 artist lineup will only have two women gracing their stage in Surrey's Holland Park this



July. After seeing a lineup like this, it's easy to assume that the gender distribution reflects how few female electronic artists are out there. However, a quick trip over the border to Seattle's TUFFEST tells a different story. TUFFEST which features only female, non-binary, and trans electronic artists show that there are female DJs and electronic artists. And furthermore, TUFFEST proves other bookers and promoters are just being lazy.

Justice McLellan, employee at Zulu Records and one of the lineup coordinators for Khatsalano Music Festival admits that the 'gender problem' found in many festival lineups might have to do with a shortage of female, non-binary, and trans bands represented by booking agents, managers and labels. "Having [booking agents on a band's] side is going to help you get slots at ticketed festivals. A very high percentage of the bands pitched to the festival by agents are male rock bands."

Gender diversity is, according to Justice, a top priority of Khatsalano's. Justice ensures this is accomplished, in part, by having an application process that doesn't favour bands with the backing support of booking agents and labels. "Khatsalano is a free festival focused on local Vancouver talent. We don't book many bands through agents, if any."

Having cisgendered male-dominated lineups not only makes for homogenous festivals, but also perpetuates a certain atmosphere of the music community. A lack of female representation on larger stages may implicitly contribute to the rhetoric that female, trans, and non-binary artists only fill a very specific niche in music. The lack of diversity reinforces the notion that white, male musicians continue to be the most dominant artists, who also generally find the most success in the industry.

Festival organizers should be more concerned that lineups are increasingly under scrutiny by the music community. Shouldn't it be in festivals' best interests to create more gender-conscious lineups? Some think so.

"I think [festival diversity] speaks volumes in what the festival represents in terms of who's welcome and the vibe. If there are artists from different communities, it's going to signal that this is a welcoming environment for everyone," says Justice.

Speaking to the strength of diverse lineups, Justice continues, "Being a fan of many Vancouver bands from different scenes, it's wonderful to get bands together who would never play the same show." He considers this year's Khatsalano, "Fingers crossed for a

Breakfast Club ending where all of the bands go home with a new understanding of each other."

With smaller festivals cropping up, many of which attempt to prioritize equitable lineups, there is hope yet for diversity. Vancouver Folk Music Festival, now in its 40th edition, has set an example for festival diversity by presenting artists of different cultural backgrounds, genders, and ages. Music Waste showcases Vancouver bands in a D.I.Y. fashion, facilitating shows for artists who often do not have the financial means to promote themselves in ways that may attract other music festivals. Calgary's Sled Island takes on a collaborative approach to festival organization, enlisting guest curators, past examples including Kathleen Hanna and Peaches, to ensure fresh perspectives and the engagement of new communities.

The success of small music festivals seem to be the bottom-up solution, but the challenge is demanding this of larger festivals. For festival-goers, this means supporting organizers who prioritize diverse lineups, setting a precedent for others. The homogeneity of festival lineups will only be challenged when attendees finally decide it's something to get angry about.



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W U S I C

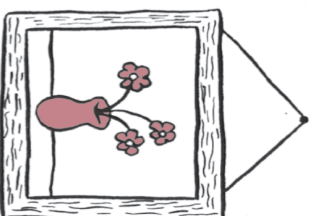
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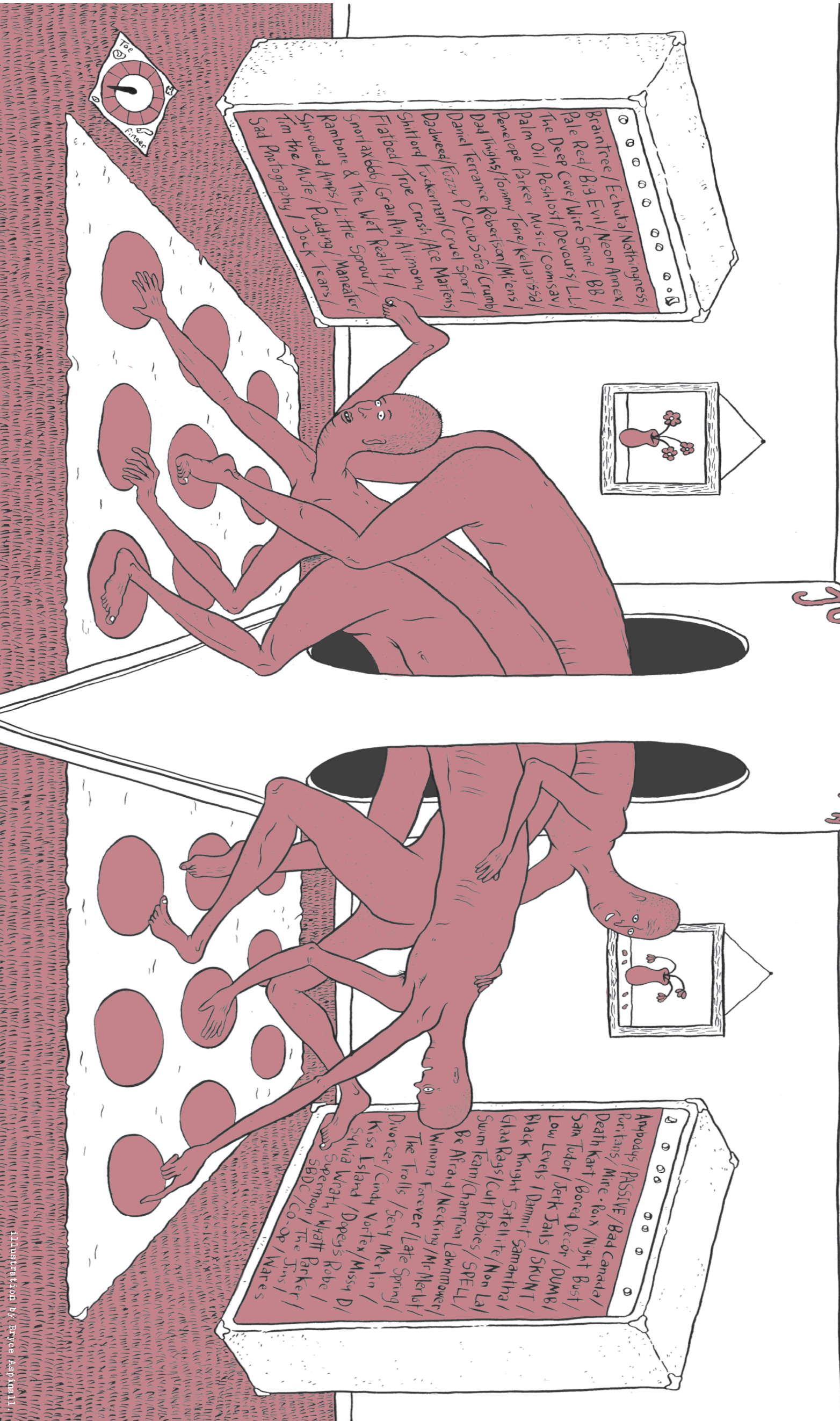
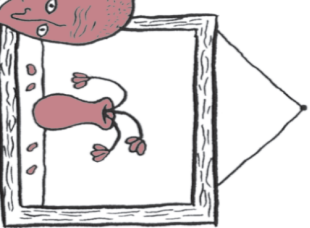
W A S I T E

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Black Knight / Satellite / Non La /
Glad Rags / Cult Babies / SPELL /
Sum Team / Champion Lawnmower /
Be Afraid / Necking / Mr Merlot /
Winona Forever / Late Spring /
The Trolls / Sexy Merlin /
Divercer / Cindy NorTex / Missy D /
Kiso Island / Dopeys / Robe /
Sylvia Wrath / Dopeys / Robe /
SBD / Co-op / The Jins / Wares /



* THE SPACE IN BETWEEN
THIS PAGE AND YOUR
IMAGINATION IS MY SCULPTURE



MUSIC WASTE 2017

THURSDAY JUNE 1 - FORTUNE SOUND CLUB - 147 E Pender St.

ART ROOM STAGE 9PM - BB 10PM - Bored Decor 11PM - Maneater	MAIN STAGE 9:30PM - The Trolls 10:30PM - SBDC 11:30PM - Dumb 12:30PM - Missy D	ELECTRONIC ROOM 10PM - Penelope Parker 11PM - Comisav 12PM - Devours
ART WASTE 7-10PM - Opening @ FIELD Contemporary (17 W Broadway) 7-12PM - Art Room Installation @ Fortune Sound Club	COMEDY WASTE 8:30PM - Jokes Please @ Little Mountain Gallery (196 E 26 Ave)	
GO YOUR OWN WASTE MAY 30 - BATTERY, JED trio + Bad Canada @ Stylus Records (291 E 2nd Ave) JUNE 1 - Sorry Edith + Pleasure Blimps @ Princeton Pub (1901 Powell St.) JUNE 1 - ALL AGES Safe Amp Showcase w/ Reliable Mamba, Barnacle, Stevie's Revenge + Pleasure Blimps @ TBA		

FRIDAY JUNE 2

THE COBALT 917 Main St. 8PM - Sad Photography 8:45PM - Cindy Vortex 9:30PM - Jock Tears	HIDDEN CITY 615 E Hastings 9PM - Sylvia Wrath 9:45PM - Poshlost 10:30PM - Ace Martens	SELECTORS RECORDS 8 E Pender St. - ALL AGES 8:30PM - Gran Am 9:15PM - L.L. 10:15PM - Neon Annex
THE LIDO 518 E Broadway 9PM - Nothingness 9:45PM - Deep Cove 10:30PM - Mi'ens	SBC 109 E Hastings 9:15PM - DamnIt Samantha 10:00PM - Anybodys 10:45PM - Crumb	
PAT'S PUB 403 E Hastings 10PM - Tommy Tone 10:45PM - Bad Canada 11:30PM - Fuzzy P 12:15PM - Supermoon	TOAST COLLECTIVE 648 Kingsway - ALL AGES 9:30PM - Club Sofa 10:15PM - Winona Forever 11PM - Necking 11:45PM - True Crush	RED GATE 855 E Hastings - ALL AGES 11PM - Rambone & The Wet Reality 11:45PM - Dadweed 12:30AM - Jerk Jails 1:15AM - Late Spring
ART WASTE 5-8PM: Opening @ Slice of Life Gallery (1636 E Venables) 7-9PM: Opening @ Red Gate (855 E Hastings)	COMEDY WASTE 8:30PM - Improv Comedy by Blind Tiger House Teams @ Little Mountain Gallery (196 E 26 Ave)	

