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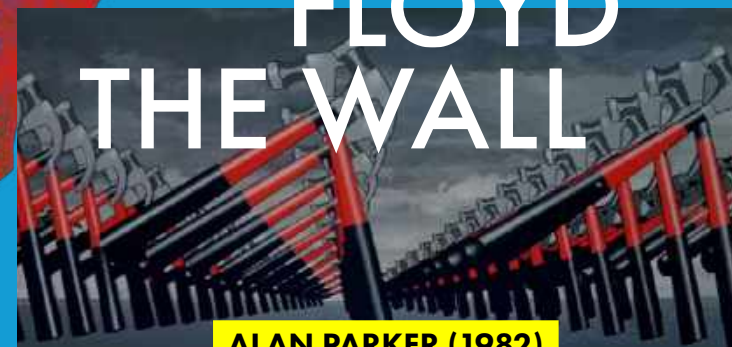
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NUIT
MAD
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GEORGES MILLER (1979, 1981, 1985, 2015)

OCTOBER 10TH - 8PM

TOTAL RECALL



PAUL VERHOEVEN (1990)

OCTOBER 11TH - 8PM

49th FESTIVAL
DU NOUVEAU
CINÉMA

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TICKETS
ON
SALE!

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Montreal-repping queen Rita Baga, a finalist on Canada's Drag Race, is performing as part of Just for Laughs this year.

Photo by Matt Barnes/Bell Media

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THE HANGMAN AT HOME - VR

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MISSING PICTURES: BIRDS OF PREY

Clement Deneux (France, Royaume-Uni, Taïwan)



HOMINIDAE

Brian Andrews (États-Unis)



AU PAYS DU CANCRE MOU

Francis Gélinas (Québec/Canada)



RECODING ENTROPIA

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:rant line™

THIS WEEK: Van Morrison, Noel Gallagher, Jordan Officer, Pascale Ferrier!
PLUS: Tales from the pandemic!!

“edited” by AL SOUTH

M Hail to Pascale Ferrier! A new Canadian HERO. Together we will defeat the UGLY TYRANT CLOWN. [BLEEP!]

M Shout out to JORDAN OFFICER for an awesome three-album release of blues, jazz and country! You are a local BIJOUX. [BLEEP!]

F Hey, who knew VAN MORRISON was such a moron? I hope he goes back to stay in Las Vegas where he'll be right at home with all the dumbass American ANTI-MASKERS. Oh, and then there's NOEL GALLAGHER but at least we always knew he was an idiot. [BLEEP!]

M Hello Rant Line™, I just wanted to say that I am loving this mask and social distancing thing. No more phony CHEEK KISSING, no more PHONY HUGGING and nobody can smell if I have booze on my breath. [BLEEP!]

M If I see one more anti-mask protest I swear I'm going to head down and shove a mask down one of their throats until they need an VENTILATOR to get it out. [BLEEP!]

F Hello, this is to everyone who keeps going on and on about parking spots being taken away. You were all so happy when hundreds of thousands marched for climate change last year on the mountain — everybody was a GRETA THUNBERG — but the minute it means you can't park directly in front of your house or favourite restaurant, you want all the bike paths taken down. Reality check: BE the CHANGE. [BLEEP!]

M Okay, about the REV bike paths being built on St-Denis. Listen, in case you hadn't noticed, St-Denis is DEAD and this project may actually SAVE the street and merchants by bringing people to a greener, more people-friendly street. Contrary to the BULLSHIT PRESS this is getting, the whole thing will be done in a little over a month of work and it will eliminate virtually none of their beloved parking spots. Personally, I'm taking notes as to who the loudmouth WHINING MERCHANTS are and vowing to never set foot in their establishments again. [BLEEP!]

M Hello. I just want to tell my pandemic story. I am sure everyone has one, but this is mine. Today I went to the DENTIST for the first time. BROKEN TOOTH. Otherwise I wouldn't have gone — I figure I don't need a cleaning, fuck that, my teeth seem clean enough to me. Maybe a small bit of ROT or gum decay, but whatever, I don't usually go to the dentist even in the best of times. So for me, minor GUM DISEASE is par for the course, especially during a pandemic, you know what I mean? But a broken tooth, that can really be a bitch. That can cause some big pain. Broke it cracking down on a NUT, by the way. Remind me not to do that again. Use NUTCRACKERS, people! Anyhow, I went to the dentist, not really knowing what to expect, and you know what, it went pretty well. This is a dentist in the Plateau area, by the way. They took my temperature at the door—they didn't have

