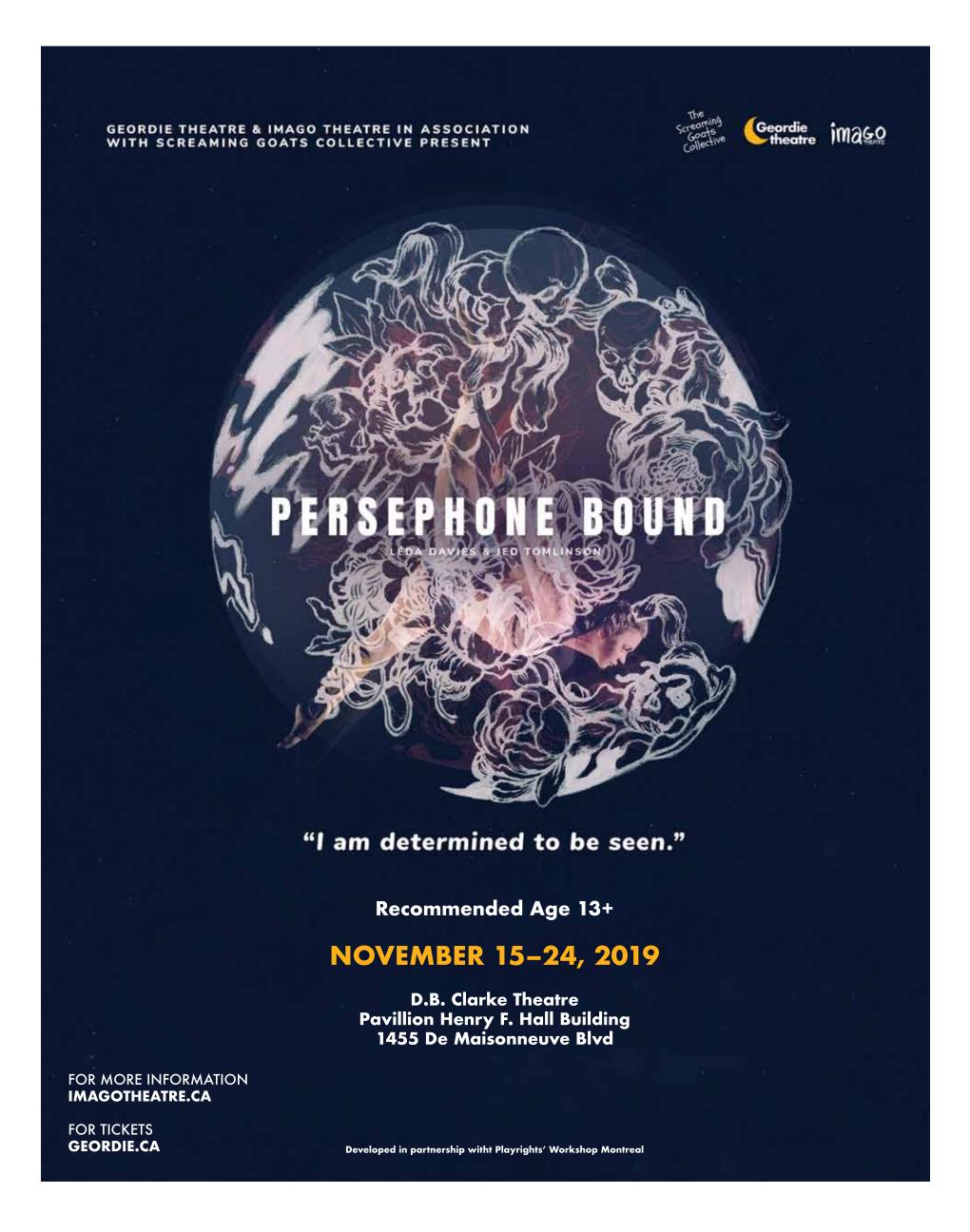


* Fabrikate * Half Moon Run * L'Express * Roland Emmerich * Jeff Koons VR



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table of contents



Cult Mtl is...

With the release of their se album <i>Make Me Feel</i> , Mont house/disco duo Fabrikate as anonymous as they used	real aren't	Lorraine Carpenter editor-in-chief lorraine.carpenter@cultmontreal.com
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st	4	Clayton Sandhu
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	6	Chris Tucker art director
t line™	6	art director
sona mtl	6	
oectah dep	8	Advertising ads@cultmontreal.com
<u>drink</u>	12	Contributors: Johnson Cummins
press	12	Ryan Diduck Dave Jaffer Rob Jennings Erik Leijon
	14	Darcy Macdonald
rikate	14	Keeghan Harrison Rouleau Al South
f Moon Run	15	Mr. Wavvy
n Rayman	16	
idor + M for Montreal highlights		
ım reviews	19	
nmer of the mods	20	
		General inquiries + feedback info@cultmontreal.com
	21	
igone	21	
and Emerich	22	
Screen	24	CULT ENTE
		Cult MTL is a daily arts, film, music, food
_	26	and city life site. Visit us at
on Or	26	cultmtl.com
ny Bhoy	28	
y recent	30	Cult MTL is published by Cult MTL Media Inc. and printed by Imprimerie Mirabel. Entire contents are © Cult MTL Media Inc.

to-do list

To Nov. 10

Montreal's bilingual improvisation festival Mprov (now in its 14th edition) mounts a range of adventurous and edgy theatre performances at Montreal Improv and le P'tit Impro.

To Nov. 24

Greek mythology and rock musical collide in Mythic, which continues at the Segal Centre until Nov. 24 (extended run), with an ASL-interpreted performance on Nov. 16. See our interview with cast member Alexia Gourd on p. 6.

→ Sylvan Adams Theatre (5170 Côte-Ste-Catherine), various times, \$67/\$64 seniors/\$30 students & people under 30

Nov. 7–17

Anglo fans of French cinema (as well as francophones who don't mind hardcoded subs) can catch up on recent releases from France at the annual Cinemania festival.

The 33rd annual Coup de Coeur Francophone music festival presents a staggering 150 French-language acts from Quebec and beyond, playing genres from folk to punk, pop to hip hop. This year's line-up includes Fouki, Choses Sauvages, Lary Kidd and Bleu Nuit.

Nov. 9-10, 20-21

The Montreal Symphony Orchestra is extending a hand to younger audiences with its \$34/34 program (meaning \$34 tickets for people 34 and under), which includes 19 events before the end of the year including a Rachmaninov dancesymphony and Dvorák concerto.

Nov. 12

Catch the launch of the Canadian Centre for Architecture's Building a new New World ("Amerikanizm in Russian Architecture"), featuring a talk by curator Jean-Louis Cohen, the opening of the exhibition (which runs through April) and

 \rightarrow 1920 Baile, 6 p.m.

Nov. 14-24

The program for the 22nd annual Montreal documentary film festival RIDM (Rencontres Internationales du Documentaire de Montréal) spans the personal and political with films from all over the world, to be screened at various cinemas in the

Nov. 16

We're not sure what the status is on Island, the long-awaited album by violinist, composer and Arcade Fire side-member Owen Pallett, but maybe we can find out when he plays a show at Phi Centre with opener Carmen Elle.

→ 407 St-Pierre. 9 p.m., \$20/\$25

Nov. 24

Conundrum Press is launching four graphic novels — by Cole Pauls, Kris Bertin with Alexander Forbes, Sherwin Tjia and Howard Chackowicz — in one evening at la Petite Drawn & Quarterly, with all the artists present to read and mingle. → 176 Bernard W., 7 p.m.

Nov. 15-24

Youth-oriented theatre company Geordie — in collaboration with Imago Theatre and developed in partnership with Playwrights Workshop Montreal — presents Persephone Bound, a contemporary adaptation of the Greek Myth of Persephone using poetry, percussion and aerial circus work to explore the need for education around consent.

→ D.B. Clarke Theatre (1455 de Maisonneuve W.), various

times, ASL interpretation Nov. 23, \$24.14/\$20.70 seniors/\$18 students/\$17.25 teens/\$16.10 children

Detroit rapper Danny Brown recently released his fifth album uknowhatimsayin¿, and it's a doozy. Check out the new tracks (and his new look) live at Théâtre Corona. → 2490 Notre-Dame W., 8 p.m., \$38.25

Nov. 19-22

The ninth edition of the Mundial Montreal music festival features over 30 acts playing traditional, hybridized and contemporary pop-oriented "world music." The line-up includes Canadian and international acts with roots spanning the globe, as well as an Indigenous Sound series featuring Canadian artists and an act from Finland.

Showcasing a long list of (mostly) local acts representing genres from rock, punk and metal to hip hop, electronic and pop with shows all over town, M for Montreal is the music festival for followers of this city's scene. Included in the program this year is Corridor — see our interview with them and a list of festival highlights on p. 17.

In conjunction with their new exhibition Jean-Claude Poitras: Fashion and Inspiration, the McCord Museum presents Montreal Slow Fashion, a night celebrating the natural colours, recycled fabrics and locally sourced fibres of the sustainable fashion movement. Expect a fashion show, workshops and pop-up shops with a bar and DJs (the latter care of Piknic Electronik).

 \rightarrow 690 Sherbrooke W., 5-9 p.m., \$16 pre-sale/\$24 with new membership (includes one free drink)

Nov. 22

The great Rich Aucoin brings his Death tour to O Patro Vys. and if you've never had the pleasure of participating in one of this Halifax indie/electro-pop performer's multisensory shows, this is the time! He'll be performing his latest album Release in its entirety.

→ 356 Mont-Royal W., 9:30 p.m., \$18.50

Nov. 27–29

Choreographer Clara Furey's Rather a Ditch, featuring dancer Céline Bonnier, "explores the porosity between life and death' via "existential dance experiments."

La Chapelle (3700 St-Dominique), 8 p.m., \$33.50/\$28.50 or anyone under 30, over 65, students, art pros and Plateau esidents/\$23.50 for performing arts students/\$18.50 under 12/\$15 for all on Nov. 27

Nov. 27-30

Vancouver's Out Innerspace Dance Theatre presents Bygones at Agora de la Danse. The piece promises "an otherworldly zone at the frontiers of the specific and the indeterminate using theatrical illusions, puppets and ghostly architecture. Edifice Wilder (1435 Bleury), various times, \$19.95/\$25.67

Nov. 27-April 13

At Montreal's archaeology museum Pointe-à-Callière, *The Incas: Treasures of Peru* assembles nearly 300 items to paint a picture of flora and fauna, agriculture, rites, ceramics, metallurgy and sculpture in pre-Inca and Inca civilizations and Andean culture, with ornaments, jewelry, vases, clothing and accessories and feather and textile pieces.

→ 150 Place Royale, Tue-Fri 10 a.m. – 5 p.m., 11 a.m. – 5 p.m. weekends, \$19.13/\$17.39 seniors/\$13.05 for 13-30-yearolds/\$6.95 for kids 5-12

Nov. 28-30

Montreal dancer Benjamin Kamino presents an interdisciplinary dance/theatre piece Real's fiction\ dissonant_pleasures at the MAI.