ALL SHOWS \$7 - FESTIVAL PASS \$15
** SCHEDULE SUBJECT TO CHANGE **
VISIT WWW.MUSICWASTE.CA FOR UPDATES

SATURDAY JUNE 3

SPARTACUS BOOKS 3378 Findlay St. - ALL AGES 3:45PM - Shitlord Fuckerman 4:30PM - Tim The Mute 5:15PM - Kiso Island	NEPTOON RECORDS 3561 Main St. - ALL AGES 3:30PM - Sam Tudor 4:15PM - Champion Lawnmower 5PM - Low Levels	STYLUS RECORDS 291 E 2 Ave - ALL AGES 4:30PM- Cruel Sport 5:15PM - Pudding 6PM - Shrouded Amps
THE FOX CABARET 2321 Main St. 8:30PM - Kellarissa 9:15PM - Wire Spine 10PM - Snortlax	CHINA CLOUD 524 Main St. 9:45PM - Elisa Thorn 10:30PM - Colin Cowan & The Elastic Stars	THE HEATLEY 696 E Broadway 8PM - Passive 8:45PM - Echuta 9:30PM - Night Bust
THE ASTORIA 769 E Hastings 8:30PM - The Jins 9:15PM - Cult Babies 10PM - Pale Red	TOAST COLLECTIVE 648 Kingsway - ALL AGES 9PM - Little Sprout 9:45PM - Wares 10:30PM - Dad Thighs 11:15PM - Palm Oil	THE LIDO 518 E Broadway 9PM - Daniel Terrence Robertson 9:45PM - Death Kart 10:30PM - Mirepoix

RAINBOW CONNECTION Ask For Address - ALL AGES 11:30 PM - Braintree 12:15AM - SKUNT 1AM - Flatbed 1:45AM - Swim Team	HALF SATAN *RAP SHOWCASE* Ask For Address 1AM - Hermit 1:45AM - yungliidreamcast 2:30AM - Prado 3:15AM - Nala 4AM - Wyatt Parker	
ART WASTE 7-10PM - Closing Party @ James Black Gallery (144 E 6th Ave)	COMEDY WASTE 8PM - Proud Of You (Sketch Comedy) @ Photon Studios (1888 Main St.)	

SUNDAY JUNE 4

THOR'S PALACE Ask For Address - ALL AGES 2PM - Big Evil 2:45PM - Alimony 3:30PM - Sexy Merlin	THE ASTORIA 769 E Hastings 3:30PM - Non La 4:15PM - Be Afraid 5PM - Glad Rags	ANTISOCIAL 2337 Main St - ALL AGES 6PM - Divorcer 7PM - Dopey's Robe 8PM - Co-op
COMEDY WASTE Instant Theatre @ The Havana Theatre (1212 Commercial Dr) 7:30PM - The Outer Middle Zone (Improv) 9PM - Streetfight (Short-Form Improv)		



UNSETTLING COLONIAL GENDER BOUNDARIES

JUST BEING BEYOND BOUNDARIES

WORDS BY KAT KOTT // PHOTOS BY ANDI ICAZA

Living at the intersection of two different identities can cause one to question whether the two could ever exist in congruity. We like to think that people have ample communities related to their identities, but people that identify with two separate communities can feel disconnected to both. One way to validate those living in disconnect is to give space to share their experiences, and to show they are not alone.

Unsettling Colonial Gender Boundaries is a new media and video art festival within Queer Arts Festival that showcases work by two-spirit Indigenous people. It aims to increase the visibility of their experiences at the intersection of identity. The event is organized by the Vancouver Indigenous Media Arts Festival, with funding and promotional support from QAF.

Curators Lacie Burning and June Scudeler are uniquely qualified to organize this event. Lacie is a curator and artist of the Kanien'kehá:ka (Mohawk) nation, working in multi-media, video, sculpture and installation. June is a Metis academic and scholar, holding a PhD in English from the University of British Columbia — her dissertation is on Cree Two Spirit and queer Indigenous narratives. In addition to co-curating Unsettling Colonial Gender Boundaries, June and Lacie are both on the board of Vancouver Indigenous Media Arts Festival.

The term two-spirit is much like identifying as queer for Indigenous peoples. However, 'queer' (and pretty much the rest of the LGBTQA+ dictionary) is itself colonial in origin. "'Two-spirit' is a blanket term because it means something different to every tribe," explains Lacie, "Not every tribe has a term that relates to being [LGBTQA+]." They add that their nation uses a term related to having a "pattern within you."

"It doesn't relate to gender," Lacie continues, "but more your state of being." Lacie explains that two-spirit, rather than having a definite meaning, is more about the LGBTQA+ Indigenous community it creates. "I just don't identify with [two-spirit] because it's not specific to my people that I know of. But, I think it is a good term for relating to people, and gathering community," says Lacie. June summarizes this sentiment stating, "It's almost like a shorthand."

Some nations traditionally believed that two-spirit members were spiritually awakened, and granted them roles of leadership. This is, of course, a generalization that

can be detrimental to the broader understanding of two-spirit. Additionally, the heteronormativity of colonization has affected Indigenous communities. "There's racism and homophobia within Indigenous communities," June says. Despite the traditional reverence for two spirit people, Lacie explains, "We aren't necessarily revered in the way people think we are."

Lacie explains that they still feel internal unrest when they think about the communities they most identify with. "I still feel like I have to choose a side," reflects Lacie. "I have to be more native, or I can't be in a queer space because I have to negate my native identity. So I find myself more in the native community negating my queer and trans identity."

"But then there's also being in academia and not seeing many people like me," Lacie adds. "They're so few and far between that it's kind of hard to wonder why they're not there, but then just knowing the obstacles for queer native people, or just native people in general." Despite, and maybe because of this reality, Lacie finds themselves curating for people like them: "That's primarily who I think about when I do this work — the people that can't be there."

While Lacie and June have curated Unsettling Colonial Gender Boundaries to represent diverse perspectives from Indigenous points-of-view, they are aware they have no control over the audience or their experiences. Speaking to their role as curator, Lacie expands, "That's why it's hard to be in this position, because it's inaccessible to a lot of two-spirit people." To this, June adds, "The reality is it's probably going to be non-Indigenous audience. It always brings up ideas of accessibility and who can afford to go. It's a hard one." Despite this, the curators see the benefits of providing an opportunity for contemporary queer Indigenous media artists to manifest and share their experiences in an artistic context that is usually dominated by non-Indigenous artists. "Hopefully this opens doors for more two-spirit media artists," says Lacie.

Of the artists participating, there will be commissioned pieces by locally-based artist Chandra Melting Tallow (Siksika) and Toronto-based Thirza Cuthand (Cree). Chandra Melting Tallow is a performance and media artist, and also creates experimental pop under the name Mourning Coup. Thirza Cuthand makes videos, many of which are available to view on YouTube. One of Cuthand's



pieces that June described to me, "2 Spirit Introductory Special \$19.99," is filmed like a low budget commercial for Two-Spirit Support, a fictitious support group. It is intended to make the viewer consider the realities two-spirit people face through a dose of comedic relief. The video features testimonials of the ambiguous service and hotline, one of which is Thirza in a fake moustache explaining coming out to their family at a reunion: "I came out to them just before dessert was served. They may not have understood, but they really appreciated the Saskatoon berry pie recipe Two-Spirit Support gave me."

Another featured artist is Kent Monkman, a well-known artist of Swampy Cree descent. "We're showing a less known piece," claims June, who has included his art in her academic research. "He's done a lot of strong paintings around residential schools and genocide," explains June. Another featured artist with strong political content is Raven Davies (Anishinaabek), who will be screening their stop-motion video "I Still Believe."

Through Unsettling Colonial Gender Boundaries, Lacie and June also want to challenge the idea that being Indigenous now is the same experience as being Indigenous before colonial contact. "I always find that Indigenous people are never seen as contemporary," explains June. "[Some say] 'Indigenous people don't use technology or make media art.' We're trying to upset that stereotype."

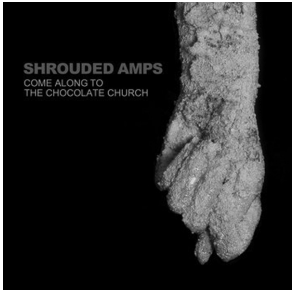
The accessibility of new media allows for the immediate sharing of stories and experiences. Despite colonization and the active oppression it continues to inflict in the lives of Indigenous peoples, it's certainly not all that Indigenous people have to address. "Indigenous art doesn't always have to be a reaction to colonization, it can be a way of going back to our ways of knowing," says June. Lacie adds that Indigenous art can be about "just being."

That's what Unsettling Colonial Gender Boundaries is truly about — sharing the experiences of two-spirit Indigenous peoples "just being."



Unsettling Colonial Gender Boundaries is presented as part of the Queer Arts Festival June 23 at the Roundhouse Performance Centre. It will be a screening and performance of original commissioned works by Chandra Melting Tallow and Thirza Cuthand, and other works, followed by an artist panel discussion. Tickets are \$15 in advance via queerartsfestival.com.

ALBUMS



SHROUDED AMPS
Come Along To Chocolate Church
(Self-Released)
05.05.2017

Density is a ratio of a substance's mass and volume — a way of equating the concentration of matter within a space. It is as much a measure of fullness as it is emptiness. This concept translates well to hearing music: density can be satisfying when the wall of sound leaves gaps for the group dynamics.

Within the six-songs of *Come Along to the Chocolate Church*, Shrouded Amps concentrate their sonic matter while leaving space for three-piece dynamics. An angular twelve-string guitar anchors many songs. It's heavy in the mix. "Flags" features a simple modal line, effective with its repetition and attentive harmonics. In "Lost Creatures Land," the final track, a pulsating bass line has a haunting hold on the song. The effect is a lasting one: repeat listens find the bass a guiding force.

Together, these instruments create a dense wall of sound, akin to the shoegaze of an upbeat Slowdive. Floating beneath this barrier are intricate tom rolls and stuttering snare fills; definite proof that Shrouded Amps are more than just a guitar band. The drums play an integral part. They cue the songs between frenetic and subdued instrumental moments. "When You Asked" rises and falls through multiple cadences in the first minute before the vocals cut in.

And the vocals somehow manage to cut above all this instrumental work. Using harmonies and vocalist tradeoffs, Shrouded Amps pose lyrical observations about the origins of home and animalistic behaviours. Maybe it is metaphorical, but the ambiguity helps the songs remain ethereal amidst the viscous music.

Come Along to the Chocolate Church is a hefty offering of intensity — a teenage riot sinking deep into your eardrums. The three-piece carry dynamic instrumental sections with dark melodies that contrast the hushed vocals. The album is brisk, but satisfyingly lush and worth following along. —Mark Budd



JESSIE REYEZ
Kiddo
(Self-Released)
21.04.2017

The seven electrifying songs on Toronto-based Jessie Reyez's *Kiddo* simmer on a bed of heartbreak and intimate storytelling. Jessie's refreshingly unique persona is evident with the aggressive flow she strikes on the EP's third track, the hard-hitting "Blue Ribbon." This is Jessie at her most lyrically confident. The true highlights of this album, however, come from more than just mere lyrical proficiency. Instead, they arise with Jessie's raw and unique vocal style. On *Kiddo*, Jessie Reyez does not hold back.