to put the thermometer in my mouth, they just pointed a small kind of GADGET at me and took it in like a second. And the waiting room was okay. I didn't have to wait too long, there were only two other people there and they weren't too close, and they weren't coughing or spitting up blood, you know what I mean? And then I got in the chair and the dentist and the hygienist had on lots of PPE and seemed prepared and ready to go to work on my teeth. And they even talked me into doing a cleaning — they said I could really use it, said it looked like it had been a while since I'd had one, and that it would be a good thing to do before fixing the broken tooth. So I figured what the hell, I am already here, let's go for the works. But then that's when the PROBLEM came up: It was the only problem, but it was a big problem. It was this — after the cleaning, and before they started fixing the broken tooth, I needed to take a PISS. I needed to take a piss bad. Guess I should have thought of this before, but you know, I hadn't planned on getting a cleaning. And the cleaning took like, I don't know, 45 minutes, and now I needed a piss. But they wouldn't let me into the TOILET. No toilets available! The bathrooms were barred, shut, off limits to everyone. I'm like, is that even legal? But there was no arguing, and I needed to take a piss, and I still needed to have my broken tooth fixed. So they didn't know what to do and I didn't know what to do and I said, well let me go outside for a minute and see if I can come up with something because if I don't piss soon I am going to piss right here in your dentist chair. So I went outside, I thought maybe a restaurant or something could maybe help me out, but there was nothing that looked open, and they probably would not help me out, so forget that. So I just took a piss in the ALLEY. Thank you Plateau alleys. And to be honest, I am fairly used to pissing in an alley, doing that at night, you know, drinking, but not so used to doing it in broad daylight, with people passing by. But I got the piss done, mission accomplished. And I went back in, got my temperature taken again — I guess in case I had caught COVID-19 while outside taking a piss — got my hands sanitized again, probably a good thing, sat back down in the chair and got my tooth fixed. And so the moral of the story is this: Take a piss before you go to the dentist. I don't know if every dentist now is like that, with no toilet available, it doesn't seem right. Was it just this dentist? But if I was you, I would ask the dentist if they have a functioning toilet when you make the appointment. Yeah that's it, be prepared — take a pre-dentist piss. For me, it all turned out good in the end, but there's one thing I worry about, maybe you should, too — what if I needed to take a SHIT? [BLEEP!]

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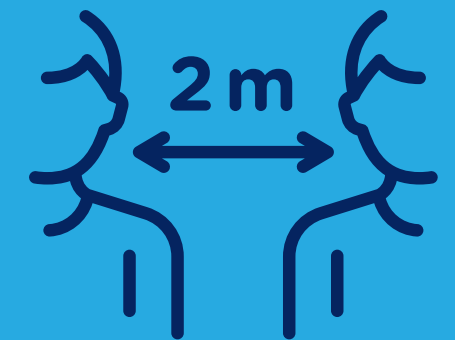
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:the 1st half



BY PAUL DESBAILLETS

October is here, fall is here, cooler weather is here and football is in full swing with all the drama!

As always this sport is extremely entertaining, creating a weekly soap opera, to say the least.

The Messi saga has come to a close for the time being. One of the biggest names in the football universe is not leaving Spain for now, but will be making his exit sometime over the next few months or by the end of the year so that Boca will make some proper Euros on him in a sale. We are seeing the start of the rebuilding of this team as we speak.

Progress in the women's game:

The United States Women's National Team (USWNT)'s Alex Morgan has joined Tottenham Hotspurs in England. She leaves her team this month for the big stage in Europe.

WSL (Women's Super League) is the highest league of women's football in England. It was established in 2010 and is run by the Football Association (FA). It currently has 12 professional teams and only 3

of those 12 clubs are not connected to their men's club counterparts in the EPL.

U.S. international player Zack Steffen got his first start in a Manchester City shirt in the Carabao Cup against Bournemouth. This is one more step towards growing the strength of the game and the culture for young and up-and-coming players out of North America. Steffen used to play in the MLS for Columbus.

In the last week of September:

A Team Canada player came out publicly as transgender.

Quinn listed steps that cisgender people (people whose gender identity matches their sex assigned at birth) can follow to become better allies to people who identify as trans, queer and non-binary.

Quinn has made 59 appearances for Team Canada, including 32 starts and has five goals and three assists. Quinn was also a member of the 2016 bronze-medal-winning Olympic team in Rio.