3680 Jeanne-Mance, 8 p.m., \$28/\$22/\$16 under 14

Nov. 27-Dec. 1

The 16th annual Souk sale — always among the first holiday markets of the season, known for its particularly stylish accessories, home decor and other items by dozens of Montreal designers — is moving from its home at SAT to the RCA building in St-Henri.

1001 Lenoir, 10 a.m.-9 p.m., 10 a.m.-7 p.m. on the weekend

Nov. 30

Montreal music booking and management company Heavy Trip celebrates its sixth anniversary with a pretty sweet DJ line-up of Marie Davidson, Cadence Weapon and Roger Tellier-Craig (Fly Pan Am) at Bar Cicchetti.



What's on this fall

dance

KAMINO real's fiction\dissonant_pleasures



dance + battle



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lexia Gourd

BY LORRAINE CARPENTER

Alexia Gourd is what they call a triple threat.

The Pointe Claire-born actress, dancer and singer — who's currently on stage in the rock musical *Mythic* at the Segal Centre, which has been extended till Nov. 24 — trained at L.A. acting school the Stella Adler Academy and earned a voice degree at Montreal's Vincent d'Indy school of music. She's appeared in half a dozen musicals including Juste Pour Rire stage productions of *Mary Poppins* and *Hairspray*, as well as a number of francophone movies and TV shows.

 $\label{local_continuous} \mbox{Lorraine Carpenter: So how did you get into musical theatre?}$

Alexia Gourd: I always wanted to be a performer. I started dancing when I was six, singing when I was 11 and doing contracts as a child actor when I was 11 or 12. I wasn't thinking at a young age that I wanted to be a musical theatre performer, and I love to sing, dance and act separately, but musical theatre just brings all my biggest passions together. It's great to be able to combine all the stuff you love about performing art.

LC: Did *Mythic*'s combination of Greek mythology and contemporary music and culture present any unique challenges?

AG: Mmm, yes and no. Greek mythology was designed to explain things about life and nature and human behaviour so I find those stories really do apply to our time and things that we go through as human beings, and as young adults especially. The challenge had more to do with being part of the Greek chorus, which is constantly present in all the scenes and supports the action on many different levels, but we also have to work as a group — pushing the action forward as a unit while being an individual in the story.

LC: Overall what has this production been like for you?

AG: This is hands down one of the best casts I've ever had the chance to work with. Everybody is ridiculously talented, so hard-working and humble. It really felt like a great collaboration. We started off working only as the ensemble together just to build up that chemistry in our numbers and when the leads came in they were just so kind. It's a very ensemble-based type of show so we really work as a company. It's been an absolute pleasure working with everybody. We're very very lucky.

:rantline[™]

THIS WEEK: Katakombes, poly-ticks, teenagers, weed!

PLUS: Yves-François Blanchet is mean and bossy and sexy, woman claims!!

"edited" by AL SOUTH

 M Katacombes is closing, for what? More CONDOS? We really need more condos? That's what I heard the owner is going to do, tear it down and sell it for condos. Didn't Katacombes bring in money and people to the city, to see the shows, the festivals? I don't get it. I don't understand what makes something a so-called cultural institution, that the city will pay to keep afloat, even though it burns through money — tax-payer money — and even though it sucks and only a few people like it. But the city spends money on it. Lots of people went to Katacombes over the years. It was a whole scene, it was unique in this city. Where is Valerie Plante and the Projet Montréal people, aren't they supposed to be enlightened and progressive, aren't they supposed to be down with the people? Why aren't they coming to the rescue of Katacombes? It was a co-op, for fuck's sake. Maybe they don't like metal? But no, sorry, Valerie Plante is busy cancelling Halloween because some mother in NDG tweeted that she doesn't want her daughter's costume to get WET. Divan Orange closed, in Toronto the Silver Dollar closed, pretty soon there will be nothing left, just condos. Ah anyway, fuck that part of downtown. To the Katacombes people — you're a co-op, move it somewhere else, where the rent is cheaper. Maybe it won't be the same, but you know, maybe it could be better. All you need is a good big space and some black paint, right? [BLEEP!

M Hello Rant Line™, I just wanted to say that BANNING WEED for people under 21 — like me, I just turned 18 - has got to be the stupidest thing I have ever heard. Do they think we are not going to be able to buy weed wherever we want? I've been buying weed since, I don't know, I was 12? I never had any problems. But now, I can vote, I can buy cigarettes. I can buy all the booze in the world. I could join the ARMY and go get killed. I've been driving for two years! But I can't buy weed — and weed is legal in Canada — without breaking the law? Who came up with this? Who thought this was a good idea? Finally I was able to do something legal that I used to do illegally, and now it is going to be illegal again. It's hard to keep up. But I guess all my OLD WEED DEALERS are happy. [BLEEP!]

M Jesus Christ — oh sorry, hello Rant Line™, good morning — Jesus Christ, just leave the fucking CLOCKS alone. So yeah, I don't mind getting an hour more sleep today, it's like 11 o'clock, new time, noon my time, so sure, nice to sleep in but be up early, I guess, but for those of us who are, let's say, LATE RISERS, because we work late or have things to do at night, it is no fun, it is fucking depressing, to have the sun go down so early. Keep the fucking sun up as late as possible—that is my opinion! I don't care what the sun is doing at six or seven in the morning! I don't think anybody should care! If you get up that early, that is your problem! But everyone should be able to enjoy a longer day. Nobody wants it to be dark in the afternoon when you are wide awake. In the morning who fucking cares? If you're up that early in the morning, you're half asleep anyway, and if you had any brains, you would still be asleep. So yeah, stop fucking with the clocks, leave them at the time it was. Or if you have to move it, move it fucking FORWARD. Have a good day. [BLEEP!]

F Yes, I just gotta say that I am a federalist right to my core, but I've been watching this Yves-François Blanchet, man, he can fucking GET IT. I'm sorry, I know that's superficial of me, but I mean, I was watching the French debate — the guy is MEAN and BOSSY and SEXY. I don't know, he just looks like he would be a lot of FUN. That's all. [BLEEP!]]

M In reference to the critique of Justin Trudeau as being a kind of an actor who once made the scandalous blackface-brownface routine, I don't know of anyone in their youth who did not indulge in certain ESCAPADES. Besides, I'd like to paraphrase Robin Williams, the great American comic, who said poli-tics — many blood suckers — POLY-TICKS. So whatever and whoever you voted for, remember that everyone is an actor. The postman is an actor, the businessman is an actor, the milkman. Everyone has to get along with the world, and they all act their way through it. So that's my defence of Justin Trudeau — for God's sake give him a break. Everybody loves him, especially around the world. [BLEEP!]

M I would like to respond to the SMART ALEC who called our Prime Minister Justin Trudeau a FRUITCAKE and a CLOWN in his rant. He goes on to say that JT used to be a drama teacher who likes to dress up due to his mother's urging and approval. Well, now that Justin Trudeau has won the election and will be our Prime Minister for another term — who's the clown now? Who's the fruitcake now? I hope you like to eat CROW. Doesn't taste very good, does it? Also, people who like to call others derogatory names are pretty classless. [BLEEP!]

M The artist is a fox, and the world is a pack of hounds. $[\mathsf{BLEEP!}]$

M This whole postponed Halloween thing is completely out of control. It's ALL SAINTS DAY not Halloween and I have my blinds closed and they are still knocking on the door looking for a handout? And this is after last night, when some of them came, even though it was practically AGAINST THE LAW. So this is two days in a row! Did nobody ever teach them that no pumpkin and no decorations means NO CANDY? [BLEEP!]

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:inspectah dep

The first thing you notice about Dépanneur Fleur Bleue is the large sign above the entrance, hung between two columns on the second floor of a summery white stucco facade across from the St-Joseph entrance of Laurier metro. The sign,

even the fake shutters on the windows have a cheerful quality that goes beyond the often spartan window-dressing of ordinary corner dépanneurs.

Step over the threshold and you'll find that the interior has the same feel. The large store space has several aisles of the flowerpots, the green awnings and basic groceries, as well as two prêt-à-manger counters: one

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Matt Forsythe launches Pokko and the Drum

NOV 13 WEDNESDAY Adèle Barclay and Klara Duplessis DOUBLE LAUNCH

with guest Tess Liem NOV 14, THURSDAY Expozine présente: La BD et la collaboration avec Jimmy

Beaulieu, Iris Boudreau, Michel Hellman, Luc Bossé NOV 15, FRIDAY

CONUNDRUM PRESS LAUNCH with Cole Pauls, Kris Bertin, Alexander Forbes Sherwin Tija, and Howard Chackowicz

NOV 18. MONDAY

Gail Scott launches Heroine NOV 20, WEDNESDAY | RIALTO HALL

Lynda Barry and Chris Ware in conversation

NOV 21, THURSDAY

QC FICTION + BOOK*HUG DOUBLE LAUNCH with Éric Mathieu, Peter McCambridge, Vickie Gendreau, and Aimee Wall

Fawn Parker + Tara McGowan-Ross DOUBLE LAUNCH NOV 28, THURSDAY

Connor Willumsen launches Bradley of Him

NOV 29. FRIDAY Addie Tsai launches Dear Twin

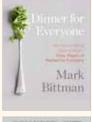
NOV 27. WEDNESDAY

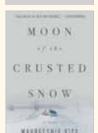
DEC 9, MONDAY | LA SALA ROSSA Carmen Maria Machado launches In The Dream House DEC 11 WEDNESDAY

Morgan Parker launches Who Put This Song On? with Monique Polak in conversation

BOOK CLUBS

















- NOV 17, SUNDAY D+Q COOKS COOK BOOK CLUB Dinner for Everyone by Mark Bittman
- NOV 19, TUESDAY GAY READS BOOK CLUB On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous by Ocean Vuong
- NOV 22, FRIDAY YOUNG READERS BOOK CLUB Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone by J.K. Rowling
- NOV 25, TUESDAY NEW READS BOOK CLUB Flights by Olga Tokarczuk
- NOV 26, WEDNESDAY STRANGE FUTURES Moon of the Crusted Snow by Waubgeshig Rice
- DEC 4, WEDNESDAY GRAPHIC NOVEL BOOK CLUB Grass by Keum Suk Gendry-Kim

NEW AND EXCITING THIS MONTH





















with kimbap, sushi, spring rolls and other pan-Asian snacks, and the other with baguette and croissant sandwiches as well as wraps. Some of these options are prepared at a surprisingly full-service deli counter, behind which sits a soft-serve machine for the warm weather months. The viennoiserie selection is delivered daily and shockingly fresh, compared to the sad chocolate-chip-muffin approach of most deps. Two round café tables are inviting but perpetually underused — this is a metro transfer dep, after all. By the window, a large selection of cut flowers have their own dedicated fridge. There's something different going on in every sunlit corner of this place with a perfectly suited Radio Classique soundtrack.

