

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER || 2021

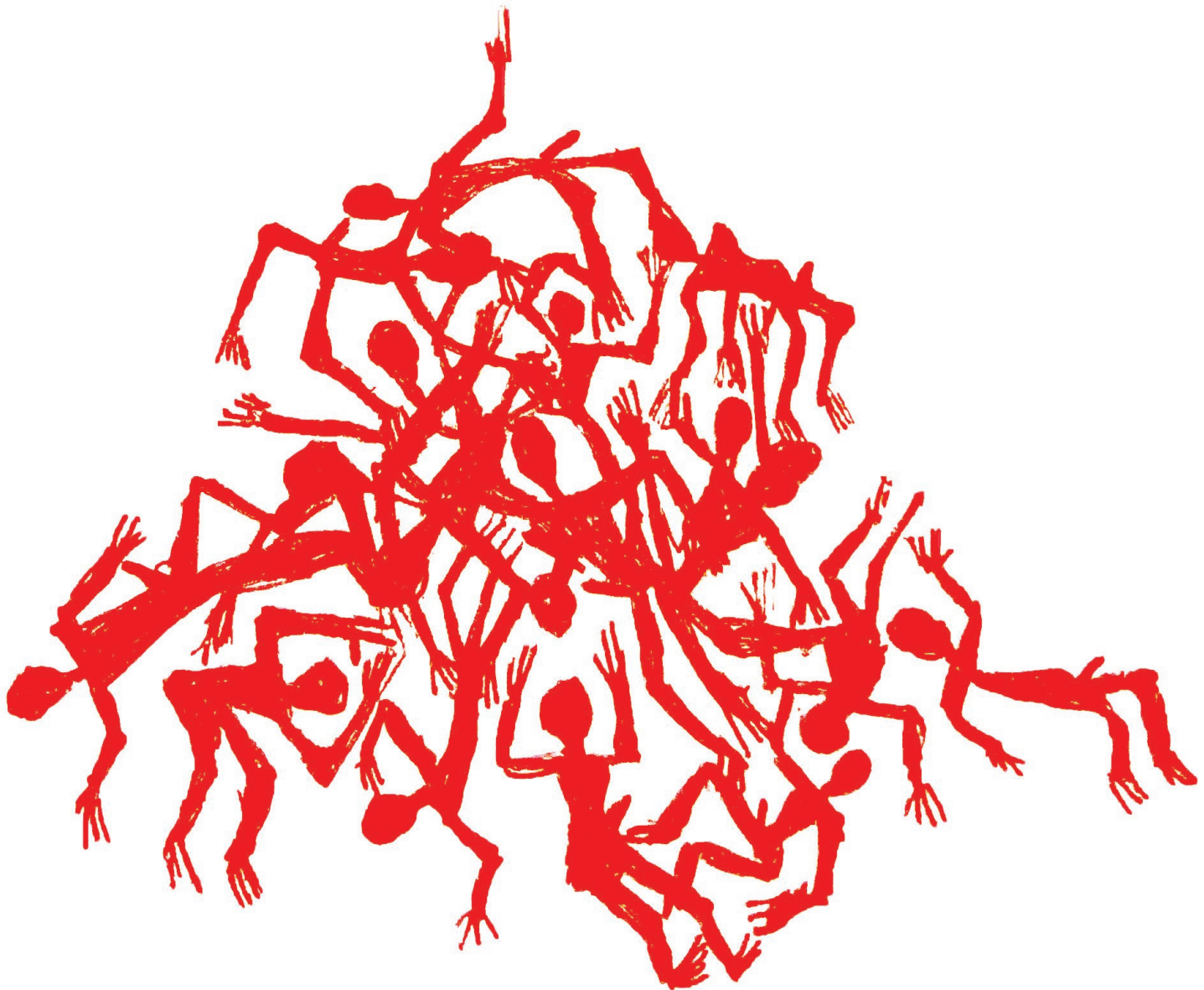
Local + Free

# DISORDER

MAGAZINE

"THAT DAMNED MAG FROM CiTR 101.9 FM"

Vol.38 No.05 Issue 421



# That DAMNED Magazine from CiTR 101.9 FM

Nov-Dec 2021// Vol.38 // No.5 // Issue #421  
cover illustration by Francis Billie Cullen

# DISCORDER

m a g a z i n e

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*"The connection is at a place where our personal realities, that may make us feel so othered or displaced, can be recognized as still being human and worthy."*

Fatemeh Ghayedi, *Arezo: Intimacy and Iran*

I hate the part of me that has become disciplined. I notice it more these days. It's in how I structure my days, even the days supposedly given to leisure. I notice it when a friend's schedule doesn't fit mine and the waywardness of other people is less beautiful than it is distressing. When I listen to new music my first thought is not, "am I enjoying this?" but rather, "how would I categorize this?" If I'm going out, I want to be there by a certain time, and I'll start to stress out if I'm not. I clench my jaw. I check the time. I start fucking with my split-ends. What magic am I denying myself by living so meticulously? Why do I feel, in a world that, without fail, automates and compartmentalizes my time, like I have to do the same for myself? Efficiency is so inescapable that it has become a cliché. We laugh about it. We say "this is life" under capitalism. And yet, sometimes I worry that, regardless of our ironic self-awareness, the more we joke about it, the more we lose grace to it.

I know I'm being sentimental. I'll be blunt. Once I started pulling at this thread I found myself interrogating a whole bunch of other processes. In particular — art, music, and it's criticism. This stuff *wants* to be slippery. Despite the ways in which we will try and structure everything, the music we write and listen to exists outside of objective ranking systems or categories. Genres aren't dead, they're simply becoming less disciplined. Genre is subject to passions and irregularities and ugliness and fragility; and, as long as a community for something exists, the genre exists. In his interview with Chain Whip, writer Tate Kaufman concludes, "Endless threads to pull at, to tip the balance, dangling like golden chains on a chandelier. It's hard to tell how deliberately each gem has been plucked from the bunch, if there's an overarching narrative, or rather the clumping of emotionally magnetized vignettes." It reminds me that the space between music, and the person listening to it, is a rowdy bridge to write. In Katherine Chamber's interview with playwright Rhiannon Collett, she explains, "I like the humanity of it all, I guess. I'm a really big fan of things that are really physical, and also really rough, and vulnerable, where mistakes can be made, and it's just messy." And look, even if *Discorder* is home to "media journalism" it's in the spirit of what I believe good criticism to be: undisciplined. Kinda personal. The stuff people keep coming back to. Or never will again. Endless threads to pull at. Is there a better metric than that?

*Asdkejfahsldejfahsldejfahsdfleakj yours,*

~T

## LONG SWORDS

### 04 • PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Reflecting on CiTR's past two years, sappy tears and all.

### 05 • HOW TO MAKE DAMN GOOD RADIO FROM HOME

A conversation with CiTR's program managers Jasper Sloan Yip and Jamie Loh .

### 06 • FRANZ THE POET

Interplay between the poem and the poet.

### 08 • RHIANNON COLLETT

Towards a reimagining of bodies, labour, community and relationships.

### 10 • DAE SHIELDS

Healing music, healing communities.

### 12 • NADUH

Magnetized by the moon, conversing with the sea, jamming with the stars.

### 20 • CHAIN WHIP

"Chain whip is my fuck band."

### 22 • MOTHER SUN

A symbiotic mesh of psychedelic, funk and jazz.

### 24 • HEAVY PETTING

No answers, and no respite.

### 2 • AREEZO: INTIMACY & IRAN

"an environment for us to bear witness to experiences of desire."

## SHORT SWORDS

### 15 • NOVEMBER CALENDAR

artwork by ALICIA LAWRENCE

### 16 • DECEMBER CALENDAR

artwork by TATIANA YAKOVLEVA

### 19 • DISCOTHRASH

"Falling" by ZANE COPPARD

### 26 • UNDER REVIEW

Some music, and LIVE FREAKIN' SHOWS, BABY!

### 29 • CiTR's PROGRAMMING GRID

### 30 • CiTR's PROGRAMMING GUIDE

### 31 • CiTR's OCTOBER CHARTS

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## !!!!!!

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# SM IN MY HEART!

## or contributor bios of Nov/Dec 2021



### Katherine Gear Chambers

Katherine has recently moved to Toronto and is working towards an MA in English and Women & Gender Studies. Her work focuses on feminist zines, nationalism & CanLit, and listening as a world-building feminist practice. She is grateful for the generous, creative and radical people she has followed here, and for constant reminders to slow down.

### Allison Eng

Allison Eng is a corporate zombie by day and an illustrator by night. She's attempting to break free of the shackles from her day-job and is on a journey to become a full-time freelance illustrator. You can find her on Instagram at @designenggg - she'd love to chat!

### Peyton Murphy

Peyton Murphy is an undergrad student at UBC. In her spare time, she enjoys spending money she does not have on vintage clothing and fancy cocktails. You can find her on Twitter @pmurph\_\_\_ and Instagram @\_peytonmurphy

### Fabio Peres Schneider

Fabio loves writing, music and philosophy on good days. Probably having an existential crisis rn.

### Jane Diopko

Jane Diopko is a 3rd year Media studies student, social media manager, filmmaker, graphic designer, general content creator and writer. Who also loves dogs.

### Phoebe Telfar

Phoebe is a photographer / writer. Hoping to bring more Manaakitanga to media. Currently into: Pirate clothes. Feel free to reach out anytime (IG: @pho.telf)

### Hayley Schmidt

Hayley works professionally as a Graphic Designer in the publishing field. Her main focus and passion lies in editorial design and illustration. Hayley enjoys playing guitar in her band Guppi, attending local shows or events (when safe), crafting, spending time outdoors and praising her cat. Instagram: fleshandbone\_\_ Website: hayleyschmidt.com

### Alicia Lawrence

Artist, visual designer, creative writer

### Tamara Chang

Tamara is a portrait photographer based in Vancouver. To view more of her work, visit [www.tamarachang.ca](http://www.tamarachang.ca) or @tamarachangphotography on Instagram.

### Abi Taylor

Spending more time outside than drawing lately, but that's ok.

### Todd McCluskie

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

### Tate Kaufman

Tate Kaufman is a writer, activist, grappler and fan of anything birthday cake flavored.

### Francis Billie Cullen

19 years old. I wouldn't be surprised if we met one day and I cut your hair.

### Isa S. You

Isa S. You: Part-time student photographer, full-time emotional cowboy.

### Tatiana Yakovleva

Tatiana is a hobbyist artist located in White Rock. She is an immigrant from Russia and she is studying Accounting in college.

### Zane Coppard

Zane Coppard is a multifaceted musician who brings aspects of his avant-garde experiments into a beautiful union with pop music. Pulling from vast musical influence, not only those famed from the present and past but also having been steeped in music at home as a child, Zane has garnered a unique ability to express many aspects of the human experience through what he creates.

### JJ Mazzucotelli

JJ (They/Them) is a photojournalist and Historian from Reno, Nevada and is currently pursuing their Masters here in Vancouver. Their work can be found on Instagram at @faerie\_gothfather.

### Andrei Anghelescu

Andrei draws. Sometimes on people! @spooky\_skeleton\_wizard

### Katrina Gulane (SKITZKERS)

A bird enthusiast, astrology girl, lover of literature (especially Stephen King). 20 years old, a Sagittarius, Hugh Grant film enjoyer.

### Daniela Rodríguez

Also known as DJ D-Rod or @la.tacodelic, Dani Rodríguez Chevalier (she/ella) is a part-time book shelfer and a full-time dog lover. She lives on the unceded territories of the xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Skwxwú7mesh, and sə́lilwətaʔə nations.

### Fatemeh G.

Fatemeh (she/her) is an Iranian writer now living on xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and sə́lilwətaʔə / Selilwitulh (Tsleil-Waututh) land, where all she does is do the only thing she knows how to do: be silly.

### Amanda Thacker

Amanda is a dry red with a full body and approachable tannins. Notes of anti-capitalist angst and environmental despair. Pairs well with 50s Jazz and AGW.

### Tiffany Ma

Tiffany Ma is an undergrad at UBC, studying Philosophy and CNERS (Classical, Near Eastern, and Religious Studies). She is also a contributor to the show *Against the Current* at CiTR radio, and occasionally writes for the student newspaper *Ubyesey*. tycma2018@gmail.com

### Shayna Bursey

Shayna is a long time 'just for fun' writer that has begun taking her passion for words a little more seriously. When not writing, she can be found attending local shows, cross stitching furiously, and overthinking all aspects of her life.

It's easy to get on this list.

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## A rare and belated note from our publisher

Over the past 18 months, we have changed our definition of what it means to be connected. Practices that have been viewed as antisocial or unhealthy behavior, like social media, or multiplayer online games, have become preferred methods for maintaining relationships. We have all been forced to develop the habits of introverts, and regardless of method, our interactions are no less valid.

The impact on CiTR & Discorder has been dramatic, especially as an organization which previously thrived on events and in-person interactions. We are first and foremost a learning institution, providing training and hands-on experience in media. Every article in *Discorder* and every show on our airwaves is produced by volunteers — they are the ones that give CiTR & Discorder its unique voice. We aim to provide our platform as a media organization to as many different perspectives possible, in particular equity-seeking communities and stories that may not be covered by the mainstream media. Our philosophy is to give our volunteers the skills and knowledge to express their ideas — and then get out of their way. Without being able to access our studio or offer in person training, we felt extremely limited in what we could provide during the pandemic.

However, switching to remote connection, and support for this content creation, removed those previously “insurmountable” barriers by offering

more resources to volunteers with physical, geographical, or social reasons for staying away. In retrospect, it’s glaringly obvious that a focus on accommodating people electronically would allow us to serve a larger population. It’s embarrassing and somewhat shameful — why haven’t we been doing this all along? Streaming musical showcases makes every gig all-ages. Panel discussions can include voices from all over the world. Anyone with internet access can attend every performance, lecture, or museum tour from wherever they are, without worrying about capacity and usually without a cover charge. For us, it also means that we can offer anyone, anywhere, training and the ability to get their voice heard on the airwaves or in print, now that we have the tools to do so.

As a textbook extrovert, I am overjoyed at the prospect of the return to in-person connection. On September 5, *CiTR & Discorder* hosted the *Victory Square Block Party*, and I spent most of the afternoon on the verge of sentimental, sappy tears. I was worried that being in a crowd would cause me anxiety, but my excitement and joy greatly overshadowed any other feeling.

I understand that I may not be in the majority. Who knows what long-term effects the pandemic will have on our psyche. Regardless, it’s important that we don’t go back to business as usual now that we have the experience, and infrastructure, to expand our capacity. *CiTR* will continue to give those without the ability to jump in with both feet an equal seat at the table, and I hope the larger creative community will do the same.

