

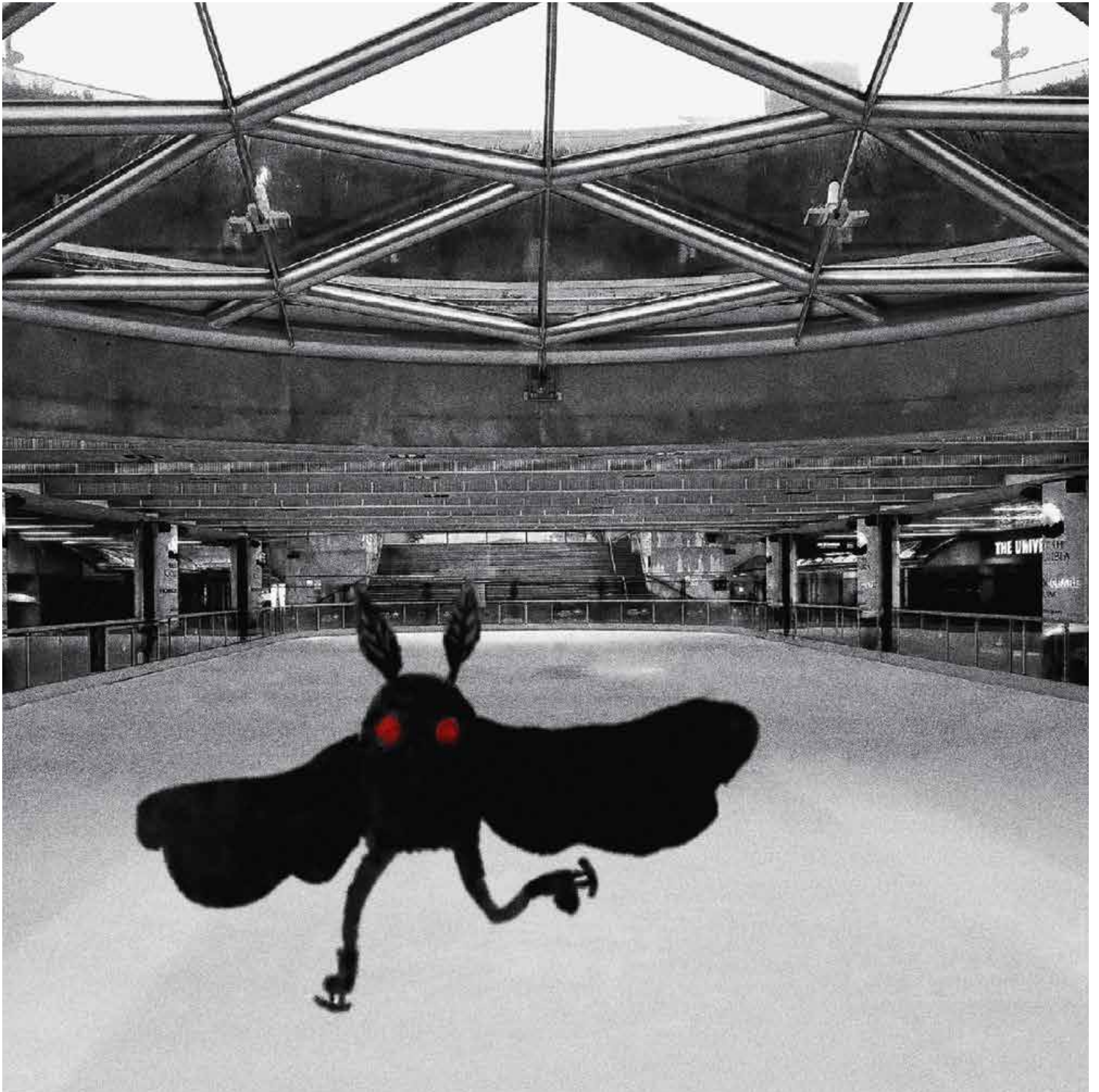
January - February 11 2022

Local + Free

# DISORDER

MAGAZINE

"THAT UNDONE MAG FROM CITR 101.9 FM"  
Vol.39 No.01 Issue 422



# That **UNDONE** Magazine from **CiTR 101.9 FM**

Jan-Feb 2022 // Vol.39 // No.1 // Issue #422

cover illustration by Emma Marsales

# DISCORDER

m a g a z i n e

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*"I've been destroyed by life and I feel fucking good!"*

- **Barboner**, *Came Down Different*

*Happy 2022 fellow lurkers,*

There's no easy way to describe what it is this issue turned out to be. Let's start by acknowledging we've made it through another year of Susan Sontag's *Illness As Metaphor*. The gauntlet of idioms such as, "Strange And Uncertain Times" and "New Normal," to flatly describe a year fractured by precarity and dread, have run their necessary course. What we have now is a real knowledge of what it's like to live at our limit. I don't know if anyone can relate to this, but there is a certain level of 'I'm fucking done' that moves the needle from life as a multi-player sport, to transcendental-Cartesian levels of "fuck it, I'm just going to manifest a new car." Absolute doneness leads to that kind of magical thinking. A squirrel drops a Kleenex on your doorstep and it doesn't have to mean something, but it probably does. This is not a very deep way to start, but hear me out. A small thread I've pulled from this year is that chaos orders us. That the mental kettle, the one that surrounds you with unease and dread, is something worth unraveling. It doesn't have to, but what if it did? In Clara Dubber's review of Eric Tkaczyk's *'sent(ə)nal'*, they do just that. Dubber writes, "those points of friction, those chapped, chafed points, indicate where we can loosen our grip." Artmaking at it's limit can be a warning and a celebration. In Amanda Thacker's interview with Dust Cwaine, they likewise conclude, "Darkness has a habit of encroaching this way; subtle until devouring. Cwaine is no stranger to this phenomenon, but so too are they acquainted with the chain-breaking resurrection made possible by periods of darkness." This "chain-breaking resurrection" Thacker refers to does not happen when one is feeling optimistic and powerful — it happens when you reach a limit. When you're done. And it feels like shining light on shapes in the dark.

Anyway, here's wonderwall. The January/February issue takes the temperature of 2021 and makes it a little more spiritually percussive for the year ahead. We welcome the direction of new Associate Editor Fabio Schneider, and cover one of my favorite albums this year — Anti-God Hand's *X*. As R. Hester writes, "what is illustrated by his pained screeches and wails throughout the music is the difference between the performance or description of a feeling, and actually emoting it." Which is to say, what we found most exciting this year was the music (and art) that didn't want to be an escape. It found a way into the fervor, not out. It let darkness become magical thinking. We find respite in our "Dreams dashed," as Dora Dubber explores in the canceling of *Shindig*. We wrote these things at the end of our rope — but it feels ok this time. It feels fucking good! As Jess Driscoll writes in *X-Files of Nostalgia*, "When I returned to the Lower Mainland, after a year on the east coast, all I could see were the mountains. They were bigger than ever, and closer, I'd swear. They were right there in my face, like they knew I'd been missing them. And then they faded back, like the rest of the city of my youth. I came back to Vancouver on the other side of 30, and I didn't need to be here to prove myself anymore. I was ready to move on."

*Like the little poisonous animals we are,*

~T

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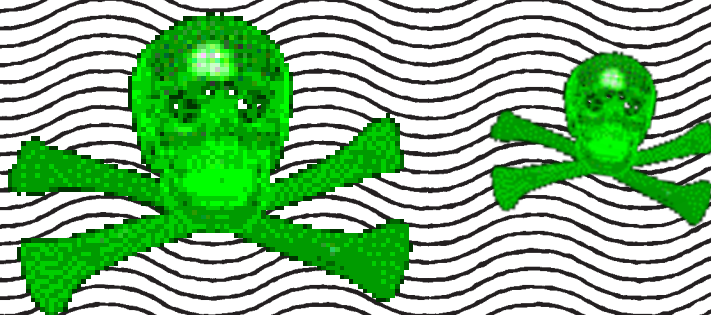
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## !!!!!!

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# DON'THUTIN-FOLLHAT

or contributor bios of Jan/Feb 2022



## 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)

## 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

## 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.

## Jess Driscoll

Jess Driscoll is a writer and zinester living on Semiahmoo land.

## Amanda Thacker

Right now, Amanda is a cup of coffee reheated in the microwave one too many times. A pile of soup-stained paperbacks. The ass-print in the couch. Ask again when the weather improves.

## R. Hester

R. Hester is a temporal anomaly that spits out drawings from the return bin of an abandoned Blockbuster. Witness the chaos on Instagram @outer.darkness

## Alistair Henning

A portrait and event photographer based in downtown Vancouver. For a full portfolio and list of exhibitions & awards, visit AlistairHenning.com

## Hina Imam

Hina Imam is the Spoken Word Coordinator and host of the show This Is Not Fine at CiTR.

## Erika Enjo

Erika is a student writer only writing for Discorder (for now, wish her luck for more explorations). Art works are... coming soon hopefully?

## Clara Dubber



## Emma Marsales

Makin' art :)

## Meghan Lok

Meghan is a cat lady, animal bio student, and (very) part-time illustrator/photographer who is everywhere but nowhere. At UBC, she is pursuing a bachelor of science with a minor in arts (psych) and does marketing + graphics for a data analytics club. She has a penchant for metalcore + related genres and probably can't hear you right now because she is listening to music. Sorry, what?

It's easy to get on this list.

Contact  
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[artcoordinator@citr.ca](mailto:artcoordinator@citr.ca)

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**BIG JOY**

**WE MOVED!**  
Find us at our new location:  
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*A conversation about artistic rebirth and creating from the soul with Dust Cwaine // words by Amanda Thacker // photos by Cole Schmidt // illustrations by Katrien Dewulf*



Grief has a way of unraveling us. For “Vancouver”-based singer/songwriter Dust Cwaine, it has laid their soul bare; uncensored by assumptions about who they are and what they are meant to provide the world. The aftermath? A profound spiritual, emotional and artistic transformation, and a whole lot of crying in the sound booth.

As I set up my laptop in my childhood bedroom, readying myself to chat with Cwaine, three time zones away, I had some expectations. I’d harvested the internet for everything about them, and was eager to see the image of those infamous blue eyebrows animated in real-time.

What followed was a conversation about life, grief, identity, storytelling, metaphor, and a revelation that undid much of what I thought I knew about them.

Over the past five years, Cwaine has made a name for themselves in the local drag community, creating and hosting numerous drag shows, drag musicals and even co-creating and co-hosting Yuk Yuk’s only all-drag comedy show. When an intense period of grief and self-reflection befell them this past year, the desire to step away from drag emerged and they struggled to make sense of it — to imagine a way forward.

“I’m a very soulful person,” they expressed, “and there’s something about drag that is silly and fun, and helped me access a part of myself that is quite fearless, but it didn’t bring in the thoughtful side.”

As a non-binary, aromantic, multi-disciplinary artist, Cwaine exudes transcendence. Even sitting makeup-free in a plain black t-shirt beside the *Shrek 2* poster in their living room, their presence is abundant. “I am not a person who is short on confidence. I’m also not a person who is short on a little bit of arrogance,” they declared earnestly.