This rawness begins with the opening track, aptly titled "F*ck It." On this song, Jessie discusses the anger which comes after a difficult breakup, a theme continued throughout the release. The production here is extremely sparse, doing wonders to put Jessie's voice front-and-centre. Lyrics such as "You're lucky I didn't blow your brains out" serve as an uncompromising display of Jesse's aggression. The next song, however, is a lyrical and tonal 360, as a vulnerable Jessie scratches and cries her way through the emotional drain of an unhealthy relationship. Her vocal performance is a revelation and illustrates her range and diversity.

Jessie's best-known song, "Figures," appears at this EP's midpoint. While the beat and instrumental are somewhat conventional for a heartbroken ballad, Jessie's vocals, unsurprisingly, save the song from mundanity. "I wish I could hurt you back," she laments during the song's chorus, "Love, what would you do if you couldn't get me back." These lyrics, as well as those of the EP's next song, "Gatekeeper," speak to Jessie's powerful songwriting abilities. The story of "Gatekeeper," for instance, details the abuse and mistreatment of women in the music industry, particularly of Jessie's own experiences with sexism and harassment.

There's much to love on this EP, from the tight-knit production to Jessie's soulful vocal performances. Some of her lyrics could do with less of a reliance on overdone sentimentality and balladic clichés — particularly on the final track, "Great One," where Jessie laments that "Everything is nothing without you." However, the lyricism of such standouts as "Shutter Island" and "Gatekeeper" more than make up for these lowlights. *Kiddo* is Jessie Reyez's debut release, aptly titled to represent her "first child," as she claims on Twitter. And if this EP is any evidence of what is to come, I can surely say that it is going to be a good one. —Leo Yamanaka-Leclerc



LOU PHELPS
001: Experiments
(Huh What & Where Recordings)
11.04.2017

On his latest solo project *001: Experiments*, Lou Phelps is not just standing out. He is having fun at it. The Montreal native has been here before. Phelps and his brother, Kaytranada, once comprised the hip hop duo The Celestics, releasing *Supreme Laziness* back in 2014. He was known then as Louie P. And while Kaytranada remains involved in *Experiments* as the producer of several tracks, Phelps takes the main stage. Make no mistake — this is *his* album.

Phelps is a confident and low-key braggadocious artist. Why should he bother being humble when his light-hearted rhythms and rhymes show that he is as skilled as he boasts. Often, you will find yourself chuckling along to his lines and references as he playfully raps to funky instrumentals and bass-heavy beats.

Though this album lacks a unifying theme, it remains coherent and connected. Phelps starts *Experiments* with "TELL ME," a ballad in which he tries to both woo a romantic interest and gauge their desires. On "Average," however, Phelps is on a vendetta against basic rappers. He spits vitriol, "A lot of average niggas where I'm from / Had to stand off from all of them / You say you cool but you average / Can't fuck with basic bitches y'all don't have the total package." This sentiment sounds familiar. In "Charles Barkley," a track off of *Supreme Laziness*, he explores similar ideas: "How can, all these niggas these days are tryna be trill / They should focus on how to be real." In these moments, where we see the development of rhythmic and lyrical exploration, it is clear that the distinct voice and perspective of Phelps holds *Experiments* together.

But Phelps is by no means the lone voice on *Experiments*. In an attempt to cultivate a Montreal sound, he enlists the help from other hometown artists. KALLITECHNIS throws amazing vocals unto "Average" and CJ Flemings assists with bars on "My Forte." Other notable features include Innanet James on "What time is it?" and Bishop Nehru on "LAST CALL."

Experiments shows that Phelps is comfortable with his identity as an artist. In an interview with Sarah Jay of *Hiphopcanada.com*, he says, "It's sort of cringe-worthy when I see blogs posting my music with a title like 'Kaytranada's little brother raps!' But I don't sweat it. In the end, if you make good music, the people will like it." And with *Experiments*, Lou Phelps has made good music. —Olamide Olaniyan



LAYDY JAMS
Laydy Jams
(Self-Released)
31.03.2017

Amidst the blinding whiteness and pervasive bro culture of Vancouver's music industry, Laydy Jams have made a home for themselves, and for anyone else who needs one. Their debut self titled EP welcomes the listener to find a safe space within their music. MC Missy D passionately repeats this refrain in the first track of the EP: "Home is where I belong. Home is you, my friends. Home is in the song you listenin' to."

Laydy Jams is three women of colour who are musically diverse, talented, and, above all else, friends. It is this intimacy which binds the group together, uniting their discordant interests into a whole. Rosa Bennett is the jazzy songstress with a voice that rivals Norah Jones and an ability to ad lib like Sarah Vaughn. On tracks like "Home," her soprano runs seem effortless, and it's her warm, alto verses that give a vintage feel to the entire EP.

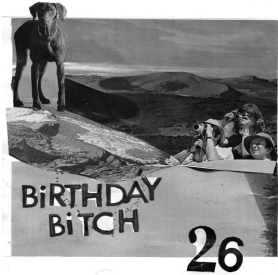
Missy D matches Bennet's jazzy voice with an expressive flow reminiscent of rap legend Eve. Throughout the EP, D draws from her personal expe-

riences in order to infuse lyrics with a touching vulnerability. In "Old School Love," her fellow band members string delicate harmonies à la Be Good Tanyas. When it's her turn to take the mic, Missy D brings the song to life with her animated style and relatable passion.

Laydy Jams' backing vocalist and violinist Sejal Narsey, on the other hand, provides warmth and harmonic ear candy. From her classical training and background in bhangra dance music, to her years playing with folk band 41st and Home, Narsey brings the unexpected to each song. Her violin intro for "All of it," distinctly inspired by South Asian music, gives the song an edge that transitions smoothly into Missy D's passionate, biting verse. While the country fiddle of "Cherry On Top" provides the song with a happy-go-lucky levity.

The end result of this menagerie of influences is an EP that feels like walking in on a jam session between friends, who welcome you to sit down and add your own unique vibe to the mix. You can imagine the buzz of the amp as you plug in your instrument of choice and play whatever you want, knowing that no one will judge you or your musical background. Instead of trying to sound like everyone else, you each take turns steering the music from joyful, to rebellious, to nostalgic. In a music scene full of chill white guys playing "experimental-folk" or "psych-rock," Laydy Jams is a breath of fresh air. Their long awaited debut is a warm welcome for all the square pegs who do not fit into the round hole which is too-cool-for-school Vancouver.

—Sarah Jickling



BIRTHDAY BITCH
26
(Self-Released)
17.03.2017

26 is the second EP from Birthday Bitch, their first being a two track demo. The latest release from the Vancouver trio captures nuanced melodies that emerge alongside lo-fi guitar work.

Birthday Bitch's sound varies across the four tracks of 26. Though each song differs from the next, all are in a style reminiscent of something I have heard before. On my first listen, I tried to put my finger on which bands Birthday Bitch evokes, or which vocalists Dorothy Marshall's singing brings to mind. To say that Birthday Bitch works in several reminiscent styles is not to suggest a lack of uniqueness. Instead, the similarities make their music all the more moving because their sound is recognizably evocative.

26's opening track "Nocturne," for instance, recalls the driving percussion and impassioned vocals of "Maps" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs. The dissonant guitar and pronounced bass on "Nocturne" are in contrast with Marshall's shaded vocals. Softly melodic at the song's start, her voice rises to match the heavy distortion of the chorus.

"Too Close," on the other hand, builds slowly around Marshall's whispered, breathy vocals. Hanna Fazio's percussion and the mounting force of Shelby Vredik's guitar make the track an instrumental standout. With a sultry sound that recalls Angelo Badalamenti's score for *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me*, "Too Close" could make an apt addition to a David Lynch film. Marshall's vocals crescendo in shouts before "Too Close" fades into silence.

The slow burning sound on the EP's first half is in contrast with the near-frantic pace of the latter half of 26. "Teeth" and "Harwitch" are more in keeping with sound of Birthday Bitch's late 2016 demos. Marshall speaks on the chorus of "Teeth," in a predominantly monotone style that differs from her breathy delivery on "Too Close." Uptempo closing track "Harwitch" is danceable lo-fi rock that would make a well-received addition to a Birthday Bitch live show.

Though they have only released six songs so far, Birthday Bitch is already making music that stakes its claim within the West Coast lo-fi scene. While there is certainly a market for their upbeat tracks, they have the ability to make an impact with their moody, multifaceted brand of rock. —Courtney Heffernan



SARAH DAVACHI

All My Circles Run

(Students of Decay)

10.03.2017

Simplicity may be your first impression upon listening to Sarah Davachi's new full length album *All My Circles Run*. But don't be fooled at first blush, as this Vancouver / Montreal, and soon to be L.A., -based musician has so much more than drone and ambience up her sleeve.

Stepping out of her usual use of electronics and synth, Davachi chooses instead to utilize musical instruments like the cello, organ and piano as the focus for each of the five selections on *All My Circles Run*. And, for the most part, she has constructed something heavenly.

Davachi has a knack for creating tunes that dig into the heart muscle. Her music is more than just twisting and turning organ drawls or the sound of one tone clapping. It is music from the heart and it is divinity in layers. Her songs are beautiful and complex: deep as the ocean but light as a feather. How can these forces co-exist? Well, Sarah Davachi has put theory and form together, creating some of the most delicious sounds these tired old ears have heard in a long while.

Each song opens slowly, unfolding over time until the listener is awash in the warm splendour of sustained notes and harmonization. "For Strings" sets the scene. A weathered sounding drone, like a hurdy gurdy gone to seed, gets fed clean violin and a hungry hum of buzzy feedback. About a minute in, your mind lets go and suddenly you are floating out to sea. Bobbing up and down amongst water, "For Voice" begins with woven layers of Davachi's sustained voice. Sometimes, she wavers ever so slightly around a note, building like a fierce gloomy fire. Unsettling and lovely, this track is one of my favourites.

While each song boasts a simple flow that builds into a gentle crescendo, the tones and how they entwine are what make it so beautiful. This is the kind of ambient / drone music I adore. Davachi has a talent for creating an incredibly meditative space, and one that is easy to get completely lost in. And with that I hold my breath and dive into the sandy sea depths once again.

—Nathan Pike



SYRINX

Tumblers from the Vault

(RVNG INTL)

14.10.2016

Tumblers from the Vault [Tumblers] is the reissued collected works of Toronto band Syrinx (1970-72), recently released by RVNG from the coffers of Canadian indie label True North Records.

The name "Syrinx" is derived from a Greek myth in which the chaste eponymous nymph is transformed into a flute whilst fleeing from the amorous god Pan. It also denotes a rare neurological condition in which a fluid filled cavity develops in the spinal cord or brainstem. Thus, Syrinx, the band, simultaneously evokes a sense of the fantastic and the scientific, the ancient and the futuristic — practically speaking, a band with a sound that falls somewhere between the lush, earthy prog of fellow Canadians Harmonium, and the synthetic ambience of Tangerine Dream.