— Ana Rose Carrico





# HOW TO MAKE DAMN GOOD RADIO FROM HOME,

A CONVERSATION WITH CITR'S PROGRAM MANAGER JAMIE LOH (AND JASPER SLOAN YIP)!

words by Esmée Coulbourne // illustrations by Jane Diopko

"I would encourage anyone who has an interest or curiosity in radio and podcasting to reach out — any time. You don't have to be in Vancouver. If you want to make radio we can help. We can help you produce it and help you find your voice" (Sloan Yip.)

For this article, *Discorder* spoke to Program Managers Jamie Loh and Jasper Sloan Yip about what it means to manage radio programming at CiTR during the pandemic, how anyone can get started in radio at home, plus some of their favourite shows on the airwaves.

Approaching programming with the motto, "programmers get to design their own experience," Jamie and Jasper work to get people on the radio and then "get out of the way" (Sloan Yip.) A program manager's role is curation, education and support. It was evident when interviewing Jamie and Jasper that they both have ears on the ground and on the FM signal, knowing what their listeners are asking for and trying their best to give volunteers the resources the station has. These two are also in charge of special programming, writing grants for mini-series on celebrations like Asian Heritage Month or Vancouver Pride, and internal training.

Jamie, the interim Program Manager at CiTR previously went to UBC where she studied media and art history, connecting with the music community through taking photos for *Discorder*. Graduating in 2020 with experience making podcasts, Jamie was hired right in the middle of the pandemic as an Outreach and Engagement Coordinator. She then took over for Jasper in August 2021, covering his paternity leave, and during that time brought a lot to the station, including a master class series and developing some awesome shows. Well known in Vancouver's arts scene, Jasper, who was the Program Manager before his leave of absence, has been working at CiTR for a few years, transforming from musician, to

podcaster, and now, to parent. Although taking time off from work, he plans on heading back over to the station soon, and is excited to implement new inclusive programming.



With longer term closures, CiTR was afraid that engagement would be lower: no shows to go to, no volunteer events, no tabling, and no flow through the station. Luckily numbers have stayed solid, and both Jamie and Jasper are impressed how folks have stepped up to keep the station on air. Curating artists, volunteers and radio programmes have changed since the pandemic started. In spite of the fact that the studio is closed, training for volunteers is available online, accessible to anyone who is interested. "There's two trainings that you can do: show host and production training. That would equip you with all the skills you would need to pre-record a show. We teach people how to use Audacity, which is the free audio recording and audio editing software. And honestly, you just need Audacity and a computer. If you have a phone, there usually is a recording app on there. [...] I think a lot of people think you need a lot of good gear. But honestly, a phone and audacity is literally all you need — It's super accessible" (Loh.)

"I don't think a lot of people know that they can just produce very short content here, or even just a series [...] I need to plug that more for sure" (Loh.)

Good news if you are intimidated by the thought of having to record an hour or half-hour show! Although new hosts generally start with thirty minute blocks, CiTR is currently looking for micro-content, like their series *Forgotten BC*, "a series that was created out of our ongoing equity conversations, anti-oppression conversations, which highlights historic BC spaces and events that some people might not have heard about — for example The Chinese Head Tax, and Hogan's Alley" (Loh.) Only six to eight minute long, *Forgotten BC* is educational and accessible. From a programming perspective they are great because they can be cyclically played throughout the week and intermingled with shorter programming and announcements. Perhaps as a byproduct of isolation, CiTR's programmers have stopped focusing on only music and introduced more spoken word programming, internally and externally. "The way our station works is if there isn't a scheduled program, we have shuffle algorithms that play music we curate. So we just treat it like that [...] we put out calls to the community if they want to produce something like *Forgotten BC*. You don't have to necessarily have a slot on the grid to be on the air here. You can produce that kind of content, or you can pitch an idea for shorter content and it can be handled in a very non-traditional way" (Sloan Yip).

On top of regular training you can watch CiTR's masterclasses online. Historically CiTR has been on hiatus during the summer but community members are still interested in participating in educational events. During Summer 2021, many folks were requesting training.

Jamie saw the community's need and decided to help. Creating a weekly masterclass series, she invited different staff members to host workshops and answer questions about the Adobe Suite, Spoken Word, and one of the most popular, Grant Writing, which was hosted by CiTR's station manager, Ana Rose Carrico.

Considering all this, CiTR, Jamie Loh and Jasper Sloan Yip are waiting to help you. Their job is to support curiosity and creativity, while reducing harm by educating themselves and valuing kindness, accessibility, and the joy of radio — whatever that sounds like. Whether you are interested in Spoken Word or Music programming, or something a little more DIY, reach out! You might be surprised at the radio you make.



*CiTR 101.9 FM is situated on the unceded, traditional Coast Salish territory of the Hənq̓əminəm speaking Musqueam peoples at UBC. Have an idea for a new show? You can contact Jasper at programming@cit.ca.*



# FRANZ POET

words by Tiffany Ma // illustration by Skitzkerz // photo by Isa You

I met with Franz at Upstart & Crow: Literary Arts Studio, a local bookstore located on Granville Island. It was a late afternoon on a typical rainy day in Vancouver. At 6pm, most of the stores in the neighborhood were already closing for the day. The only places left open were the restaurants and bars. As I turned at the next intersection, across from the quiet empty streets, the lights from Upstart & Crow were shining right through, “Open,” the sign reads, still hanging on the door.

In addition to being the founder of *Enable: Arts Society*, Franz also works part-time at this bookstore. Franz recently graduated from Kwantlen Polytechnic University, where she earned her bachelor of arts in creative writing.

I push open the door. The bookstore feels very homey, artsy, and welcoming. The wooden shelves are lined up side-by-side, a wooden ladder propped up against one of the shelves to break the monotony. There is a variety of book genres, creating a symphony of colors — the rosy red, golden yellow and forest green. At the center of the store are three rectangular wooden tables, on them were some featured books, perfume bottles, stationery and homewares.

We sit on the black leather couch at the back of the store. Franz is wearing an oversized button-up, with blue and green highlights in her hair and turquoise green nails. One of her arms is covered in tattoos — an open skull with a heart inside, a ghost flying off with a balloon, a bumblebee and a vampire lip bite, to name a few. “Almost every tattoo caused a fight with my mom,” Franz explained, “but they are too important to me to stop getting them.” Tattoos allowed her to find a place to belong, and to control how other people see her. “And yes, I’m going to get more,” Franz added resolutely.

Franz exudes a sense of confidence and a hint of rebelliousness, whether it be in her fashion or her poetry. When asked to describe her style of writing, Franz replies: “Confessional and multi-genre,” and I agreed. Her poem, “OKAY” starts off “Rain is a pain/ My brain can’t/ sustain

the serotonin to be ok...” The emotionally charged confessional continues, “I wake up with a pain/between my shoulder blade and ribcage.” Writing, to her, is an inherently vulnerable process. It is an activity that allows one to explore past traumas, to revisit and heal wounds.

Growing up in a relatively strict Catholic School in Surrey, Franz was never given the space to express herself. “It was a lot of suppression,” Franz sighed. At school, Franz had to wear a uniform and oblige traditional social standards. At home, her love for the arts and writing wasn’t initially encouraged as a professional pursuit. Living in the diaspora, Franz feels estranged from her heritage — “The children of immigrants are trying/ to learn their culture from textbooks,” she writes in “Displaced in a Classroom.” In the poem “Bare,” Franz opens with a recollection of her Catholic School days, confronting an extra layer of colonization in her family’s long Catholic history, tracing back to the Portuguese and British era — “Legs crossed on a Catholic classroom carpet / My tunic doesn’t hide whole thighs / in the springtime socks knee-high.” Franz explained that it is a slow and gradual process of unlearning and relearning to embrace her own identity.

There’s a strong sense of embodiment in Franz’ work, “I’m fascinated by the mind and the body, of how the body is the medium for all our encounters with the external world,” Franz expressed during our interview. Her workshop, “A practice: play, poetry, pranayama” focuses on writing and embodiment, and begins with mindfulness practices which invite one to be present in their body and to let go of all worries. What follows is a non-judgmental exercise, of which the participants are asked to simply let ideas generate, and to not judge the content of those ideas as they surface. Franz finds that a mindfulness practice helps writers concentrate better during their own process.

There’s another way in which Franz embodies her work, in a more literal sense: performing. Poetry not only lives on the two-dimensional sheet of paper — in between the

black strokes and the imposing white spaces — to Franz, poetry is inscribed in and transformed through the poets’ very own bodies in the verbal utterance, the hand gestures, the waving and the dancing. In a recorded performance of “Displaced in a Classroom,” Franz stands on a patch of green grass, overlooking the shoreline. As she read out in a wrestling tone, “I am too tired to change / baggy sweat pants and an oversized jacket,” Franz swings back and forth. With her hand slightly tilted, she swirls and swirls as she hits the ground. The distress the poem intends to communicate is magnified by the bodily performance. When asked how she decides which poetry to perform at an event, Franz explained that right now she has two to three pieces memorized, “depending on how long my segment is, my mood that day, and the audience response, I decide in the moment.” A performance is multi-faceted: it is at once an interplay between the poem itself and the poet, and one between the poet and their audience. In this way, Franz’ performances are dynamic, intentional, and impactful.

This is not to neglect the written forms of poetry. Franz likes to experiment with form in her work. In “Bare” the top half of the text is aligned to the left of the page, while the bottom half is aligned to the right. Transitioning from the top to bottom are two longer sentences that overlap at the very center of the page. I asked her during the interview about this layout, and Franz explained, “The top half was writing about my elementary school days, and the bottom half about my high school days. The middle two sentences overlap to show the connection between these two stages of my life — of a continued journey of uncovering my identity amidst the noise and suppression.” In another work, “Avril 14<sup>th</sup>” Franz had the poem divided into three vertical columns. The first line “You



send me a song,” is aligned to the left, the second line, “of falling” is at the center, and the third line, “in love” is to the right. Combining these three lines — visually — this first sentence “You send me a song of falling in love” is indeed descending on paper.

What’s next? *Enable: Arts Society* is hoping to get a sound installation and a performance project off the ground in 2022, and Franz will be performing at Mashed Poetics this November. She also hopes to finish her novel in a year.

Franz tells me “I’m learning how to create from joy, but I need to resolve the trauma first,” she pauses, “Eventually there will be happier stories.” In writing stories inspired by childhood trauma, Franz gives a voice and reassurance to others in situations similar to hers, “What were the things my 13 or 17-year-old self needed to hear?” She explains. In helping herself, Franz also hopes to help other people, “I hope my story can meet others, amidst theirs.” I look forward to seeing what Franz’s next chapter will look like too.

As I leave the bookstore — the skyline much darker and the streets quieter than when I got here — the lights are still beaming from Upstart & Crow: Literary Arts Studio, in fact, brighter than ever. Franz’s sense of confidence, with a hint of rebelliousness, still lingers on my mind.

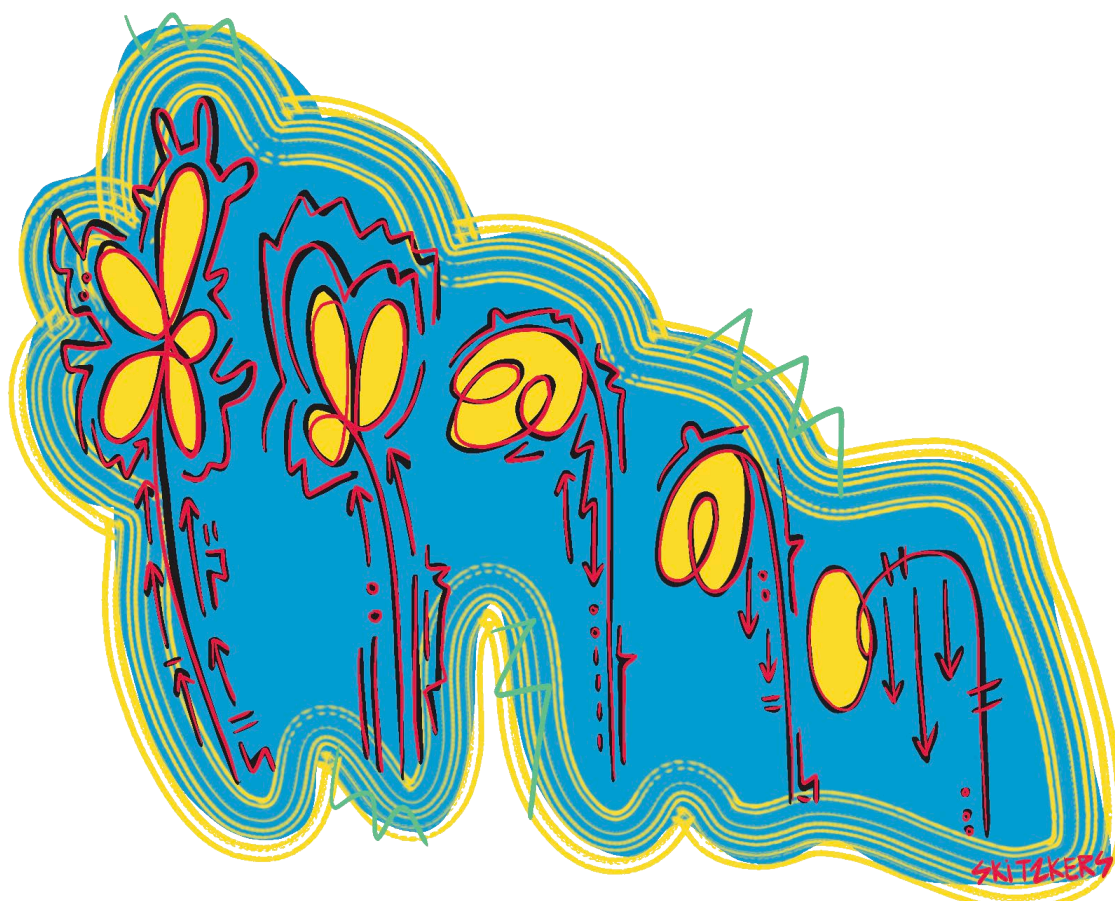


OKAY,

Rain is a pain/ My brain can't/ sustain the serotonin  
 to be ok  
 with waking up/ each morning/ I wake up with a pain/ between  
 my shoulder blade and ribcage/ I've learnt to be ok/ High functioning/ I function high/  
 and I  
 don't know if I'm ok  
 with it/ I've learnt to be ok /with the way my pain  
 bleeds/ poetry/ Can  
 we/ write  
 verses/ meaningful/ without ripping

open/ Showing the world /our intestines/ I'm tired/ of bleeding  
 for the page/for the stage/ Can we  
 use these words/threads stitch/  
 back whole/ back together/ My dreams  
 are past the sky/ I'm not ok with 9-5/  
 I'm not ok with windswept umbrellas/the closest version of flight/  
 I'm not ok with listening /as trees fall/ as dreams fall/ when  
 we're all/  
 around to hear it/

The windshield wipers are on high/I want to splash/  
 into puddles/  
 ripple  
 change



“ Franz The Poet ”

# RHIANNON COLLETT

WORDS BY KATHERINE GEAR CHAMBERS

PHOTOS BY TAMARA CHANG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEAU TODOROVA

*“I love theatre because of its immediacy, because of its intensity, because of its capacity for things to go wrong. There’s just something about the adrenaline of throwing yourself into that situation that I love[...] I like the humanity of it all, I guess. I’m a really big fan of things that are really physical, and also really rough, and vulnerable, where mistakes can be made, and it’s just messy.”*



Rhiannon Collett’s raw, human and intensely vulnerable plays have been breaking down barriers, resisting binaries, and providing uncomfortable jolts of reality for nearly five years. After living in Montreal and Toronto, and taking their work abroad, Collett has returned to Vancouver as their work — and life — enters a new phase. The stories and characters they have left scattered behind them are leaving a trail of possibility, refusal and creative resistance.