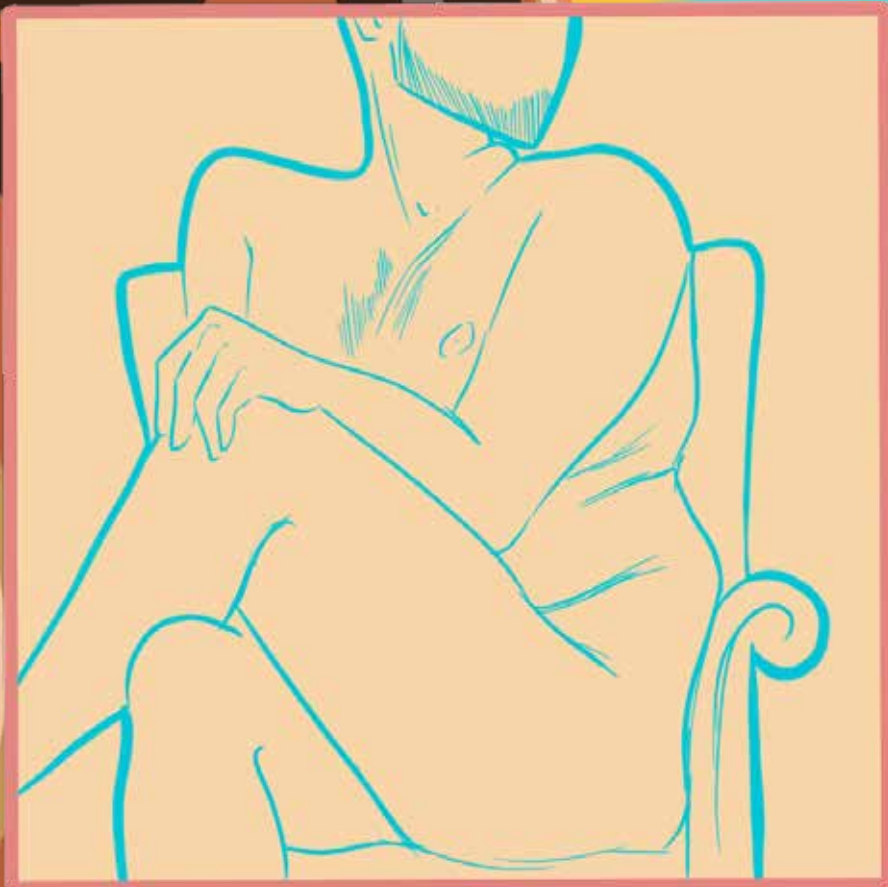
While this commanding quality — ignited by drag — is upheld fondly, they yearn now to reach behind that fierce exterior to begin drawing from the well of their deeply nuanced human experience. “I want to capture emotions,” they said, “and drag wasn’t allowing me, as a human, to connect with people and with art in a way that my soul wanted to.”

In drag, Cwaine experienced the strongest emotional fulfillment through singing live. Music is a big part of drag, but artists usually lip-sync to already-iconic hits. When original music is produced, it is generally club-centric, and sprinkled with clichés. Though they recognize the power and punch of this genre, what Cwaine was interested in creating was far outside these descriptors.

Their path away from drag became clear once they embraced the unbounded potential of artistic expression — that no aspect of drag couldn’t be found elsewhere. “I can let [drag] go, but I don’t have to let go of the things that I loved about it,” they professed, “I don’t have to let go of community, I don’t have to let go of performing — I can still have those things in my life.”

Their love of singing has since evolved into a passion for songwriting, and they are currently working on their first studio-album with producer Josh Eastman of Helm Studios — a non-profit dedicated to uplifting marginalized voices.

Though Cwaine feels confident in their artistic redirection, this transition has been anything but smooth. “Going into the booth for the first time felt like somebody hit me in the knees with a sledgehammer,”



they confessed, “I cried most of that day. I started questioning whether I wanted to continue to move forward.”

**L**ike any artist (and human being) actively pursuing growth, this discomfort became their site of salvation; “Okay,” they thought, “this is a process that is going to challenge me in a way that I think I’m ready for. That I need to do.”

After a brief stint with a hyper-pop sound akin to the drag music they were used to hearing, they scrapped everything they felt was expected of them and tapped into the music that has moved them through life. Underway is a body of lyrically-rich, 90s pop-rock inspired music that just *gets* it.

“That’s one of the beautiful things about music,” Cwaine expressed, “lyrics. They mean something different for me than what they mean to you.” Referencing artists like Phoebe Bridgers and Lorde, they gushed about the kind of storytelling that is “broad, yet specific” — that expresses “a specific memory or a specific experience” in a way that is relatable, without becoming cliché.

Writing with this aim, Cwaine uncovered a profound love for metaphors — namely, their ability, when one is posed just right, to crumble our emotional walls and nurture courage in moments of vulnerability. “What I love about a metaphor is that it reaches into someone’s soul and it finds something in them that’s a secret and twists it just a little bit,” they said. It’s like finding the sorest part of a muscle and just digging — we are bound to come undone.

And when a metaphor hits right as the piano does? It might just change your life.

“INNUENDO” is the first and only track released off Cwaine’s upcoming album thus far. Musically, it is an ode to Matchbox 20 — a soul-twister of Cwaine’s youth. Lyrically, it is reflective and earnest. “INNUENDO is a starting place for me,” they said, “the vocals are very simple...

there’s no depth in the production. It’s just a straight pop-rock song.”

As they’ve continued to work on the album, Cwaine has embraced self-intimacy as the driving force of the project. More than anything, the album is a “time capsule,” said Cwaine; a way of both processing and preserving the transformations they are currently undergoing.

“Music helps us transition through transformations in our life,” they said, “in the transition that I’m going through now, I’m the soundtrack for myself.”

**I** was bestowed two demos — one tender, one spirited; both uniquely vulnerable. Of the tender, Cwaine revealed: “I was so emotional in the booth in such a good way... A lot of it’s really, really raw.” Both tracks are rich in metaphor, play around with form, and establish Cwaine as not only a clever and daring songwriter, but a powerfully dynamic artist.

Alongside creating their own music, Cwaine will continue using their skills as a producer of drag shows to produce shows for local, independent artists. They recognize the many hoops “up-and-coming” artists are made to jump through (often adorning large price tags) and want to provide opportunities for such artists to perform live, and get paid to do so. I was assured they will perform periodically in these spaces as well.

I hadn’t realized my room had gone dark until I closed my laptop and was enveloped in it. Darkness has a habit of encroaching this way; subtle until devouring. Cwaine is no stranger to this phenomenon, but so too are they acquainted with the chain-breaking resurrection made possible by periods of darkness. For, when we can no longer see anything to grasp on to, we must reach inward. From here, honest expression is made possible.

Their album is expected in the spring.





# Bloodbath Dreams Come True

*You're inside a venue. A truly exceptional selection of hot, fresh, and fly musical performers compete in a live, local, and independently-run music competition. You're surrounded by a substantial—but reasonably spaced—audience. A band that you'd never heard of is blowing your fucking mind. You keep having to readjust your mask to take a sip from a P.Y.U.R that you won earlier. You feel joy.*



*Close your eyes. Take a deep breath. Lean back.*

*and independently-run music competition. A band that you'd never heard of is blowing your fucking mind. You keep having to readjust your mask to take a sip from a P.Y.U.R that you won earlier. You feel joy.*

*Open your eyes.*

## What is a dream that came true for you in 2021?

### **BUDDIE**

We got to play one last show in the Philly area (Shady Grove Fest in Arden, DE) and lots more people listened to our music than we'd have imagined!

### **CHEAP FLAVOR**

In March of 2020, we were set to play our biggest gig yet — opening for the incomparable Tonye. Unfortunately, this was canceled due to the beginning of the pandemic. Thankfully, we were not only able to reschedule this gig for November of this year, but we were able to reform the gig as a fundraiser for Vancouver's Drug User Liberation Front.

### **FRANCIS BAPTISTE**

Performing at The Cultch.

### **KHILLAH KHILLS**

A dream that came true for our band in 2021 is participating in Sled Island's Rock Lotto. Getting to work alongside such incredible artists, even digitally, was a huge honor. The complete project is available wherever you stream music!

### **LIL BABEEE\_4EVA**

This year Bandcamp featured my debut album on their front page. It was incredible that total strangers were buying my record!

### **MOIE**

We have managed to create our first release sessions: where a small group of individuals show up at an empty parkade and carry out healthy screams with the coat of senseless noise, sometimes music. We call it the UBC Fight Club, where we fight ourselves, our comfort zone, our frustration, our boredom and inertia.

### **BUDDIE**

The Philly band planned to do a full US tour in support of our album, *Diving*, before COVID made that an impossibility. But, COVID also brought me to Vancouver to play with the fine folks in the new lineup.

### **CHEAP FLAVOR**

Paul Rudd was awarded People's Magazine's 2021 Sexiest Man Alive. This award, obviously, should have been assigned to our bassist, Jon.

### **FRANCIS BAPTISTE**

I had a gig at The Wise Hall that was canceled. Always wanted to play there.

### **KHILLAH KHILLS**

A dream that was broken for our band in 2021... where do we begin... we've been looking forward to touring and playing more festivals, but those plans keep getting put on hold. We aren't giving up hope though!!

### **LIL BABEEE\_4EVA**

This will probably be a popular answer, but playing shows! Still haven't got to do a live show for this project yet.

### **MOIE**

We have learned that it's quite unrealistic to expect a giant famous pretty hand reaching down from the heavens, and lifting us away from the junkyard of so-called art. We have to create our own scene, find our own people, live by our own rules at least in terms of self expression.

## What is a dream that was broken for you in 2021?

### **MAX BOONCH**

I used to dream about the 2005 film Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. In my dreams I knew all of the oompa loompa dances. When I woke up I still knew them, but it just didn't feel the same.

### **MIGUEL MARAVILLA**

Not finding stable livable income lol.

### **MULCH**

Dreams can't be broken if you only look at the beauty of bleakness.

### **RAINBOWS END**

Not being able to get tix to the Avril show in 2022 ): Why'd she have to go and make presales so complicated?

### **RAW NERVE ENDINGS**

Not any, to be honest. This year was a dream come true. Looking forward to what 2022 brings!

### **SARA CARBONE**

I applied for some grants to record music and didn't get them, but they led me to collaborating with other producers I may not have collaborated with otherwise, so I consider it a win!

### **TINYBONES**

Dare I say??? None?? No dreams were dashed, maybe I guess like international travel, but I'm chillin.

### **TINYBONES**

Putting out my first album.

## What is your top album of 2021?

**BUDDIE** Options, *On the Draw* (Self-released).

**CHEAP FLAVOR** The Wiggles didn't release an LP this year, so we paid no attention to new releases.

**FRANCIS BAPTISTE** Jasper Sloan Yip, *Strange Calm / Blushing Autumn* (Tiny Kingdom).

**KHILLAH KHILLS** PinkPanthress, *to hell with it* (Parlophone).

**LIL\_BABEEE\_4EVA** Joy Orbison, *still slipping vol. 1* (XL).

**M01E** Devyn Grace & The Virgin Losers, *Cry About It, Dude!* (Self-released).

**MAX BOONCH** Dijon, *Absolutely* (Warner).

**MIGUEL MARAVILLA** Nala Sinephro, *Space 1.8* (Warp).

**MULCH** Ovlov, *Buds* (Self-released).

**RAINBOWS END** Snail Mail, *Valentine* (Matador).

**RAW NERVE ENDINGS** Little Simz, *Sometimes I Might Be Introvert* (AGE 101).

**SARA CARBONE** Olivia Rodrigo, *SOUR* (Geffen).

**TINYBONES** Japanese Breakfast, *jubilee* (Dead Oceans).

## Dreams Washed

*The fantasy keeps us going. Add tangible goals and you have a dream. It's hard to be hopeful when everything feels futile. Planning, setting goals, dreaming have been hard in the limbo of a pandemic. There's so much joy in progress and realization.*