This largely instrumental group consisted of John Mills-Cockell on keyboards and synths, Douglas Pringle on saxophone, and Alan Wells on percussion with Malcolm Tomlinson adding occasional vocals. Despite the sparse line-up, *Tumblers* ranges the band's ability from the minimal ponderous glow of "Father of Light" to full-blow intergalactic travel on "Tumblers to the Vault" and "Syren."

Syrinx's claim to fame is that bandleader Mills-Cockell's was the first Canadian to purchase the prestigious Moog analog synthesizer. As the instrument was still in its nascence, Syrinx found themselves at a final frontier as self-styled minstrels, fanfare and all, as they composed orbital suites like "Stringspace" and "Chant for Your Dragon King," at once both retro and high-tech in the same way that the Starship Enterprise still seems like a viable vessel for interstellar travel. Not unlike The Final Frontier, the tonal quality of the Moog can become cold and lonely on the latter half of *Tumblers* in dirges like "Field Hymn." But Syrinx carefully grounds this emptiness back on Earth with Pringle's saxophone harmony on "Hollywood Dream Trip."

Above all, *Tumblers* is a record of discovery. Syrinx explores the contours and novelties of the Moog refracted through ageless tones and melodies from around the world. One will hear European chromatics in "Better

Deaf and Dumb from the First," the hand drums of Indian ragas in "Melina's Torch," Middle Eastern maqams on "Ibstix," and atonal Japanese gezas in "December Angel," all igniting the sense that Syrinx gazed up at the same peculiar skies above Toronto that shine down across the globe and were guided by musical asterisms perennially burning but hitherto unfixed.

At the time Syrinx was active, progressive rock had sprung up all over the international charts guided by the Polar North of Canterbury, England. Syrinx never received quite the level of attention as their peers, sadly splitting up after having reached a creative crossroads in 1972. Thankfully, *Tumblers from the Vault* uncovers an underappreciated Canadian reception of prog by way of the Moog, which Syrinx boldly followed into vast new tonal galaxies that can now, thanks to this reissue, twinkle brightly on your very own record shelf. —Blake Haarstad

BOOKS



Carleigh Baker

BAD ENDINGS

(Anvil Press)

15.03.2017

Bad Endings is a short-story collection close to home. From SkyTrain stations to hospital waiting rooms, Vancouver-based Carleigh Baker employs the familiar locales of the city (it could be any city) as a character in the narratives, complementing the bleak passages of time with the ever-rigid urban life. Again and again, characters try to escape the city and retreat to nature, only to find themselves unable to shake off the baggage of urban living. They are in the process of coming and going, searching for and never finding the peace that is promised by escape. This is something familiar to most of us.

Baker's stories explore the false promise of home. "Delicate things are suffering," laments the protagonist of the story "Grey Water" as she captures pond life — frogs, lizards, phytoplankton — and begins an ecosystem in a bathtub. She wants to protect "beautiful life, safe from everything, inside." The reader cannot help but note her megalomaniac folly, the tragedy of assuming that we are powerful enough and strong enough to protect anything from the harshness of nature — ourselves most of all. In a story collection entitled *Bad Endings*, it is not insignificant that these stories often end with a promise of something better to come.

While "Grey Water" is one of the thematic highs of the collection, Baker's other stories do not always achieve the same insight. When questions of youth and adulthood are at issue, as in "Read These Postcards in a Gonzo Journalist Voice" or "Imago," the protagonists often feel like cliché caricatures of the real experiences of a young person confronting adulthood. These characters attempt to elude adulthood by remaining youthful and unattached; as a result, some stories themselves feel empty and immature.

Bad Endings is a good beginning for Baker. More often than not, her characters are full and real, and the plots challenging and ambiguous. This book is a worthy comfort for any day. —Joey Doyle

PODCAST



Jeff Emtman / Bethany Denton

HERE BE MONSTERS

(KCRW)

22.08.2012-Present

"I have no idea where this will lead us, but I have a definite feeling it will be a place both wonderful and strange."

You may recognize this quote from David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* — yet, it also perfectly sums up the experience of listening to the podcast *Here Be Monsters*. Like Lynch's cult TV series, *Here Be Monsters* gives the audience an unforgettable glimpse of the secrets lurking in our everyday world. But, unlike Dale Cooper and the Black Lodge, these secrets actually exist.

Produced out of the Los Angeles-based KCRW, *Here Be Monsters* is a self-professed "podcast about the unknown." Each episode begins by flooding one's ears with intimate voiceovers, and one's mind with equal parts excitement and trepidation. Topics revolve around science, death, religion,

and politics, yet the stories being told often defy such simple labels.

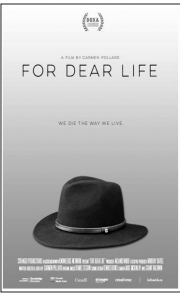
In a compelling recent episode, "Sagittarius Has \$45," the subject reveals the toll that sex addiction has taken on his everyday life. His knowing wife keeps tabs on him at all times of day to keep him in check. However, the constant pull of his addiction, which he projects onto an alter ego, is always present. This heavy tale is paired with a soundscape of guttural growling and distortion, emphasizing the moral ambiguity and struggle at play.

Another episode, "Snow on Date Trees, then On Pines," describes how Muhammad Tariq's fight to provide girls in Pakistan education led to persecution, and his ultimate exile to the United States. Now, he is fighting to freely live and love in a country where anti-Muslim sentiment runs strong. The episode explores how the threats of bigotry and bureaucracy from the United States, and corruption in Pakistan, keep Tariq in a frustrating limbo.

At first glance, these stories do not seem to have much in common. However, every episode of *Here Be Monsters* shines light on the unseen. The show dares to explore perspectives that may exist on the fringes of society, or are otherwise shunned away from. The producers approach them with extraordinary openness and access.

Here Be Monsters is a no-holds-barred dive into an audio world where the cerebral and the taboo coalesce. It's also a master class in audio storytelling, allowing narratives to unfold with addictive anticipation. The unconventional tales from each episode will follow you around all day, but I guarantee that you will be grateful for their company. —Hailey Mah

FILM



Manny Mahal

FOR MY MOTHER (2017)



Carmen Pollard

FOR DEAR LIFE (2017)

14.05.17 at

The Cinematheque

The final screening of DOXA 2017 was *For Dear Life* (2017) at The Cinematheque. If the audience was festival weary, they didn't show it.

For Dear Life was preceded by the short *For My Mother* (2017) by Manny Mahal. The 18-minute film was one continuous take walking from a house around 65th Avenue and Fraser Street, to the parking lot of the Superstore along South-East Marine Drive. The camera movements mimicked footsteps, even looking both ways before crossing intersections. This, as the director recalled his mother. He talked about her experiences as an Indian woman in Vancouver, of her love for the Canucks, about her illness, and her transformative kidney transplant.

Aesthetically, it was nauseating. The camera motions were jerky, and slightly out-of-focus. While the anecdotes were delicate and loving, some of them showed so much unresolved angst that it was distracting. This didn't detract from the overall impact of the short, however, which culminated in a devastating conclusion. The camera blacked out once reaching the Superstore parking lot, and we learned that the director's mother was hit by a car and killed.

The audience was moved, many people weeping openly. Then almost too suddenly, *For Dear Life* began.

The feature documentary by Carmen Pollard depicts the final years of her cousin's life following a terminal cancer diagnosis. Her cousin, James Pollard, had been involved in local theatre, and the two of them collaborated on *For Dear Life* as a creative project to work through their grief.

Though the audience was still raw from *For My Mother*, it was hard not to laugh during the first few minutes of *For Dear Life*. It began in a wood shop where James and a relative were building a coffin. James' dimensions were measured and he was so lighthearted and jovial about the process, that the audience found some much needed catharsis.

From there, the film jumped back two years earlier. James had a full head of hair, looking anything but sick as he drove up Main Street and discussed the reasons for making this documentary. James remarked to the camera, "There's no culturally acceptable way to crack a joke about someone who is about to die." It's obvious, however, that's exactly what James intended to do. Right from the beginning, the documentary provides an honest look at the taboos around death, and how to cut through these restrictions find humour.

James recounted first finding out about his cancer, and having it immediately change his outlook on life: "When you realize you're dying, nothing you're worrying about today matters, but the relationships matter." The viewers were introduced to James' friends and family over the course of the documentary. Every individual was at a different stage of grief and acceptance, but they are all working to strengthen their relationships with James before the end of his life. The most dynamic relationship was between James and his daughter Emma. What was no doubt a very intense relationship to film,

documented one of the harder realities of having loved ones die slowly — getting overwhelmed witnessing death, and having your love for that person mingle with feelings of anger, resentment and frustration.

During a scene from James' birthday, a cake is brought out. As family and friends sung "Happy Birthday" on screen, I heard people in the row behind me join in. In that moment I realized — of course — some of James' friends and family were in the audience at The Cinematheque. The people behind me didn't just *know* James, they had been at that birthday party. *For Dear Life* depicts James experiencing his own death, for the first and only time. But for James' friends in the audience, they chose to watch James die for a second time, to be close to his memory again.

For Dear Life showed James as a fighter, attempting new cancer treatments whenever he could. When his doctor decided his cancer wasn't worth treating anymore, James' deterioration was rapid, and it was all captured on camera. His belly and feet became bloated, but his face and arms grew sunken. His hair started to grow back patchy on his head. His voice, once full and theatrical, became weak and weazy. James' body became a shadow of what it once was, although his mind was still sharp. When James finally died, he was laid to rest in a custom-built coffin with clay. (James had designed it to slow his decomposition in case future scientists wanted to study his cancer.)

NO FUN FICTION

STATIC

words by Wendy Chan

There's an orange kitten grasping a branch, superimposed onto a sky-blue background. Hang in there, the poster tells me. Underneath someone scribbled "stay pawsitive."

I chuckle every time I see it. If Cass were here, she would have already ripped it down.

The rest of the walls are littered with posters of bands I've never heard of, stickers stuck on top of stickers, and a haphazardly painted banner proclaiming "Go, Manatees, Go!"

Most of the college was ransacked long ago. The only things I found were a few cans of tomato soup that fell behind the cafeteria's fridge and a moldy blanket that I repurposed into a bed.

But the station had been relatively untouched, tucked in a corner far from the rest of campus on the edge of town. Hundreds of CDs still lining the shelves, empty coffee cups scattered everywhere. I propped all the chairs against the door and covered the window with cardboard. Home sweet home.

The broadcast light is on. There's still power, but no one knows for how long.

I press play. The small room fills with the sounds of Shaggy's "It Wasn't Me." For the next four minutes, Shaggy tries to convince his partner that despite being caught in the act of fornicating with the neighbor on the counter, sofa, and shower, it was not, in fact, him.

When the song ends, I skip back to the beginning. Maybe today's the day Cass will hear it.