A few years back I had friends who shared a large St-Jo triplex apartment that was owned by the same Lee family that owns Fleur Bleue. They went to Fleur Bleue to pay their rent and for regular dep shopping as well. Madame Lee was delighted to see them every time and offered them more free flowers than they knew what

Family businesses can be charming just as well as they can be perfectly miserable. Steps from Laurier metro station and its hectic bus detour where Berri bends into Gilford, Dépanneur Fleur Bleue is an oasis for the busy commuter or the partygoer who didn't make it to the SAQ before closing time, a reliable stalwart for the Plateau-dweller hopping on the metro to go to a friend's place across town or an enchanting sight for the French expat getting lost in the narrow East End streets for the first time. Few dépanneurs have put so much love and energy into making use of every inch of space. It's the kind of place you wish you could spend more time in—but if you're like most of us, you've got a train to catch.

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L'Express

BY CLAYTON SANDHU

There's no particular occasion associated with this homage — no landmark anniversary, no change of location or staff. The pretense of this text has only to do with my personal love for one of the city's finest restaurants: l'Express.

Of course, this is not the first gushing review of the iconic bistro, but it is my first, at least the first I've ever written down. Recently, I had lunch at l'Express with a friend of mine who manages one of Montreal's currently beloved restaurants. She had just returned from nearly a month in Italy spent mostly visiting winemakers and assisting in their harvests. We spoke about food, and what makes it good or bad, but most importantly great. We spoke about service, and we spoke about restauration the great and noble craft to which she and I both have committed our lives to. I couldn't help thinking to myself that the things that we agreed made for great restaurants were the very things that led us to eat l'Express that afternoon.

As a bartender at a restaurant, I often get asked where I like to eat and I always include l'Express in my answer. As far as restaurant experiences go, it's pretty well perfect. For one thing, it's open every day, and it's open from 8 a.m. (10 a.m. on weekends) to 3 a.m. non-stop. The late filmmaker Kevin Tierney in his own love-letter to l'Express wrote: "Cool cities should be judged on where and what you can eat and drink 'round midnight. L'Express closes at 3 a.m. Really cool ones should be judged by what you can eat before noon, too."

Coolness aside, this Plateau staple is much more than its hours of operation. Eating at l'Express is a transformative experience. Its casual elegance makes one feel dignified and civilized, like the kind of person who drinks champagne on a Wednesday simply because it suits them. But it's not

only that kind of restaurant — and by that kind, I mean the kind where one eats and drinks flashily, but because the civility of the restaurant also extends to the more benign. What I mean to say is that in the same room at the same time, you might have someone enjoying a small glass of beer and Croque Monsieur, or an allongé and chocolate truffle. Such is the delight of a meal at l'Express; it elevates and romanticizes any meal as grandiose or modest as it may be.

When the restaurant opened in 1980 it was meant to serve a utilitarian purpose: feed the theatre community. St-Denis, at the time, was the bustling hub of the francophone theatre scene, and the owners of l'Express, Pierre Villeneuve and Colette Broisot, were deeply entrenched in the theatre community. The aim was to provide affordable food of quality. Although the clientele today is more diverse, the ethos is relatively the same. Ask anyone around town and they'll tell you that L'Express is simply one of the best deals in the city. From the reasonably priced menu to the extremely reasonably well-priced wine list (from a cellar of over 11,000 bottles, expertly curated by Mario Brossoit), one feels like they're living high-on-the-hog without the steep price-tag. That feeling, the one of class and refinement, is largely due to the ambiance of the space.

Of course, one cannot speak of L'Express without also mentioning the architect responsible for its design. I'll keep it brief, but suffice to say that the aesthetic of Montreal, as we know it today, is largely due to the work of the seminal design and architecture of the late Luc Laporte. Bistro food, especially in the '80s, was widely overdone Ð the Frenchness of the culinary scene in Montreal was ubiquitous D but it was the meticulous design of the restaurant's interior that set l'Express distinctly apart from anywhere else in town. It still does today. It's been said countless times that the restaurant seems plucked from the streets of Paris and dropped on St-Denis with everything intact (including the austere service attitude), but what is so remarkable about this is that the Frenchness of it all is so authentic. The bistro is completely inconcerned with the ebbs and flows of the culinary trends of the day, seemingly unaware of the passage of time outside its front doors. To me, this is also what makes it such a great representation of Montreal restaurants. The city's great restaurants are deeply rooted in tradition, or completely wrapt in a specific concept. Toqué may be distinctly modern, but the concept remains relatively unchanged since it opened in 2008; Joe Beef built its reputation on a return to classic bourgeois cooking, a stark contrast to the omnipresence of avant-garde fusion cooking of the day. If someone were to attempt to open l'Express today, even if they hit the nail on the head, the attempt would seem contrived. L'Express is both completely somewhere else and completely organic, like an intrinsic link to the underlying Frenchness of Montreal D a bulb planted by the French colonialists that lay dormant over the centuries only to emerge in 1980 as a blossoming rose by the name of Restaurant l'Express.

Laporte often mentioned that he never owned a refrigerator; he ate in restaurants every day and as such never needed one. His design work, at l'Express and elsewhere, is the manifest of a life-long study of restaurants. Of course, the spaces are beautiful, but moreover they're comfortable and functional, they harken back to a time when the restaurant was not simply a special occasion venue or the egoistic flexing of a chef-restaurateur's ego. It was a place to be fed, a place to enjoy the company of others and to rejoice in the simple pleasures of eating and drinking. I think this is why l'Express endures, if not thrives, nearly 40 years later. It's still that place. There's no music, the service is efficient, and although the food may not be exquisite it's consistently very good. The picky eater is placated, the gourmand is satiated, the oenophile delighted and the bill is never inflated.

From the moment you enter your evening is transformed. The room is electric with energy, but not the energy of chaos; the buoyant energy of conversation, the room's charms begin to set in. The elegant burgundy walls and expertly placed mirrors make the space feel intimate yet spacious. You arrive at your paper-lined table and peruse the ample wine list. You take a cursory glance at the evening's specials, but a more thorough look isn't needed — you knew what you were having before you arrived. Perhaps you'll have one of M. Masson's infamously good martinis, or no, straight to wine. You pick a well-priced pinot-noir, and suddenly your vest-clad waiter arrives with slices of baguette, some mustard and a jar of cornichons. Dining at l'Express is like listening to a favourite song: you don't tire of it the more you hear it, in fact you learn to love it more. It's a tune I know well, and look forward to replaying over and over again.

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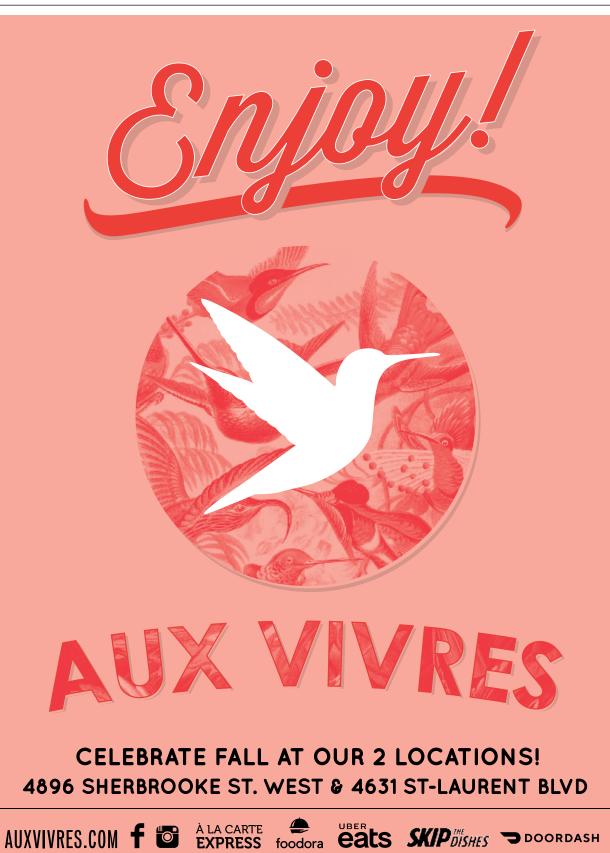


Face the music

"No one cared who I was until I put on the

The connection between a Batman supervillain and a Montreal disco duo may seem tenuous at first glance, but for Bane as well as Chuck and Francis of Fabrikate, wearing masks at the start of their careers certainly attracted





attention in their respective industries. For Fabrikate, it may have been the wrong kind of attention as it detracted from the music, and focusing on the music was the whole point of appearing anonymous

"We always wanted to put the art and music forward," says Chuck. "We wish it was how it was back in the day, before the EDM scene where a bunch of people just stand there looking at the DJ instead of enjoying themselves and dancing. Making an album today, especially in dance music, is pretty rare. It's a single-driven industry, but this project has a vision and a message behind it — it's definitely not about our cute little faces."

"The whole mask thing was a little over the top," adds Francis, agreeing that masks might be regarded as equally if not more gimmicky than cute faces (though that hasn't hurt the likes of Daft Punk, Deadmau5 and Marshmello). "We don't wanna be super anonymous to the point where we're characters. We wanna connect more with people, with fans."

Ahead of the release of their sophomore album Make Me Feel, Chuck and Francis have removed their masks but retain a level of anonymity by keeping their faces out of the spotlight (literally, as you can see from their publicity photos) and not using their last names. Having honed and expanded their disco- and soul-inflected house sound significantly since the 2016 release of their debut LP Bodies, they want to focus on the music more than ever.

"We really pinpointed where we wanted to go," says Chuck. "We're doing something that is a bit experimental, a bit avant garde, but we really trust our instincts. The album is called Made Me Feel, and that's exactly what we went for."

When they're not making music as Fabrikate (or working on a visually oriented, instrumentally rich live show that departs from the club DJ experience), Chuck and Francis are music producers, and have been working on a documentary about the vibrant Montreal disco scene of the late '70s (which Francis's father was part of, as a DJ and producer). In September they played and helped to organize the inaugural Disco Capitale festival on Crescent Street, another nod to a piece of the city's cultural past that helped to shape their careers and their sound.

"I grew up in an environment where music was always there for me to escape, and that became a necessity," says Chuck, "Disco was the music that was played at home — my parents were avid disco lovers — so that translated to me trying to recreate disco songs on a little keyboard at six or seven years old. And Francis, it turns out, was working for a label that used to release all those songs that I was listening to. That's why, when we met, we bonded so quickly."

Fabrikate launch *Make Me Feel* with guests Tommy La Croix †. Andrew Pololos, the Holy and byjayr at Velvet Speakeasy (426 St-Gabriel) on Thursday, Nov. 7, 10 p.m.

Reaching the sky

BY DARCY MACDONALD

Half Moon Run's third full length, A Blemish in the Great Sky, brings the Montreal-based band's sound and style to new heights sonically and spiritually.