WYR 101.8 fm & Discorder Magazine present

# SUMMS 2022

## Dream Line-up

Breako's Nuclear Misco

Buddie

Cheap Flavor

Francis Baptiste

Goat Rodeo

Mulch School

Khillah Khills

Lil\_Babee\_4EVA

Max Boonch

Miguel Maravilla

Mulch

Rainbows End

Rainbows End

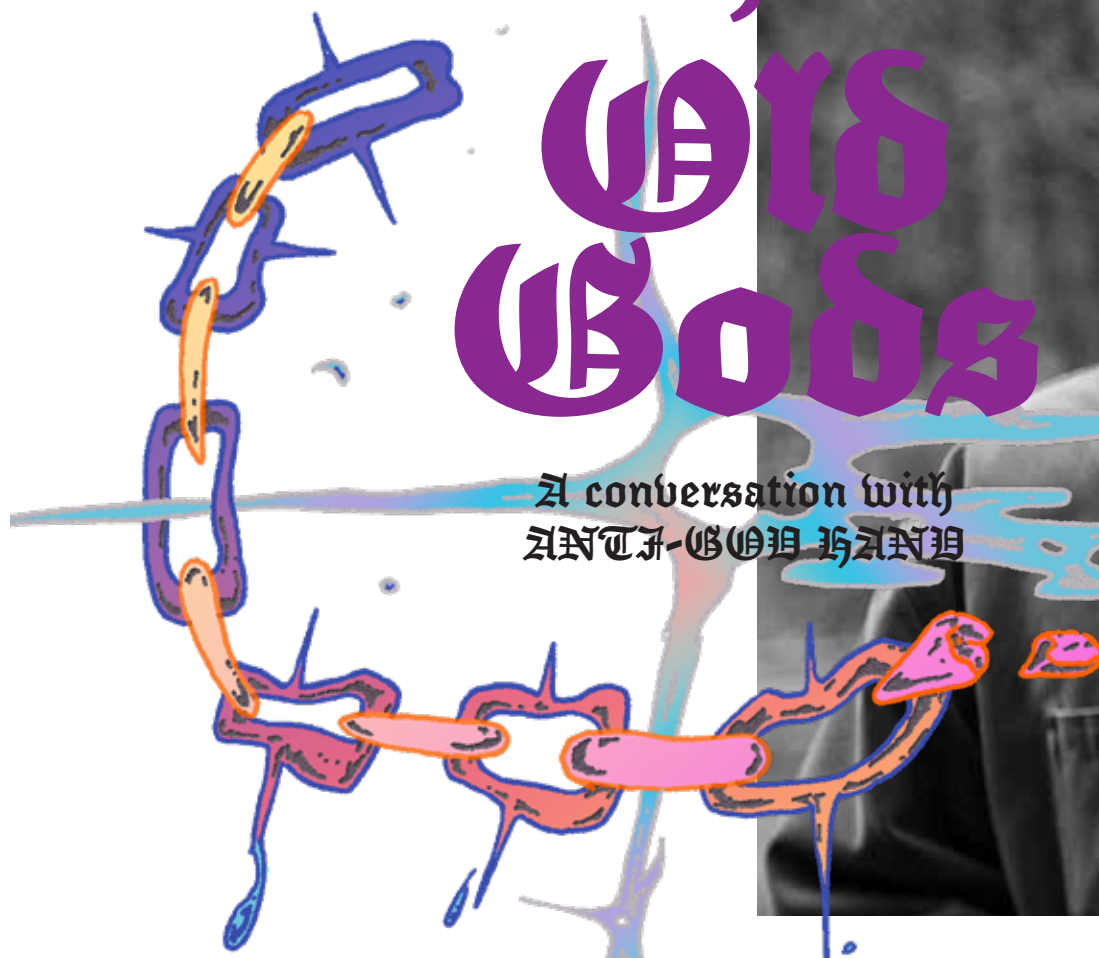
Raw Nerve Endings

Sara Carbone

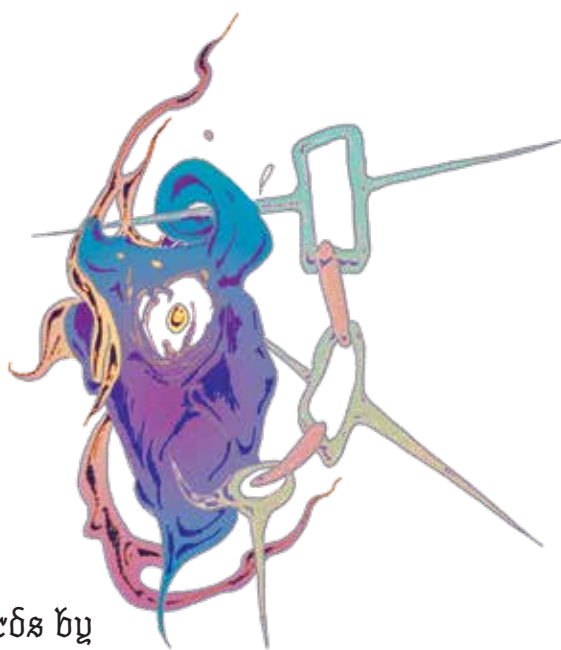
TinyBones

# Crushing the WILD Bods

A conversation with  
ANTI-GOD HAND



“All my friends, any time they have seen me recently, have been like, ‘Ah! The five-piece act from British Columbia!’ That really started as just a joke.”



words by  
**R. Hester**  
photos by  
**JJ Mazzucotelli**  
illustrations by  
**Andrei Anghelescu**

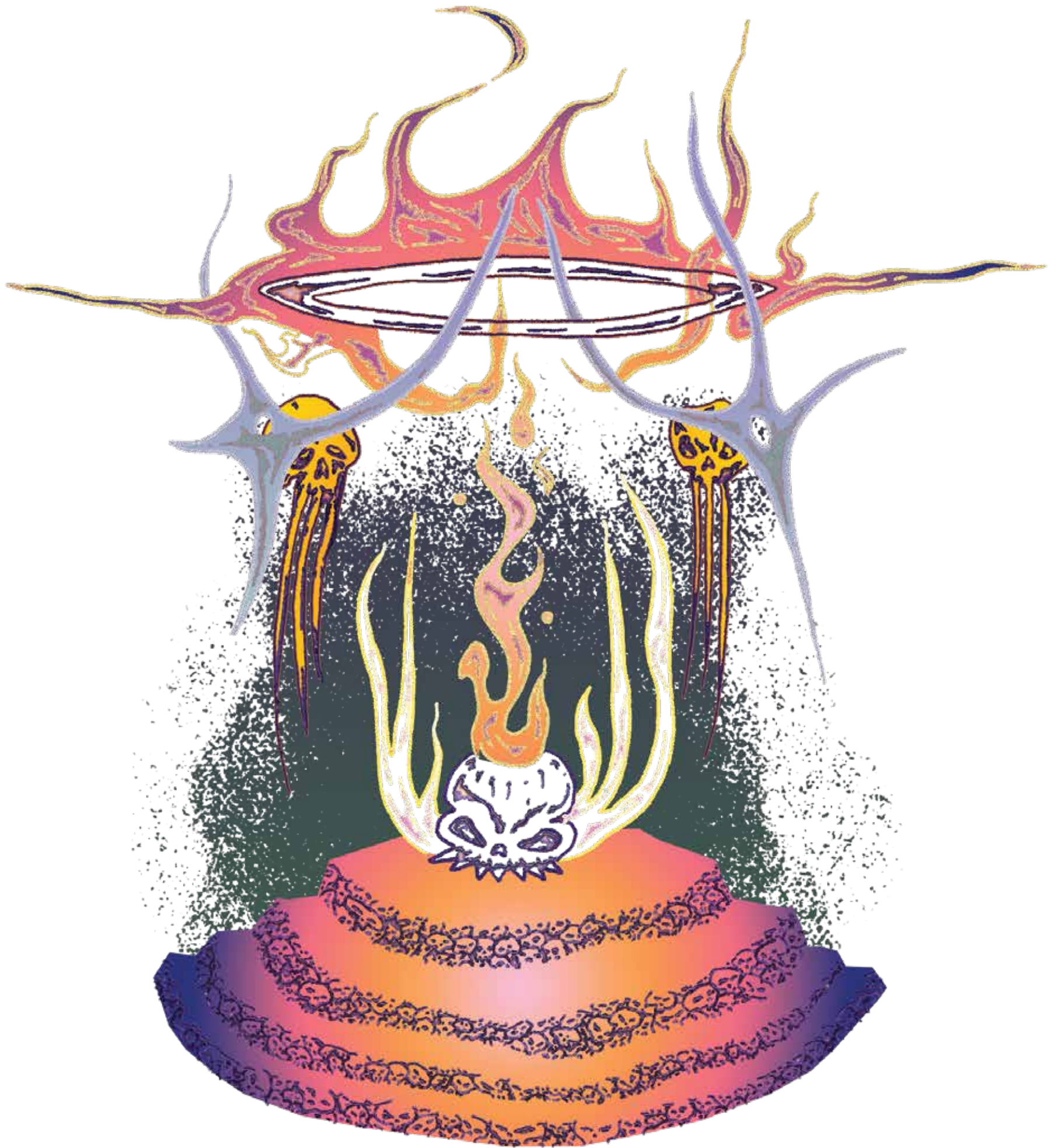
**S**urrounded by felled trees covered in sticky moss and air dense with a buttery fog, I walk a trail alongside Will Ballantyne—the only real member of the British Columbian black metal act, Anti-God Hand. It’s a brisk winter’s day and the chill can be felt in your bones. Pacific Spirit Park, where we walk, is quiet for the most part save for the barking of dogs and their owners. I enjoy walking when I need to have an in-depth conversation, and Pacific Spirit Park’s accessible wilderness seemed a fitting location to discuss cultism, mythmaking, and ultimately, black metal.

Like many other people interested in Anti-God Hand’s 2021 output, I was under the impression that Anti-God Hand was indeed a band of five members. After all, everywhere one can look for information about the band describes the act either in vagaries or references to different members, all of which are only credited by two letters through the band’s media. “The letters spell the phrase TRANCE CULT which is the name of an EP I released under another project before, so I did it as a wink to my friends, like, ‘hey guys, it’s me!’ but no one got it and then Metal Archives

wrote about bassist TR and vocalist AN and so on,” Will explains. “I’m not really interested in correcting everyone, like, ‘no, it’s all me’ so I just let it happen. I thought about bringing some friends out [to this interview] and being like ‘this is the drummer! This is the singer...’ but while I’m not in the business of bringing it all back to me, I am [also] not trying to be deliberately deceitful.” And so, Will would be the only person to show up, dressed for a wintery walk, long hair tied back by a scrunchie, and his dog Zoe in tow. Besides his hairnado-length hair, little connects Will’s appearance to what the tabloids have come to expect from black metal — I’m not even sure he was wearing any black at the time. He carries himself with a charming and light energy that weaves jokes and modest self-deprecation with a real grasp of his practice and intention.

**L**ike most things born in the time of COVID-19, Anti-God Hand started as a make-work project to survive the stifling isolation that accompanied the early days of the pandemic. The dark blues which coloured our lives urged Will to find a creative outlet to occupy his mind. He drew inward and excavated the untapped well of his youth, marked by his life-long love of metal. While Will has been making music for most of his life, this is his first true attempt at the genre beyond bands he was a part of in high school. While his other projects have always been influenced by metal to some extent, he describes Anti-God Hand as a “guitar project” where he finally said, “fuck it, might as well lean into some blast beats, tremolo picking,





and go full-out.” Despite his love for the genre, he hesitated to create music in its image for a number of reasons. For starters, he simply didn’t think he could do it to a degree that he was happy with. I resonated with this sentiment: The more we know what something is supposed to look or sound like, the more we will notice how our pastiche fails to deliver. And on top of that pressure, we’re also talking about black metal: a long-standing genre with very specific tells and forms, hard lines that only the foolhardy would

cross, and that has gained relative notoriety in the past few years thanks to acts like Deafheaven and Wolves In The Throne Room; the later to the chagrin of the genre’s purist keepers who covet the cultish tapes of the black metal underground over the vinyl variants of the deserters. But Will, for better or worse, sheepishly admits that his first exposure was through more mainstream acts like the aforementioned Wolves In The Throneroom and Lamb of God, and, like me, is constantly worried a corpse-painted kvlthead

will come screaming from the Underdark to smack him for admitting it. Devotion to genre is as old as music itself, and many contemporary artists are often cursed with the responsibility placed upon them by the old gods. Is Anti-God Hand black metal enough for the ancients? Will would say that it is not, but I would argue that it’s all the better for it. I don’t see Anti-God Hand as a site of worship for the kvlt, but rather a new form of dark magick conjured from its depths. Will wasn’t interested in aping the sounds of

## “ԱՆՏԻ-ՅՈՉ ԲԱՆՉ”



black metal past, but rather using the tools and knowledge at his disposal, along with the genre's historical calling cards, to create his own vicious take on it. In accordance with his full-out resolve, he set out to create black metal that was beyond musical tourism, unmistakable in form, but that is ultimately modernized and skillfully reinvented. Even in Anti-God Hand's logo, a curvier and elegant homage to black metal's iconic illegible logos, one can see the manifestation of history and reinvention. Much like the logo, the music throughout Anti-God Hand's relentless discography is recognizably black metal: Blast beats, chilling tremolo riffs and gnashed screaming make up the majority of the soundscape. But Will's particular take is punctuated with cosmic melodies, slithering leads, and wondrous power. The music is imbued with an exploratory spirit that, while not outside of the genre's playbook, rarely comes as easily or as coherently as it does in Anti-God Hand's music. Throughout the four releases that Will put out as Anti-God Hand in 2021, it is evident that the project has an innate clarity and an affinity for the more fantastical and marvellous side of black metal. Titles such as "Aratron Drawn Heavenwards," "Threshold Magic," and "Moss Golem," imbue the music with the energy of fantasy novels and *Dungeons & Dragons* more than the gore of church burnings and quartered animals. Additionally, Will's approach to recording — a task he takes on mostly on his own — has a definite impact on the lilt of the music. In fact, throughout the four 2021 releases, he rarely punched in any part of any song, opting to record all the instruments in single takes. A number of songs even utilized a guitar that goes predictably out of tune as it is played, which Will embraced even if it meant that it would make the songs next to impossible to perform live. This DIY approach

to making music is not rare in black metal, but the immediacy of the process really suits Will's goals with the project — music that is alive and writhing, more concerned with the emotional release than it is staying within the confines of the genre.