Cass and I wore the same *Sailor Moon* shirt on the first day of kindergarten. That's how we became best friends. In third grade, we put on puppet shows that only Cass's dad would (grudgingly) watch. In sixth grade, she whisked me out of gym class when everyone saw me get my first period in the middle of dodgeball. In ninth grade, I bought three cartons of extra-large eggs and 12 rolls of toilet paper after He-Who-Must-Be-Named-DoucheDick spread a rumour that it wasn't just a first kiss that Cass gave him.

In between that, we planned our escape. We would move to Paris together, open a bakery. Or maybe New York and revive our puppet show. Or literally anywhere that wasn't here. We were going to blow this popsicle stand, Cass would say. I always told her melt made more sense.

Shaggy wraps up his plea, and I skip the track back to the beginning.

When Cass's dad passed away, he left her his old radio cassette player, a box of mixtapes, and a note that said, "To get you through the hard times. Love, Papa."

For Dear Life is a dark, beautiful and funny portrayal of death, with too many nuances to describe in a single review. Carmen Pollard edited the documentary masterfully, allowing for metaphor and reality to weave together. *For Dear Life* doesn't just highlight Western society's discomfort with death and dying, it challenges it with a true story that inspires living life to the fullest.

—Brit Bachmann

!!!

To submit music for review consideration in *Discorder Magazine* and online, please send a physical copy to the station addressed to Maximilian Anderson-Baier, Under Review Editor at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though our contributors prioritize physical copies, you may email download codes to underreview.discorder@ctr.ca. We prioritize albums sent prior to their official release dates.

Under Review is also expanding to include independent films, books and podcasts. Feel free to submit those, too.



After his funeral, Cass and I laid on her bedroom floor. I put in one of the tapes and pressed play. We were silent for a minute as Shaggy's smooth beats reached our ears.

Cass burst out laughing. "He's dead, and he's still a troll." Cass sat up and wiped the tears from her face. "I can't wait to get the hell out of this place."

Yale had given her a full scholarship. In the fall, she would move 4,000 kilometers away. I only got a pity acceptance from the local college. Go, Manatees, Go.

I nodded, rearranged my lips into what I hoped was a smile. When the song ended, Cass put her head on my lap. "Play it again," she said.

I was planning on wearing a red dress and black sneakers to graduation. Cass would have been valedictorian. We would have spent the summer at the beach listening to Shaggy, and then Cass would have left.

Instead I'm sitting on a carpet coloured by years of stains — dirt, puke, blood, and more I don't want to think about.

But it's just a matter of time before Cass hears the song.

After she finds me, we can figure out what to do next. They told people to head east — more people there, more resources. It's supposed to be safer. Cass and I would go that way together. Most people seem to have already left. Headed east long ago. That was the smart thing to do.

Shaggy finishes making a case for his innocence. I skip back to the beginning and play the song again.

Wendy WL Chan is a Vancouver-based storyteller. Her writing has appeared in print in *Shoreline* and on stage at *Brave New Play Rites Festival*. She holds a BFA in Creative Writing from UBC and tweets occasionally at @wndwlc.

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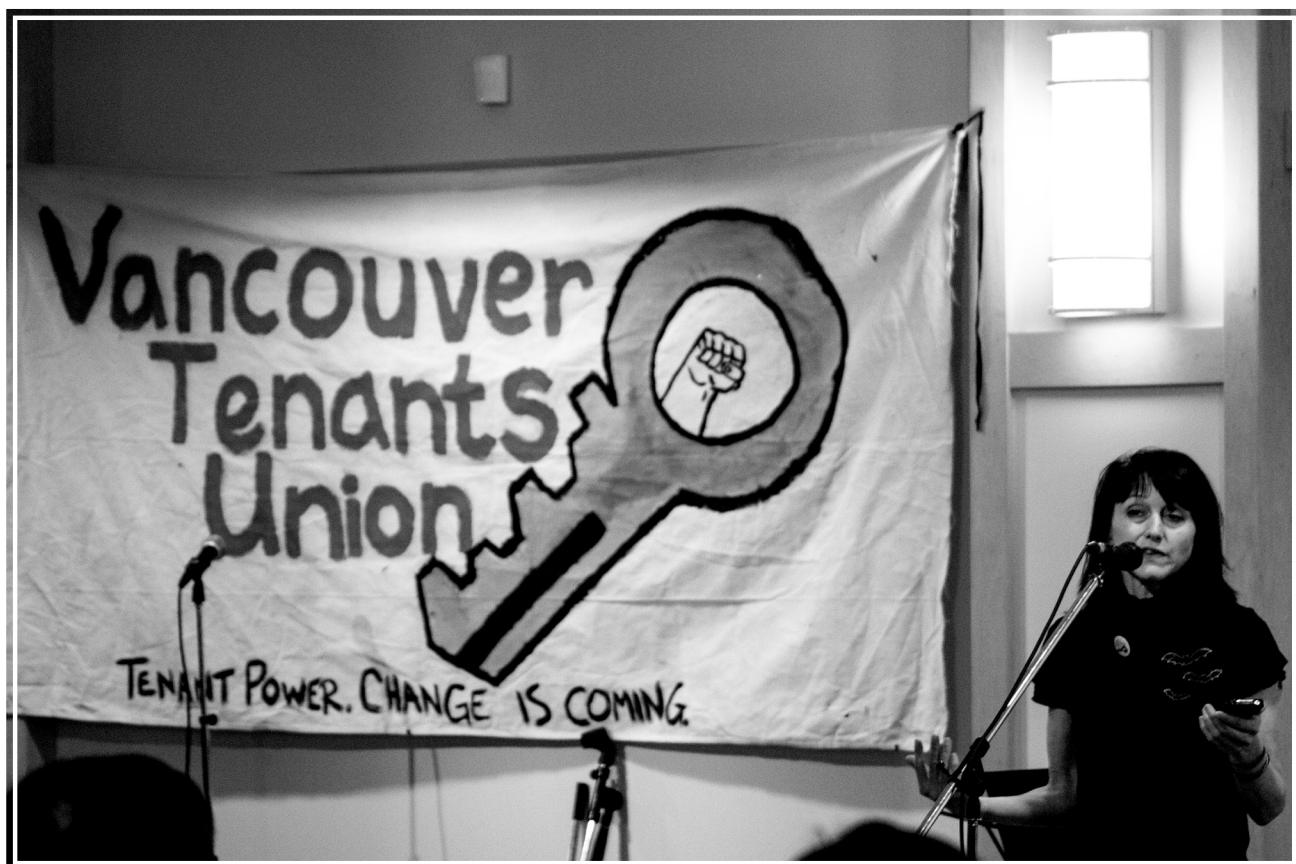
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TENANT'S UNION

“WHEN BEING POLITE
STOPS WORKING”

words by Elizabeth Holliday
illustrations by Alison Sadler
photos courtesy of Kelly Yorke



If you want to know how Vancouver renters feel about their tenancy arrangements, wear a Vancouver Tenants Union button around for a week.

Inviting comments from baristas and bosses alike, the buttons included in the Union's \$1 membership fee elicit the kinds of conversations the Union as a whole seeks to encourage. They are an invitation to share, to commiserate, and to question the state of tenancy in Vancouver.

Roughly 50 per cent of Vancouver residents are renters, so the abundance of stories is no surprise. In a housing economy subject to multitudinous local and international forces, being one of this 50 per cent means getting lost in the noise. Renters are left isolated and prone to abuses they do not have the means to fight — demovictions, renovictions, breaches of privacy, illegal rent hikes, fixed-term lease loopholes. These abuses and others exist in a thorny realm of by-laws and bureaucracy, so dense that many renters don't know their own rights. Arguably, with the branches of legal recourse stacked in favour of landlords, the BC government offers little support for those seeking housing justice — or simply housing security. Asserting that housing is a human right, one that is in serious jeopardy, the Vancouver Tenants Union intends to do something about it.

Volunteer-founded and run, the VTU was born out of housing justice work in the Downtown Eastside, recognizing the need to bring together renters across the city to combat problems faced by folks of all demographics. “We know the reason why the Tenants Union is gathering so much attention is because everybody has an issue,” says Kell Gerlings, a coordinator on the Union's Steering Committee. “So many people across every single neighbourhood are fed up and frustrated with everything.” At the Union's first official meeting these frustrations took centre stage, as everyone in attendance introduced themselves, their neighbourhood, and what brought them to the meeting. As these stories circulated, similarities ringing from Mount Pleasant to Surrey, they were interspersed with suggestions for existing resources. Having only begun in mid-March, the VTU is still fledgling, still figuring out what it can and needs to be.

While the union is open to, and intends to work for, every tenant across the city, its roots in the DTES are integral. “We know that the people most at risk are the most marginalized and vulnerable people, the low income and homeless people living in the Downtown Eastside,” says Gerlings, “So we're really looking to make sure we prioritize low-income folks and marginalized people in our work because that's what makes it better for everybody.” The challenges



of this include bringing people together across lines of class, and incorporating an organizational model that represents the cultural and linguistic diversity of Vancouver tenants.

With Punjabi and Chinese being the second and third most-spoken languages in Vancouver after English, and with the disproportionately high levels

“So many people across every single neighbourhood are fed up and frustrated with everything.”

of Indigenous homelessness in Vancouver, the project of combatting tenancy injustice cannot be one stuck in anglocentric whiteness.

The VTU is galvanized by the knowledge that improving housing for everybody is not a project that can be left up to the municipal or provincial government. The last 10 years of frozen welfare rates under Christie Clark and rising homelessness is backed up by hypocritical by-law enforcement. An anecdote shared at the Union's launch told of the City refusing to enforce bylaw violations in the Single Resident Occupancy buildings of the DTES, yet enforcing the bylaws that would take down a tent city on unused city property intended for future social housing development. “The reason why we decided to become a union [...] is because as a union we have our own demands, we have our own strong collective voice,” Gerlings explains. The demands are simple and clear. “Real rent control,”

meaning rents cannot be arbitrarily increased between tenancies or beyond the often-overshot annual limit of 3.7 per cent. “Eviction protections,” which they hope to effect through policy change. And “more housing and better incomes for all” with a goal of 10,000 units of social housing a year at welfare rate until the dearth of affordable housing is filled. These goals may seem ambitious, but they are necessarily so. As Gerlings points out, the union gets to set its own minimum bar, and they are doing so by asking simply and assertively for

what is needed. “If we're not asking for what we need,” they add, “what are we doing?”

Capacity building among the Union's almost 500 members is a central means of meeting these demands. This includes educating tenants about their rights and how to assert them through workshops, teach-ins, and public forums and consultations. The hope is that the union can establish a tenant organizer in every multi-unit rental building in the city, and connecting tenants to resources and to each other is a primary method of accomplishing this. It is, as Gerlings says, “people power.” “It's really about getting other people to learn and to know more and to be able to advocate for each other.”

Currently headed by an interim steering committee, the VTU will hold a conference in the fall to elect union leadership, write their constitution and bylaws, and train organizers. Open to anyone, the convention will also host tenant organizers from the United States to facilitate cross-border knowledge sharing.