Collett describes herself as a coffee filter: taking the grounds from the lives of those around them, and filtering them into a blended brew. “Above all, my plays are just always about love,” they share. “And how hard it is to love people who let you down, and how hard it is to be someone who lets people you love down, and how we all make really complicated decisions sometimes to care for ourselves.”

Collett’s most recent work, *WASP*, has been an ongoing project for five years, and will soon be published by Playwrights Canada Press.

Like much of Collett’s work, the play engages with magical realism to create a world that is frightening and uncanny — featuring angels who invade a town in order to impregnate young adults on their 21st birthday.

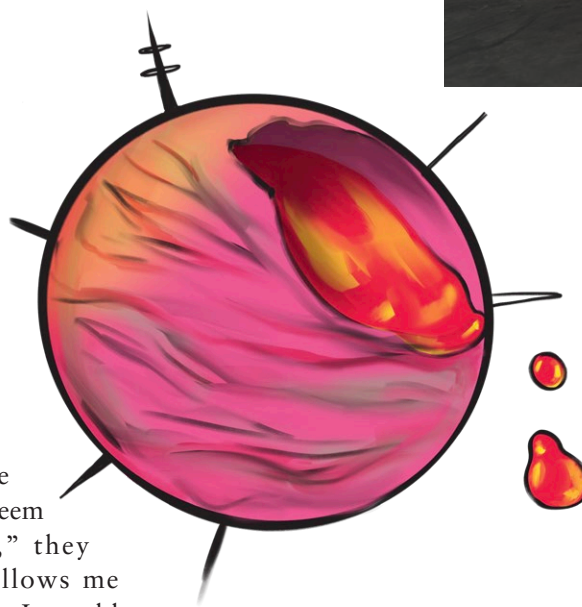
“I’m never really interested in what the metaphor means,” Collett explains, “I’m more interested in how the metaphor feels. As a theatre creator, [I think about] how we create these alternative worlds, where

wasps really do impregnate people, or teenage girls really *can* tear out a guy’s heart and throw it off a bridge. Where these weird moments, that seem really fantastical, actually do just exist.”

“I know that in my life, I’ve definitely had moments that seem too heightened to be real,” they continue, “and for me it allows me to connect with feelings that I would otherwise be unable to hold. Sometimes the limits of our reality are too small for what I want to talk about.”

Collett enjoys the collaborative process of creating theatre, particularly as their team works towards a final version of *WASP*. “Actors are really under-appreciated as artists, and they’re incredible artists. They’re incredible thinkers,” Collett enthuses, “I was just always so grateful for their offerings, their analyses and their questions, and this determination to chase down the truth of the play.”

Collett describes a particularly empowering moment in which their co-workers Cole Alivs and Gabe Maharjan suggested an alternative ending to the play — one filled with hope and resistance. “It was a reminder of the traps that you create for yourself in your own narrative.” Collett reflects. “[Initially], no matter what this character did, it was always going to come back to this moment where they didn’t have anything left — they had to



return to this forced heteronormativity. And then these two beautiful, beautiful people were like, “No. That doesn’t have to happen. They can just be gay.””

Working with gratitude in collaboration with the artists and creators behind each play, Collett’s goal is to create a working environment “where we’re all having fun, and we’re getting paid [...] and we’re finding the truth of the story.”

Their biggest collaborative project is *The Kissing Game*, was recently translated into French and filmed as part of Montreal-based Youththeatre’s 2021 season.

The play emerged from Collett’s own high school experience and relationships: “I was really interested in why teenage girls are so mean to each other [...] I just remember the cruelty that I had exhibited, that my best friend had also exhibited, and I was just fascinated with this weird homoerotic undertone to it.”

Collett toured the show in 2016. They recall a particularly memorable rendition of the play in which they were performing in the middle of a gymnasium

— surrounded by lockers, loud students and abrasive flash photography — to a small group of about twelve students.

“We finish the show and I’m like, “that was literally the worst show I have ever done,”” Collett remembers, “but then the lights come up and there are ten gay teenage girls sitting in the front row going, “YEAH, THAT WAS AWESOME!” Like, “We are so gay, and that was so cool.”

The high school gymnasium production ended up being the most gratifying and significant of the tour. The girls’ enthusiasm and gratitude offered Rhiannon and their team recognition of the importance and value of their work. No other audience responded with quite the same gusto, nor the same insight into why the play is so worthwhile, and so necessary.

“I never really had queer representation when I was a kid, growing up in North Van,” Collett explains. “I knew I was bisexual when I was about fifteen. I’ve always known I was queer, but I always shoved it down because I really needed the validation that came from having a boyfriend. I identify as lesbian now, so I wanted to write a lesbian play for teens because I never got that.”

Collett is encouraged by the work and energy of this generation of youth. “Youth are currently engaging in the conversations that we’re all having, but they’re having them faster because their brains move faster than anybody else’s. So conversations around race, sexuality and gender are just so much more at the forefront [...] For me, I didn’t really radicalize, or become who I am now until





I left town, met a bunch of queers and lived in Montreal.”

As *WASP* and *The Kissing Game* begin to take on a life of their own, Collett is able to pause and reflect on the past five whirlwind years of their career. “I feel more in control of my art,” they reflect, “I went to therapy and learned how to be an adult and learned how to support my feelings — without relying on fiction. I don’t think it makes my work less interesting, but it makes my work less terrifying [...] My first couple plays I had to write because I felt like I was going to explode if I didn’t let them out, which I don’t feel anymore. It’s really nice.”

Collett’s newest work, *Psychic Dirt*, was commissioned by Nightswimming Theatre as part of their Five by Twenty Five series, which showcases plays about the climate crisis.

“I was interested in the idea of feeling dirty when performing erotic labour, and what that means,” Collett explains, “Then you take dirt, and you take soil, and start to unpack what that is.”

The resulting play is a criticism of capitalism: “It’s interesting that the bodies of sex workers are often the ones that [are associated with filth], when in actuality you’re dancing, or you’re working for oil execs or people in mining. What does it actually mean to be dirty?”

Collett uses sex work as the ground through which to explore notions of capitalism, labour, bodies and gender.

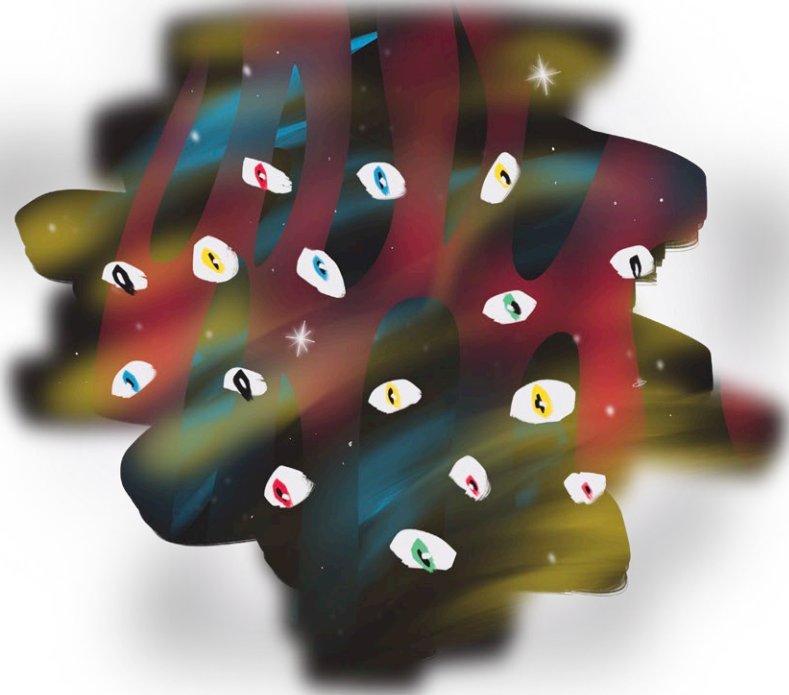
“I am really interested in sex work as an abolition of work,” they explain, “Because I think sex work is really radical

in its proposal against capitalism. It takes something that anybody can do, a labour that people do all the time in their domestic relationships, and it positions it as a financially valued service. It transcends class. It transcends so many different things.”

They continue, “There’s something about the performance of gender, and how in sex work you’re performing a very specific idea of what a woman is, that I find extremely interesting. It’s very theatrical.”

Theatre, Collett notes, can never be fully or inherently anti-capitalist, because it exists in the same system of exploitation, underappreciation and consumerism that fuels oppression. “Until artists are well compensated and given humane hours, benefits and paid time off, theatre will never be revolutionary,” Collett expands. “The grind culture that the arts industry promotes is the same as any other exploitative industry - it exploits and undervalues those it claims to lift up.”

As Collett continues to throw themselves into the intensity and immediacy of performance, they are inviting us to launch ourselves towards a reimagining of bodies, labour, community and relationships. Their terrifyingly honest works will validate the complexity of love, and remind us that it is the essential foundation of the alternative futures we are building.



*WASP will be out in Spring 2022, and is available for pre-order at Playwrights Canada Press. You can explore Collett’s other works through their website at <http://www.rhiannoncollett.com>.*

## DAE SHIELDS AKA EBONEMPRESS

*is a Vancouver based emcee, rapper, bassist, spoken word artist, designer, activist, and community advocate (to name a few of her talents.) She is also one of the founders of AfroVan Connect, a non-profit dedicated to empowering people of African Descent through conversation, collaboration, creation and performance. Dae's work explores so many of genres and mediums, but at its core it all ties back to healing. Healing communities, healing spaces, healing individuals and healing souls. I had the pleasure of speaking to Dae about music, community, activism, the nature of space, and much, much more.*



**Fabio: The work that you and AfroVan have been doing is super inspiring! What was your drive behind starting the organization?**

Dae: AfroVan has been such a journey. It's been really powerful and has changed me in so many ways. When I started out, I wasn't thinking, "Oh we're gonna create this group and it's going to be called AfroVan." I wanted to pursue my career as an artist and musician, and I was looking for a platform. As I went around Vancouver I just couldn't find it. I went to shows and events, but I could never find my community. I played a show at this place called *The Pace*. They had a big warehouse, which has shut down now, like many of our cultural spaces. After the show I talked to the owner and told her that I had been looking for a space — a place where my community could connect, jam, talk or whatever. She gave us a key and the key-code and said "come in whenever you want." Because she opened her doors to us, we were able to start the beginnings of what is now AfroVan.

**What was it like to see AfroVan grow?**

It started with a lot of collaborations. People saw the work we were doing — we were connected with

the Nora Hendrix House, and the Hogan's Alley Society — and we started reaching out to other people creating community. I think a big part of the beginning of AfroVan is the listening — what do people want? What are they lacking? Where are the gaps? We knew what our gap was, our gap was space. So we knew that there had to be other people feeling the same way, while at the same time there are other gaps. As we explored that with the group's original participants it slowly started to turn into what AfroVan is today.

**Could you tell me a bit about AfroVan's Black Spaces Symposium? It seems like such a powerful and massive event — what was it like setting that up?**

We started AfroVan in 2019, and for that first year we mostly ran workshops and weekly events. A year later, on AfroVan's birthday, we hosted our very first *Black Spaces Symposium*. When you talk about creating something you don't really realize the magnitude until you're actually in it, and that was definitely what the Symposium was like. Our initial plan was in-person with seminars, talks, workshops, performances, and then COVID-19 hit — luckily we were able to pivot quite quickly, and that broadened our reach significantly. We were able to



host people that we could have only dreamed of inviting, and have them be a part of our Symposium in a meaningful way, without anyone needing to leave the house.

**Despite all of COVID-19's negatives it really seems like it lowered some barriers for people to access events like the Symposium.**

It definitely did. I think the interesting thing is trying to figure out how to maintain this access, so that people with barriers to leaving their homes can still be part of the conversation. But there are still people who don't necessarily have access to technology that are still a part of our community. So how do we bring the best of both worlds? That's a big thing to consider for the future of the symposium.

# DAE SHIELDS

WORDS BY **FABIO PERES SCHNEIDER**  
PHOTOS BY **DANIELA RODRÍGUEZ**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **CHELLY MAHER**



**A lot of your work seems to be focused around space—Black spaces in particular. What's your personal understanding of Black space like? What does inhabiting a space mean to you?**

When we talk about Black spaces, really, the idea behind it is occupying your own Black space. I think that a lot of the time we feel like we can't even occupy ourselves. When you're walking down the street, or just existing, there are so many things that make you shrink and show less of yourself. The seed of what Black spaces are is that the first Black space is yourself, your body. Inhabiting that and fully being empowered in that space. Then we talk about what it means to take up space outside yourself. That's how any idea grows — it's in here first.

People forget that there was an entire Black community in Strathcona that was pushed out by the city of Vancouver for a viaduct. I think a lot of people feel alone and isolated — but there was a huge thriving community of Black people here before. And I think a lot of people don't realize that having that ancestral connection, and knowing that you're never alone, means you have everything that you need inside you at all times. This understanding that there *are* spaces has been really important, it's just that people have been marginalized, gentrified, pushed out. It makes you feel like you're alone in your space when you really aren't.

**I also wanted to ask you some questions about your music! One of my favourite parts of your album *Ebonempress Live at the Nimf* was the spoken word you opened the performance with. What is**

**it that drew you to spoken word?**

There's something so rhythmic to spoken word, it isn't even because of rhyming. The way that those words hit the track, the way they feel leaving your body — it just moves with the music. I think that it's important and can capture a lot of emotions. Spoken word is almost like having another colour on your canvas.

**Are there any ways in which your art and community advocacy intersect?**

I was finding so much healing in music — healing from school, healing from work, healing from all the things that were happening. Every single time I play bass or guitar, those bad feelings are gone. Instead of feeling all this pressure that I felt at school or at work, I was being released, I was being healed as I was writing. Layer upon layer was shedding. I wanted to live in that space, that world.