**U**n performance, Will reveals that he is not opposed to performing as Anti-God Hand one day, but at the moment he doesn't really know how this would translate live. After all, behind the 5-piece facade is just Will, an electronic drum, and a number of guitars. He feels like the next step to Anti-God Hand is to expand it beyond a solo project, which is a decision he has moved back and

forth on given the music's complexity, his approach to recording and writing, and ultimately the control he has over the whole package. But performance doesn't start and end on the stage — In my opinion, performance is a vital component of extreme music because you can't really write extreme music without exaggeration. At the heart of this matter is one of black metal's most notorious pieces — screaming vocals. Anti-God Hand is the first project in which Will screamed vocals, yet another first that he's naturally gifted in, though he might never downright admit it. While for many the jury is perpetually out on screaming as vocals in music, for Will the answer is clear. "There is no alternative, you just have to do it. I've

never been confused about the effect of a scream in music [...] you could write music that attempts to capture someone physically and emotionally breaking down, but you could just scream until your voice cracks." I agree full-heartedly with Will — and what is illustrated by his pained screeches and wails throughout the music is the difference between the performance or description of a feeling, and actually emoting it. It's clarity in the intention that many bands attempt to harness, yet few are able to wield beyond a hollow attempt at sounding evil. While Will's vocal work on Anti-God Hand is definitely of the same calibre as some of the genre's greats, to Will the important thing is simply to scream. To fill the music with the desperate gnashing of teeth and words, however incoherent they may be.

**T**hroughout my conversation with Will, I eventually came to discover what makes Anti-God Hand such an indomitable act. To his dismay, I actually do think it's all about him. At the heart of the music is something uniquely vulnerable and unapologetically true to who its creator is: A passionate musician braving the wintery wilds of black metal armed with bided intention and a studied reverence. Among the branches of moss-covered trees, blistering guitars, swamp creatures, and screams is Will wandering his landscape alone. He knows this place well, but he also has no intention of following anyone into the darkness. In fact, it is clear to me that, for him, Anti-God Hand is actually a way out and not in. Out from the darkness it was born in. Out from the preconceptions of a genre mired in elitism. Past the gates guarded by the old gods of metal. Out of the darkness of the tundra, past the tree line, towards the heavens.





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# An X- Files Map of Nostalgia

w o r d s b y

Jess Driscoll

i l l u s t r a t i o n s b y

Emma Marsales

## The

last time I was downtown pre-pandemic was February 11, 2020. I was in Vancouver for a concert at the Imperial in Chinatown. There were a couple celebrity sightings, I tried a new and terrible cider, and then I took the train and a bus home to White Rock, where I've been stuck ever since.

Watching *The X-Files* during lockdown doesn't remind me of the city I'm missing — spending my pandemic in the suburbs — watching *The X-Files* reminds me of the city of my teen years, the city of concerts and vintage shops, the city where I thought I'd be an adult. By the time I was ready to leave Surrey and cross the river alone, that Vancouver was out of my reach. That Vancouver has been gone for a long time.

It lives on in the first season of *The X-Files*. The first season is cold, dark, and rainy. So rainy. The first season travels across the United States, but never leaves the Lower Mainland. The first season is a memory and a looking glass. I was 12 when the first season aired, and I was looking for myself. It was exciting to see ourselves on screen. But being seen means losing part of who you are.

That Vancouver where I dreamed of living when I was a teenager doesn't exist anymore. But we can revisit it

through *The X-Files*. We can go back in time. Before hyper-development. Before climate change. Before everywhere on TV looked like Vancouver.

There are no glass condos in the Vancouver of *The X-Files*. Whether they're on a case in Idaho, in Washington, or at home in DC, they find the best examples of Victorian architecture. British Columbia's namesake colonial roots are all throughout the first season. Stained glass in every window, lit up for colour in the background.

## On

TV, Vancouver is big cities and small towns at the same time because, of course, Vancouver isn't only Vancouver. It's Burnaby and Richmond, Surrey and Delta. All of the Lower Mainland shows up in *The X-Files*, the whole sprawling metropolis. In the episode, *Miracle Man*, Steveston plays Tennessee. In *Gender Bender*, Steveston plays Massachusetts. For a kid who grew up in a boring suburb, I wanted Vancouver to be all those places, too. I needed to know there was a place where I could escape.

My first episode was *Darkness Falls*. A very Pacific Northwest episode, where you're supposed to think the bad guy is the environmentalist. Mulder and Scully venture high up in the wooded



mountains, where a team of loggers have gone missing. The environmentalists — now eco-terrorists — are the first to be blamed. But it's the loggers who have been cutting down the old growth trees they're not supposed to. Out of the rings of those ancient trees come swarms of tiny green bugs. Like anything in hibernation for hundreds of years, those tiny green bugs are hungry.



was 13 when that episode aired in 1994, and Clayoquot Sound was still in the news. The protests against the clear-cutting by MacMillan Bloedel, sanctioned by the BC government, had come to a head the year before, with arrests and constant news coverage. I was a recycling environmentalist then, who was worried about the ozone layer. Clayoquot radicalized my 12 year old mind and made me a socialist.

The trees of Vancouver are the very first thing we see in the pilot episode. A woman runs through the woods in her nightgown. She falls in the dirt and fallen leaves. Wind blows the cedar branches and her hair in her face. A light gets brighter and brighter, though it's night time. A man comes through the trees. At least, we think it's a man.

This first episode starts in Oregon. BC can play Oregon, easily. BC can play Washington, even northern California. In 2012, I drove with two friends north from LA, up the coast, and home to Surrey, and what struck me most was how quickly the landscape became recognizable. It doesn't take long beyond the desert before you see trees like home. The west coast is the west coast all the way.

In *Eve*, Vancouver plays two sides of the continent. First, a man dies in Connecticut. Then later, a man in California. We can play any suburb because our streets are still lined with trees. Unlike our forests, which are primarily firs and cedars, the streets were planted with leafy trees that could be anywhere. Connecticut, I've never seen in person, though I spent a year on the east coast, in Halifax. The trees are different there. Their leaves turn brilliant autumn colours which outshine the west coast. Before I saw autumn in person, I scoffed at leaf peeping. Now I understand the spectacle.

But when I stood at the top of Citadel Hill, I didn't see any mountains. Without the embrace of the mountains, I worried we'd slide off into the ocean. We're known in BC for those mountains, for the cold, the water. Buntzen Lake stars in *Conduit* as a lake in Iowa. It's a lake I know well. Years of hikes with Girl Guides and my family, walking circles



around that lake. I knew it from the first scene of the show. I knew its name, the same way I know the mountains by the shape of their peaks.

When I returned to the Lower Mainland, after a year on the east coast, all I could see were the mountains. They were bigger than ever, and closer, I'd swear. They were right there in my face, like they knew I'd been missing them.

And then they faded back, like the rest of the city of my youth. I came back to Vancouver on the other side of 30, and I didn't need to be here to prove myself anymore. I was ready to move on.

When I was 13, the city across the river was the place I wanted to be. When I see it now, through the lens of *The X-Files* season one, in the middle of a pandemic that's kept me stuck in the suburbs, the city doesn't seem like much. I don't miss it like I once did, when I yearned to live downtown as a teenager. I don't want the busy streets, the crowds, the towers blocking my view of the horizon. Vancouver was the city of my teenage dreams, and like those dreams, the city is gone. Now it's just a city without an identity. It's a city that plays everywhere on film and tv. It wants to be the green city, but hikes the transit fares, ignores the suburbs, prosecutes climate activists. It's a city full of empty houses, rising high above tent camps. I don't miss the pre-pandemic Vancouver.

# The

show moved to LA in season six, leaving behind the rain and the mountains. David Duchovny left in season 8, and I lost track of new episodes not long afterwards. I was in my 20s then, and instead of Vancouver, I had chosen Victoria for university. I lost track of the city Vancouver used to be. Coming back to the show during a pandemic means coming back to the teenager I once was, the one who dreamed of living

downtown, of being a writer, of telling fantastical stories. It means coming back to those dreams and picking them up once again.

David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson came back to *The X-Files* in 2016, and the show returned to film in BC. Instead of Vancouver rain, the show starts with wide open skies on a hilly tundra in Ashcroft. Instead of running down dark alleys, Mulder and Scully meet on a busy, sunny downtown street, one of those tall glass towers behind them. They're older now, and so am I.

I didn't watch the reboot when it first aired. I decided to leave my love in the past. Though I had stopped watching the show in the later seasons, I had returned for the final episode. But it wasn't my show anymore. The final episode was filmed in LA, and I didn't recognise any of the streets.

Gillian Anderson has announced she won't return, schedules and all. Her career has grown beyond Dana Scully. My life has grown beyond Vancouver. I live in White Rock, as far as the suburbs stretch, while still being part of the Lower Mainland. I live next to the beach, at the top of the rock, far past the end of the Skytrain line.

We can't have the old *X-Files* back for the same reason we can't have the old Vancouver. Those years are gone. I'm not the same kid who read every book in the paranormal section of the library stacks. I'm 40 now, a milestone birthday I celebrated in lockdown. Where I spent 30 on the other side of the country, I spent 40 in the suburbs, stuck, but at a kind of peace. I don't need the rush of downtown like I once thought I did. There are cities all over the province I haven't seen, not even on TV.

This pandemic can't last forever, and there are so many more seasons of *The X-Files* I haven't watched. It's been nice to visit. The trees look so green in the rain.



**SUPER  
HEAVY**







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# Yearly Budget 2022

ART PROJECT BY  
MEGHAN LOK

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**LIKE JANUARY,  
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**PERIODICITY 2022**

ART PROJECT BY  
ALISTAIR HENNING

**Discothrash**

#5

**"Motherland"**

Alger Ji-Liang 梁家傑

*Illustration by Abi Taylor*

Maya: Because we all need to breathe in soft stillness from time to time. Whether in the big looming shadow of \*whispers\*...a global crisis. Or when old wounds reopen in a lacerated symphony upon stretching too thin. Consider this a very loving and gentle reminder to send your body home.