Its pacing is graceful and the four-piece's songwriting is at its best yet, and its titular blemish is certainly inaudible in

"Every time (we make an album) is a little bit different. Sometimes we just get a gimme and the song's done in an afternoon, the lyrics and all. Sometimes it's bits and pieces over eight or nine years," says Devon Portielje, primarily a singer/guitarist and keyboardist within the four piece's shifting instrumental configuration onstage.

"This record has both of those. But playing live is certainly very informative. You can feel the energy rise and drop at certain points, and you can bring it back, cut a section, get more of another part going because the vibe was happening. You have a new level of objectivity when you play a song in front of a crowd if they're keen listeners."

The band has been a staple on the city's musical map and the international rock landscape since their 2012 debut. but both Portielje and bandmate Isaac Symonds still speak in measured terms about the unlikelihood of having found success as they enter a new decade with promise on their side.

"We met on Craigslist. It was instantly high level. We were doing harmonies within like, half an hour," Portielje recounts. "We did Dark Eyes and during (that tour) we decided we needed to bring someone else into this to magnify the sound. We knew Isaac from the old days. He took a huge leap of faith and rolled out with us."

"I think your first show with us was opening for Metric at Festival d'Ete in front of 8,000 people," Portielje says to Symonds, known primarily for his bass and drum work on

"Yeah, I was shitting myself," Symonds exclaims, laughing. "I don't even smoke and I remember taking some puffs from a

"I went to (a Montreal recording arts) school straight out of high school and dropped out after two months. It was kind of shitty to be honest," Symonds says.

"I started recording with tape as soon as I got into music and when I got there it sort of felt like it was a bunch of kids with rich parents who didn't know what to do with their lives and were like, 'I'm gonna be a pro-ducer!' or something like that.

"And the tuition was like, 20 grand, when even the teachers were just like, 'Get a job in a studio.' Having this on your resume isn't gonna be the big difference."

Portielje shared a similar experience. "I learned a few good life lessons," says the former pro online poker player. "But that's about it."

While the rest of the band hail originally from Comox, B.C., Portielje grew up in Ottawa and originally came to Montreal to find work in the music biz.

"I came for an internship and quit before lunch on the first day," he says plainly.

On the topic of founding Half Moon Run with Conner Molander and Dylan Phillips, Portielje is, today, grounded



when describing the early excitement the group found with

"We were signed (to Indica Records) within 10 shows in late

"There was a lot of early 20s kind of naiveté, like, 'Man, if we could just play a show, wouldn't that be the best thing you could, like, ever do

"For probably a year straight there was a thing happening in my mind, like, 'I just need to get in that band'," Symonds

"Seriously, from the time I'd get out of bed my every waking thought was either that or that I needed to get into a touring band and at least get on the same level musically. The chances of that happening were so small.

"And then Conner sends me an email one day like, 'You should join the band.' Like, in a week. We'll try three shows, we can pay you 100 bucks a show. It might not work out but

"Fly across the country on your own dime!" Portielje laughs.

"I was 20 years old and I was like, 'Alright, I'm in,'" Symonds continues. "I had a job. I worked in a studio. I had a girlfriend. And I just like, cancelled it all.

"Well, the girlfriend came with him," Portielje pipes in.

"If I knew what the odds I was facing were back then, I don't know if I would have taken the leap. But it felt like the most important thing to do in my life," Portielje explains.

"Then you get some years and shows under your belt and you wonder if it's the most important thing you can do for

"I've kinda come to terms with that. I'm at peace with that. People still need to enjoy themselves and enjoy life, and music can be a release for that. It's certainly a release for me."

14 NOVEMBER 2019 • Vol. 8 No. 3 • WWW.CULTMTL.COM NOVEMBER 2019 • Vol. 8 No. 3 • WWW.CULTMTL.COM 15

Yours to discomfort

BY JACOB CAREY

Despite the growing success that singer-songwriter Allan Rayman has seen in recent years, there are multiple elements of his career path that don't sit well with him. Rayman wants to send a warning to aspiring artists about the music industry its bureaucracy, its rushed timeline, its impatience and its central headquarters. Rayman is wary of Los Angeles.

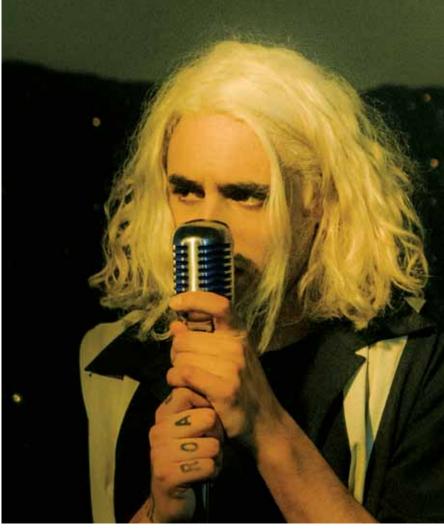
"I'm actually going to come home," Rayman says. "I can't stand it out here. I don't fit in in L.A. I just miss my friends back home."

Home is Toronto, the city where Rayman spent most of his life and where he started to play gigs in his early days while working construction. The nine to five job soon became overbearing and instead he began

working three days a week driving a truck through Ontario, delivering cheese and meats all by his lonesome. The solitude gave him time to reflect and work on lyrics for songs like "Barry Moves," but soon enough, the music took over.

Rayman insists that his debut album, Hotel Allan — an ode to rock legends the Doors' Morrison Hotel — is his best work so far. Since then, the artist has dabbled with different sounds, dipping his toes into rock, R&B and hip hop-leaning production. While these projects touch upon various genres, Rayman says that they're all a part

"It's a universe that I'm creating with the stories and I always try to go back to the beginning, all the time," he says. "With Harry Hard-On, and with Courtney, and with Christian that's coming next, essentially these are all the projects that Allan is writing up in solitude in the woods. Hotel and Roadhouse were just painting the picture for this guy who leaves town to write in the woods and these are the





albums that he wrote."

While Rayman's musical persona may be cooped up alone in the woods working on his next album, the real-life Allan is getting ready to get back on tour with the continuation of "The Allan Rayman Show." The singer hasn't returned to Montreal since his frantic afternoon performance at Osheaga in 2018 where he proclaimed "I feel like I'm losing my mind, but I really like going crazy."

"I definitely am," he reaffirms over a year later, "but in a manageable capacity. I think everybody, to a certain extent, does. I definitely think once you start living a lifestyle that requires you to not have a day of the week mean anything anymore, I think that's when you start kind of losing touch... You start living your life by events, you know? There's no actual schedule."

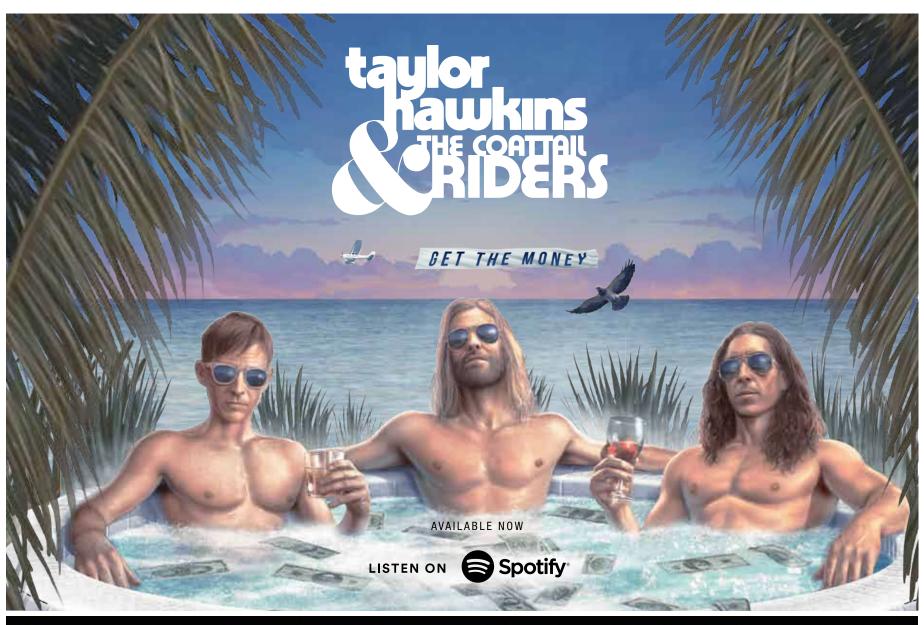
Festival gigs like Osheaga are vastly different from the Allan Rayman Shows, he says.

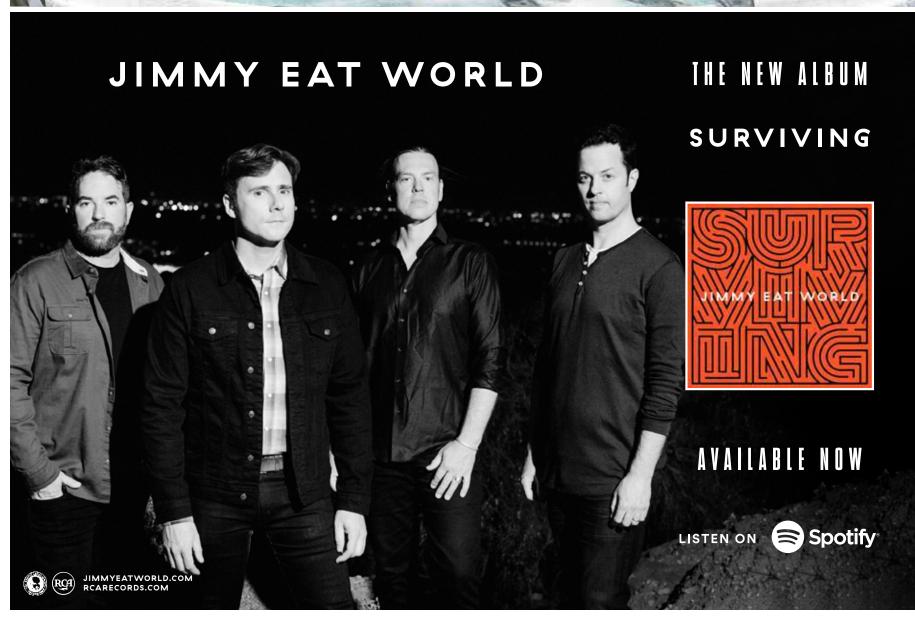
"It gets intense," Rayman says. "It's definitely intense. We've heard of people having to leave."

While what exactly goes on at "The Allan Rayman Show" is as mysterious as the man who stars in them once was, some things are for sure. For one, once you enter the venue you have stepped into Rayman's room, and he will treat it as such. As well, you can expect an illusionist to open up the show instead of an opening band, but he won't be the only one with tricks up his sleeve. And, you can expect to be uncomfortable - very uncomfortable.

"Once their discomfort sets in, the whole thing's on me," he says. "I'm comfortable when they're uncomfortable."

ightarrow Allan Rayman plays MTelus (59 Ste-Catherine E.) on Friday, Nov. 29,





Sealed, delivered

BY LORRAINE CARPENTER

This summer it was announced that Montreal band Corridor had been signed to one of the oldest and most respected indie labels in North America, Sub Pop, making them the first francophone band on their roster.