The spread of the union outside the borders of Vancouver proper is evidentiary of the desperate need for it. “Some of the messages we've gotten so far [from people in Victoria, Burnaby, and Squamish] have been like, “Thanks so much, it's about time,” Gerlings says. “It's about time for tenants to talk to each other, it's about time for people to talk to each other.”

To learn more about the Vancouver Tenants Union, to become a member, or to learn how to donate, visit their website at tenantsunion.ca, and follow them on social media. To stay up to date with future meetings, email tenantsunion.yvr@gmail.com.

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ON THE AIR

CiTR DOCUMENTARY SERIES : THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JERIMIAH ZOHAR

words by Aidan Danaher // illustration by Jules Galbraith

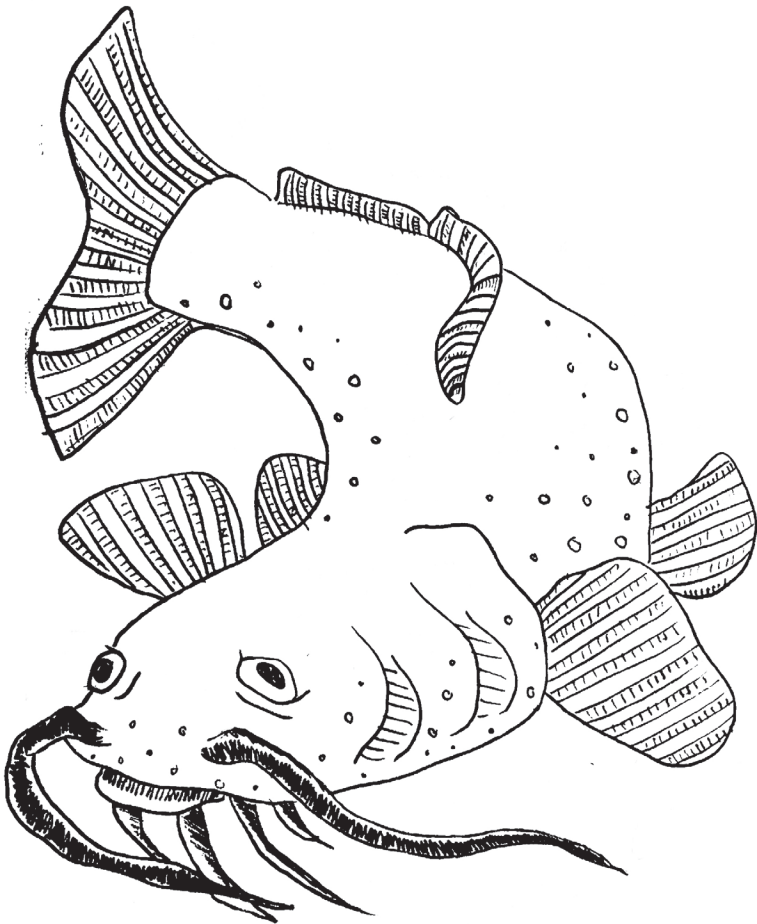
In case you haven't already heard, CiTR 101.9FM has recently released its second wave of radio documentaries with this season's central focus being the concept of community. Under that umbrella, topics range from the history of Vancouver's underground tunnel system beneath Chinatown, to an investigation of the perplexing "free speech" movement by confrontational right-wing conservatives happening in our very own backyard at UBC. One of these documentaries of particular interest is *The Life and Death of Jeremiah Zohar*, produced by Josh Gabert-Doyon and Claire Smale, which follows an unbelievable story that sounds more like an episode of *The Twilight Zone* or *Black Mirror* than it does a reality.

We've all heard stories of "catfishing," and for those few who haven't, this phenomenon is when somebody pretends to be someone they aren't over social media, usually in the attempt of manipulating or starting a romantic relationship with someone online. As ridiculous as it is, it's more common than you would imagine because there is even an MTV show devoted to this very kind of thing. However, in the case of Jeremiah Zohar the masquerade of catfishing was taken to such an extreme extent that involved not one, but over 50 stolen identities.

Unbeknownst to his victims, in actuality, Jeremiah Zohar was the replicated Facebook page of Oli Levy, a personal friend of Smale and Gabert-Doyon. But not only was Oli's identity appropriated, but so were his friends' profiles (including Smale and Gabert-Doyon) all of which were copied under completely different names. Amongst the fake profiles there were fake relationships, inside jokes, and other fictitious interconnections that helped create the illusion of Jeremiah's social life online. To say the least, the amount of effort that went into bringing these characters alive (particularly Jeremiah) was certainly impressive, especially considering the fact that there was only ever a single puppetmaster.

What's really spectacular about this documentary is how Gabert-Doyon and Smale manage to unfold this incredibly complex situation with a keen attention to detail as they unweave the convoluted web of lies to reveal this imposter. For the most part, the documentary focuses on the real-world implications of Jeremiah Zohar's existence, not only for Oli Levy, but for a teenaged girl named Heather, who's online courtship with Zohar lasted over two years, beginning in 2011. Obviously, the relationship between Heather and Zohar was very real, and the two would text message each other constantly, but never spoke over the phone or by video. When Oli eventually contacted Heather to explain the situation, both of them felt a strange sense of guilt, but what were they to feel guilty about? Both of them were innocent, but both had been manipulated by this mysterious third party.

On a side note, only 30 years ago, people thought that we would have flying cars and hoverboards by now (those things under your feet with motorized wheels don't count). Instead, the largest technological advancement, for better or for worse, has been the creation and integration of our online social platforms, giving us the ability to instantly connect with whomever (or whatever) we want to, wherever we want to, at the touch of a screen. Even so, it's almost absurd to think that, for some of us, long-term romantic relationships have now diminished to text-only conversations. But anyways...



In order not to spoil the story, I will refrain from further detailing what happens to Jeremiah Zohar and leave it for you to find out for yourself. With that said, I can say that this documentary raises so many questions about our livelihood in the digital era: Why have we placed so much importance into extending our social lives virtually? Who exactly has access to the information that we have shared online? How many other innocent people are being tricked into farcical relationships with somebody who is hiding behind a fake profile? Are we able to trust the people that we connect with remotely over the internet?

One thing for sure: listening to *The Life and Death of Jeremiah Zohar* will make you think twice about sending a DM to that cute rando on Instagram.

You can subscribe to CiTR's Documentary Series by searching "CiTR Docs" on Stitcher or iTunes, or visit citr.ca to stream and download. For more information about CiTR's Documentary Series and profiles of upcoming documentaries, visit citr.ca



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CiTR 101.9FM PROGRAM GUIDE

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday			
6AM	TRANCENDANCE GHOST MIX	PACIFIC PICKIN'	CITR GHOST MIX	CITR GHOST MIX	AURAL TENTACLES	CITR GHOST MIX	BEP1 CRESPLAN PRESENTS	6AM		
7AM				OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	CANADALAND (SYNDICATE)			7AM		
8AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM VANCOUVER: RELOADED	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	CITR GHOST MIX	CITED!	THE SATURDAY EDGE	CLASSICAL CHAOS	8AM		
9AM				THE COMMUNITY LIVING SHOW	MIXTAPES WITH MC & MAC			9AM		
10AM		FEM CONCEPT	POP DRONES	STUDENT FILL-IN	THE REEL WHIRLED	SHOOKSHOOKTA		10AM		
11AM	UNCEDDED AIRWAVES	STUDENT FILL-IN		ROCKET FROM RUSSIA				11AM		
12PM	SYNCHRONICITY	MORNING AFTER SHOW	THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO WITH RADIO DAVE	GENERATION ANNIHILATION	THE ROCKERS SHOW	12PM		
1PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	STUDENT FILL-IN	KOREAN WAVE: ARIRANG HALLYU	K-POP CAFE	FRESH SLICE	POWER CHORD		1PM		
2PM		PARTICLES & WAVES	MUZAK FOR THE OBSERVANT	ALL ACCESS PASS	RADIO ZERO		2PM			
3PM	THE BURROW	THE JEFF AND KEITH SHOW	KEW IT UP	ASTROTALK	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	LA FIESTA	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	3PM	
			THUNDERBIRD EYE						4PM	
4PM	LITTLE BIT OF SOUL	TEXTBOOK	SHOES ON A WIRE	SIMORGH						
5PM	THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	DISCORDER RADIO	ARTS REPORT	BABE WAVES	CiTR DOCS SEASON 2	MANTRA	CHTHONIC BOOM!		5PM	
6PM	FINDING THE FUNNY	FLEX YOUR HEAD	ANECDOTAL EVIDENCE		ARE YOU AWARE	STUDENT FILL-IN	RADIO PIZZA PARTY	NASHA VOLNA	NOW WE'RE TALKING	6PM
	STUDENT FILL-IN		INNER SPACE	SAMS QUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY						
7PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	INSIDE OUT	MIX CASSETTE	SOUL SANDWICH	RIP RADIO	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SOCA STORM	RHYTHMS INDIA	TECHNO PROGRE SSIVO	8PM
8PM										
9PM		CRIMES & TREASONS	WHITE NOISE	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		SKALDS HALL	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	TRANCENDANCE		9PM
10PM	THE JAZZ SHOW		NINTH WAVE			CANADA POST ROCK				10PM
11PM		STRANDED: CAN/AUS MUSIC SHOW	THUNDERBIRD LOCKER ROOM	COPY / PASTE	THE MEDICINE SHOW	RANDOPHONIC	THE AFTN SOCCER SHOW		11PM	
12AM	THE SCREEN GIRLS		SPICY BOYS						12AM	
1AM	CITR GHOST MIX	CITR GHOST MIX		AURAL TENTACLES	THE LATE NIGHT SHOW	THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA	CITR GHOST MIX		1AM	
2AM			CITR GHOST MIX						2AM	
LATE NIGHT									LATE NIGHT	

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■ MONDAY

TRANSCENDANCE GHOST MIX

12AM-7AM, ELECTRONIC/DANCE
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Contact: programming@citr.ca

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-10AM, ECLECTIC

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

Contact: breakfastwiththe-browns@hotmail.com

UNCEDD AIRWAVES

11AM-12PM, TALK/CULTURAL COMMENTARY

Unceded Airwaves is in its second season! The team of Indigenous and non-Indigenous peeps produce the show weekly. We talk about Indigenous issues, current events, and entertainment centering Native voices through interviews and the arts. Come make Indigenous radio with us!

Contact: programming@citr.ca,
Follow us @[uncededairwaves/](https://www.facebook.com/uncededairwaves/)
[facebook.com/uncededairwaves/](https://www.facebook.com/uncededairwaves/)

SYNCHRONICITY

12PM-1PM, TALK/SPIRITUALITY

Join host Marie B and spirituality, health and feeling good. Tune in and tap into good vibrations that help you remember why you're here: to have fun!