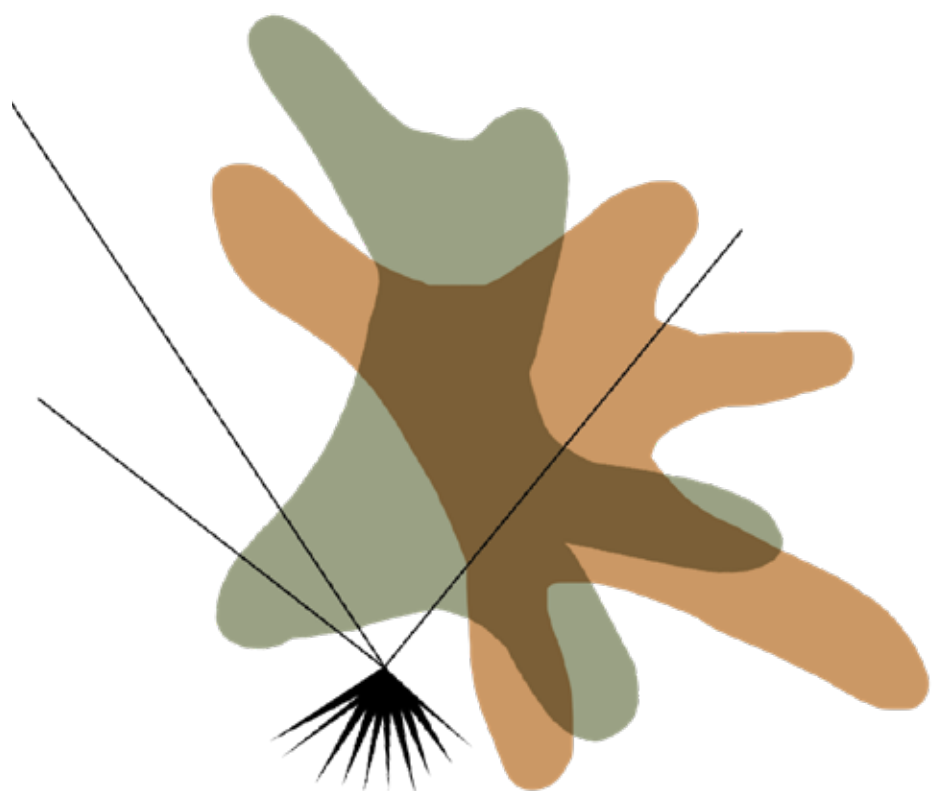


when the body is broken  
and continues to walk without  
pause,  
it mourns for stillness.  
the body makes ground  
wounds open  
again  
and again  
and again  
and again.  
at this moment,  
somewhere in the world,  
bees return to hives  
birds to nests  
tides to shore  
and one day,  
my body comes home.

# Residuals // Shion Skye Carter

words by Erika Enjo // photos by Cara Jameson // illustrations by Kate MacLeod

*Pitch black. One tiny, warm glimmer of a paper box shines in the room as if it was the first light in the world. The beginning of everything. A human arm is timidly reaching out of the box, reaching for the sky, trying to stretch out as far from the tiny box as possible to feel the world. Going back in the box, it comes out again with a blank piece of paper in its palm, tossing it into the stage. The soft sound of the paper is soothing, then, another one is presented to the world. This time the white paper is with a letter — 〇 (no) — stuck on the side of the box. Then the third paper — 私 (watashi) — combined to mean ‘mine.’ Finally, Shion Skye Carter herself crawls out to the box, and weak beams of lights brighten the room — turning the stage into her dear Japanese house complete with rectangle patterns on the floor. Setting a platform for her self-journey.*



Shion Skye Carter is a Vancouver-based dance artist, who is also first-generation Japanese. She moved to Vancouver at the age of 6 from Tajimi of Gifu prefecture, Japan. Her dance performances often integrate with other arts forms — aiming to explore her multi-ethnic and queer identities. In her performance *Residuals* (住み・墨.) Japanese calligraphy is used in the exploration of ancestral connection to Japan. Shion told me that calligraphy held a personal connection to her, as she practiced it as a child in Japanese school. She was reconnected with this tradition in 2019 when realizing the depth of this art in terms of the body movement it requires. It provoked her to bring the motion, and Japanese characters, onto the stage. This Calligraphy-infused solo dance project was first performed at multiple sites, including its premiere at *Tangente* in Montreal, and is planned to premiere in Vancouver at the Scotiabank Dance Centre in September 2022.

Many people in this multi-ethnic city can perhaps relate — living as first-generation in a different country (and culture) since a childhood does not come easy. “I felt a lot of confusion and, I guess, sort of cultural displacement too. I did feel a lot of tension growing up with certain parts of Japanese culture that I just could not understand. A lot of traditional parts of the culture, or social expectations, I couldn’t agree with, and I couldn’t understand. I felt this friction,” she says. That friction is reflected in her dance movements — filled with many

tensions — including the paper box scene described from *Residuals* (住み・墨.) In showing only parts of her body uncannily, the fragmented body starts to represent a person broken into different pieces — indirectly hinting at an internal fight for a coexistence of two seemingly juxtaposed identities, being queer and Japanese. Queerness is one of many topics that are underexplored in Japan, and its lack of understanding in this matter deepened a gap between her and her family. She felt nervous to come out to her mother, and still feels challenged to talk about it with her relatives in Japan. To me, this highlights the problems of old conservative views in Japan from the perspective of someone who has both a background in Japanese culture and Western culture.

Even before this project, Shion noticed the influence of living in both Canada and Japan during the discovery of her own art style. She decided to explore this through choreography — noticing the presence of her Japanese identity at the base of her movements. For example, moving around in a low posture reflected the lifestyle in Japanese traditional houses, which are relatively low to the ground and outfitted with shorter furniture requiring people to live close to floors. This muscle-memory provoked her familiarity to Japanese culture. In one of her characteristic scenes, she crawls around the stage under rectangle light-patterns and an image of an ink drop on the floor. The rectangle



shapes on the floor are to show the layout of the house — and she dances about the life habits and memories associated with each room. This scene was inspired by a brush stroke as well. Shion draws Japanese characters in the air and on the floor with her body, like 中身 (nakami), meaning contents inside of something, which explores how different surfaces can be a writing platform. Writing the characters 中身 over and over through multiple dance moves simulated her memory of the calligraphy class where she needed to practice one character many times.

Shion also noticed an unconscious tendency of using elements of her grandfather throughout her dance process and in her movements. The costumes she chose, ones which made her the most comfortable, ended up unintentionally resembling what her grandfather used to wear. The black shirt and pants were similar to his work uniform at a paper factory, another coincidental connection to this project. Her connection with him is living inside her identity, and her performances. One of the unforgettable moments in *Residuals* (住み・墨) is one in which she posed, squatted down a little, and mimicked the motion of smoking cigarettes — gesturing to what she saw her grandfather do everyday. She told me that she felt the furthest from him in the family, as he passed away when she was 12. It seems that her attempts to approach the culture that became distant during her years in Vancouver has, in a wraparound way, also reminded her of her distance

from her grandfather. “Thinking so much about my grandparents' house and the domestic space, I think his spirit came to me. I feel a lot closer to his spirit now, and I didn't expect that to happen [...] that distance is not that far anymore.”



One soft light warmly spotlights Shion wrapped in a white dress made of calligraphy papers, and we hear a subtle sound of the papers swaying and touching each other as she moves across the stage smoothly. Her gentle voice goes along her fluid movement, describing her memory tracing the way she lived in the grandparents' house. The consistent tension in the dance suddenly softens in this last scene, which showed a relief at finding herself within Japanese culture as well as connected with her family again. “[This project] opened up a lot of doors for me by doing some research,” She said. It had required her to ask her mother and her grandmother many questions about Japanese heritage, which themselves became good opportunities for open conversation. *Residuals* (住み・墨) beautifully shows one's journey of self-discovery, the struggle to reclaim it and make it into your own. Art that does not compromise the idea that there isn't only one way to be and feel Japanese.



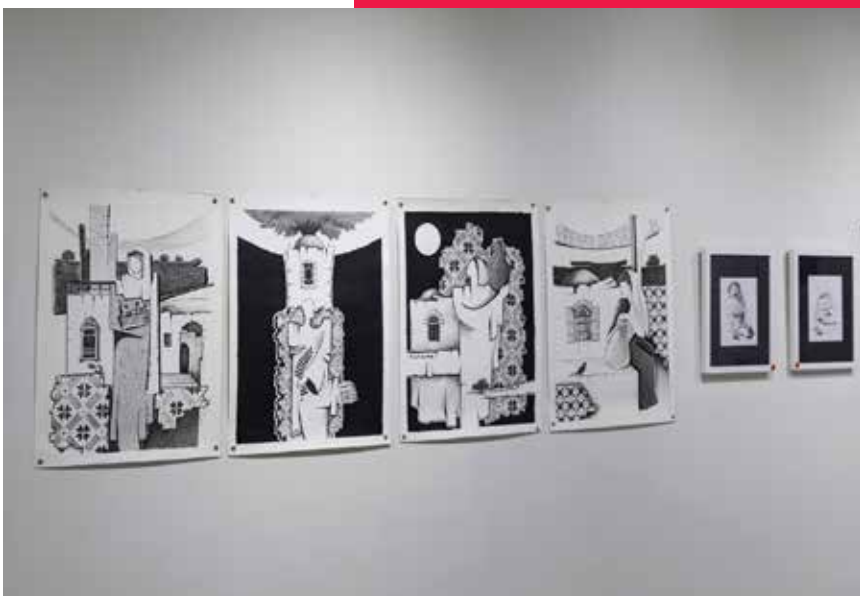
“SHION SKYE CARTER”



# MAKING ART UNDER SIEGE

*Palestinian Artist Defy Borders*

*words by Hina Imam // photos courtesy of Rehab Nazzal*





*“Only a few metres were separating us from the first explosion. On one long summer night, they inched closer and closer. Underneath the continuous shelling, from the warplanes and artillery, I started sketching to express the stories of faces from death.”*

**Majdal Nateel, *The Last Sketches 2014 War Diary*, 17 drawings, pen on paper, 34x24 cm**

There is no better way to open this review than with Gaza-based artist Majdal Nateel’s words. Nateel is one of six Palestinian artists whose work — 200 drawings, paintings, and sketches — was showcased at the exhibition *On Borrowed time in Gaza: Art in Confinement* at Vancouver’s Monica Reyes Gallery on November 2021. Other artists included Maisara Baroud, Maha Daya, Mohammed Alhaj, Rufida Sehwal, and Ganem Alden.

In 2014, Nateel was volunteering at a hospital in Gaza during the 51-day bombardment and airstrikes by the Israeli military. There, she witnessed deaths and trauma every day. The artist —who was seven months pregnant at that time — would go home and sketch every night. Her work is haunting and encapsulates the exhibition well by depicting what coming face-to-face with mortality every day looks like.

When I first started writing this piece I had a writer's block, but unlike an average case of writer’s block, I wasn’t sure if I would get past this one. What could I say about the oppression and suffering of Palestinians that hasn’t already been said? What could I say about the ethnic cleansing at the hands of Israeli military that hasn’t been documented? I’m not here to do that.

I have also tried not to dwell over my relative privilege, the prerogative of other attendees at the gallery, and the irony that we live in west coast Canada — in one of the most liberal cities, with the ability to

move freely and express ourselves openly.

As I stood in the centre of the gallery, nothing jumped out right away. The drawings were relatively small scale — lines on flat sheets — something you could easily miss if you weren’t paying attention, especially in a time when our brains are constantly overstimulated and our attention spans are probably at their worst.

Upon closer inspection, I noticed how the artists had used different techniques: some worked with charcoal, some with pen or pencil, and some with watercolor. Yet, one thing united them - making art in confinement. While I was struck by the stories of grief and loss, of tragedy, of invasion and violence inflicted on bodies and homes, what most stood out was the perseverance, the resilience, and the immense solidarity.

*“As I stayed at home I dedicated my time to Isolation Diary. In this work, I was free to move in a world I created, not affected by the restrictions of the blockade or by COVID. The diary intended to break time and space constraints. It breaks the intensity of dire times.”*

**Maisara Baroud, *Isolation diary*, Four series, ink and pen on paper, various sizes.**

Another artist whose work really struck a chord was Maisara Baroud. Baroud’s drawings created a visceral experience of claustrophobia and captivity. Images of disjointed bodies falling in the sea, paper plane drones hitting the city’s infrastructure, and scenes of incarceration all felt like poignant parallels between the artist’s reality and the global pandemic, and how Palestinians have been denied their basic human rights and been facing one lockdown after another long before COVID-19.

In her work, *Obsession with Memory*, Maha Daya highlights the erasure and

theft of Palestinian culture — appropriation as a result of ongoing colonization — and does this through painting motifs and patterns on pieces of fabrics.

Prior to this exhibition, I have never felt the absence of artists at shows before, not as much as I did here. I’m talking about feeling this literal physical absence, and imagining an alternate reality where borders didn’t matter and they’d be present.