In advance of their excellent third album Junior (an impressive amalgamation of a generation of cool guitar music, released on Oct. 18), I spoke to singer/bassist Dominic Berthiaume about the events that led to this new stage of the band's career.

Lorraine Carpenter: How has signing to Sub Pop changed things for you so far?

Dominic Berthiaume: It's basically opened doors to a wider market. Before we were mainly focused on Quebec, France, Switzerland and other French-speaking places. We always went where people wanted us to play, but singing to Sub Pop means working with 40 people instead of two or three people like we used to do. We have a big team helping to get our music to a wider audience: publicists, PR, people working on radio. For the past two weeks, we've been #1 on alternative commercial radio, which is kind of crazy.

LC: Maybe the status of Sub Pop kind of makes up for the language barrier?

DB: I mean Sub Pop has a huge following on their socials, and the label has existed for 30 years so there are fans who have an unconditional love for the label and they'll at least listen to everything they release. When they put out our first two music videos, we already had a lot of things going on because of their following.



LC: How much had you played the U.S. and ROC before this? DB: For the U.S., it all started in early 2018. For Canadian bands and international bands, it's really expensive to tour in the U.S. in the legit way — we never wanted to go to the U.S. the non-legit way; you can get banned for five years and we didn't want to risk that for a few shows.

The band has existed since November of 2013, and throughout the years we would hang with other bands, and a lot of them told us to never go to SXSW — "it's a shitty

festival," "it gives you nothing" — so we never did South By. Then in 2018 we thought, "Let's do it, and we'll see how shitty it is." In the end it wasn't shitty at all for us because this is where everything started for our U.S. career. We met some people in bands that invited us to be their opening act, and that really helped us to build an audience there. South By was where we signed the contract for U.S. touring.

In Canada, we played a bit in the Maritimes and Ontario but never the Prairies or B.C.

LC: So where did Sub Pop first hear you?

DB: It was when we played M for Montreal in 2016, and the co-president of the company was there. M does francophone showcases where usually none of the international delegates go, but by chance this guy was there and he really liked what he saw. At that time it wasn't a question of getting signed but it was a first foot in the door.

In 2017 we released our second album, which still had really good reception and I don't know how but some people in the Sub Pop office really enjoyed it. Then for the label signing we had recorded four demos and our touring agent asked us if he could send it to some people he knew and he sent it to one of the Sub Pop A&R guys, who was really into it. He flew from Seattle to New York to see our show and a couple of days later they sent us a contract by email.

LC: I understand that this album was made really quickly. Do you feel like that got you better results somehow?

DB: We're still not sure, not until the album gets released and we get feedback from people around us. We feel in the band that it's too recent to judge anything, but the production sounds really good, and closer to our live sound so I'm quite happy about that. It's a little less lo-fi and muddy. Maybe. for the creative process, next time I'd like to do something between what we just did and what we used to do. Our two first albums, we might have taken too much time to make them, but the last one was a little too fast.

LC: You had the same producer though, right, Emmanuel Ethier? Aside from the scheduling, what did you strive to do differently with him?

DB: We wanted the record to sound big, and Emmanuel knew what mistakes we had made with him in the past. With this one, he really knew what he wanted — everything had to be

→ Corridor plays the M for Montreal festival with opener Absolutely Free at le National (1220 Ste-Catherine E.) on Friday, Nov. 22, 9 p.m., \$21.50/\$25

Album reviews



ercussion. Fields (Cedille) Classical, in the sense that

Devonté Hynes & Third Coast

Hynes (better known as 3lood Orange) means it with Fields, demands the audience take a closer look at the genre. It's full of little tiny decisions that push at the edges of familiarity but never break it: a peaking ring here, a strangely sharp

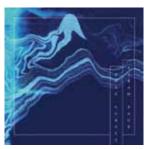
string there. From the first note, the album sets itself off through a curiously dramatic tale complete with action, romance, terror and more. A protagonistic xylophone follows throughout from the first note until the final fadeout, truly completing the holistic story Fields tells. 10/10 Trial Track: "For All Its Fury: III. Coil" (Keeghan Harrison Rouleau)



King Princess, Cheap Queen (Zelig) Twenty-year-old Mikaela Strauss's debut LP does not sound like the work of a newcomer nor a try-hard. The Brooklynite has music all the way in her, along with the kind of simple poetry that makes good pop lyrics and hooks both relatable and memorable and not just catchy and

disposable — think Lorde without the self-doubt, Cheap Queen displays joy and pain, love and heartbreak and

sincerity and no-fucks-given-ness in equal measure, putting the Mark Ronson protégé — an obvious successor to the legacy pop artists he's worked with before — in pole position to take the charts by the throat in coming years. Rarely is a debut pop album this stunningly good. 9/10 Trial Track: "Ain't Together" (Darcy MacDonald)



Sarah Pagé,

Dose Curves (Backward Music) Dose Curves is a playful dance between the refined and the chaotic strung through the listenerDs wavering attention Much like the sounds of the city of Montreal, Sarah PagéDs home, this is an album you can wander through absentmindedly while letting it pass you by. Or if you'd

prefer, you can take a more direct approach in stopping to see what you'll notice giving your full attention. Pagé plays with both the ambient genre and the harp itself; this is an album that speaks for itself, and it's more than worth hearing what it has to say. 9/10 Trial Track: The whole five-song album (Keeghan Harrison Rouleau)

Lary Kidd, Surhomme (Coyote)

The Quebec rapper's debut lands mere months after his bandmate Loud's sophomore, and where the latter is bold. polished and articulate. Kidd comes brash, bombastic and bent on wordplay and one-two combos that hit to injure on the punchlines. Historically an obvious admirer of the grimiest schools of hip hop, Kidd's love of pop culture, rock music and thugged-out observations on both the state of rap and the world around us take shape to inform a record by a fan of rap for rap fans while also carving out space for himself to stand as unique among his peers. Whether they do it in French or English, no one is doing it quite like the Kidd, and from a lyrical standpoint, the rapper combines flares for

both the theatrical and the realistic to deliver a record that sounds as authentic as his love for the game. 8/10 Trial Track: Mal Élevé" (Darcy MacDonald)



Leif Vollebekk, New Ways (Secret City) "It's not raining babe, but I wish it was," says the restless Montrealer on the opening track of his third LP After venturing into the great wide open on Two Solitudes, the urban folkie appears back on familiar turf on the audiophilic follow-up

breakthrough, but something is amiss. There's a yearning for the past and disaffection towards a seemingly bright future — although the album's middle section lynchpin is titled "Phaedrus," which might have you wondering if the confident songwriter is working his powers of rhetorical persuasion. 8/10 Trial Track: "Blood Brother" (Erik Leijon)



Jesus Is King (Def Jam) Yeezus has risen again. On Jesus Is King, Kanye West begins his journey down the path of the righteous. He has sworn to stop making secular music, instead devoting his art to the good word. With his first foray into Christian Rap, West is often too literal, going for the

most basic and in-your-face lyrics about God. Although there is lots of stigma around it, there is some genuinely great faithcentric hip hop out there. Hopefully, with time, West will learn to grow more subtle and inventive, taking less obvious lyrical roads to praise the Lord. 7/10 Trial Track: "God Is" (Mr. Wavvy)



The 14th annual music conference and festival known as M for Montreal is happening from Nov. 20 to 23, and as always its line-up of over 200 bands representing a range of popular genres is sure to satisfy followers of the local scene and

 $This year's \ edition \ holds \ plenty \ of \ incentives \ to \ dig \ into \ the \ program \ and \ come \ out \ into \ the \ cold \ for \ one \ last \ festival$ hurran before we all hibernate for a bit — including some new features, old favourites and acts that you've just got to

Aside from Corridor (interviewed on this page), M4M 2019 is stacked with some of the most exciting Montreal acts. Though it's not strictly about local bands, ranging from hip hop artist Naya Ali and pop act Lydia Képinksi on the same bill (la Sala Rossa, Nov. 20) to pop singer-songwriter Soran playing with hip hop/electro-soul Busty & the Bass (SAT, Nov. 21), recent SOCAN prize-winner Tizzo playing a late-night set at le Belmont (Nov. 22) and Queb rap mainstay Maybe Watson playing a pair of gigs at Club Soda (Nov. 23) to Paupière, Russell Louder and Radiant Baby laying several shades of electro-pop on Casa del Popolo (Nov. 23).

Did we mention that some M shows are free? You can catch pop/alt acts Laurence-Anne and Ada Lea at Turbo Haüs (albeit in the afternoon, on Nov. 21) and what promises to be a sick party that same night at Café Cléopâtre (yes, the strip club, on the second floor) with Wake Island, Mind Bath, TEKE::TEKE, NOV3L, Bodywash and Antony Carle, a three-venue showcase of 11 international acts from Iceland, Ireland and France (Casa del Popolo, la Sala Rossa and la Sotterenea, Nov. 22) and electronic/hip hop acts LIA, Ragers and Nana Zen playing Cinémathèque Québécoise in conjunction with the RIDM documentary festival, indie rock/hip hop/mish-mash acts Ponteix, Clay and Friends and Foreign Diplomats at l'Escogriffe (Nov. 23) and alt folkies Post-Script, Louis Venne and Mehdi Cayenne at Quai des Brumes (Nov. 23).

Also free (and brand new at M this year) is the Artist Lab, a series of meetings with representatives of funding agencies (including FACTOR), talks by music biz professionals (Third Side Music), technology demonstrations (beat-making with High Klassified), panels and more.

→ 160 St-Viateur W., Friday, Nov. 22, 1 p.m., free, online registration required for some activities

M for Montreal runs from Nov. 20-23, Go to mpourmontreal.com for the full program and ticket details.

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:hammer of the mods

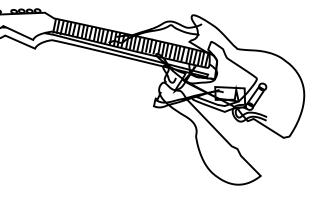
BYJOHNSON CUMMINS

I usually reserve this space to yammer on about upcoming shows happening over the calendar month, and for the hip as fuck shows in November, I ask you to check into the weekly online version of Hammer of the Mods every Thursday on cultmtl.com. Yep, I would love to tell you about High on Fire and Power Trip playing at Club Soda on

Nov. 24 but alas I have more pending issues to tell you about.

You can almost set your watch to reissued vinyl records and box sets making the rounds just before Xmas. Sadly most of these "remastered" reissues are hardly worth your sawbucks if you already bought the records the first time around, but some true jewels occasionally slip through the cracks.