Every step that professionals in sport take to make others feel they are not alone and that others are going through the same type of emotional roller-coaster is a step in the right direction.

Bravo Quinn! As you said, "Coming out is hard – and kinda BS," but by you doing this you are opening the door for all to

feel more comfortable and to normalize perceptions on the subject.

Montreal Impact is having a special time to say the least. After not having a great showing in the Canadian Championship in September, the team is now kicking off the rest of the regular season, which will end officially on Nov. 8 against D.C. United in the U.S., where they will play all of this year's remaining games.

The Premier League in England has started up again, promising an exciting season as always. It's fun news for the game in England as Welsh National player, captain and superhero Gareth Frank Bale returned to his old club SPURS on loan from Real Madrid. England now has some more wicked hairstyles running wild on its pitches.

Streaming sites have some fun things to help you acclimatize to the game with a doc worth watching on Amazon Prime called *This Is Football*, a six-part series (made in 2019) about the game all over the globe.

For a behind the scenes view, reality TV junkies have to check out *All or Nothing*, an inside look at the 2019/20 season of Tottenham Hotspurs. No matter who you support, it's always fun to see what the inner workings of the game are like and where the millionaire players' maturity levels rest.

And by the way, it now has to be said, the best footballer of all time from Canada — Sir "Canuck himself" Alphonso Davies — added more silverware to the cabinet when he and his teammates from Germany won the Super Cup in the last week of September. Next on his list will have to be a World Cup title for the great Maple Leaf!

"Football is the ballet of the masses."
—Dmitri Shostakovich

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Seoul crushing

BY CLAYTON SANDHU

Montreal's restaurant scene is currently embroiled in a controversy surrounding cultural appropriation and one chef is at the centre of it all.

In mid-June, Antonin Mousseau-Rivard reopened his restaurant le Petit Mousso under a new name: Seoul Train. The pivot traded Mousseau-Rivard's signature highly conceptual, intricately plated food for a more take-out friendly Korean menu. Unsurprisingly, the pop-up was met with its fair share of criticism. Mousseau-Rivard's worst critics labelled him a racist, others simply chalked it up to poor execution of a concept that had its heart in the right place. Regardless of opinion, it opened the floodgates on the topic of cultural appropriation in Montreal's white-dominated culinary scene.

On its face, the pop-up is obviously problematic. Regardless of what opinion anyone might have on the subject, the name, which in itself is a play, of course, on Soul Train — an icon of Black culture in America — is a problem. Even worse, the name combines a misplaced reference to Black pop-culture with a vaguely Korean identity. It's a mess. But what's even messier is Mousseau-Rivard's very public response to the backlash, which varied from an "I'm not racist, you're racist" approach to an "I polled my Instagram followers and they said it's fine" argument. As I said, the whole thing is cringe-worthy.

Digging a bit deeper into it, however, the controversy does pose a very interesting and important question: who gets to cook what? In an even more cringe-inducing attempt to answer that question, Charles-Antoine Crête of Montreal Plaza posted a now-deleted but highly controversial video in which he plays a fictional character named Jojo POW POW. In the video, Crête attempts to satire the conversation of cultural appropriation in food by running around his restaurant and chastizing his employees and telling them that they essentially no longer have the right to do anything — the whole video feels like a high-school gym teacher venting about why he can't call kids pansies anymore.

The video, if anything, helped to underscore that not only is the conversation around cultural appropriation in Montreal not being had, but some of the city's most revered chefs are actively mocking any notion of the concept. Needless to say, the video was publicly reviled and promptly taken down and replaced with a statement that can be summed-up as "Can't anyone take a joke anymore?" to which the community at large responded with a clear, "Fuck you."

Crête's tone-deaf video aside, the question is still valid. In what circumstance, if any, are white chefs allowed to cook racialized food? In Marie-Claude Lortie's excellent article in *La Presse* on the same subject, she touches on a vital argument: "When a white chef enriches his repertoire with this knowledge from elsewhere, it's modern, it's progressive, it's avant-garde. Meanwhile, an Asian-born chef does the same in their kitchen, but it's not special because it's



Clay Sandhu

expected of him or her." It's a statement that echoes many of the conversations being had around topics of privilege, equal access and racial inequities.