When I was working with AfroVan and creating those spaces, I realized that my music reflected the things that I was going through. When I was talking about advocacy, I was talking to myself; I was making those changes happen in me. I was sharing the support and love that I found in

these spaces — because I knew that if I shared that with others, maybe they could find their spaces too. It's really about just allowing people to heal by sharing your feelings with them. That's been at the heart of all of the music I've created up to this point. It's about healing.

That's what I'm thinking of when I think of advocacy and music — it's really about sharing that message, my inspiration comes from the community.

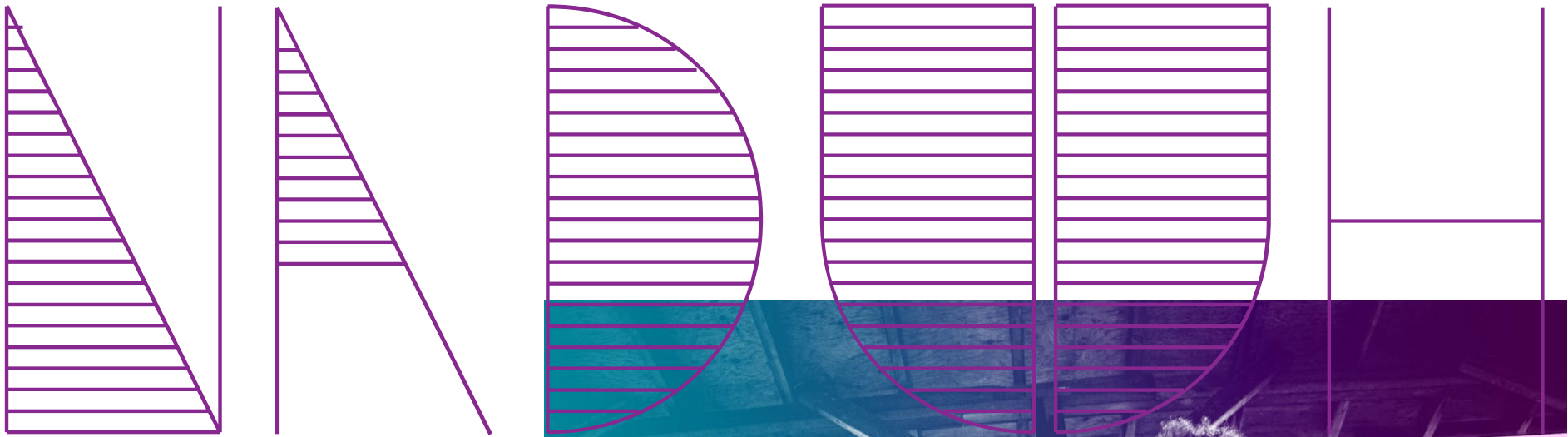


## FOLLOW DAE!

**Dae IG: @ebonEmpress**

**AfroVan IG: @afrovanconnect**





They met me bathed in green and pink, stranded on a couch of legs.

A table full of flowered balms, petals blue in green and crystaled goodbyes to misogynistic ties.



"And then we met Venus"

Milena: So tell me about how this all got started.

Tee: We had this really epic experience on the Sunshine Coast, it was a Spring Equinox cabin trip and a new moon, we indulged in some psychedelics and had this very beautiful experience with the cosmos. You could see Venus so brightly, and we just downloaded the whole evening. After we got back it just kind of all just happened. It flowed so well. We knew exactly what our mission was, what we were trying to do. Our energy just sort of created a brand, so it's all very authentic.

Rosa: Yeah, "The Brand" is natural. It's literally what we were in nature. We kept joking pointing to little trees and plants and rocks being like, "Oh my God, look at this exterior designer."

What is NADUH's super galactic mission on planet Earth?

Okay everyone just say one word that's on the top of your head.

NADUH: FPE. Empowerment. Love. Paradigm shifting. Unity.

What helped you tap into your power, and how does FPE play a part in that empowerment?

For me, it's each other. I think supporting each other is what really made us come into our full FPE empowerment — and that's what we want to give other people too, we want to give them what we have.

Yeah or the experience of having like a ton of FPE like in one space [...] that energy, when we come together as womb carriers, that is where the change is really going to happen. That energy is really potent and necessary.

Also being shut down for so long — given the time that we're in, and

that for hundreds of years women have been held down [...] so what we're doing right now is very revolutionary. To just come together with the collective intention to do this healing work. That's definitely a huge part of this shift right now.

\*

I think that's also a really beautiful thing. We're not just rebelling, but what we're doing differently is we're trying to heal and help others heal. That's the energy we're trying to emit — even though our bars can be dumb sometimes.

\*collective boisterous laughter\*

And healing can be fun, it can be joyful, and I think it's a huge part of it. Although we can also be very serious too, you know, music is playful and expressive.

Are there any rituals you do before you go on stage or do in prep to enact this energy?

Rituaal!! You said the magic word!

Jenny: We have so many things we do. We ritualize pretty much anything. To do something right, something that expresses ourselves or brings our energy to other people, we will make sure to take certain steps beforehand. Some of those things include: crystals, readings, tarot, oms, affirmations, meditation — we love blue lotus and heart-opening tinctures. Cannabis. Santa maria. And cacao is like, wow.

You write, produce, and perform all your own songs — what does the collaboration process look like from pen to paper and paper to production? I'm interested because I noticed you guys finish each other's sentences and I'm wondering if it's similar when you're writing?

words by Milena Carrasco // photos by Phoebe Telfar // illustrations by Allison Eng

It's nice because if you get stuck on something, and you're like, Oh, this is almost there [...]

[...] it's one mind plus five amazing minds. You know, all the best plays were written by a collaborative team.

Tee also has this book of beats because this girl's an animal.

**Giorgi:** Every time I facetime her she's in the studio — and I facetime her like every day.

She usually sends us this boatload of beats, and then whenever we are up to the task of writing, we'll get together and just listen to them all until we feel one.

**How do you make sure that every individual's artistic needs are met?**

We communicate and talk so much — I feel like we have to make and hold space for each other because

it's five people at five different flows. I think we're also realistic. There's no way to make every single person [involved all the time] but we can come to an agreement. That's what makes it beautiful.

*Some of the group's influences are Destiny's Child, Earthgang and Mereba.*

**Where do you go to be inspired?**

Mostly life for me.

Yeah, so much shit going on right now.

If I'm uninspired, it's usually because I'm being too clinical. So I'll just fuck off for a bit and focus on trying to get inspired. I've noticed that it feels like I've been chilling, but I'm just getting re-inspired for the next writing time.

The beautiful thing about having five people is sometimes all it takes is one

person to be really inspired, and that can be the inspiration for everybody else.

**Can you describe to me what divine feminine energy means to you?**

Man, you tickled my heart when the words came out of your mouth. I just felt that — I'm sorry.

It's a complete flow. Complete receptivity. Nourishment. Passion. Sensuality. Surrender. So many things.

It's your sisterhood you know? Healing and trying to heal the world. Being that womb space for everybody.

**Can you tell me about your latest single, "Currency"?**

It was a fun nod to Aretha Franklin but also Destiny's Child because we were thinking about "Bills, Bills, Bills" and all these songs about being owed, or feeling entitled to that cash. We wanted to play on that, but to us the cash is respect and loyalty — and honouring us. So it's more of an emotional currency that we want to talk about, while still being sassy.



A womb to carry chords that cradle, a lotus springs from a navel. Trading voice notes as love letters to each other — it happened under a full moon. A magnetic pull, their friendship, comradery and pull to each other was an effortless ebb and flow, magnetized by the moon, conversing with the sea, jamming with the stars.

You can keep up with NADUH through their instagram @its.naduh and website <https://www.itnraduh.com/>. As well as their personal accounts @larisasanders @jennyleaimur @giorgiholiday @bbybooda @teekrispil.



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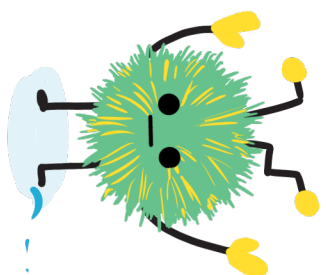
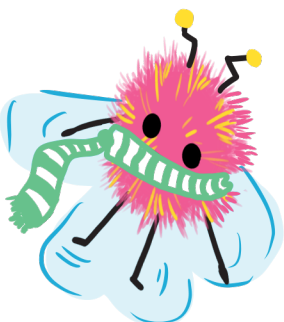
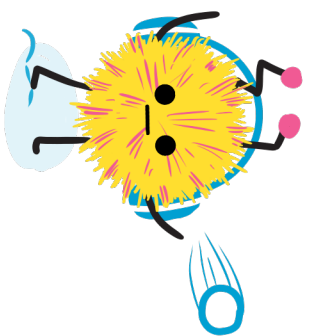
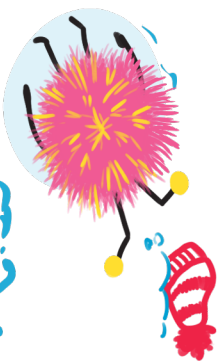
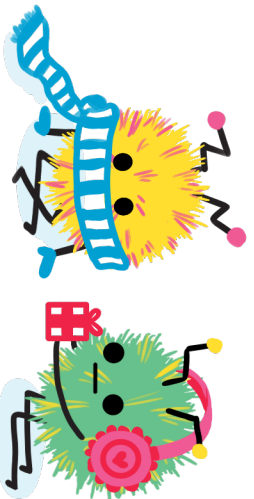
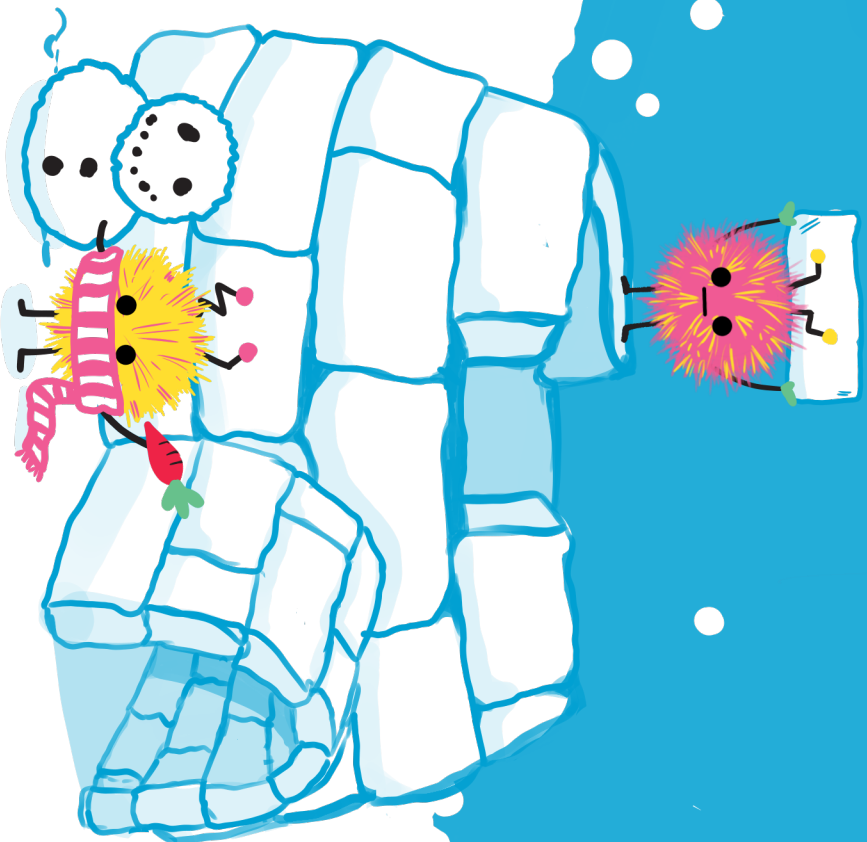
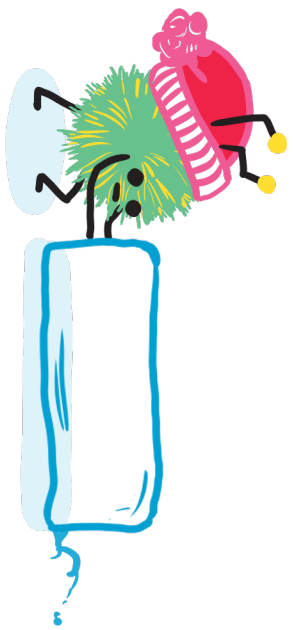
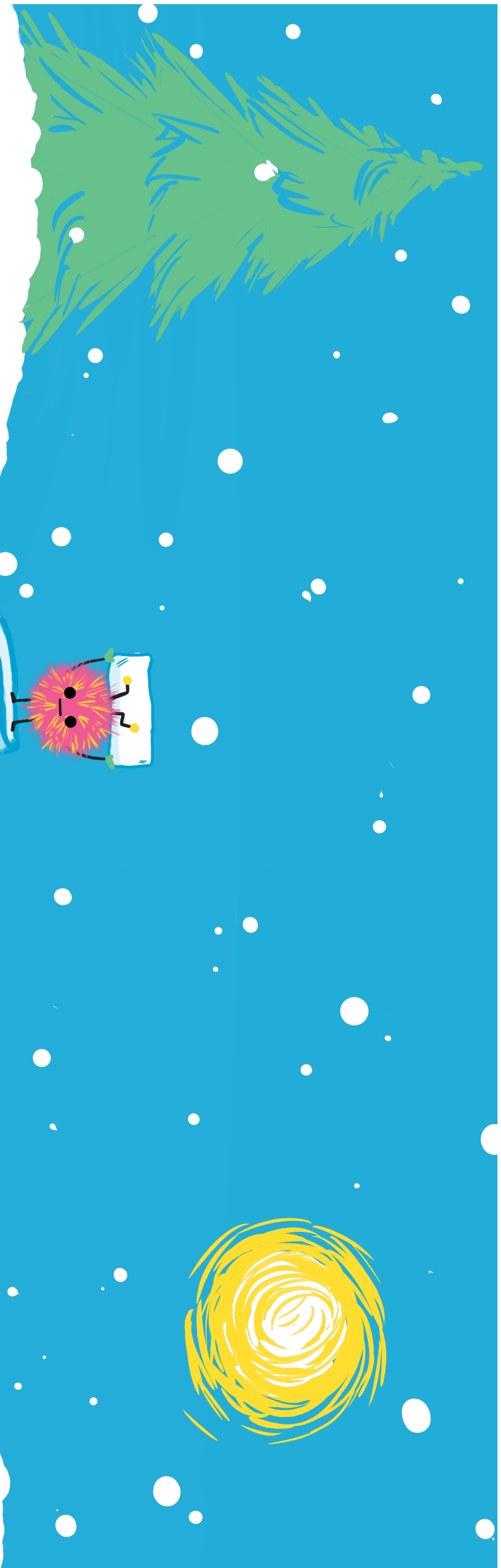


Urban Native Youth  
Association

## DISCO THRASH

Discothrash is *Discorder's* revitalization of the *No Fun Fiction* column. We are now accepting submissions of **fiction, prose, poetry, creative nonfiction, essays, comics and diverse creative writing. Submissions are free and open to everyone regardless of writing experience.** Our priority is to provide a platform for creative writing that is inclusive, open, and accessible, and we are especially interested in cross-genre, intersectional and playful work. It's a space where writers celebrate, mourn, rage, and embrace. We want the writing that challenged you, what felt risky, surprising, and a little strange. But we also want your tenderest, and gentlest. Whatever you're working on now that's hiding somewhere in your drive, we want to read it.