This year marks anniversaries for some serious blazers like the Kinks' Arthur, which has gotten a deluxe packaging with a ton of bonus tracks only now seeing the light of day, as well as post-punk classic Y by the



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Pop Group. You bet I scooped up both of these killer releases but the real-deal must-have box sets that just hit the racks is the 40th anniversary pressing of the Ramones' It's Alive and MotörheadDs behemoth

Ramones. It's Alive (Rhino/Warner)

This.Is.The.Greatest.Punk.Record.Of.All.Time.Period. Pretty ballsy statement, huh? Well, if a superior race visited our planet and demanded to hear an example of the good ol' punk rock, this would definitely be it. The original live record was recorded with the bruddahs in London on New Year's Eve '77. Twentyeight songs squeezed into 53 minutes with nary a duff moment. Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee and Tommy (Tommy!!!) just slam through every song with more heft and urgency than the studio versions could ever muster. This is just relentless pummelling that would be imitated over 40 years but never matched.

The remastering job only increases the punch while the four bonus discs along accompanying the vinyl should prove to be only for the die-hard. What you get is three more shows with the same set list. Again, because this is the best punk rock record of all time, I was downright giddy to listen to the three shows, just to notice Joey stopping the barrage to announce: "Any more spitting and we're outta here!" or Dee Dee singing flat on "Rockaway Beach." Other than that, you get pretty much the same show displayed with military precision. The real question is do you need four live shows with the exact same set list? Of course ya do, ya simp.

Motörhead,1979 (Sanctuary/BMG)

Although Motörhead were still a year away from their pinnacle moment (Ace of Spades), this lead-up was nothing short of astonishing. This massive box set should satiate any discernible record collector with two double live albums, half-speed mastered versions of studio albums Overkill and Bomber, the "No Class" single in its original sleeve, a record of rare mixes and outtakes, the Bomber tour program, a five-badge set, a 40-page book of interviews and (get this) sheet music for the song "Overkill."

The mastering is almost a joke as Motörhead are hardly audiophile-friendly but the bootleg quality of the live records rises above the tape hiss and shows Lemmy and co. hungry and leading a charge that would eventually be called thrash metal while these gussied up versions of Bomber and Overkill pressed on virgin vinyl will definitely make your beer-stained copies obsolete. Drop this paper and get these right now!!!!

Current Obsession: Motörhead, 1979 onathan.cummins@gmail.com

Tragedy transposed



BY ALEX ROSE

Most of us are, I think, vaguely familiar with the Antigone story, even if we think we aren't. Like most Greek tragedies, it has taken hold of modern storytelling whether we're aware of it or not.

In Sophie Deraspse's modern-day adaptation of Sophocles's play, Antigone (Nahéma Ricci) is a teenager who came to Quebec with her sister, two brothers and grandmother from an unnamed, war-torn Middle Eastern country after the death of her parents. When her beloved brother Étéocle (Hakim Brahimi) is killed by police for "resisting arrest" during a dice game in a park, Antigone's world is forever altered. Her more rebellious and hot-headed brother Polynice (Rawad El-Zein) is jailed for attacking the cops who killed his brother, which in turn fragilizes the health of her grandmother. Faced with losing both of her brothers, Antigone decides to sacrifice herself for what she feels is the greater good.

"If you remove the names, it's a contemporary story that stands alone," says Deraspe, when asked why the Ancient Greek names remain in a film that is otherwise entirely updated to the present day. "The audience doesn't need to be familiar with Antigone. I wanted to keep the names because I wanted to keep that association. On one hand. it takes guts to make that decision, but on the other hand, there's a humility to saying, 'There are great stories that have been told before and have since been told over and over, but I'm humble enough to know that if I tell it myself, it's not entirely my story.' It's about welcoming all of the

things that came before into the story I'm telling."

I bring up the fact that Shakespearean adaptations do this all the time and we never question it; yet, it seems, this is a question that has come up consistently over the film's festival run.

"Antigone is extremely popular in the theatre: theatre schools teach it, all the great theatres put it on. They might do it in the traditional way or adapt it, but they'll do that endlessly. I've seen so many versions of it since I started writing this script, but cinema very rarely touches it. I think the reason why it's so scarce is perhaps that cinema calls for a certain level of naturalism. Antigone as it's written in the play — the way she dialogues with the king — is probably something that filmmakers didn't really feel were appealing in an updated version. (...) The Jean Anouilh version is much more accessible because the language is much closer to ours. I read Anouilh before I read Sophocles, and it really did help me unlock it.

"I'm very conscious of all the choices in which there is a mirror between modern society and the original play, or even other adaptations like the ones by Anouilh or Brecht," she continues. "I'm also very conscious of where I take liberties. I wasn't holding up the original work as something

The modern updates situate the film in a poor, mainly immigrant area of Montreal where prospects are low to nonexistent for most people, let alone orphans with such traumatic pasts. In bringing the story to 2019, Deraspe integrated elements of news stories — most specifically

that of Fredy Villanueva, the Montreal North teenager who was killed by police for resisting arrest in 2008.

"I had Antigone in the corner of my mind and my heart ever since I read it, at a time where I didn't even know I'd become a filmmaker," says Deraspe. "I had an inkling I'd work in art, somehow, and when I read it, I knew I'd want to revisit it at some point. It touched upon something — even though it's a tragedy — it touched upon something very powerful. It galvanized me. I was so happy to see that a man could write a story like that thousands of years ago. There was something reassuring about that, considering the place of masculine heroes in art history. Something about it vivified me. I wasn't really actively thinking about how I'd adapt it until a few years after the death of Fredy Villanueva. His brother Dany remained in the news, the case remained in the news for years what with all the debate about whether or not the police were justified in their actions.

"At some point, I was reading about it and seeing how people were reacting to it," she continues. "Comments would go to hateful, racist and cruel reactions to support for the family and compassion for the tragedy. It came to me in a flash, really: these two brothers, one of which is a victim and the other a pariah. It's a set-up that lines up with a contemporary version of Antigone and her relationship with her two brothers and how she lines up with them. It came to me very rapidly: what if Antigone was a sister? What would she do? For her, it doesn't matter that one is a hero and the other is a pariah — they're both her brothers. She has a moral duty. She has to support them, or support the one that

→ Antigone opens in theatres on Friday, Nov. 8.

20 NOVEMBER 2019 • Vol. 8 No. 3 • WWW.CULTMTL.COM NOVEMBER 2019 • Vol. 8 No. 3 • WWW.CULTMTL.COM 21

Blockbuster battle



BY ALEX ROSE

Roland Emmerich's entire career has been spent in large-scale, spectacular blockbusters of all genres: sci-fi, war, straight action, disaster films and even historical period pieces like *The Patriot* and 10,000 BC.

None of Emmerich's films, however, told *true* stories; though a few historical figures cropped up in *The Patriot*, the central characters and their stories were made up. Emmerich's latest film, *Midway*, is a fact-based account of the Battle of Midway that centres around Lieutenant Dick Best (Ed Skrein), a pilot who finds himself in the middle of one of the defining battles of WWII. Best, like every other character in *Midway*, was a real character; he appears alongside more traditionally famous American WWII figures like Bull Halsey (Dennis Quaid) and Admiral Chester Nimitz (Woody Harrelson), who represent the forces on the ground during the battle. *Midway* is a surprisingly old-fashioned war movie for the man behind the Independence Day films. Though it has his signature flair and sense of the spectacular, it represented something of a different approach for Emmerich

"Twenty years ago, I saw an English documentary about the biggest battles in the world," he says. "One of them was the Battle of Midway. I immediately said to myself, 'Oh my God, this is like a movie!' and so I checked out the movie they did in the '70s. I realized that they had used stock footage and stuff. I started reading every book about it and it became very clear to me from the beginning that I wanted to do everything exactly as it happened. In war movies, you know, you cannot invent stuff. The writer, who comes from a Navy

family, has a lot of respect for Navy history, and together, over three or four years, we wrote the script. It was always really important: everything existed. Everything had to be a real story or a real character. That was our guideline. At the beginning, of course, the script was too long; we honed it down to the essence and that's what the movie is now."

As Emmerich mentions, the Battle of Midway was filmed at least once in a similar fashion by Jack Smight in 1976. That film is very typical of '60s and '70s war movies — all-star casts, a very clear delimitation between combat sequences and tactical sequences and a superlative attention to historical detail. *Midway*, though significantly glitzier and more modern than those films (this is, after all, a Roland Emmerich joint), still pulls on those traditions.

"My favourite war movie of all time is A Bridge Too Far," says Emmerich, citing the 1977 Richard Attenborough movie (scripted by William Goldman) that's possibly the purest example of the aforementioned type of war film. "That was exactly the same concept. You saw different people, different characters, generals as much as ground patrols. Actually, 20 years ago when I first wanted to make the movie. I talked to William Goldman about it. He actually wanted to write it, but at that time I had a big Columbia deal and Columbia had just been bought by Sony, and so Sony wasn't very happy to be making a \$130-million-plus movie about a battle they lost! That was exactly our intention: to make one of these old-fashioned kinds of movies, but with modern technology. There's another really great movie called Battle of Britain — but in that you see the limits of technology then. Naturally, today, you can pretty much do anything and for a

One of the great Hollywood adages (besides never working

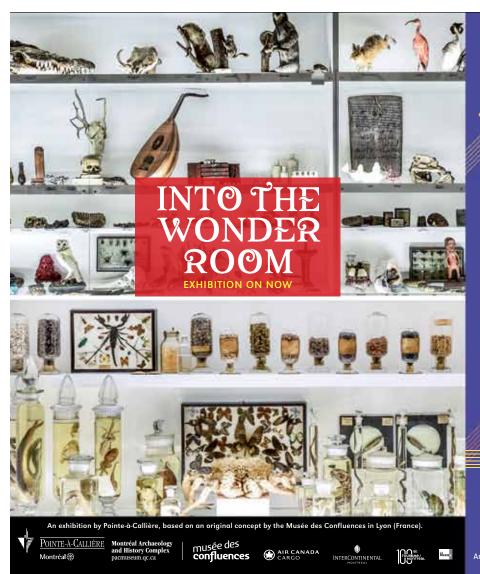
with children or animals) is that there's no harder shoot than a water shoot; water shoots are behind some of the most notoriously out-of-control productions in history. But CGI has made water shoots practically a thing of the past, as evidenced by the fact that practically all of the water in the Montreal-shot *Midway* is computer-generated.

"We did one water day in Hawaii, where people are kind of floating in the water, and the rest is all CGI," says Emmerich. "Actually, the good news is that water becomes easier and easier. If you hire the right companies, they can handle it really well. That was, in fact, really really easy. The big problem of this movie was that nothing existed, so we had to figure out how to do it. Naturally, we built the SBD and the TBD — two planes. In the movie, there are many more planes sitting around, and we had to do those in CGI."

Midway is Emmerich's fourth film to be shot in Montreal, after The Day After Tomorrow, White House Down and Stonewall. It seems clear to me that filming in Montreal is a deliberate choice for Emmerich — which he handily confirms.

"I would say it's the food," he laughs. "You know what? It's the crew. I love shooting in Montreal because I love the crew. We've become friends; whenever I come there, it feels like a homecoming. A couple of years ago, I bought an apartment in Old Montreal so it became, in a weird way, like a second home. You spend so many months on a movie — first, preparing it, then shooting it — that you better be in a town with people you like, you know? I love Montreal! Four movies, and the next one is going to be shot there, too."