The resistance of the Gaza-based artists was loud and clear which only felt like a stark juxtaposition to their lack of physical presence.

I have been to a handful of art shows during the pandemic. While the artists may not be physically present, you can tell that they have complete autonomy, they curate the show based on how they want to be perceived by the outside world, similar to how a lot of us carefully compose our grid on Instagram.

This made me wonder how much of the same liberty do Palestinians have, in their creative and personal lives. The artists and I were separated by geography, time, and space. Did that make the experience more palatable? Not having to witness the faces behind the artwork, did it make it less real, or just real enough?

I felt like a voyeur at times, peeking inside someone’s home while they weren’t there. Here I was, leisurely skimming and scanning the art along with the other visitors, carrying our privilege with us as casually as our tote bags, perusing the blurbs and examining the drawings — our only means of connections with the artists.

We were free to leave the gallery at any point and move on to the next cultural event, unlike the artists living on borrowed time. As I was about to head out the door, I noticed there was an entire wall in the gallery filled with children’s art. The drawings were created as part of an art therapy program for traumatized

children in Gaza, including children with cancer in the hospital. Most sketches had depictions of drones, airstrikes, and army tanks in common. A few had images of houses with Palestinian flags and drones pointing towards the houses.

The children were succinct with their art. They told it as they saw it, no metaphors, no analogies, just a raw glimpse into the everyday lives of Palestinians.

Perhaps that’s why it was the most unsettling part of the event. No layers or symbolism packaging the truth, only the cold reality staring right at you.

This review would be incomplete without mentioning Palestinian-Canadian artist Rehab Nazzal, the co-creator of the exhibition with artist Jayce Salloum and art historian Jeff O'Brien. The journey of how the artworks arrived in Vancouver is nothing short of a scene from a Martin Scorsese film. Following the latest Israeli military attack on Gaza, May 2021, Nazzal visited Gaza to work with children in the art therapy program which I mentioned earlier.

During that trip she met the six artists, who would later be featured at the gallery. They shared their hardships of creating art under the brutal Israeli blockade in Gaza, which has marred the lives of over two million Palestinians for more than seven decades. The artists also relayed the struggles and barriers they face in bringing art supplies into the Gaza Strip and getting the artwork outside the Palestinian province.

That’s when Nazzal got the idea of showcasing their work in Vancouver. She packed the artwork in her bag, taking off the frames and making the artworks as flat and invisible as possible. The drawings — in essence, the artists’ stories — were hidden in a bag as they were smuggled from the Gaza border past army checkpoints, loaded on a flight to Toronto, and from there flown to Vancouver.

Making art in Gaza is not only a matter of self-expression but a literal act of survival, an act of resistance, and an act of protest in the face of harsh conditions in the world’s largest open-air prison.

The artists in Palestine are deprived of their right to free movement, their right to dignity, and their right to connect with the art community and public; but all of this has not diminished their spirit and not stopped them from making art.

Therefore, the lines between the art and the artist really blurred. The six Palestinian artists became their art, and it filled in the gaps where these artists could not be physically present. However still, leaving a lasting impression and a lingering presence in my mind long after I left the gallery.





Between Lorne and Scotia on E 1st Ave, the Burrard Arts Foundation (BAF) has its Garage — a literal garage door where local emerging artists are invited to display work, often concurrent with BAF Gallery exhibitions. Until March 19, *'sent(ə)nəl'* will be gazing out their windows.

In this multimedia piece by Eric Tkaczyk, the windows are illuminated 24/7 by intermittent, glitchy videos of eyes that seem to be pressed up against the panes of glass. They wheel and dart around their little confines, frantic and isolated. While the panes slot neatly together in space, the eyes projected onto them seem unable to interact with each other. In the day, sunlight softens the videos' intensity, making them more tempered. But at night, without the sun's mediation, the white eyes roll around in sharp contrast to the grid separating them and the softer yellow light of the streetlamps nearby.

As articulated in the White Pube's *The Problem with Tiny Galleries*, the issue with window galleries — besides compromising to landlord pressures to increase the commercial value of their properties by signaling its 'creative uses' — is that window shows can feel undimensional; the viewer's ability to connect with the

show is impeded by the works inaccessibility. A piece can feel more like a novelty of the window than an artwork in its own right. Impressively, Tkaczyk's *'sent(ə)nəl'* rises above this almost definitive trap. The work is not only enhanced by its display format, but also — what I believe to be the strongest feature a piece can have in relation to its surroundings — is inevitable to it.

*'sent(ə)nəl'* explores the friction Tkaczyk feels in digital spaces' capacity for scrutiny versus connection. It uses the viewer's necessary distance — being partitioned from, neither in nor outside, the display-space — to that end. The artist has taken the structured format of a garage door and inlaid it with tension, toggling not only inside and outside, but also a 'looking' and 'looked at.' Closeness and distance. Real and unreal. While you the viewer can step back or stand closer, the eyes themselves can only jump across their flat screen; despite their freneticity they're limited to two dimensions, and despite being incredibly active, they're ostensibly immobile. They seem to look at you without registration, preoccupied with their desperation. But even that preoccupation is seeming, because of course, this piece sees nothing. It's just light on glass. While the work is active and charged, you are the only real agent. But it's difficult

to remember that reality because of the piece's impressive physicality. The garage door is tall and imposing, and the eyes, filmed incredibly closely, occupy the whole of their screens. The piece is made up of slated contradictions intimating the artist's own confusions.

Alongside the digital's scrutiny and connection, Tkaczyk hopes *'sent(ə)nəl'* expresses his contention with "an internet that simultaneously opens up [his] world and alienates [him.]" But in viewing the piece, while I can feel a pulsing resistance to this alienation, I don't get that feeling of having been "opened up". To me, that sensation is expansive — it's wonder at the amazing breadth of everything. *'sent(ə)nəl'* feels cramped: the eyes are frantic, caught and pressed up against panes of glass; the crux of the piece is containment. Maybe there is a yearning for the potential to be opened up, but I don't see it having happened yet. Even in the day, when the piece feels softer, I get an impression of these feelings being smothered in an excess of stimulation. The sunlight and the projector's light are competing for the viewer's eyes, and sensation is averaged out from a yell to a hum. The feeling itself doesn't change — only its intensity.

Tkaczyk has addressed the balances of online-existence throughout his practice. His 2020 video piece *'trəvdʒ(ə)n hɔ:s'* (the phonetical spelling of Trojan horse) contemplates the distortion of the body in digital spaces. In it, discrete videos of body parts forming an amalgamated body move in front of a black background — the body's proportions exaggerating as the piece progresses. To me, this piece more steadily walks the blade between fear and possibility than *'sent(ə)nəl'*, and its success lies in its *exaggeration*. The body's morphisms are scarily, but also sillily, grotesque; Tkaczyk is opened up by humor.

*'sent(ə)nəl'* is an interesting addition to Tkaczyk's oeuvre because where it would seem to fall short, namely in its lack of attested joy, I see it as a testament to the 'Art Practice.' Making art is nonlinear — and the sticky syrup draping over an array of ideas is inconsistent. The allowance of an artist to suck on an idea, roll it over with their tongue, and the freedom to describe the flavor as it's mulled, is what makes those ideas, and the art that expresses them, dimensional. The same way fermentation is inconsistent, different sites in the same system bubbling at separate rates, Tkaczyk's feelings are allowed to flux.



# Sentinel at the Back Door

*Erik Tkaczyk*  
at the BAF

words by Clara Dubber  
Images courtesy of Burrard Arts Foundation

**A**rt isn't a temporally static or timeless category. The idea that an art piece can be outside of time rests so often on colonialist assumptions and values. Art can't be isolated from the time, place, and people that produced it, and that environment doesn't stop existing or changing after the piece is made. Art practice gives each piece a micro-historicity, you get to see a catalog of the process of an idea shifting, you get to see that ideas do shift, they're allowed to shift, and, to me, that's the freedom of art. It's the excitement of the project of practice.

To put the pressure to express the entirety of those ideas, or the entirety of the possibilities of those ideas, into one piece is constricting. What an overwhelming and impossible task, to have to be completely and encompassingly whole all the time. What makes an art practice a project is its freedom to be open-ended. There's no goal, there's no ultimate end. It is undetermined and chameleon. Like *'sent(ə)nəl's* eyes, bursting in their restrictions and confines — a work can shove against the expectation of complete decipherability. Which is what *'sent(ə)nəl* does so well: Tkaczyk takes this necessarily constraining thing, a tiny gallery, and uses the points where it rams into logistical limitations as the points where he confronts digital legibility.

*'sent(ə)nəl's* chafing at restriction, while not an opening agent, is itself open because as restrictions placed on the art process, opportunities to develop and change, and possibilities for shift become starchier, those points of friction, those chapped, chafed points, indicate where we can loosen our grip.



# Under Review

Hey everyone! Welcome to the end of issue! This is Fabio, I'm the new editor for both Under Review and Real Live Action. It's very nice to meet you :)

UR and RLA have historically focused on music in all its forms, but their heart has always been showcasing all the cool stuff being made in and around Vancouver. Since we always want to hear about new stuff, feel free to reach out to [ur.discorder@citr.ca](mailto:ur.discorder@citr.ca) with any local podcasts, books, collections of poetry, virtual events, in-person(?) events, and (of course) music you'd like to review yourself or have reviewed by our awesome contributors.

Discorder is almost entirely written by volunteers, and if you'd like to start contributing, these columns are great places to start! Send me an email (also at [ur.discorder@citr.ca](mailto:ur.discorder@citr.ca)) if you're interested in writing and you could see your name on these pages very soon!

- Fabio

## Music



### Devours

#### *Escape from Planet Devours*

(surviving the game)

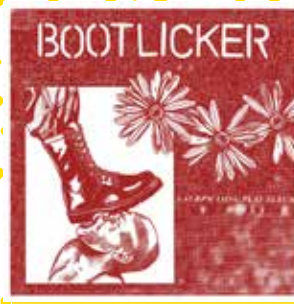
May 14, 2021

Devours is a name I've heard around Vancouver for quite some time. It's only when I saw him live at a block party this past September, that I realized why he's considered such a force. His appearance is immediately captivating, but it's the breadth and depth of his artistic expression that keeps you truly entertained. Live music was just starting to rear its head again, and we all watched amazed as he toiled over his cauldron of media equipment in the middle of Victory Square — featuring perfect segues into each track and especially potent commentary in between. It was a great introduction to this seasoned artist.

*Escape from Planet Devours* presents a comprehensive mix of pop, punk, glam, and Nintendo beep-boops that paint a thick, yet subtle, nostalgia throughout the entire album. The track listing has been meticulously arranged in a way that's meant to keep the listener guessing. The first handful of tracks are dance anthems that had me wishing we were still living in a time where I could girate near sweaty strangers, covered in layers of glitter that would follow me for weeks afterwards. There's a certain darkness to songs like "Nomi's Got Heat" and "Feckless Abandon," but you're so caught up in the whirlwind of electronica, you find it hard to concentrate on anything but the light.

While Devours has a very distinct look, his music transcends the new-wave-trash-image he puts forth. In all honesty, I expected a lot of bass, even more synth, and I aimed the bar low in terms of lyrical content. That's not meant to be an insult to the artist, it's just what I've come to expect from this musical genre. However, the raw emotion living in the album was surprising, most notably, in the same lyrics I was so quick to prematurely dismiss. Many of the songs convey a level of vulnerability through intimacy. *Escape from Planet Devours* showcases expressions of pain and heartbreak, while acting as a commentary on being misunderstood, by both the people in our lives and society as a whole. "Theme from Drifters (1976)" is a particularly moving track, as Devours confesses all the inner character flaws he believes he possesses. All the while, I feel like he is airing my own inner insecurities — all the things about myself I'm not sure I could say aloud. It's emotional, hard, and soft — all at the same time. However, as deep as some of these lyrics are, "I was born in a bathhouse and raised in a barn" still remains my favourite lyric of 2021.