**SUBMISSIONS  
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**LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'VE  
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**SCORPIONS 2021**

ART PROJECT BY  
**ALICIA LAWRENCE**

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ART PROJECT BY  
TATIANA YAKOVLEVA

# 2021

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## Discothrash

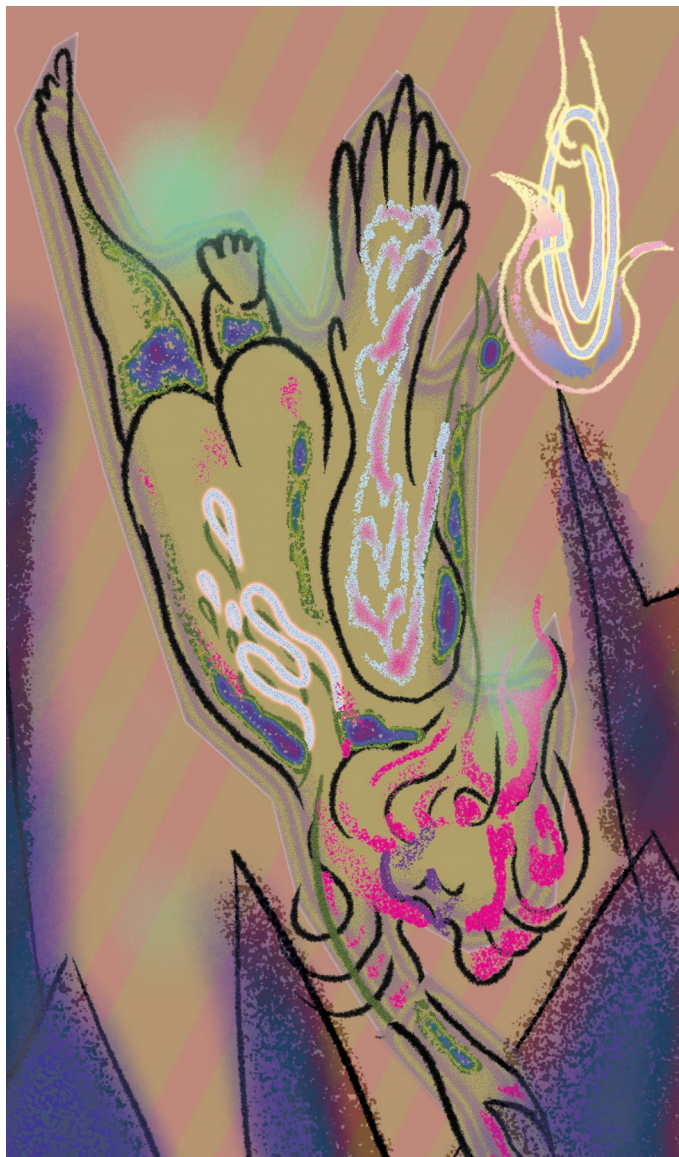
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"Falling"

Zane Coppard

*illustration by Andrei Anghelescu*

Zane's delineation of the physical, earthly existence (even when deeply personal to him) posits a sense of commonality among us all. We feel the same cold wet chilling feelings sometimes - and that "sometimes" is enough to mean a lot. His work is incredibly visual-spatial. Like literary ecosystems. The divine creation that is born from this piece is the awareness that another person's idiosyncratic inner world contains the same sparks and tinges and chasms and plains as your own. sometimes. - Maya Preshyon



A man falls. Wind blows his hair back, tears move from the creases of his eyelids and fade away. It is unclear if he falls to safety.

Excerpt:

I keep looking at myself in the mirror. Hoping to find a different face. The same pale outlines are as clear as they ever were. For this moment I am free of concern. Yet there is still this feeling of dread. Why is that? Maybe it's because the air feels thicker than it once was. Or maybe it's because we are no longer friends to one another. Everyone's available but no one's free. It's easier to feel like you are failing when there's no one watching. Eating the same way everyday is to be my revolution. Take a glimpse into this bubble, won't you? Maybe you'll wish to fall as well. It is into the arms of safety and not of pain that we all wish to fall. Away from the domineering ideas of forward motion.

# Chain Whip

words by Tate Kaufman //  
illustrations by Francis Billie Cullen //  
photos by JJ Mazzucotelli

Chain Whip may find you through an IV drip - an isolation ward hospital bed. Eyes affixed to an episode of *Deadly Class* as neon in the rain creeps down the Astoria Hotel marquee...

Chain Whip may find you in the sound and vision of a red-lit room, with a slam-dance whirl and the tune of “Kids of the Black Hole” by The Adolescents. And looking closer, in the background of the shot, you might notice that the guitarist on screen looks an awful lot like your attending nurse, Joel. The members of Chain Whip seem to have a compulsion for storytelling. An almost journalistic impulse, that if there’s someone to witness, to feel, to hear, and to recount — that purpose can be found. Through this myth-making process, there’s a clear adherence to the maxim, “never let the truth get in the way of a good story.” Huddled together in a diner booth at Zawa on Commercial, Joel finishes his tale of career escapades, the motion of his hands shimmering and obscured through the yellowy-brown translucence of a pitcher.

“I saw the light go on for his room, he buzzed, and he had just a still of me on the screen, with eyeliner on and shit,” Joel says, “I was a pretty cool nurse for that night.”

“But then after that,” Josh interjects, “the guy died.” Laughter erupts.

Chain Whip may find you, as it found me, at *Punk the Vote*, an event held during the 2019 federal election campaign

by Joe Keithley, iconic vocalist of D.O.A. and Burnaby City Councillor for the Green Party. At the time, the band had just released their debut LP *14 Lashes*, a heavy, searing take on classic 80’s hardcore, and I remember being wowed by the sheer energy of their performance — an energy the band members seem to be propelled by in their daily lives. In fact, members Joel and Patrick had remained on stage from the previous set, which was with their band Corner Boys.

Brett Thompson (Bass), Joel Butler (Guitar), Josh Nickel (Vocals), and Patrick McEachnie (Drums) recorded *Christmas Demo*, their first project, during Christmas in 2017, and since that point have released one LP, two EPs, and another demo. Chain Whip started as a Halloween cover band called Haunted Danger House, with another member Braden Decorby.

“I [wore] a varsity jacket, patchy stuff, I looked real dumb” says Brett of his Teen Wolf costume.



Once the band started writing original material, Braden was replaced by Joel and now serves as the recording engineer for the band.

“I watched some videos [of the band] and was like, this really does not suck” explains Joel.

“And Braden had the opposite opinion... so now we pay Braden to listen to us.” Josh says.

Songwriting duty is shared between Brett, Joel, and Josh.

“One of my favorite parts of being in this band is when Josh brings a song in... He’ll take Joel’s guitar, play it, and give it back to Joel, and Joel just goes ‘I can’t do that.’” Patrick says.

“That’s because Josh will be like ‘I want to show you this riff, and the first thing he’ll do is solo for thirty seconds... he’ll widdly-wah for a solid thirty seconds.’” Joel counters.

Josh chimes in, “We’re at a point right now where I think we’re gonna drop the

Chain Whip name, and it’s gonna be Josh Nickel and the Chain Whip.”

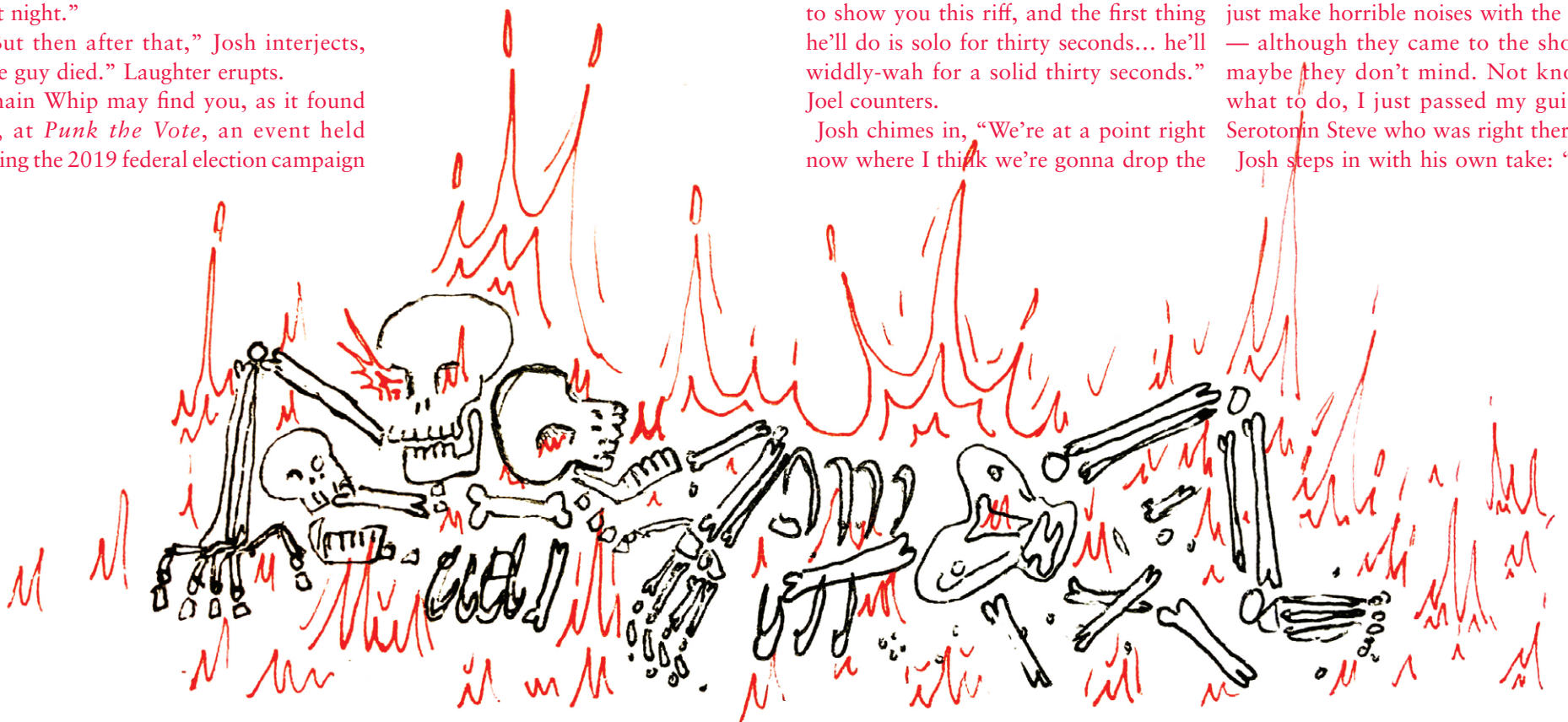
“Okay this is odd.” Says Brett.

Josh looks at his bandmates, as they giggle, and then back to me “Put that on the fucking cover man.”

Joel explains that he is pedal-averse, preferring to employ just a guitar and an amp when performing. For this reason “Code White” the closing track of debut LP *14 Lashes*, has only been played live on one occasion.

“It was at our LP release show. There’s a solo part in that song that’s just a vacuum cleaner and some broken glass, and just a weird effects pedal thing. So live, I’m like, *I don’t know what the fuck I’m going to do*. No one wants to hear me just make horrible noises with the guitar — although they came to the show, so maybe they don’t mind. Not knowing what to do, I just passed my guitar to Serotonin Steve who was right there.”

Josh steps in with his own take: “I saw





him. He paid Serotonin Steve to play the solo, and then he tried to take the guitar back — and then he got an idea — he paid him to get into a fake fight.”

“When it was time to come back in for the last part of the song, I didn’t really think about getting the guitar back from him — he wouldn’t give it back. I had to *wrestle* him a little bit to get it back.”

“It was a fake fight.”

“No, it was real.”

**W**hen I first saw Chain Whip and Corner Boys at *Punk the Vote*, I wrote in my review of the concert that Patrick described Corner Boys’ 2019 song “Waiting for 2020” as being about “watching something you love die.” How sour of a prediction that would turn out to be. Indeed, while Chain Whip is well-humored in conversation, *Two Step to Hell* has been notably shaped by the events of the past year. Less tongue-in-cheek than prior entries in the band’s discography — angrier, and more confrontational than cynically defiant.

“Seeing chaos and idiocy — that blend — that is what influenced this record” says Joel.

“The world is shut down to the point where you’re just glued to your social life, which is just these fucking things.” Josh raps his phone on the table, looking in disgust at the shiny black screen. “You’re wrapped up in being force fed all this media that you don’t really want, but you’re exposed to and have to deal with... You felt fucking powerless, you’re sitting there and you’re drinking.”

“Bored as fuck” says Brett

“Can’t go anywhere” adds Patrick.

“You’re just stuck. And you have this outlet, this band, and you’re like let’s just see if it sticks. And with *Two Step to Hell*,

we were firing on all cylinders”

Patrick leans forward “We were tour ready.”

“We were ready to go forward and plow through it, but we couldn’t do it, so we just had to put this energy somewhere else... I remember having a conversation... I wouldn’t have been surprised if there would have been tanks rolling down the street, because no one knew how bad it was going to get... it was a goofy time.”

“I think the record was frustrated because we were frustrated.”

Having this opportunity to focus on their art as an outlet, the band has had a highly productive past year, with members working on multiple side projects, and two Chain Whip albums, one of which, the 2020 demo, the band has considered removing from the internet.

“We weren’t really sure if we would ever be able to play again... Like *shit man*, am I going to live on ichiban noodles for six months, and squirrels...? We recorded this demo and then we didn’t know what to do with it, and we’re about to die, so let’s just put it on the internet... a lot of the guitar stuff I did on that, I’m so mad that it exists as like a finished thing... it was all supposed to be placeholder stuff.” Says Joel.

“I like to jam twice a week... when we don’t jam twice a week, I still go to the jam space and do my own stuff.” Patrick tells me. He’s got a ten song LP from his new solo project, Pack Rat, bound to release on Drunken Sailor records in December. But most exciting is the “fuck band” he’s cooked up together with Josh — Todd Killings and the Contracts. In a feat of studio genius, the pair wrote and recorded a three-song *concept 7* in one session.