 \rightarrow *Midway* opens in theatres on Friday, Nov. 8.





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On Screen



/ Ferrari



The Irishma



es harbares de la Malbais

BY ALEX ROSE

No matter where you stand on the Netflix vs. theatrical debate, there's no denying that the month's most-anticipated release has to be Martin Scorsese's *The Irishman* (Nov. 15).

This 20-years-in-the-making, three-and-a-half-hour gangster epic is getting a limited release in theatres before it hits Netflix on Nov. 25. Robert De Niro stars as the titular Irishman Frank Sheeran, a truck driver and union leader who also moonlights as a killer for hire for the mob. The film chronicles Sheeran's entire life as he exists on the periphery of post-war American history, eventually becoming pals with Jimmy Hoffa (an exceptional Al Pacino). Having already caught the film, I can safely say that the hype is to be believed.

Tom Hanks stars as Mr. Rogers in A Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood (Nov. 22), a Marielle Heller-directed biopic that got almost uniformly ecstatic reviews during its festival run. By all accounts, Heller's film (which actually focuses on a journalist, played by Matthew Rhys, who is writing a story on Rogers) transcends the genre trappings and perhaps inherent corniness of Mr. Rogers. The month's other prestigious biopic is James Mangold's Ford V Ferrari (Nov. 15), which chronicles the attempts of car designer Carroll Shelby (Matt Damon) and race-car driver Lee Miles (Christian Bale) to build a car that will outperform the Italians at 1966's Le Mans race. Ford v Ferrari was also well-received in its festival run, though the general appeal of race car movies with audiences seem to have died out with Steve McQueen.

Rian Johnson "rebounds" from directing the most controversial (and, to my mind, most interesting, if not necessarily best) chapter of the Star Wars saga with Knives Out (Nov. 27), an old-school whodunit in which a private eye (Daniel Craig) must investigate the death of a rich mystery writer (Christopher Plummer) amongst his entourage of asshole relatives. Zippy and fun, it's an extremely enjoyable bit of genre business. Doctor Sleep (Nov. 8) was Stephen King's belated follow-up to The Shining; it has been adapted to the screen by horror fave Mike Flanagan (Gerald's Game, The Haunting of Hill House) with Ewan McGregor as the grown-up Danny Torrance.

It's not all prestige, though: the Christmas movie season begins in full force just before American Thanksgiving with Paul Feig's Last Christmas (Nov. 8) a rom-com written by Emma Thompson (!) and based around the music of George Michael (!!). Last Christmas kinda sounds like a fake filmwithin-a-film, down to its stars Henry Golding (Crazy Rich Asians) and Emilia Clarke (Game of Thrones) seemingly having interactions with Michelle Yeoh as Santa. Elizabeth Banks directs Charlie's Angels (Nov. 15), a project that was originally announced as a reboot but is now being sold by Banks as a direct sequel to the two films from the early 2000s. Kristen Stewart, Naomi Scott and Ella Balinska star as the titular trio, with Banks and a few other actors seemingly rotating the role of Bosley.

John Cena continues his attempt at chipping off a piece of the Rock's market with Playing With Fire (Nov. 8), a family comedy in which the wrestler-turned-actor plays a firefighter who is tasked with taking care of a trio of rambunctious children. A good supporting cast (Keegan-Michael Key, John Leguizamo, Judy Greer) holds some promise... but... I mean, did you read the summary I just

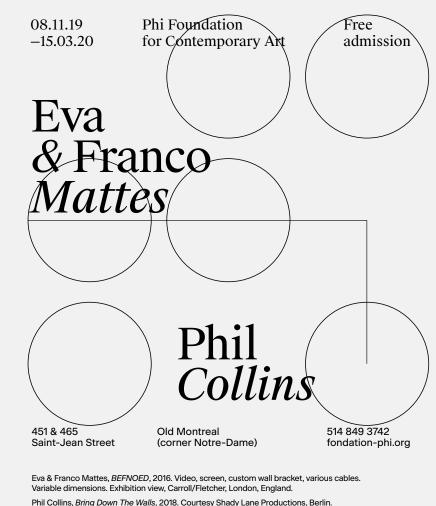
wrote? Families are significantly more likely to throw their filthy lucre at Frozen 2 (Nov. 22), the long-awaited sequel to the 2013 monster hit. A whole slew of five-year-olds who didn't exist the first time around are stoked.

Helen Mirren and Ian McKellen star in The Good Liar (Nov. 15), a grown-up thriller from Bill Condon (Dreamgirls, Beauty and the Beast) in which McKellen plays a conman who develops actual feelings for the woman (Mirren) he's trying to steal a fortune from. It's a very familiar premise, to say the least, so I've got to imagine that it goes somewhere unexpected. Daniel Kaluuya and newcomer Jodie Turner-Smith star in Queen & Slim (Nov. 27), the feature directorial debut of seasoned TV director Melina Matsoukas. They play two people who accidentally kill a racist cop on the way back from their first date, forcing them to go on the run and become a symbol of something greater — totally outside of their control. It's sort of a drive-in version of stuff writer Lena Waithe already covered on her show The Chi, but there's a high chance it will resonate with audiences given the current climate.

The team behind cult hit *Prank* return with *Les barbares de la Malbaie* (Nov. 22), a hockey dramedy starring comedian Philippe-Audrey Larrue-St-Jacques as a washed-up hockey player whose younger cousin (Justin Leyrolles-Bouchard) sends him on the road to a comeback. Montreal's documentary festival RIDM runs from Nov. 14 to 24 with a plethora of documentaries, including new films from Alanis Obomsawin and Yung Chang. RIDM also piggybacks on Cinemania, the festival of French-language films with English subtitles, which runs from Nov. 7 to 17; highlights include Céline Sciamma's *Portrait de la jeune fille en feu*, Justine Triet's *Sibyl* and new films from Bertrand Blier, Claude Lelouch and Christophe Honoré.

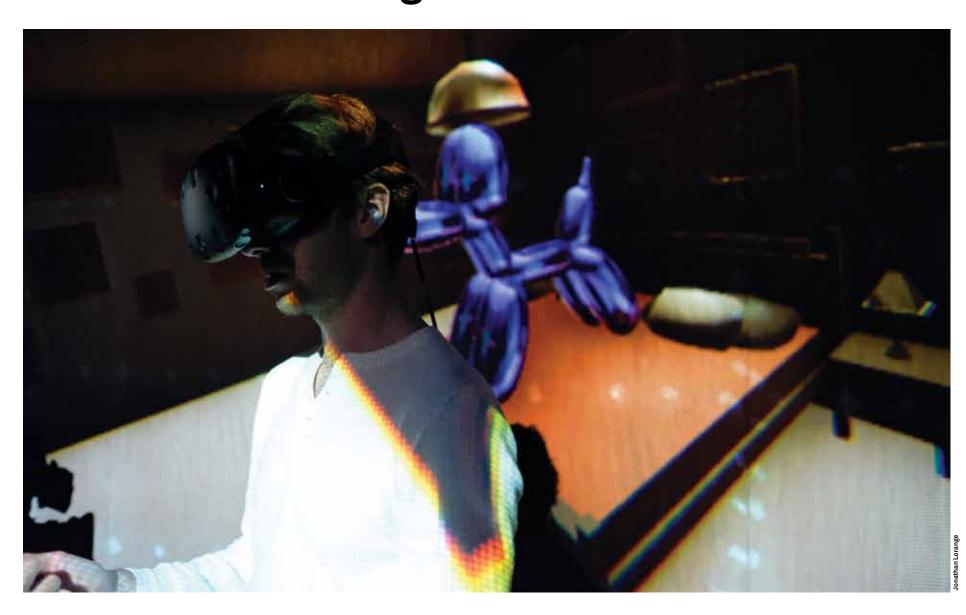






arts

Jeff Koons in the age of VR



BY NORA ROSENTHAL

Jeff Koons is easy to pick on. A living stand-in for the capricious, coke-jawed machismo of the global art market, an influential pop cultural sensation whose dewy-eyed forays into porn (Made in Heaven) are both comically self-congratulatory and somehow dweeby, it can seem impossible to tell, watching footage of Koons mugging for photographers at press events, whether he believes in his work or is just very proud of having successfully fleeced his way into the hearts and luxuriant bank accounts of the one per cent.

As a symbol, as the man whose "Rabbit" sculpture sold for slightly over \$91-million in May of this year (breaking the record for an auction price for a work by a living artist). Koons's work remains somehow peculiar, fun and possessive of an uneasy physical appeal, making him hard to pin down as just a cartoonish capitalist shill. It's no doubt what made him such an intriguing subject for the German author Rainald Goetz, whose 1998 play Jeff Koons is being presented this month in a French adaptation at the Phi

Centre (in collaboration with la Chapelle) by the Franco-Ontarian theatre director Dillon Orr.

Speaking about the art world as subject matter, Orr's cynicism is palpable. His "mantra" for the show is "le mensonge de l'art," going on to comment that "we're all here in our art galleries pretending that life is beautiful and pretending that we're solving all of our problems and most of the time what we're doing is we're vampirizing real life to [make it into] art."

He's attracted to Koons's "kitschy aesthetic," but mentions that after researching "the person" behind the work, he felt as though Koons was "just feeding [him] all this crap." Koons is, absolutely, a polarizing figure. His work is something a thinking young person these days tends to enjoy furtively if at all. Then again, when Orr points to a critical consensus about Koons's artistic illegitimacy, he's not quite right, quoting the critic Jerry Saltz out of context ("pretend Jeff Koons is an artist") to prove his point, when Saltz is in fact a defender of the paradox he reads in Koons. So while Orr is not wrong in identifying the "weird dynamic between the collectors and the gallerists and the critics" vis-à-vis Koons, his dislike for the man, both personal and symbolic, seems a little easy and under-substantiated

Nevertheless, Orr points out that the play isn't as much about Koons as it is "about our relation to art and the art world," specifically about a culture of misplaced reverence in that world. Like some other postmodern plays, Jeff Koons lacks dramatis personae and is experimental

in its form and narrative, making it an exciting and challenging prospect for directors. Where the original Jeff Koons tackled the early internet age, Orr has taken the opportunity to use his adaptation to look at the promises and alienation of virtual reality.

Orr's version of the play places the actors in VR headsets, so that the audience can see both the performers and the projections they're watching. "The idea is not to attract the audience to want to be in the headsets with the actors but to take a step back and be like, 'Ugh, that's right, that's what we're doing, we're all just in VR headsets pretending that art is great and art saves the world and art is a vector for motion and social change."