I feel like fans of Death from Above 1979, Jake Shears, Crystal Castles, and The Cure will find this album an instant winner. While the album is strong on its own, I would encourage everyone to see Devours perform live should the opportunity arise. It's truly where the soul of *Escape from Planet Devours* meets body. — Shayna Burse



### Bootlicker

#### *Bootlicker LP*

(Neon Taste Records)

June 18, 2021

Vancouver's Bootlicker is clearly and concisely hardcore punk — no genre-mixing here. Their self-titled debut, released June 18, 2021 on Neon Taste Records, is raw, greasy and ready to roll. Self-admittedly influenced by and staying true to early '80s hardcore, the band does not deviate from songs that rip-roar rapidly from opening to final dirty note. With 14 songs coming in at 18:31, *Booklicker LP* is at a ferocity level comparable to the classic 1980 Circle Jerks album *Group Sex*, that comes in at 14 songs in 15:25.

Driven by poundmaster Lucas on drums, the group does not come up for air until the last furious power chord is struck. Lewis' vocal scowl reminds me of Motorhead's rebel rouser Lemmy and that is a good thing. For the pure sake of dynamics, it would be interesting if the band explored the odd tempo change, but again, this is uncompromising hardcore. The lyrics can be hard to understand, but good news vinyl lovers! Physical LP's come with a "16 page zine-style lyric insert full of illustrations by band member and visual artist Athena," exactly the kind of goodies that get asses off lumpy, beer stained couches and returning to record haunts across the city.

Bootlicker has kicked (or licked) around since 2017 and previous efforts include two demos and four EP's, this easily being their most complete work to date. The opening track, *Conscription*, begins with a little morse code ambience and then gets right into it and never looks back. We are slapped silly with a wall of sound production approach that screams projectile punk. If this LP had a mission statement "all killer, no filler" seems fitting. For me standout cuts include "The Cold" — with its infectious clean guitar run, "Jackboot" — sinister, aloof, so very engaging, and "Losing Game" — opening with the vaguely cheesy audio clip — "Have you been hallucinating lately? / No, should I be? / ...Yes!" I think hallucinogens may not be necessary with a band like Bootlicker, they will take you anywhere you want to go at a no nonsense, accelerated pace. — Todd McCluskie

# Podcast



## The Kitchen Stories

Season Two

March 2021–May 2021

Last March, Liana Glass picked up the mantle laid down by Michael Schwarz in 2018 and rejuvenated *The Kitchen Stories*, a podcast interrogating food and culture made in partnership with the Jewish Museum and Archives of BC. It's always difficult to resurrect a project: besides deciding what there is to say, you need to choose what of the previous model you want to keep, develop, or pare. The result of what has been chosen and what has been shed is a really beautiful peek into the dimensionality of Jewish food, from the personal to the structural.

As a non-Jewish person, I didn't grow up with the food, community, or heritage that this podcast explores, but Glass expertly balances a level of familiarity with an accessibility that is still dimensional.

The podcast has kept the interview style of its first season — people directly related to different aspects of food's intersection with Jewishness speak on their experience. Glass however, makes this content more personal. The final episode explores secret family recipes through interviews with Glass' family members, breaking down the myths of their chocolate chip cookie recipe, and with Kat Romanow she shares how her family has navigated celebrating winter holidays in the pandemic.

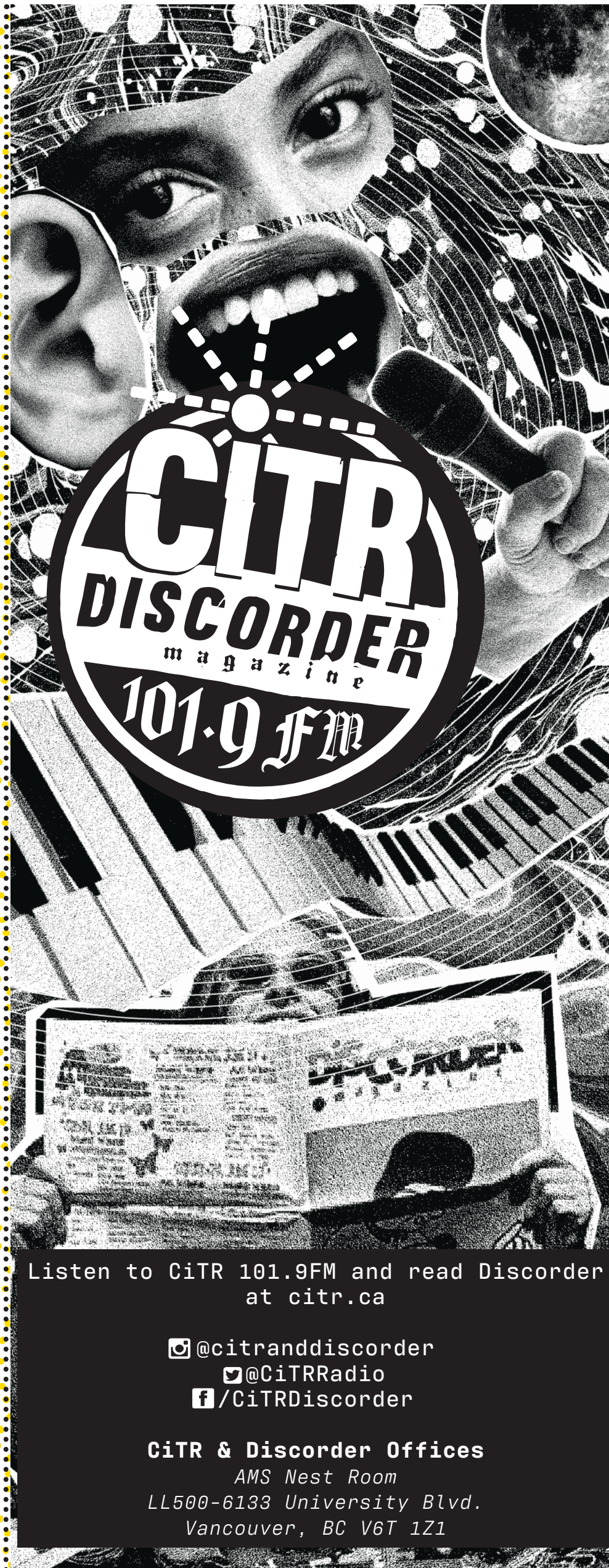
*The Kitchen Stories* has always had a political lens (the first season platformed the African and Asian Jewish diasporas and the relationship between gender and food) and the second season continues and enriches that legacy. For example, both seasons feature a 3-part series on food insecurity in BC Jewish communities in which both Schwarz and Glass spoke with organisers of the Jewish Food Bank. But ultimately, the voices included in each series differ significantly. Glass handed the mic to people accessing these services, prioritising their real experience, not the theoretical implications of being food insecure.

This season also reacts to the political climate in which it was made. The effects of the pandemic on the experience and community of food is discussed consistently. Glass also platforms Shiva Delivers, an initiative supporting the Black Lives Matter movement during last summer's protests in response to the murder of George Floyd. Throughout the season, Glass directly calls for support of BLM and queer people, as well as the importance of having potentially difficult conversations in the Jewish community.

Because of this explicitness, the lack of discussion of Palestine and its continued colonisation stood out to me. Palestine is only haltingly mentioned by name in the tenth episode (*Feeding the Future*) while occupied Palestine (referred to as "Israel" in the podcast) and Zionism are mentioned multiple times across episodes. This imbalance, and its lack of acknowledgment, feels at odds with the politic of the rest of the podcast. While Glass enacting the podcast's politic is important and necessary, it raises the question of that politic's scope and responsibility. All content centered around Jewishness isn't obligated to directly address the genocide in Palestine, but there is a level of responsibility when that content assumes a political agenda.

Ultimately, *The Kitchen Stories'* second season is a really beautiful catalogue of food and its role in Jewish culture, especially its relationship to *tikkun olam* (the judaic value of having a responsibility to improve the world) that, despite inconsistencies in its political precedents, extends and dimensionalizes the Jewish Museum and Archives of BC's collection.

— Clara Dubber



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# CiTR 101.9FM PROGRAM GUIDE

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🕒	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday	🕒
6AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	CiTR GHOST MIX			6AM
7AM	BLUE & GOLDCAST CiTR GHOST MIX	PACIFIC PICKIN'	CANADALAND	CiTR GHOST MIX	CRACKDOWN	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	7AM
8AM		QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE		QUEER FM		PACIFIC PICKIN'	8AM
9AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS		ROCKET FROM RUSSIA					9AM
10AM		CiTR GHOST MIX	MUSIC IS GOOD	CiTR GHOST MIX	FLOWER POWER HOUR	THE SATURDAY EDGE		10AM
11AM	FILIPINO FRIDAYS	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	ORANGE GROVE RADIO	MUSE-ISH		SHOOKSHOOKTA	11AM
12PM			THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH	CiTR GHOST MIX		12PM
1PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	LA BONNE HEURE w. VALIE	CUSHY RADIO	COLOURFUL CONVERSATIONS	WHAT'S THE STORY?	THE ROCKERS SHOW	1PM
2PM		POWERCHORD	THUNDERBIRD EYE	ASTROTALK	BEPI CRESPIAN PRESENTS		POWER CHORD	2PM
3PM	TOO DREAMY		ALL ACCESS PASS	AGAINST THE CURRENT				3PM
4PM	CUSHY RADIO THIS IS NOT FINE	TEACHABLE MOMENTS		NOISE IS FOR HEROES VIVAPORÚ	NARDUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	LA FIESTA	4PM
5PM	DELIBERATE NOISE	INTO THE WOODS	ARTS REPORT	DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT	PHONE BILL	MANTRA CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	5PM
6PM	THE ORCA MAN PODCAST FEELING SOUNDS	CiTR GHOST MIX THERAPY HOUR	RESEARCH REVIEW THE MEDICINE SHOW SAMS-QUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY	K-POP CAFE 2010 RADIO	FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER	NASHA VOLNA		6PM
7PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN		THE BLUE HOUR		CiTR GHOST MIX	REEL WHIRLED CiTR GHOST MIX	7PM
8PM		CRIMES & TREASONS	CiTR GHOST MIX WE GOT CHU	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	CANADA POST ROCK	MUZIK BOX CiTR GHOST MIX	RHYTHMS INDIA TECHNO PROGRESSIVO	8PM
9PM			NINTH WAVE	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SKALDS HALL	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	ATTIC JAMS	9PM
10PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	SEASONS OF LIFE				TRANCENDANCE	10PM
11PM		STRANDED PLANET PHLOSTON	LATE NIGHT WITH THE SAVAGES	COPY/PASTE		RANDOPHONIC	THE ARTN SOCCER SHOW	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

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<-hey, this kind of cell means this show is hosted by students  
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# CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