Patrick explains “The concept is that

Josh is — “

“Cancelled.” Josh interrupts.

“Leave it at that.” says Joel.

“Todd Killings is a bad motherfucker man.” Josh elaborates, opting not to leave it at that, and launching into a yarn.

He tells me that Todd Killings (certainly a fiction) grew up in Cranbrook, B.C. in the late sixties, and discovered punk rock in its early days. He also tells me that with bills piled high, Todd Killings decided he was going to be a contract killer.

“Not a lot of work in Cranbrook, B.C. if you’re a contract killer. But there’s work every once in a while... as a private detective. He wasn’t a fan of being a private detective though. He’s a bad person.”

“Now you understand what a *fuck band* is” says Patrick.

“Chain whip is my fuck band” says Brett.

Now an ever-entangled unit, with endless intermingled creative ventures among the Chain Whip crew, there’s a sense of pre-destiny in this arrangement, as if somehow, between these four, creative collaboration was inevitable.

**A**t a show in Toronto, sometime around 2013, Patrick recalls how Paul Lawton of Lethbridge’s Mammoth Cave Recording Co. handed him a *Nervous Talks 7* and offered him 20 dollars if Patrick didn’t like it. Unwittingly, this would be his by-proxy introduction to Joel, who was a guitarist and vocalist for the band.

“I put it on, and within thirty seconds I was like: fuck, this is really, *really* good.”

Patrick says “I moved to Vancouver, I couldn’t believe no one was really jumping on *Nervous Talks*, because they were the best band I’d seen. I went to see as many shows as I could possibly see.”

“Well, we were dicks.” Joel contends.

Joel explains a dream where he was in a battle of the bands with Joe Keithley and had to play classic “plaid jacket, whiskey, highway 1 rock.” The band before them covered “*Takin’ Care of Business*.” Joe Keithley was pissed.

Endless threads to pull at, to tip the balance, dangling like golden chains on a chandelier. It’s hard to tell how deliberately each gem has been plucked from the bunch, if there’s an overarching narrative, or rather the clumping of emotionally magnetized vignettes. Perhaps, if the anger and momentum of *Two Step to Hell* is a document of what was — a conflicted, shut-in world, a room with nails hidden behind padded walls — that these stories, of chaos and discovery and mischief are a sign of what’s possible. That feelings of powerlessness can be channeled into motion for change. In any case, solace can be found with the band’s assurance that I will one day have the opportunity to meet Serotonin Steve, and, if you come out to a Chain Whip show — so may you.



Hailing from Kamloops, British Columbia, Mother Sun is a band that continues to shift and grow as much as the city they reside in. A four-headed hydra consisting of Jared Doherty, Milio Pagnotta, Alex Ward and Jared Rinaldi, Mother Sun boasts a certain artistry that is hard to define and even harder to replicate. They have spent this never-ending pandemic learning who they are as a band, as well as who they are as individual artists. Their sound has evolved greatly during their time together, it's hard to pigeonhole them into a single genre. A symbiotic mesh of psychedelic, funk, jazz, and as Mother Sun has said themselves, "just noise at some points." Once a tadpole in a very sparsely populated pool, they've sprouted legs and now explore freely outside their comfort zone. I had the opportunity to catch up with Jared Doherty and Milio Pagnotta to discuss their development, newly released music, and the changes we're witnessing in the interior BC music scene.

When asked about Mother Sun as a band, Doherty responded with, "The whole time we've been in the band, we've basically just been a bunch of friends hanging out, getting closer and exploring different kinds of music that we like. Seeing how that filters through our writing and our songs, and trying new things. It's kind of formed itself into somewhat of a cohesive idea at this point." Pagnotta adds, "I think that was a big reason why we got together. We already had such good chemistry between me and Jared, and I think that helped with wanting to something more."

When we look at this petri-dish of four dudes – a bunch of riffs, and a newfound love for every horn instrument out there – we can attribute their unified sound to their personal investment in each other. Mother Sun is constantly reinvesting in themselves by allowing each member to operate as an individual, as well as encouraging one another to try different roles within the

band. For instance, Doherty began working with saxophone, Pagnotta began experimenting with clarinet, while Rinaldi and Ward took a stab at vocals for the first time. Instead of being scared off by these avenues of expansion, they embrace and support each other through new horizons.

The new release is made up of two singles, "Mycelium" and "Marbles." While the names alone paint very different imagery, there is an overarching chemistry that binds the two songs together. "Mycelium" takes us on a calm forest bath where we're engrossed in the nature that surrounds us. If anything, the terminology used in the lyrics had me wondering which one of the band members is an earth science major. It seems there is a deeper knowledge of forest systems being expressed here, casually camouflaged by the music that accompanies it. As I listened to the track, I began imagining it like a version of flashcards; a melodic way to help students memorize information and study for their science exams. I have visions of children singing the lyrics to "Mycelium" in perfect unison as they learn about the lifecycle of our plant and fungal friends:

**"ROTATING AROUND,  
TRYING TO SEE A  
DIFFERENT SIDE.  
LIGHT LIFT UP MY  
ARMS, TIME TO  
PHOTOSYNTHESIZE.  
MAKE OXYGEN,  
OXYGEN."**

"Marbles" picks up the pace, and brings us to another dreamy landscape rich with indie pop and jazz influence. However, instead of the damp forest "Mycelium" transports us to, "Marbles" has a more upbeat, carefree eccentricity. You can't help but feel a certain warmth and charm coming off the track. In the sitcom of my life, I feel like this would be my backing song as main character. It plays as I hop on my bike, roll down to the beach, drink too many cans (yes, cans) of cheap Lambrusco wine, and stay until the sun goes down.

Coincidentally, I came to learn Mother Sun spent a great deal of time doing that exact routine during these last pandemic summer months. Well, maybe without the canned wine – I never quite confirmed. But I'm sure you get the picture.

As the band continues to expand their offering, so does the support for arts and performance in Kamloops and the surrounding interior BC region. I was raised in Kamloops, and I feel especially invested in the creative growth and development the city undergoes. When I lived there, many moons ago, there was only one "official" live music venue: Riverside Coliseum. And if you couldn't fill this modest hockey rink, you weren't "officially" playing shows. Occasionally, Lee's Music would lend out their bottom floor, or Mike Turner, owner of The Loft, would provide his studio space for local artists to play. But most of the time, bands were forced to play in homes, basements,

# THE SCIENCE OF MOTHER SUN



Words by  
Shayna Burse

Photos courtesy of  
Mother Sun

Illustration by  
Abi Taylor

Layout by  
Enya Ho

and other DIY spaces just to have some semblance of an audience. Parking garages and a certain "little big house" became meccas for unpermitted hardcore shows – until the cops would break up the fun almost as soon as it started. While this is all fine, and arguably, an initiation into playing music as a career path, it doesn't foster an environment equipped for growth.

The shift into a more supportive artistic space has been long overdue and while the wheel of change has turned somewhat slowly, there have been improvements. Kamloops has grown substantially in the last decade, both in infrastructure and population, so the gap in arts support has become glaringly obvious. Local businesses are starting to lend a helping hand in this transition, hosting live music events when they can. Just this past

, Mother Sun played an outdoor show at Privato, a local vineyard, winery and cidery. In an area of town that people don't usually frequent, it was interesting to see a budding event like this flower and flourish. Traditionally, I don't think a winery would see it as "on brand" to have a psychedelic quartet play amongst their orchards and vineyards, but they took a shot

with it. The pandemic has forced everyone to think outside their original business model and pivot accordingly. The mutual benefit for both sides is undeniable. Privato gained a new audience, one that probably didn't consider themselves the winery-type before, and Mother Sun was able to perform their work in a beautiful, outdoor setting during a time where shows are few and far between.

While this is a good step forward, there is still work to be done. When I asked Pagnotta how Kamloops could further support the maturing arts and performance landscape, he replied, "Venues that are created more for the arts, [rather] than being a booze-selling establishment.

There are a lot of venues that are venues because they make tons of cash on booze. Which is totally fair. But I feel like Vancouver has these little spots that might be kind of a shit hole, but very specific about the music they're bringing in. And they are bringing music in. So it is working." Pagnotta has a point. I think back to all the times I attended shows at The Toast Collective, Eagle Time Records, Red Gate, etc., and I can't help but feel like I've taken them for granted. These

venues are making room for artists to showcase their talents without making it an unspoken requirement for the patrons to get sloshed while attending. There's something valiant about the effort to support the art first and make the money second, all while being an open and inclusive space.

To that end, Mother Sun recognizes the support they receive is something to be given back. While they have been furiously creating music and carving a path of their own, they've also been busy building a studio. Not only to allow for more flexibility in recording their own ventures, but to share the wealth amongst others trying to break into the music scene. "I just want to record more bands. And that's been something we've been doing this whole time too." Pagnotta explains, referring to the time we've spent under the dictatorship of COVID-19. Despite the circumstance, you can hear the enthusiasm in his voice when he talks about how he sees the future of the studio. "Being a place where other bands can come and work and flesh things out. Even if it might not be a record – it might be a demo or single or something. And now that we play horns and shit, we can be a shitty horns

section for ya too." The three of us laugh, but I know Pagnotta is sincere about this offer. You can tell that both him and Doherty view the success of one as the success of all, so helping other artists seems like the only natural step forward.

As I close my chat with Doherty and Pagnotta, I'm interested in how they view their new releases. I ask them to give three words they associate or attribute to the new singles. Pagnotta responds almost immediately with "tiny little fingers", a subtle nod at the theme of "Mycelium." Doherty takes his time and ponders a little longer, finally answering with "too many words." In hindsight, I could not think of a more perfect description. There are too many words to describe the sound and artistry Mother Sun brings to the table. It's best to just listen for yourself.



**"MARBLES" AND "MYCELIUM" ARE OUT NOW VIA EARTH LIBRARIES AND DIVINE BOVINE RECORDS.**

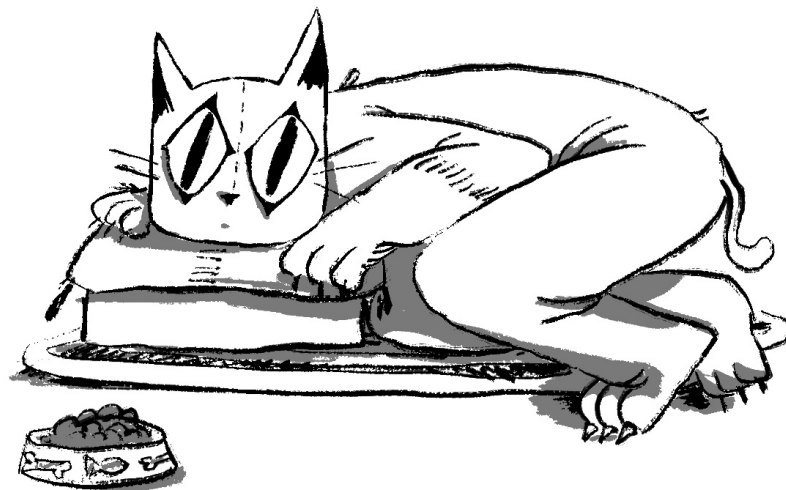


“ Mother Sun ”

A REVIEW OF BRENDAN PROST'S

# HEAVY PETTING

WORDS BY PEYTON MURPHY  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALYSSA UEBELHARD



"You poor creature... have you nowhere to go? No one to love you?  
You poor creature... will anyone miss you?"

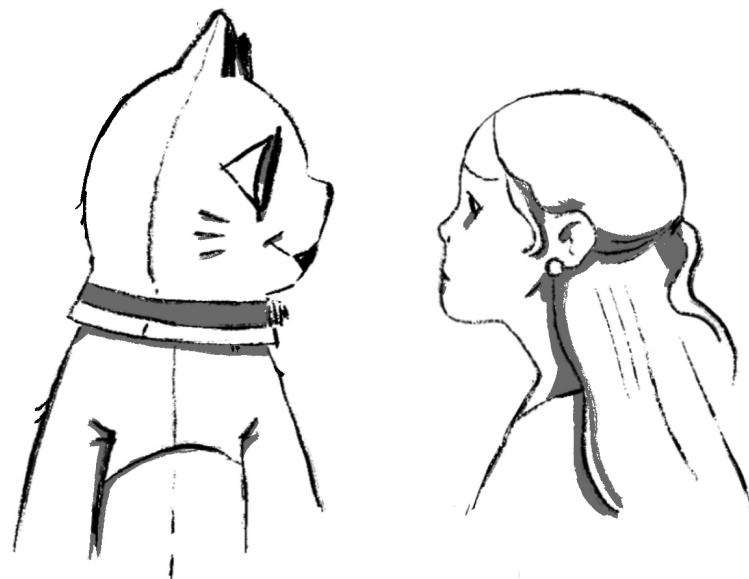
When these words are uttered in Brendan Prost's new short film, *Heavy Petting*, the viewer thinks they understand. They believe they're hearing a woman project her own emotions onto another; they trust that these words are a wounded person's attempt to deny the severity of their own condition. And to some extent, this is true — but that's not the point of this film. The point is to highlight the horrifying ways in which it's not.

*Heavy Petting* begins with the story of Marina (Haley Midgette) a woman who has recently lost her beloved pet cat. We see her searching hopelessly around her neighbourhood, to no avail. She looks drab at a banal work meeting, and lost in her now companionless home, attempting to fill the void of loneliness with masturbation. Each new frame communicates a grim, inescapable sense of loneliness—until a chance for connection suddenly appears. Marina opens the front door of her home to see a person crouching on the lawn, donning a costume that looks as if it could be Chuck E. Cheese's morbid feline relative.

Despite the absurdity of the situation, Marina allows the cat impersonator into her home, taking comfort in the opportunity to resume the role of caretaker. Eventually, the nurturing elements of the encounter descend into the erotic, and the cat costume is removed to reveal a woman named Jordan (Sam Calleja). The two share a passionate night together, and given the bizarre circumstances which led to their meeting, viewers are left to assume that it's the beginning of a unique relationship. A love story, even. But that's not the story Prost set out to tell.

Hours later, Jordan's efforts to translate the peculiar tryst into a relationship is met with Marina's cold rejection. As Jordan leaves, Marina's lost cat scurries through the front door, putting an abrupt end to the state of loneliness that prompted her

to allow a stranger into her bed in the first place. As Marina rejoices over the return of her pet, we see her in a new light. As a smile washes over her face, we recall her steady job, her tastefully decorated home— it becomes plain to



see how the return of her cat is enough to infuse light back into her world. When Marina caresses Jordan, referring to her as a "poor creature," we initially feel as if this description is equally applicable to both women. But the latter half of *Heavy Petting* obliterates this assumption, drawing a stark and terrifying distinction between Marina and Jordan's worlds.