Contact: spiritualshow@gmail.com

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

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

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE BURROW

3PM-4PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Hosted by CITR's music department manager Andy Resto, the Burrow is Noise Rock, Alternative, Post-Rock, with a nice blend of old 'classics' and new releases. Interviews & Live performances.

Contact: music@citr.ca

LITTLE BIT OF SOUL

4PM-5PM, JAZZ

Host Jade spins old recordings of jazz, swing, big band, blues, oldies and motown.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

5PM-6PM, INTERNATIONAL

Veteran host Leo brings you talk, interviews, and only the best mix of Latin American music.

Contact: leoramirez@canada.com

FINDING THE FUNNY

6PM-6:30PM, TALK

Finding the Funny is a variety show with host Nico McEown & special guests who talk comedy. What makes us laugh, and why? What separates the best of the best from all the rest? Every episode you hear great jokes and bits from both famous and unknown comedians.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, EXPERIMENTAL

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

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ

On air since 1984, jazz musician Gavin Walker takes listeners from the past to the future of jazz. With featured albums and artists, Walker's extensive knowledge and hands-on experience as a jazz player will have you back again next week.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

■ TUESDAY

THE SCREEN GIRLS

12AM-1AM, HIP HOP/R&B/ SOUL

The Screen Girls merge music and art with discussions of trends and pop culture, and interviews with artists in contemporary art, fashion and music. We play a variety of music, focusing on promoting Canadian hip hop and R&B.

Contact: info@thescreengirls.com

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, ROOTS/FOLK/BLUES

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

Contact: pacificpickin@yahoo.com

QUEER FM

8AM-10:30AM, TALK/ POLITICS

Dedicated to the LGBTQ+ communities of Vancouver, Queer FM features music, current events, human interest stories, and interviews.

Contact: queerfmvancouver@gmail.com

FEMCONCEPT

TUES, 10:30-11:30, ROCK/POP/INDIE

A show comprised entirely of Femcon* music and discussions of women's rights and social justice issues. Featuring all genres of music, with an emphasis on local and Canadian artists and events in Vancouver.

**Femcon* is defined as

music with someone who self-identifies as female in 2/4 categories: music composition, lyric composition, performance, or recording engineering.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW

12PM-1PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Oswaldo Perez Cabrera plays your favourite eclectic mix of Ska, reggae, shoegaze, indie pop, noise, with live music, local talent and music you won't hear anywhere else. The morning after what? Whatever you did last night.

Twitter | [@sonicvortex](https://twitter.com/sonicvortex)

ARTICLES & WAVES

2PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Like the quantum theory it is named for, Particles and Waves defies definition. Join Mia for local indie, sci-fi prog rock, classic soul, obscure soundtracks, Toto's deep cuts, and much more.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE JEFF AND KEITH SHOW

3PM-4PM, TALK / COMEDY

Jeff and Keith are here to keep you good company for one hour each week.

Contact: Twitter | [@realjeffbryant](https://twitter.com/realjeffbryant)

TEXTBOOK

4PM-5PM, TALK/STORYTELLING

Textbook (FKA The Student Special Hour) is a show about students by students hosted by Josh Gabert-Doyon, CITR's student programming coordinator. There are three segments: Feature interview, student storytelling, & "Tell Me About Your Paper".

Contact: outreach@citr.ca

DISORDER RADIO

5PM-6PM, ECLECTIC, TALK

Produced by the Disorder On Air collective, this show covers content in the magazine and beyond. Coordinated by Claire Bailey, Matt Meuse, and Jordan Wade. Get in touch to get involved!

Contact: disorder.radio@citr.ca

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6PM-8PM, LOUD/PUNK/METAL

Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

INSIDE OUT

8PM-9PM, DANCE/ELECTRONIC

Tune in weekly for dance music!

Contact: programming@citr.ca

CRIMES & TREASONS

9PM-11PM, HIP HOP

Uncensored Hip-Hop & Trill \$h't. Hosted by Jamal Steeles, Homeboy Jules, Relyi Reils, LuckyRich, horsepowar & Issa. American music.

Contact: dj@crimesandtreasons.com
www.crimessandtreasons.com

STRANDED: CAN/AUS MUSIC SHOW

11PM-12AM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Join your host Matthew for a weekly mix of exciting sounds past and present, from his Australian homeland. Journey with him as he features fresh tunes and explores alternative musical heritage of Canada.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

■ WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECLECTIC

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

Contact: dj@jackvelvet.net

POP DRONES

10AM-12PM, ECLECTIC

Unearthing the depths of contemporary and cassette vinyl underground. Ranging from DIY bedroom pop and garage rock all the way to harsh noise, and of course, drone.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECLECTIC

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

Contact: programming@citr.ca

KOREAN WAVE: ARIRANG HALLYU

1PM-2PM, TALK / POP

Contact: programming@citr.ca

MUZAK FOR THE OBSERVANT

2PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

The CITR Music department program, highlighting the newest/freshest cuts from the station's bowels. Featuring live interviews and performances from local artists.

Contact: music@citr.ca

KEW IT UP

3PM-4PM, EXPERIMENTAL/ TALK

Radio essays and travesties: Sonic Cate(s)chism / half-baked philosophy and criticism. Experimental, Electronica, Post-Punk, Industrial, Noise : ad-nauseum

Contact: programming@citr.ca

SHOES ON A WIRE

4PM-5PM, TALK/ ARTS & CULTURE

Take a moment to look up. Tune in for stories, interviews, hot takes and sweet tunes that consider a side of things you may not have.

Contact: Twitter | [@mjeantaylor](https://twitter.com/mjeantaylor)

ARTS REPORT

5PM-6PM, TALK/ ARTS & CULTURE

The one and only student run arts and culture radio show in Vancouver. Arts Report brings you the latest in local arts! Your show hosts Ashley and Christine provide a weekly dose of reviews, interviews, and special segments.

Contact: arts@citr.ca

ANECDOTAL EVIDENCE

6PM-6:30PM, TALK / STORY TELLING

Anecdotal Evidence is a live storytelling series in Vancouver, where people share true stories of how they experience science in their lives; stories of failure, fieldwork, love, death, cosmic loneliness and more. Tune in for humour, humanity, and sometimes even science.

Contact: Twitter | [@ae_stories](https://twitter.com/ae_stories)

INNER SPACE

6:30PM-8PM, ELECTRONIC/DANCE

Dedicated to underground electronic music, both experimental and dance-oriented. Live DJ sets and guests throughout.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

6:30PM-8PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

MIX CASSETTE

8PM-9PM, HIP HOP/INDIE/SOUL

A panoply of songs, including the freshest riddims and sweetest tunes, hanging together, in a throwback suite. Which hearkens back to the days where we made mix cassettes for each other(cds too), and relished in the merging of our favourite albums.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

WHITE NOISE

9PM-10PM, TALK/SKETCH COMEDY

Join Richard Blackmore for half an hour of weird and wonderful sketch comedy, as he delves into the most eccentric corners of radio. Then stay tuned for the after show featuring Simon and Connor who make sense of it all, with the occasional interjection of quality music.

Contact: whitenoiseUBC@gmail.com

NINTH WAVE

10PM-11PM

Between the Salish sea and the snow capped Rocky Mountains, A-ro and Char explore the relationships of classic and contemporary stylings through Jazz, Funk, and Hip-Hop lenses.

Contact: aro.elekwent@gmail.com

THUNDERBIRD LOCKER ROOM

11PM-12AM, TALK/SPORTS

Chase takes you into the locker rooms of UBC for talk with varsity athletes, coaches, and UBC staff on everything but sports. The Thunderbird Locker Room gives you a backroom perspective.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

■ THURSDAY

SPICY BOYS

12AM-1AM, PUNK/HARDCORE/METAL

Playing music and stuff. You can listen. Or don't. It's up to you.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

7AM-8AM, TALK

Host Issa Arian introduces you to topics through his unique lens. From news, to pop culture, and sports, Issa has the goods.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THE COMMUNITY LIVING SHOW

9AM-10AM, TALK/ACCESSIBILITY

This show is produced by and for the disabled community. We showcase BC Self Advocates and feature interviews with people with special needs. Hosted by Kelly Raeburn, Michael Rubbin Clogs and friends.

Contact: citrlatenightshow@gmail.com

ROCKET FROM RUSSIA

11AM-12PM, PUNK

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

Contact: rocketfromrussia.tumblr.com,
rocketfromrussiactr@gmail.com,
tlima_tzar,
facebook.com/RocketFromRussia

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

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

Contact: duncansdonuts.wordpress.com

K-POP CAFE

1PM-2PM, K-POP

Jayden gives listeners an introduction music & entertainment in Asian Cultures, especially, Korean, Japanese, Chinese. Tune in for K-POP, Hip Hop, Indie, R&B, Korean Wave (aka K-Wave or Hallyu). News about Korean Entertainment Industry, and Korean Society in Vancouver.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

ALL ACCESS PASS

2PM-3PM, TALK/ACCESSIBILITY

The Accessibility Collective radio show! They talk equity, inclusion, and accessibility for people with diverse abilities, on and off campus. Tune in for interviews, music, news, events, & dialogue.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

ASTROTALK

3-3:30PM, TALK/SCIENCE

Space is an interesting place. Marco slices up the night sky with a new topic every week. Death Starts, Black Holes, Big Bang, Red Giants, the Milky Way, G-Bands, Pulsars, Super Stars and the Solar System.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

THUNDERBIRD EYE

3:30-4PM, TALK/SPORTS

Your weekly roundup of UBC Thunderbird sports action from on campus and off with your hosts Jason Wang and Timothy Winter.

Contact: sports@citr.ca

SIMORGH

4PM-5PM, TALK/STORYTELLING

Simorgh Radio is devoted to education and literacy for Persian speaking communities. Simorgh the mythological multiplicity of tale-figures, lands-in as your mythological narrator in the storyland; the contingent space of beings, connecting Persian peoples within and to Indigenous peoples.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

BABE WAVES

5PM-6PM, TALK/CULTURAL CRITICISM

Babe Waves is CITR's Gender Empowerment Collective show. Jazzed womens-identifying and non-binary folks sit around and talk music, art, politics, current events and much more. Tune in, follow us on social media, and get involved!

Contact: programming@citr.ca,
facebook.com/citrbabewaves

ARE YOU AWARE

ALTERNATING THURS, 6PM-7:30, ECLECTIC

Celebrating the message behind the music. Profiling music and musicians that take the route of positive action over apathy.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

SOUL SANDWICH

7:30PM-9PM, HIP HOP/R&B/SOUL

A myriad of your favourite genres all cooked into one show. From Hip Hop to Indie rock to African jams, Rohit and Ola will play it all, in a big soulful sandwich. This perfect layering of yummy goodness will blow your mind. AND, it beats Subway.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

R.I.P. RADIO

ALTERNATING THURS, 8PM-9PM, TALK/HIP HOP/R&B/SOUL

R.I.P. Radio brings deceased artists back into the spotlight and to reveal the world of budding artists standing on the shoulders of these musical giants. Each episode is a half-hour journey back from the musical grave.You'll want to stay alive for it.