Where the production sounds most intriguing is in the ways it plays with the dramatic irony of the characters' virtual world versus their physical selves. If Orr is skeptical about the social value of art and artists (he seems to mean art in a sweeping visual-arts-only sort of way that excludes the theatre), then he's optimistic about the potential of the theatre and programming worlds coming to work together — if not to be world-changing, then at least world-creating. Certainly the capacity to integrate VR into theatre has not been heavily explored, and themes of unchecked consumption, in art and elsewhere, could scarcely be more relevant.

→ Jeff Koons is on at the Phi Centre (407 St-Pierre) from Nov. 20–22. 7 p.m. and 8:30 p.m., Nov. 23, 4 p.m. \$16.17-\$32.35

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Fools gold

BY DAVE JAFFER

What's the point of comedy? And, while you're pondering that one, here's another one: What's the point of comedy in the fractious and impossibly stupid time in human history we're currently living through?

Though these questions have no real answers — or, maybe just too many answers — affable Scottish comic Danny Bhoy tries his best anyway.

"This is the whole thing I'm exploring, to some extent, but I'm not doing it overtly," he says. "I'm not going, 'Hey guys, let's see what the cultural impact of words [is].' I just subtly talk about things that transcend the problems we've got at the moment. I don't explicitly say, 'Gosh these are awful times and we're all shouting and screaming at each other!' What I talk about is what is important in these times."

Bhoy is talking about his new show, *Age of Fools*, which he's bringing to Montreal for a two-night stand at Place des Arts on Nov. 18 and 19.

"The show is called *Age of Fools* because the premise of it is that we are concentrating on the wrong problems, and shouting and screaming while the things we need to focus on are not necessarily the things we are focusing on. There's politics in it because there has to be — it's a semi-topical show, but it's more about the value of the greater good."



Danny Bhoy

This is as close as we get to explicitly discussing the content of *Age of Fools*. Full credit to Bhoy for not wanting to give too much away — though I'd submit that when your show's tickets sell so fast they have to add another one to accommodate all the people who want to come see you, you can afford to be coy.

Thing is, he's not being coy. Bhoy admittedly doesn't do a lot of press, and compared to most headliners, he's an elective mute, so what might otherwise seem like a tactic to shroud his show in intrigue comes across as an honest effort to not accidentally blurt out a spoiler. "It's all very clear in my head," he assures me, "but it's hard to articulate it without giving away the jokes."



A seasoned veteran who's performed pretty much everywhere, Bhoy's success is a confirmation of the value of craft and consideration. Whereas many comics seem interested in appealing to specific audiences and only those audiences ("comedy now is very sectioned," he tells me), Bhoy remains committed to bringing something more complete and thoughtful to the stage.

"I'm from Edinburgh, remember; it's an unofficial home of comedy because we have the Edinburgh Fringe every year. I know to some extent this is part of the problem, that we all stick in our own tribes, but I go and see quite a broad range of stuff [there] and I find that [the] interesting kind of comedy now is very much in my wheelhouse in the sense that I like to see an hour of comedy, I like to see someone who's got a narrative rather than someone just doing jokes."

Long and cohesive narratives, of course, are harder than "just doing jokes." The jokes have to work, the moments between the jokes have to work, the overall arc of the show has to

work and it has to be road-tested. Frankly, it's exhausting just to hear him talk about it

"My premise when I construct a show — and this is why it takes a lot longer for me to construct a show — is that for a joke to be in my show, I've got to like it and the audience has got to like it. If either of those things isn't there, then I take it out. I'm not precious or egotistical enough to say, 'Oh fuck you if you don't find that funny.'

"I only ever have the show I'm doing in my head," he adds.

"When I sit down and start writing a show, that's my focus.

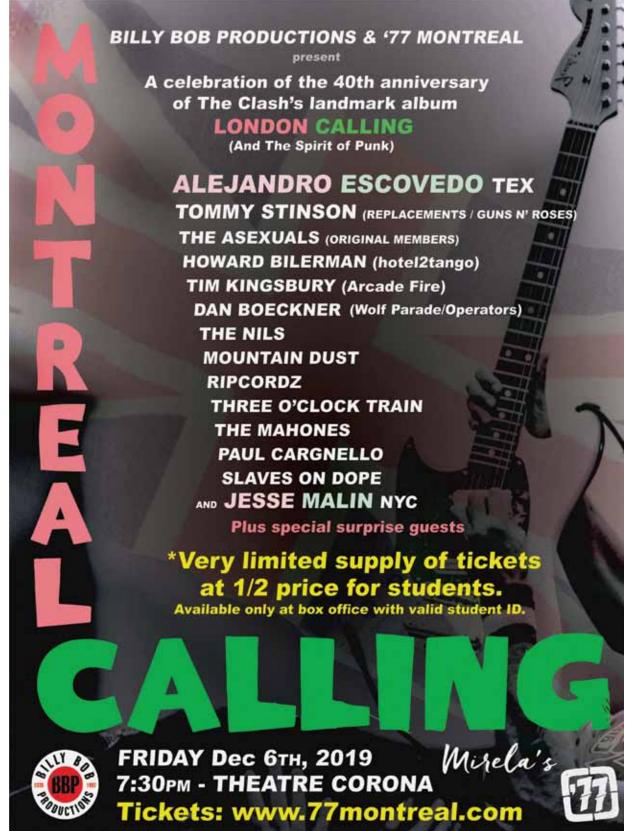
My entire head is in that space. I think about what I want to talk about and I go for it and I start hammering it out, and I test it and test it and test it."

With our time winding down, this discussion of craft somehow brings us back to the beginning, to the questions about the point or value of comedy.

"Growing up, my favourite comedian was Billy Connolly, and the reason I liked Billy Connolly, and the reason I have so many fond memories of him and his material, is because every Christmastime, we would sit around as a family — mother, father, four kids all of different ages, my grandmother who was in her 80s — and we would all piss ourselves laughing.

"I always thought that was the purpose of comedy. The beauty of comedy is seeing the cohesive nature of it, the bringing together of people who have shouted and screamed at each other over the entire Christmas period and are now sitting in a room together laughing at one thing and finding that uniting thing we all shared. I just thought that was the most beautiful thing that anyone could do, more than any counsellor or teacher or anything."

→ Danny Bhoy performs at Place des Arts's Théâtre Maisonneuve (175 Ste-Catherine W.) on Nov. 18–19. 7:30 p.m., \$48.25–\$54.50





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Connections made and missed



In the crowd at Fidelio

By Ryan Diduck

First Tone, "Reiterations," Reactions (Spectrum Spools)

There is a constant tension between the repetitions and patterns found in nature and the kinds of reiterations that capitalism demands. We take for granted that leaves on a maple tree all tend to look similar, or that the sea's tides rise and fall with boring regularity. This makes me wonder why I have such disdain for the perfectly timed release of a new iPhone, or another Star Wars film or one more remix of "Old Town Road." It is as if capitalism has coopted the very process of reiterating and remaking, reducing the generational drive to insignificance.

Speaker Music, "a finesse," excerpted from of desire, longing (Planet Mu)

"I've been known to lock the doors," cracked the rhythm analyst and, by necessity, musician DeForrest Brown Jr., as a number of audience members anxiously came and went during his Unsound lecture, entitled "Assembling a Black Counterculture," in Krakow this past October. I had known of Mr. Brown from his vocal presence on Twitter and had to admit that I didn't entirely understand what made him tick. Long stretches of uncomfortable silence punctuated his talk. It was almost more performance art than panel discussion. But the awkwardness was necessary to shake up the more complacent in the crowd.

The following day, I ran into Mr. Brown at the festival office and asked him if he'd like to hang out for a bit. He was on his way to the Krakow shopping mall, he said, because he wanted to get an idea of what western-style consumerism looked like in Eastern Europe. So, I tagged along. The mall looked pretty much like any other mall, with long arcades, a central food court, and all the usual corporate chains. We

walked and talked about life, America, the world and the price of Levi's jeans, and over the course of an afternoon, I'd like to think that we connected in a way that can only happen when you meet someone in person.

Alan Braxe, "Words," Ascent EP (Vulture Music)

In 2018, I wrote an article for Fact magazine on the 20th anniversary of Stardust's "Music Sounds Better with You." As is often the case with my retrospective pieces, it became an instant target for online trolls. I received dozens of angry tweets and derogatory comments accusing me of overanalysis and missing the point. Bruce Tantum of DJ Mag even went so far as to suggest that my heart was cold, that I couldn't just smile and enjoy the music, man. One person who did appreciate the article, however, was Alan Braxe of Stardust. Braxe made contact via Twitter to thank me for writing the piece and asked if I would be interested in composing a bio for the forthcoming reissue of Stardust's single. I happily agreed and we stayed in touch throughout the year, with Braxe later commissioning me to write his own personal bio as well. Then, I received an unexpected request to collaborate on an upcoming release that Braxe was preparing — a four-song EP of stripped down Buchla studies. He wanted me to compile a list of what he described as "resonant words," which he would feed through a vocal synthesiser over a song aptly titled "Words." I was pleasantly surprised with the result: an uplifting and ecstatic track with all the positivity of the French touch sound.

Too often, social media only serve to divide us, the platforms upon which we slug out international beefs with relative strangers in slow motion. But sometimes it goes the other way, too. Sometimes we make a good connection.

Kyle Devine, "Decomposed: The Political Ecology of Music," McGill Art History & Communication Studies Speaker Series, Oct. 24

Never mind flight-shaming and DJs complaining. The past decade's vinyl revival, applauded unanimously by musicians,

labels and audiophiles alike sadly comes with its own inconvenient truth: records are literally ruining the landscape. Those stacks of wax we love to spin and collect carry heavy duty environmental costs. The vinyl that composes our records is made from a mixture of crude oil and polyvinyl acetate, a particularly dirty form of plastic. A significant amount of the record pressing industry's PVC comes from Thailand — specifically, the Thai Plastic and Chemicals Public Company Limited, which has a troubling history of environmental and labour abuses, PVC decomposes slowly and releases harmful chemicals into the ground. And for those who believe that streaming is weightless, the short answer is it isn't. The amount of energy required to host and deliver the world's music library through Spotify and Apple and Amazon and Soundcloud and Bandcamp is astronomical. And increased usage and consumption — that coveted revenue growth that fuels the music industry — negate any incremental gains in efficiency. Indeed, according to Kyle Devine, author of "Decomposed: The Political Ecology of Music," no recording format has ever been ethical. Maybe it's time that we whistle past the media

Fidelio, Opéra de Montréal with Orchestre Métropolitain, Yannick Nézet-Séguin conducting, Maison Symphonique, Oct. 25

The only thing worse than going to the opera alone is going to the opera alone and being sat next to someone beautiful and also seemingly alone, because all of a sudden I'm no longer thinking about the opera and Beethoven and Fidelio, and what a genius Yannick Nézet-Séguin is with a baton, and how the entire orchestra and chorus are like an extension of it. No. All of a sudden, I'm thinking about the twirling black ankle boots and the sheer tights and the ruby red lipstick, and how to get into that black and white houndstooth skirt and Eyes Wide Shut parties and how I'm never invited to them. Loneliness is a powerful drug and I've got enough for two.

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