Illuminating this distinction— that is, the distinction between transient loneliness and ineluctable desolation — is the core of the film, and it's achieved in a shocking and unforgettable manner. The film's bifurcated format may be jarring to some, but it seems to me that jarring is precisely what Prost was aiming for. By splintering the story in two, viewers are forced to contend with the false assumptions they made in the first half of the film. We realize that for Jordan, the antidote to misery isn't as simple as the return of a four-legged friend. What she's experiencing is more than a

fleeting absence of connection, rather, it's a prolonged state of alienation, a state which has penetrated her sense of self, shaping the way she navigates the world. In the latter portion of the film, we see her go to great lengths to cope with this condition, committing acts that may seem grotesque and unjustifiable — but isn't the acceptance of such complete desolation just the same?

what exactly is to be done for people who don't.

Prost has stated that the film will resonate especially with queer audiences, who "know the sting of fetishization better than most," and it's plain to see why upon viewing. Marina lets Jordan into her world in a moment of desperation, allowing herself an erotic, euphoric queer encounter— but just for one night. Down the line, she may look back on the evening with shame, embarrassed by the lengths she went to aid her loneliness. Or perhaps, she'll recount it to thrill a new boyfriend, using it as evidence of a risqué wild-side she's now grown out of. But for Jordan, the evening was a brush with intimacy, a peek into a seemingly unattainable life, a glimmer of hope followed by a predictable discardment.

*Heavy Petting* offers no answers, and no respite. Instead, it asks viewers to sit with their discomfort, to reflect on the gravity of a condition they may be accustomed to turning a blind eye to. Some may feel this is an unproductive approach to film-making, that Prost should leave viewers with a small trace of hope, or an indication of how to proceed. However, I disagree. Mental illness and isolation are often silent and invisible ailments, causing immense pain that is essentially imperceptible. *Heavy Petting* not only succeeds in shining a light on this pain, but in utilizing the macabre to ensure viewers don't forget about it.





# AREEZO: INTIMACY AND IRAN



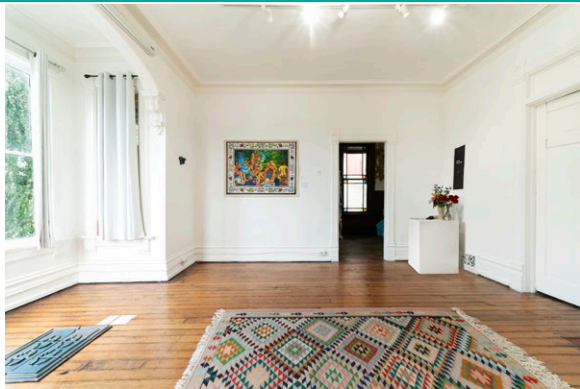
words by Fatemeh G. // installation photos courtesy of Sara Pimentel // performance photo courtesy of K. Bray Jorstad



relationships. *Bathers* reintroduces gentleness and sensuality into the picture and offers a glimpse into a community crafted through care rather than fear. The communal experience depicted in the piece contrasts the isolation that many

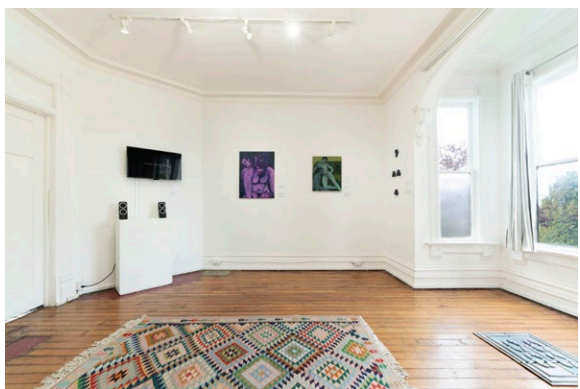
Struggling to make peace between your own personal ambitions, or desires, and the expectations (really, the limitations) placed upon you. Sometimes the only option left for self-actualization is a departure from the only home you have ever known.

Reyhan Yazdani's ceramic *Numbers*, hanging on either side of the large window looking out at the front yard, evoke the imagery of street numbers on the outside of buildings and residences in Iran. In between them is Yazdani's bedroom rug, replicated and assembled from blue tiles and old, personal memories.



a lot that has been made taboo in Iranian communities. Case in point: I am pretty apprehensive of having my full name associated with this piece on the off-chance that a family member decides to Google my name (for some fucking reason) and finds an article where I am discussing topics that have been deemed unsavory. Despite being a native speaker, I don't really feel that I have the vocabulary to speak about intimacy or desire in Farsi because they have never been a part of my familial environment, and so the context for me to navigate those inner feelings has been, and continues to be, out of reach. "Arezo" attempts to create an environment for us to bear witness to the experiences of desire, sensuality, and sexuality that have been shut out from representation, and to re-envision these feelings without a foundation of guilt or judgement.

queer individuals in Iran face as a result of hostile social norms and government policies that directly disrupt processes of self discovery and acceptance, to show that joy is still possible in survival.



**O**n the opposite wall, Kian's second piece *Gonah Dareh* and Shahin Sharafaldin's *The Love Seat* hang side by side, both in pretty muted colors but each illustrating a different reality between two lovers. While *The Love Seat* illustrates a moment of mutual eroticism the pair in *Gonah Dareh* share a heavier moment after. Communicated in Kian's artist statement, "Gonah Dareh" is a common saying "directly translating to "[this] has sin" or "it is a sin," though the phrase is a condemnation, it has a strange duality as a request for mercy." The duplicity is reflected in the physicality of the partners; the body in the foreground hunched over and racked with shame with what has transpired, and the mirthless pity of their spectating lover in the background. The sentimental divergence between the two artists' pieces, and even within Kian's represented works, touches on the essence of the show. There is no place for us to share our experiences of desire that exists outside of the guilt and shame we are taught to hold in place of the happiness and fulfillment they are meant to bring.

**T**he performance piece by Sahba Sadeghian and Shima Raeesi, *Adat*, sees the duo paralleling each other in their performance of childhood play they had found similar between their younger selves. Having attended later on the opening day, I was able to catch the second run of the supplementary live performance — though only Sadeghian was present for this. The recording flits between separate shots of the two dressed alternately in black and white as they reenact these shared customs in their own ways through movements that feel ritualistic yet natural in their familiarity; tying and re-tying a belt around the body, slowly applying cuttings of tape to cover the eyes and mouths, painting on animal markings. The magic of child's play and the comfort of their own habitual practices develops the intimacy perceived between the two artists. They are mirrors unto each other, their commonality actually reflecting the closeness experienced within themselves.

**T**hrough the front yard and up the deck stairs of a quaint Victorian era house is the entryway of inconspicuous James Black Gallery where *Arezo* | *Intimacy and Iran*, curated by Sev Shabankareh, exhibited for a weekend in September. Taken from Farsi, "Arezo" refers to a wish or desire and the show featured an all Iranian line-up of artists who were invited to explore the title's various dimensions through the Iranian experience — especially subjects which are limited to hushed whispers and private confessions.

**O**n the wall closest to the entryway and the most vibrant of the pieces, Darius Kian's *Bathers* depicts a scenery of queer affection, pleasure and care in a bathhouse. Nestled within a border and fringe, the painting is presented like traditional Iranian carpet weaving, echoing the historical "social and sexual functions" of bathhouses alongside their more practical function. Relationships between individuals of the same 'sex' is a crime punishable by death under the theocracy and an air of social stigma and scorn still lingers towards LGBTQ+ people in Iranian society — both domestically and in the diaspora. The nude body is also often seen through objectifying eyes that consider sexual desire to be an implication of impurity and lacking modesty, even when presented under the more socially acceptable context of heteronormative

**I**n the corner beside the two paintings, a screen is set up for Sepideh Yadegar's short film *Asal*, where a story unfolds of the displacement faced by a dancer who has left Iran in order to practice her craft through interlaced shots of her in a new country of residence, and of her mother in Iran. The narrator speaks in Farsi, wondering why she keeps coming back to thoughts of Iran and a longing for her home when she has chosen this path for the freedom it offers. *Asal* resonated with me because it illustrates an experience that is familiar.

The intimacy carried through the pieces by the individual artists is that of a desire to connect — to connect through an identity and culture that is so familiar, yet feels so distant and unidentifiable at times. To connect through feelings that are so familiar yet alienating. The connection is at a place where our personal realities, that may make us feel othered or displaced, can be recognized as still being human and worthy. It is a place where the individual and the collective merge to rebuild ideas about ourselves and what we want without the interference of arbitrary moral systems that reject and condemn some and favor others; to wish for a reality devoid of suffering, judgement and pain.



# Under Review



## Lydia Hol

### *Some Dreamers of the Golden Dream*

(self-released)

September 17, 2021

Lydia Hol's second full-length album, self-released on September 17, is a Western quick draw between glamour and isolation. Ruminating on 60s Hollywood and celebrity culture during a time of intense social fragmentation, she invites listeners to scratch at the shiny surface of the "Golden Dream" — California's iconic utopian narrative.

Overall, the album's instrumentation is richly layered and soulful. Elements of folk, country, blues, and indie rock are evident throughout, and what emerges is a nine-track collection that is masterful and gorgeous. A dreamy melange of distorted guitar, snare, strings, bells, and lap steel evoke imagery akin to chasing a mirage through the desert — a plight both dismal and mesmerizing.

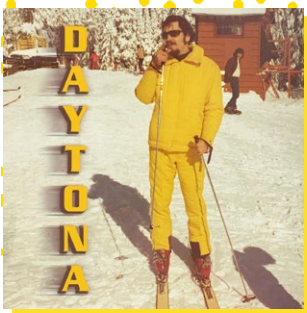
Hol's vocals are tender, soothing and deeply meditative. Lyrically, she is poetic in her questioning of our collective cultural illusions of fame that have persisted since Hollywood's inception.

In the opening track, "Golden Dream," she introduces her overarching contemplation: "Is everyone as happy as they seem / In California?" Evidently, the brighter the sun, the darker the shadow.

In "Silver Screen," she paints this haunting truth beautifully: "In that LA sunset, you look like a ghost." Again, in "Make This Better," she peels away at this allegory, proclaiming, "Who are you pretending to be? / Some faded Hollywood dream."

Though profoundly powerful from start to finish, it is Hol's rendition of Hall & Oates' party playlist classic, "Rich Girl," that really punches you in the gut. Dramatically slower and soul-infused, this classic dance tune becomes downright heavy. Without changing the song lyrically, Hol's arrangement unravels the entwinement of fortune and estrangement in a way that feels refreshingly raw.

*Some Dreamers of the Golden Dream* is a thoughtful critique on the fetisization of California as the epicentre of glamour and happiness. Though dreamy and divine to the touch, these songs are concerned with dimming the stars in our eyes and drawing attention to the grit under our nails, a feat Hol accomplishes elegantly.—**Amanda Thacker**



## Primp

### *Daytona*

(self-released)

July 1, 2021

This past weekend as the Autumn deluge of wet splashed the west coast, I decided to get my "Primp" on and check out the latest effort from Vancouver's all girl trio, Primp. According to my trusty Webster's Dictionary, the term "primp" means the following — "to dress, adorn, or arrange in a careful or finicky manner" The irony here is that this low-fi bedroom project (recorded in Surrey) is clearly un-finicky, raw and quite un-primp like in fact. Afterall, under-produced is the new overproduced.

Their new record *Daytona* was released July 1, 2021 and the group is supported through Youth Riot Records in Seattle, Washington. Primp is Aly Laube (vocals / guitar), Tae Whitehouse (drums / vocals) and Kristen Frier (bass / vocals, and apparently, giggles.) Previous releases include 2018's *Half Bloom* and *Mother Loose* from 2019.

This batch begins with the track "You Kiss Boys For Fun" (apparently

the band's ode to spring break shenanigans) / "Yep" and finishes strong with the luscious "Screamy". The opener, "You Kiss Boys For Fun" is a 45 second, repetitive romp which blends into the more developed, hooky offering "Yep". "Yep's" intro kicks off with a killer bass line, and features a retro sweet harmony that jetitsons me to a sort of 80's Go-Go's / Bangles vibe — "Yep / Wow / Yep / Uh Huh / Shut me out..." But "Screamy" is easily the most interesting track. The song opens with a dreamy, descending guitar riff accompanied by an almost hypnotic, melodic lead vocal provided by Aly Laube. The verse is reminiscent of a Syd Barrett era Pink Floyd deep cut, that melts over you like a lost weekend involving a rogue magic mushroom mishap. Then, the chorus catapults into a cringe-worthy rock god scream, and degenerates into a much higher pitch yelp that is rather, "Screamy." All rock vocalists worth their salt need a kick-ass blood curdling scream in their arsenal — and we have lift off here.

The band has described themselves as, "dreamy garage rock," "punk" and "power pop." The key element here appears to be the seemingly unaffected guitar twang. Likely a fun group to witness live, so scan your local listings for future gigs. I've always been a sucker for punk-a-licious groups with a quirky edge, since seeing (local 3 chord songsters) the Dishrags back in the day, so Primp now carries that torch loud and proud. In the end, I did manage to get my "Primp" on and quite liked it! Yep, Yep, Yep, Yep... — **Todd McCluskie**

## REAL LIVE ACTION!

### Victory Square Block Party 2021

SEPTEMBER 5 / VICTORY SQUARE

The sight of a stage littered with wires, instruments, amps and speakers — all aglow with the intention of what was about to happen — was almost enough to make up for the fact that my "friends" ditched me at the last minute and I was arriving at Victory Square alone.

Almost.

Like the wiping of dust from an old beloved novel, the scene surrounding me as I lay down an embarrassingly large tapestry enveloped me in nostalgia. I could see the sentiment reflected in newcomers' faces as they approached the park and arranged themselves on the grass. If any of the artists were nervous, they needn't be, I thought to myself. You'd have to really stink to ruin this moment for us. Maybe not even then.

But underneath the palpable excitement, there was a layer of unease — that feeling which unveils itself after the book has been dusted and you remember the destructive oils secreting from your fingertips, and the fragility of what you now hold in your hands.

As a lone observer, I felt wary of eye contact, or any gesture that would present the possibility of social contact. I suddenly wasn't sure I was ready for the reality of physical togetherness I'd been romanticizing for the past year, but here I was. Here we were.

It was an evening that unfolded like easing into a hot tub in the dead of winter — gradually, but with vigor.

I couldn't have asked for better openers than Haley Blais and Hamb Sun, nor anyone better to top off the night than Devours and Turunesh. The assorted sounds of Big Rig, Grimm and Miguel Maraville ensured there was a little something for everyone in between.

Blais' soft, but screamable, dream pop had me swaying like seaweed in the gentle humidity. Next, a group of snazzy oversized blazers also known as Hamb Sun, produced jazzy instrumentals and belted about

Jiggly Puff; losing zero momentum in massaging out social tension and getting bodies moving — albeit, whilst seated.