Contact: Instagram, [@rip.radio](https://www.instagram.com/rip.radio)

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD

RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CITR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.

Contact: programming@citr.ca

COPY/PASTE

11PM-12AM, ELECTRONIC

If it makes you move your feet (or nod your head), it'll be heard on copy/paste. Vibe out with what's heating up underground clubs around town and worldwide. A brand new DJ mix every week by Autonomy & guest DJs.

Contact: music@actsofautonomy.com

■ FRIDAY

AURAL TENTACLES

12AM-6AM, EXPERIMENTAL

It could be global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

Contact: auraltentacles@hotmail.com

CANADALAND (SYNDICATED)

87AM-8AM, TALK/POLITICS

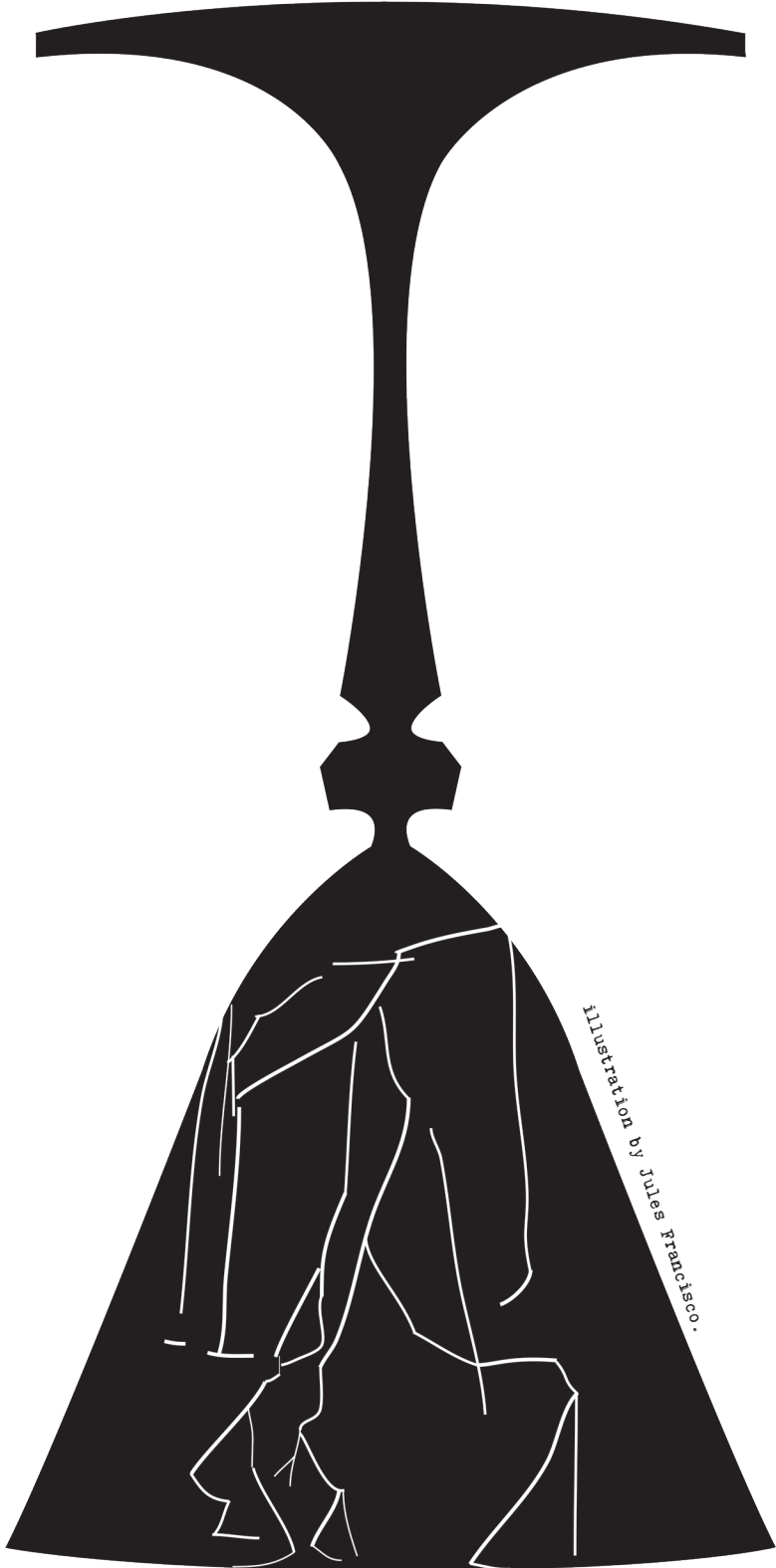
Podcast hosted by Jesse Brown that focuses on media criticism as well as news, politics, and investigative reporting. Their website also has text essays and articles.

Contact: jesse@canadaland-show.com

CiTR 101.9FM MAY CHARTS

	Artist	Album	Label
1	Dalava*#+	The Book of Transfigurations	SONGLINES
2	The Courtney's*#+	II	FLYING NUN
3	Pale Red*#+	Soft Opening	SELF-RELEASED
4	Birthday Bitch*#+	26	SELF-RELEASED
5	Sarah Davachi*#+	All My Circles Run	STUDENTS OF DECAY
6	Lydia Ainsworth*#	Darling of the Afterglow	ARBUTUS
7	Mac DeMarco*	This Old Dog	ROYAL MOUNTAIN
8	Jerk Jails*#+	S/T	SELF-RELEASED
9	Timber Timbre*#	Sincerely, Future Pollution	ARTS & CRAFTS
10	Sneaks#	It's a Myth	MERGE
11	Elsiane*#	Death of the Artist	LABORATORY BAND
12	High Plains*+	Cinderland	KRANKY
13	The Harpoonist & The Axe Murderer*+	Apocalipstick	SELF-RELEASED
14	Crims & Flow*#	Nightmare Food In The Vacuum Room	SELF-RELEASED
15	Five Alarm Funk*+	Sweat	SELF-RELEASED
16	Fiver*#	Audible Songs From Rockwood	IDEE FIXE
17	Louise Burns*#+	Young Mopes	LIGHT ORGAN
18	The New Pornographers*#	Whiteout Conditions	DINE ALONE
19	Career Suicide*	Machine Response	DERANGED
20	Echuta*+	Morning Figure When Absolutely Calm	AGONY KLUB
21	Alice Coltrane#	The Ecstatic Music of Alice Coltrane Turiyasangitananda	LUAKA BOP
22	Elisa Thorn's Painting Project*#+	Hue	SELF-RELEASED
23	Alex Cuba*+	Lo Unico Constante	FONTANA NORTH
24	Girlpool#	Powerplant	ANTI-
25	Horoscope#	Misogyny Stone	WHARF CAT
26	Larissa Tandy#	The Grip	THALASSOPHILE RECORDS
27	Pharmakon#	Contact	SACRED BONES
28	Daniel Terrence Robertson*+	Death	HEAVY LARK
29	Saltland#	A Common Truth	CONSTELLATION
30	The Real McKenzies*+	Two Devils Will Talk	STOMP
31	Bored Décor/OKGB*+	Bored Décor/OKGB split	ROCKSALT
32	Hurray For The Riff Raff*#	The Navigator	ATO
33	Frank Love*#+	Best of Luck	SELF-RELEASED
34	Rodney Decroo*+	Old Tenement Man	TONIC
35	Jon McKiel*	Memorial Ten Count	YOU'VE CHANGED
36	Goldfrapp#	Silver Eye	MUTE
37	Ralph*#	Ralph	SELF-RELEASED
38	Heavy Living*#	Heavy Living	SELF-RELEASED
39	Peace*+	Magic Cities	SELF-RELEASED
40	Wall#	Untitled	WHARF CAT
41	Slowdive	Slowdive	DEAD OCEANS
42	Jenn Grant*#	Paradise	OUTSIDE MUSIC
43	Ghostkeeper*#	Sheer Blouse Buffalo Knocks	SELF-RELEASED
44	Family Band*#	Four Standards	EGG PAPER FACTORY
45	Doug Cox And Sam Hurrie*	Old Friends	BLACK HEN
46	Blessed*+	EP 2	KINGFISHER BLUEZ
47	Crumb*+	Clean Up The Crumbs	SELF-RELEASED
48	Jom Comyn*	I Need Love	SWEETY PIE
49	Shrouded Amps*#+	Come Along To The Chocolate Church	SELF-RELEASED
50	Soft Serve*+	Trap Door	SELF-RELEASED

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played on the air by CiTR's lovely DJs last month. Records with asterisks (*) are Canadian, those marked plus (+) are local, and (#) are femcon. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy to the station addressed to Andy Resto, Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes for consideration to music@ctr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting by emailing, or calling 604.822.8733.





MOUNT
KIMBIE



WAXAHATCHEE



UPCOMING SHOWS IN VANCOUVER!

June 1
VALERIE JUNE
Fox Cabaret

June 4
TWRP
The Cobalt

June 8
MOUNT KIMBIE
Imperial

June 17
LOW + MONO
Imperial

June 18
THE DESLONDES
The Cobalt

June 21
(SANDY) ALEX G
The Cobalt

June 22
GUITAR WOLF
The Cobalt

June 24
GOLDROOM HIGH SEAS BOAT TOUR
Aboard The Abitibi Boat

June 27
!!! (CHK CHK CHK)
Fox Cabaret

June 29
RICH CHIGGA
Fortune

July 2
JESSIE REYEZ
Alexander Gastown

July 8
THE DISTRICTS
The Cobalt

July 10
BEACH FOSSILS
The Biltmore

July 11
NITE JEWEL
Fox Cabaret

July 13
ALGIERS
The Cobalt

July 21
MAD ALCHEMY CARAVAN
Rickshaw Theatre

July 24
LUCY DACUS
The Cobalt

July 25
WAXAHATCHEE
Imperial

August 3
TY SEGALL
Vogue Theatre

August 7
DUNGEN
Fox Cabaret

August 7
BETTY WHO
Imperial

August 9
JOHN MORELAND
The Cobalt

August 18
MEW
Rickshaw Theatre

August 24
FRANKIE COSMOS
The Cobalt

August 25
DEAD CROSS
Vogue Theatre

August 26
SAN CISCO
Fox Cabaret

August 31
MIDDLE KIDS
The Biltmore

September 2
SPOON
Malkin Bowl

September 2
VÉRITÉ
The Cobalt



September 7
CIGARETTES AFTER SEX
Imperial

September 12 & 13
MAC DEMARCO
Vogue Theatre

September 24
THEE OH SEES
Commodore Ballroom

September 25
FUTURE ISLANDS
Vogue Theatre

October 9
NICK MURPHY
Vogue Theatre

October 14
BAD SUNS
Fortune

October 22
THE BLACK ANGELS
Commodore Ballroom



Tickets & more shows at timbreconcerts.com