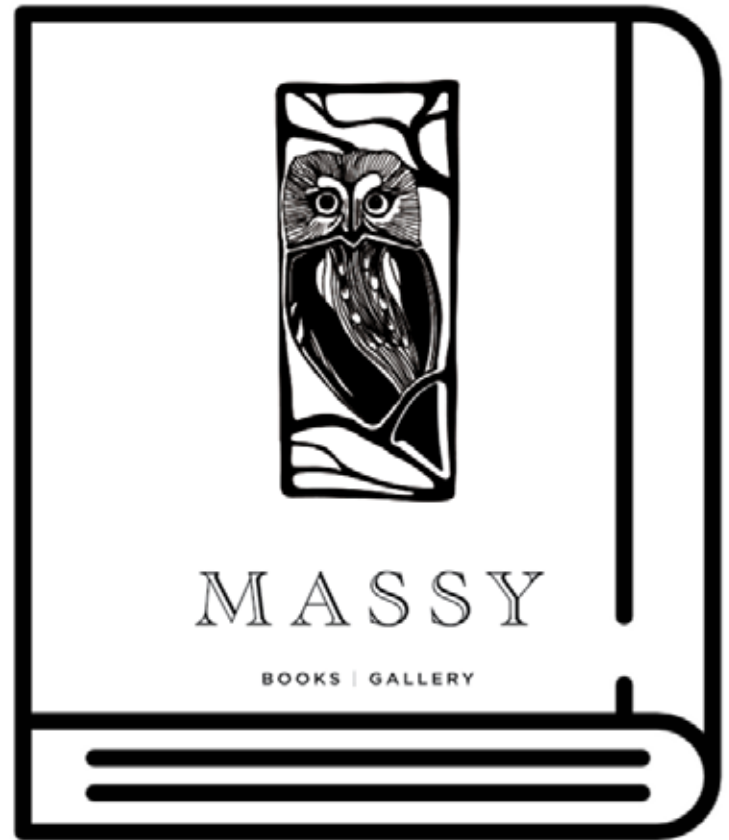
NOV - DEC 2021

	Artist	Album	Label
1	Snotty Nose Rez Kids*+	Life After	DISTORTED MUSE / FONTANA NORTH
2	Hugo Kafumbi*+	Katanga	SELF-RELEASED
3	The Golden Age of Wrestling*+	matriarch // rottweiler	SELF-RELEASED
4	Beach House	Once Twice Melody	MISTLETOE
5	shn shn*	e.strange.d	STADIK
6	jog mode	JOGMODE	5 GATE TEMPLE
7	Night Court*+	Nervous Bird! One	DEBT OFFENSIVE
8	Circuit des Yeux	-io	MATADOR
9	Julie Doiron*	I Thought of You	YOU'VE CHANGED
10	Nimkish*+	Damage Control	RED MUSIC RISING
11	KOREA TOWN ACID*	Cosmos	SELF-RELEASED
12	GADFLY*+	GADFLY	SELF-RELEASED
13	Lotic	Water	HOUNDSTOOTH
14	Prado*+	PRADO MONROE EP	TMWRK RECORDS
15	Jasper Sloan Yip*+	Strange Calm / Blushing Autumn	TINY KINGDOM MUSIC
16	Dummy	Mandatory Enjoyment	TROUBLE IN MIND
17	Clear Mortifee*	Fairies: Act II	ANTI-FRAGILE MUSIC
18	AUCO	AUCO EP	INFINITE QUEST
19	Tierra Whack	Pop?	INTERSCOPE
20	Raine Hamilton*	Brave Land	SELF-RELEASED
21	EKKSTACY*+	NEGATIVE	SELF-RELEASED
22	Des Demonas	Cure for Love	IN THE RED
23	Central Heat Exchange*	Central Heat Exchange	BIRTHDAY CAKE
24	Erez Zobary*	To Bloom	SELF-RELEASED
25	Mr Twin Sister	Al Mundo Azul	TWIN GROUP
26	JJJJerome Ellis	The Clearing	NNA TAPES
27	10 Day Notice*	Rent	SHOCK COLLAR
28	Crown Lands*	White Buffalo E.P.	UNIVERSAL
29	tunic*	Quitter	ARTOFFACT
30	Suzie Ungerleider*+	My Name Is Suzie Ungerleider	MVKA
31	The Garrys*	Get Thee to a Nunnery	GREY
32	The Halluci Nation*+	One More Saturday Night	RADICALIZED
33	Cartel Madras*	The Serpent and the Tiger	ROYAL MOUNTAIN
34	GG Love*	How Do You Define Love?	BUTTERFLY CULT
35	YSN Fab*	Made 4 More 2	SELF-RELEASED
36	SKY H1	Azure	AD 93
37	spill tab	Bonnie	ARISTA
38	ouri*	Frame of a Fauna	LIGHTER THAN AIR
39	PawPaw Rod	A PawPaw Rod EP	GODMODE
40	Hot Garbage*	RIDE	MOTHLAND
41	CIVIC TV*	BLACK MOON	FLEMISH EYE
42	Devontée*	OUT THE BLUE	W.O.E ENTERTAINMENT
43	broken egg*	beginner's luck	SELF-RELEASED
44	Ammoye*	Water	LULAWORLD RECORDS
45	MUNYA*	Voyage to Mars	LUMINELLE
46	PinkPantheress	To Hell with It	PARLOPHONE
47	Visibly Choked*	Visibly Choked	MOTHLAND
48	ADMX-71	The Aging Process	L.I.E.S.
49	Le Ren*	Leftovers	ROYAL MOUNTAIN
50	Maxo Kream	WEIGHT OF THE WORLD	RCA

*Undeniable photographic evidence*

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

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	Artist	Album	Label		Artist	Album	Label
1	Devours*+	<i>Escape From Planet Devours</i>	STG	51	thehabeshaman*+	<i>Black Flower</i>	Self-Released
2	Prado*+	<i>PRADO MONROE EP</i>	tmwrk	52	Sons Of Kemet	<i>Black To The Future</i>	Impulse!
3	Fake Fruit	<i>Fake Fruit</i>	Rocks In Your Head	53	NEW CHANCE*	<i>Real Time</i>	We Are Time.
4	Jasper Sloan Yip*+	<i>Strange Calm / Blushing Autumn</i>	Tiny Kingdom Music	54	Bapari	<i>Daybreak EP</i>	Self-Released
5	Little Sprout*+	<i>Fake Cake</i>	Self-Released	55	Kylie V*+	<i>Big Blue</i>	Kingfisher Bluez
6	TJ Felix*+	<i>BIGPOETRYASS</i>	Self-Released	56	Haviah Mighty*	<i>Stock Exchange</i>	Mighty Gang Inc.
7	Nimkish*+	<i>Damage Control</i>	Red Music Rising	57	(Liv).e	<i>Couldn't Wait to Tell You...</i>	In Real Life
8	Backwash*	<i>I LIE HERE BURIED WITH MY RINGS AND MY DRESSES</i>	Ugly Hag	58	TEKE::TEKE*	<i>Shirushi</i>	Kill Rock Stars
9	Status / Non-Status*	<i>Status / Non-Status*</i>	You've Changed	59	Euro Visa Visa*+	<i>We Love Robin Williams</i>	bornallday
10	Doohickey Cubicle*+	<i>Don't Fix Anything ;)</i>	Self-Released	60	I M U R*+	<i>My Molecules</i>	Fontana North
11	ZDBT, Prado, SMP*+	<i>Elastic EP</i>	Specials	61	Gavin Turek	<i>MADAME GOLD</i>	Madame Gold
12	future star*+	<i>When Will the DJ of Luu Grant Me My 1 Request</i>	Kingfisher Bluez	62	The Weather Station*	<i>Ignorance</i>	Next Door
13	Tough Age, Dumb*+	<i>Pizza Punks 7"</i>	Mint	63	viñu-vinu*	<i>Exilio Transitorio</i>	Self-Released
14	Yu Su*+	<i>Yellow River Blue</i>	bié	64	Petal Supply*	<i>Hey - EP</i>	SONG Music
15	Cartel Madras*	<i>The Serpent and the Tiger</i>	Royal Mountain	65	shn shn*	<i>e.strange.d</i>	stadik
16	redress*+	<i>meadowrunning</i>	Self-Released	66	iskwē*	<i>The Stars</i>	Self-Released
17	Dijah SB*	<i>Head Above the Waters</i>	Self-Released	67	Louke Man*	<i>Sd-1</i>	Self-Released
18	Century Egg*	<i>Little Piece of Hair</i>	Forward Music Group	68	CHAI	<i>WINK</i>	Sub Pop
19	Men I Trust*	<i>Untourable Album</i>	Independent	69	Ducks Ltd.*	<i>Modern Fiction</i>	Royal Mountain
20	Alex Cuba*+	<i>Mendó</i>	Caracol	70	Grouper	<i>Shade</i>	kranky
21	Grimm*+	<i>Electro Folklore</i>	Kingfisher Bluez	71	The Garrys	<i>Get Thee to a Nunnery</i>	Grey
22	Pardoner	<i>Came Down Different</i>	Bar None	72	Bell Orchestre*	<i>House Music</i>	Envision
23	Sook-Yin Lee & Adam Litovitz*	<i>jooj two</i>	Mint	73	Janette King*	<i>What We Lost</i>	Hot Tramp
24	Masahiro Takahashi*	<i>Flowering Tree, Distant Moon</i>	Not Not Fun	74	Annabelle Chvostek*	<i>String of Pearls</i>	MQGV
25	Motorists*+	<i>Surrounded</i>	Debt Offensive	75	Lost Girls	<i>Menneskekollektivet</i>	Smalltown Supersound
26	Snotty Nose Rez Kids*+	<i>Life After</i>	Distorted Muse / Fontana North	76	Ada Lea*	<i>one hand on the steering wheel the other sewing a garden</i>	Next Door
27	OKAN*	<i>Esprial</i>	Lulaworld	77	Various artists*+	<i>100 Block Rock</i>	Incidental Press
28	Olivia's World*+	<i>Tuff 2B Tender</i>	Self-Released	78	The Halluci Nation*	<i>One More Saturday Night</i>	Radicalized
29	prOphecy sun*+	<i>SkyCat</i>	Self-Released	79	Lightman Jarvis Ecstatic Band*	<i>Lightman Jarvis Ecstatic Band*</i>	Flemish Eye
30	thehabeshaman*+	<i>The Lovers</i>	Self-Released	80	Isabella Lovestory*	<i>Remix Mixtape</i>	TWIN
31	Leanne Betasamosake Simpson*	<i>Theory of Ice</i>	You've Changed	81	GADFLY*+	<i>GADFLY</i>	Self-Released
32	Various artists*+	<i>Black Lab 2020 Mixtape Vol. I-III</i>	The Black Lab	82	Central Heat Exchange	<i>Central Heat Exchange</i>	Birthday Cake
33	Dummy	<i>Manadatory Enjoyment</i>	Born Yesterday	83	Fiver*	<i>Fiver with the Atlantic School Of Spontaneous Composition</i>	You've Changed
34	Luna Li*	<i>jams EP</i>	Self-Released	84	Sofia Fly*	<i>Fly Beats II Virgo Rising</i>	Fly AF
35	Nivram AKAsublime*+	<i>good days and bad days EP</i>	Self-Released	85	Meemo Comma	<i>Neon Genesis: Soul Into Matter<sup>2</sup></i>	Planet Mu
36	illuminati hotties	<i>Let Me Do One More</i>	Hopeless	86	The Golden Age of Wrestling*+	<i>matriarch // rottweiler</i>	Self-Released
37	Great Aunt Ida*+	<i>Unsayable</i>	Self-Released	87	Aasiva*	<i>Niriunniq</i>	Pheromone Distribution / Fontana North
38	Bachelor	<i>Doomin' Sun</i>	Polyvinyl	88	Rec Centre*	<i>Pep Talk</i>	Self-Released
39	Parlour Panther*+	<i>Retrograde</i>	Coax	89	YlangYlang*	<i>Cycles &amp; Decay</i>	Everyday Ago
40	Eve Parker Finley*	<i>Chrysalia</i>	Coax	90	Afrika Mamas	<i>Ilanga - The Sun</i>	ARC Music
41	Primp*+	<i>DAYTONA</i>	Self-Released	91	Kele Fleming*+	<i>The Song I'll Write for My Whole Life</i>	Self-released
42	Clear Mortifee	<i>Fairies</i>	Self-Released	92	Mega Bog	<i>Life, and Another</i>	Paradise of Bachelors
43	TJ Felix*+	<i>I Used to Pick Berries</i>	Self-Released	93	Low	<i>HEY WHAT</i>	Sub Pop
44	Mas Aya*	<i>MÁSCARAS</i>	Telephone Explosion	94	thehabeshaman*+	<i>Sleeper Hit</i>	Self-Released
45	Tirzah	<i>Tectonic</i>	Domino	95	Dobet Gnahoré	<i>Couleur</i>	Cumbancha
46	Dry Cleaning	<i>New Long Leg</i>	4AD	96	Chad VanGaalén*	<i>World's Most Stressed Out Gardener</i>	Flemish Eye
47	Smirk	<i>ST LP</i>	Drunken Sailor	97	colouring outside*	<i>Vision of the World</i>	Self-Released
48	Needles//Pins*+	<i>S/T</i>	Dirt Cult	98	Decomme*	<i>Rental Shop Dark</i>	Self-Released
49	Kizis*	<i>Tidibàbide / Turn</i>	Tin Angel	99	Cecile Believe*	<i>Plucking a Cherry From the Void</i>	Self-Released
50	Porches	<i>All Day Gentle Hold !</i>	Domino	100	Dim Wit	<i>Self-Titled</i>	Self-Released

# CiTR 101.9 FM TOP 100 CHARTS OF 2021

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