Their invitation for the crowd to get up and dance was pretty much funneled into the void (save for the ears of a couple brave souls), but the song introduction that followed, proclaimed by the front person, was a spot-on foreshadow of what was to come at Victory Square: “it’s a little sad, but it’s gonna get fun.”

Big Rig was a joyful sea of denim, laughing with one another between their country tracks and emphatically announcing their excitement to be up on stage, and to witness the sets of those soon to occupy it.

Grimm’s set-to-follow felt like a cosmic glitch — but a welcome and intriguing one. As I sat listening (and waiting for the speakers to rupture) I thought to myself, if classic Mario villain Boo was a techno-pop DJ, this is what it would sound like. I was thrilled to hear about their upcoming Halloween EP — spooky season is about to get seriously amped.

Miguel Maravilla served some major Prince vibes as they took to the stage in a green suit, captivating the crowd with some gorgeous covers and original dreamy-synth tracks. Their bashful demeanor made the transition to Devours’ set near explosive — a chunk of the crowd catapulting to their feet and to the foot of the stage as he hit a high-kick and professed vulnerably, and powerfully, his antagonisms of the past year.

Watching a crowd of bandana tops, mullets and low-rise jeans screaming along to “Nostalgia’s the worst / Who even needs to give a fuck about the 90s anymore? / Yet I can’t get enough of it” was a delicious moment.

Turunesh sealed the night with a rich layer of “Honey and Hennessy” — simultaneously the title of a song written as a love letter to her parents and an accurate description of what lyrics sound like pouring out of her soul.

I left Victory Square feeling buzzed and exhausted; it turns out your social battery can be drained just by proximity. Still, anytime local artists decide to congregate in the park and tackle the conflicting truths of modernity over some music and White Claws, you know where I’ll be.

— Amanda Thacker

## Bullet Farm Halloween Show

OCTOBER 29 / BULLET FARM

PHOTO ESSAY BY JJ MAZZUCOTELLI





# CiTR 101.9FM PROGRAM GUIDE

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

🕒	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	🕒
6AM			CiTR GHOST MIX	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	CiTR GHOST MIX			6AM
7AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	PACIFIC PICKIN'	CANADALAND	CRIP TIMES	CRACKDOWN	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	7AM
8AM								8AM
9AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	ROCKET FROM RUSSIA	QUEER FM		PACIFIC PICKIN'	9AM
10AM		CiTR GHOST MIX	INTER-SECTIONS	MUSIC IS GOOD	CiTR GHOST MIX	FLOWER POWER HOUR		10AM
11AM	FILIPINO FRIDAYS	CiTR GHOST MIX	THUNDERBIRD EYE	ORANGE GROVE RADIO	MUSE-ISH		SHOOKSHOOKTA	11AM
12PM			THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO WITH RADIO DAVE	CiTR GHOST MIX		12PM
1PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	LA BONNE HEURE w. VALIE	CUSHY RADIO	COLOURFUL CONVERSATIONS	CiTR GHOST MIX	THE ROCKERS SHOW	1PM
2PM		POWERCHORD	ALL ACCESS PASS	ASTROTALK	BEPI CRESPIAN PRESENTS	POWER CHORD		2PM
3PM	TOO DREAMY			AGAINST THE CURRENT				3PM
4PM	CUSHY RADIO	TEACHABLE MOMENTS	CiTR GHOST MIX	NOISE IS FOR HEROES	VIVAPORÚ	NARDUAR PRESENTS	LA FIESTA	4PM
5PM	DELIBERATE NOISE	INTO THE WOODS	ARTS REPORT	DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT	PHONE BILL	MANTRA	CiTR GHOST MIX	5PM
6PM	THE ORCA MAN PODCAST	THE BLUE AND GOLDCAST	CiTR GHOST MIX	THERAPY HOUR	RESEARCH REVIEW	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY	6PM
7PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN			K-POP CAFE	2010 RADIO	FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER	7PM
8PM		CRIMES & TREASONS	CiTR GHOST MIX	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	CANADA POST ROCK	MUZIK BOX	CiTR GHOST MIX	8PM
9PM			NINTH WAVE	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SKALDS HALL			9PM
10PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	SEASONS OF LIFE			SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	TRANCENDANCE	10PM
11PM		STRANDED	PLANET PHLOSTON	LATE NIGHT WITH THE SAVAGES	COPY/PASTE			11PM
12AM						RADIO ART OVERNIGHT		12AM
1AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX		1AM
2AM			CiTR GHOST MIX			THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA	CiTR GHOST MIX	2AM
LATE NIGHT								LATE NIGHT

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

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

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



# CITR101.9 FM CHARTS

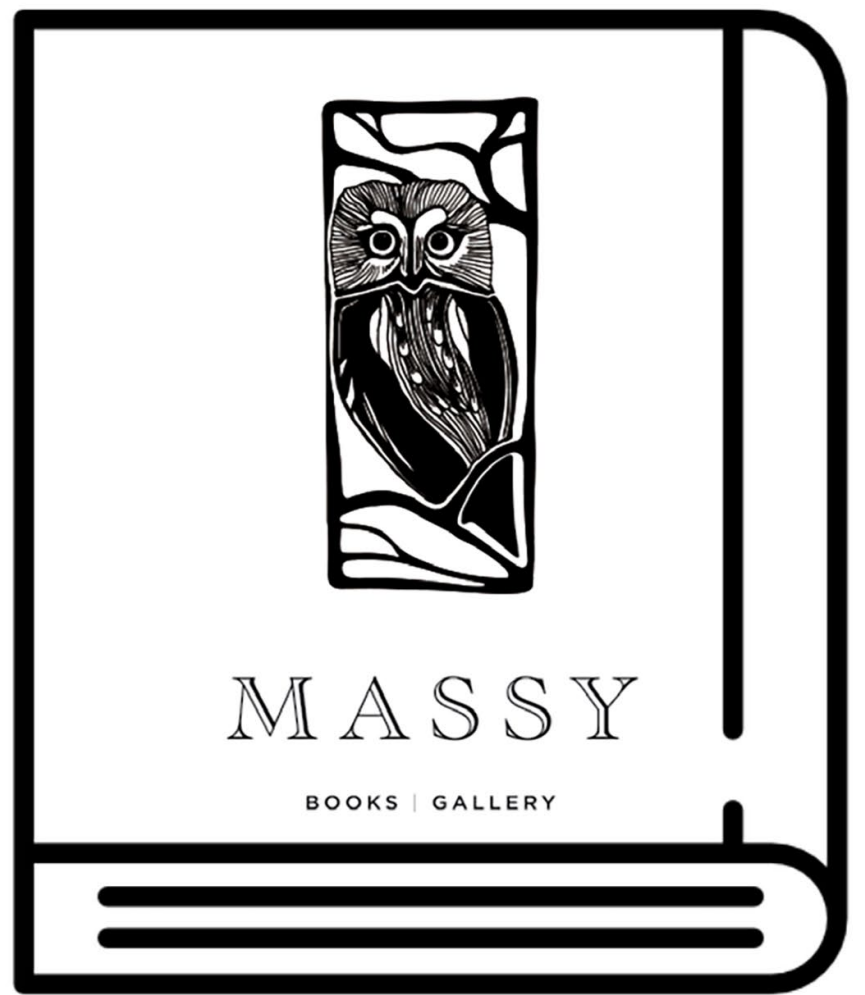
SEPT - OCT 2021

	Artist	Album	Label
1	Nimkish*	Damage Control	RED MUSIC RISING
2	Men I Trust*	Untourable Album	INDEPENDENT
3	Cartel Madras*	The Serpent and the Tiger	ROYAL MOUNTAIN
4	thehabeshaman*+	The Lovers	SELF-RELEASED
5	Grimm*+	Electro Folklore	KINGFISHER BLUEZ
6	Great Aunt Ida*+	Unsayable	SELF-RELEASED
7	Parlour Panther*+	Retrograde	COAX
8	Tough Age, Dumb*+	Pizza Punks 7"	MINT
9	Tirzah	Colourgrade	DOMINO
10	Gavin Turek	MADAME GOLD	MADAME GOLD
11	Motorists*+	Surrounded	BOBO INTEGRAL
12	Mas Aya*	MÁSCARAS	TELEPHONE EXPLOSION
13	Backxwash*	I LIE HERE BURIED WITH MY RINGS AND MY DRESSES	UGLY HAG
14	Aasiva*	Niriunniq	PHEROMONE DISTRIBUTION / FONTANA NORTH
15	Christone 'Kingfish' Ingram	662	ALLIGATOR
16	BAMBII*	TRUCK RIDDIM	SELF-RELEASED
17	Low	HEY WHAT	SUB POP
18	Devours*+	Escape From Planet Devours	STG
19	Loscil*+	Clara	KRANKY
20	PACKS*	ouch + b-sides	SELF-RELEASED
21	Leider	A Fog Like Liars Loving	BEACON SOUND
22	The Garrys	Get Thee to a Nunnery	GREY
23	Yikii	Crimson Poem 深紅之詩	DANSE NOIRE
24	The Halluci Nation*	One More Saturday Night	RADICALIZED
25	Charlotte Day Wilson*	ALPHA	STONE WOMAN MUSIC
26	Schwey*+	Schwey 2: Cyber Soul	604
27	Elle Barbara's Black Space*	Délice Créole / Peach Purée	CELLULOID LUNCH
28	Dr. Joy*	Dr. Joy	IDÉE FIXE
29	Mega Bog	Earth, Life, and Another	PARADISE OF BACHELORS
30	Jana Irmert	The Soft Bit	FABRIQUE
31	Homeshake*	Under the Weather	SINDERLYN
32	Fleece*	Stunning & Atrocious	SELF-RELEASED
33	Magdalena Bay	Mercurial World	LUMINELLE
34	Amyl and the Sniffers	Comfort To Me	ATO
35	Myst Milano.*	Shapeshifter	HALOCLINE TRANCE
36	Lady Gaga, Various Artists	Dawn of Chromatica	STREAMLINE / INTERSCOPE
37	Russell Wallace*+	Unceded Tongues	RED PLANT
38	BADBADNOTGOOD*	Talk Memory	INNOVATIVE LEISURE
39	illuminati hotties	Let Me Do One More	HOPELESS
40	Junk & Hungry*+	Northwest Division	HOUSEHOLD
41	Cots*	Disturbing Body	BOILED
42	Breeze*	Only Up	HAND DRAWN DRACULA
43	Naya Ali*	Godspeed: Elevated	COYOTE
44	Jayli Wolf*	WILD WHISPER	ALT EDEN / FONTANA NORTH
45	Blues Lawyer	Scenic Route	VACANT STARE
46	Louke Man*	Sd-1	SELF-RELEASED
47	Bakersteez	ACTIVE (EP)	BAKERSTEEZ / KILO PROJECTS
48	LEATHERS*+	Reckless	ARTOFFACT
49	SUUNS*	The Witness	SECRET CITY
50	FHANG*	FHANG	HIDDEN SHIP

Hotter than Hell itself.

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

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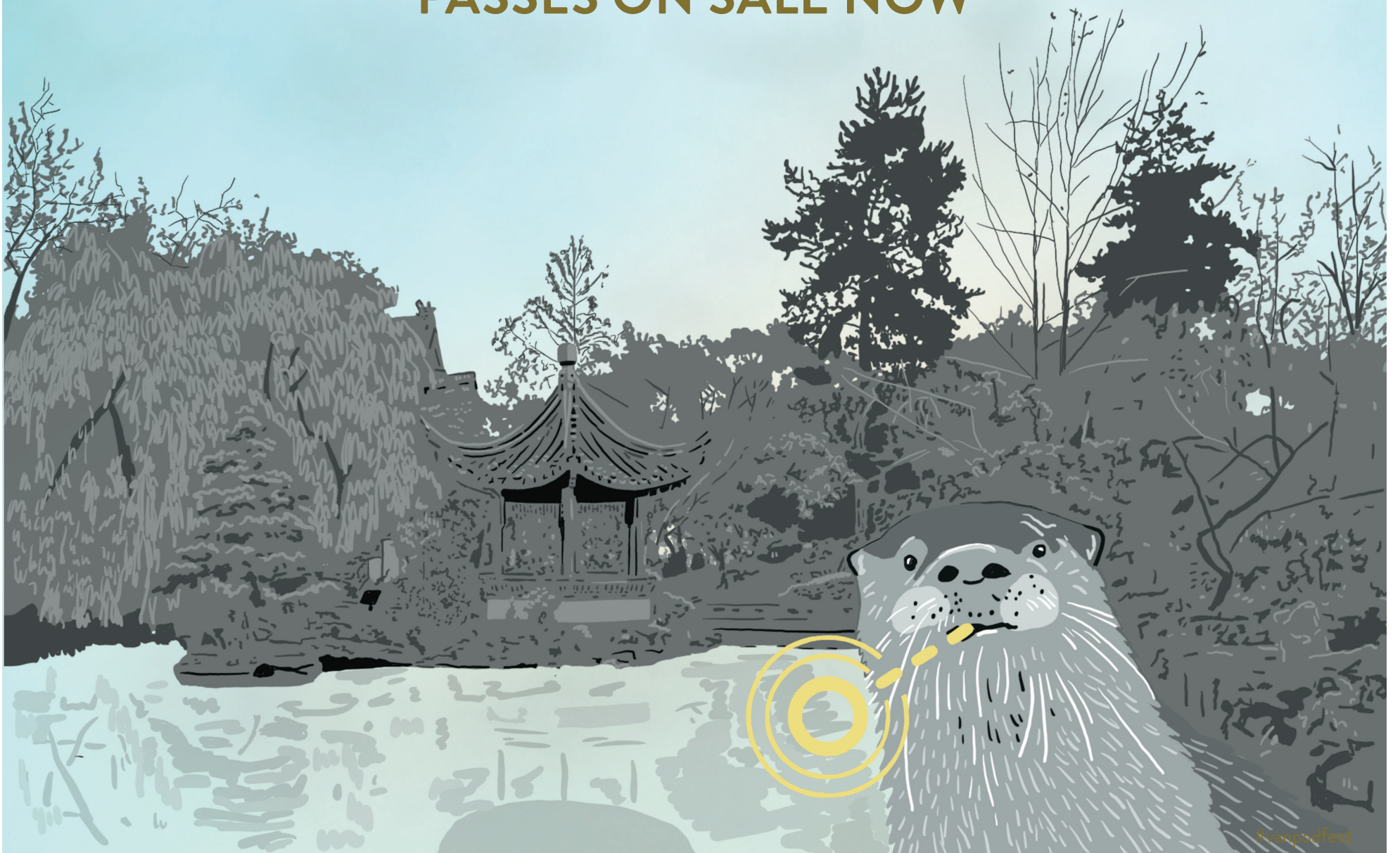
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