Intent is also a major contributing factor in who gets to cook what. Mousseau-Rivard claimed his restaurant's pivot was designed to pay homage to Korean food and to shed light on the generally little-understood cuisine in Montreal. While nobody doubts that Mousseau-Rivard probably likes Korean food, it seemed that, generally, his white-saviour defence of the pop-up only poured fuel on the fire. Julian Doan, an investor in restaurants both in Montreal and internationally, put it this way, "Good intentions [are] not good enough. If you are an industry leader, like in the case of Mousseau and Crête, you need to be held at a higher standard. You need to be well-versed in anti-racism and engage with communities you are borrowing elements from. You have a responsibility to not represent other cultures in an ignorant way."

The whole debacle illustrates two important but conflicting ideologies. On the one hand, I don't think you'd find a chef against that doesn't believe that the cross-cultural sharing of recipes and techniques is an essential part of shaping one's own cuisine. The goal for anyone who cooks, or

who enjoys food, is to learn as much as possible. On the other hand, there's a racial and economic argument. One that's less romantic and more rooted in reality. It's easy to get caught up in the pageantry of restaurants and food. Food media constantly presents us with the idea that there is a global community in which chefs all over the world come together in a kumbaya-style harmonious sharing of technique and respect. But the reality is that it's white chefs and restaurateurs who have the ability to claim the right to cook whatever type of food they like, ignorantly cherry-picking elements of other cultures and typically misusing them.

Épicerie Pumpui co-owner Jesse Massumi and his two business partners are white and run a Thai restaurant. Their approach to cooking the food of another culture, however, is significantly different from Mousseau-Rivard's.

"It was always really important, since the beginning, to make sure that we were operating adjacent to and with the communities that have a claim to that food and that culture," Massumi says. Pumpui is an example of a real homage, and proof that anyone can cook anything so long as they're willing to create a working relationship with the culture from which they're borrowing.

"Before we opened [Pumpui], we wanted to make sure, when possible, to go straight to the source so that we're putting money back into the economy, whether that was straight to Thailand or through local Thai suppliers and producers. At the end of the day, the food isn't ours. We're cooking food we love, but it's not our food, it belongs to Thailand and the people of Thailand."

It's a venture that strives for a net-positive effect on the Thai community at large, a drastic departure from Mousseau-Rivard, who seemed to view his culinary background as a way to elevate Korean cuisine. Conversely, Pumpui views themselves as responsible for authentically representing Thai food and to contribute to building up the Thai community around them.

In Montreal, food is qualified by a trickle-down effect from Europe. If there is an innate Europeanness, or better yet, a Frenchness associated with one's style of cooking, then it's far easier to achieve legitimacy, which is vital because legitimacy directly contributes to revenue. Le Mousso is a modern, highly praised restaurant that has a perceived Europeanness. They are reputed to be one of the best restaurants in Canada and are therefore perceived as experts in terms of food regardless of what, from where, or with what knowhow the food is derived. Simply put, Mousseau-Rivard's ability to cook Korean food is baseless, but it's perceived as legitimate because of the reputation of his praised Euro-centric cuisine. Therein lies the major problem. Nobody is shitting on Mousseau-Rivard and Crête because they have an affinity for Asian food, they're shitting on them because their identity as industry leaders lends them the credence to appropriate whatever cuisine they like without impunity.

Recently, Clarence Kwan who's best known by his Instagram handle @thegodofcooking, has become one of the most vocal critics of cultural appropriation and white supremacy in food.

Kwan, however, cuts directly to the point, "The Montreal food scene has consistently proven that it willfully and freely engages in white supremacy." And he's not wrong because even when the intent is to create an homage to a different culture's cuisine when the vehicle through which the homage is disseminated bears a white (particularly white-male) face it participates in erasure. Every element of Mousseau-Rivard's concept takes the focus further and further away from anything truly resembling genuine Korean culture, which according to him, is supposed to be the star of the show.

Mousseau-Rivard's whiteness isn't the issue. In fact, there's nothing implicitly wrong with white chefs cooking racialized food — even critics of Mousseau-Rivard and Crête like Doan agree: "White chefs should be encouraged to take inspiration from other cultures — provided they put in the work."

The problem is that the work is hard and white chefs rarely take the time to do it. For Massumi, it's like this: "You don't need to worry, as a white person, that you're not going to be able to cook any food, that's stupid. Just ask yourself why you're doing what you're doing and [do it] with respect and care. If people are telling you that you're not, you need to listen to them and not just lash out and prove to them that you never should have been doing this in the first place."

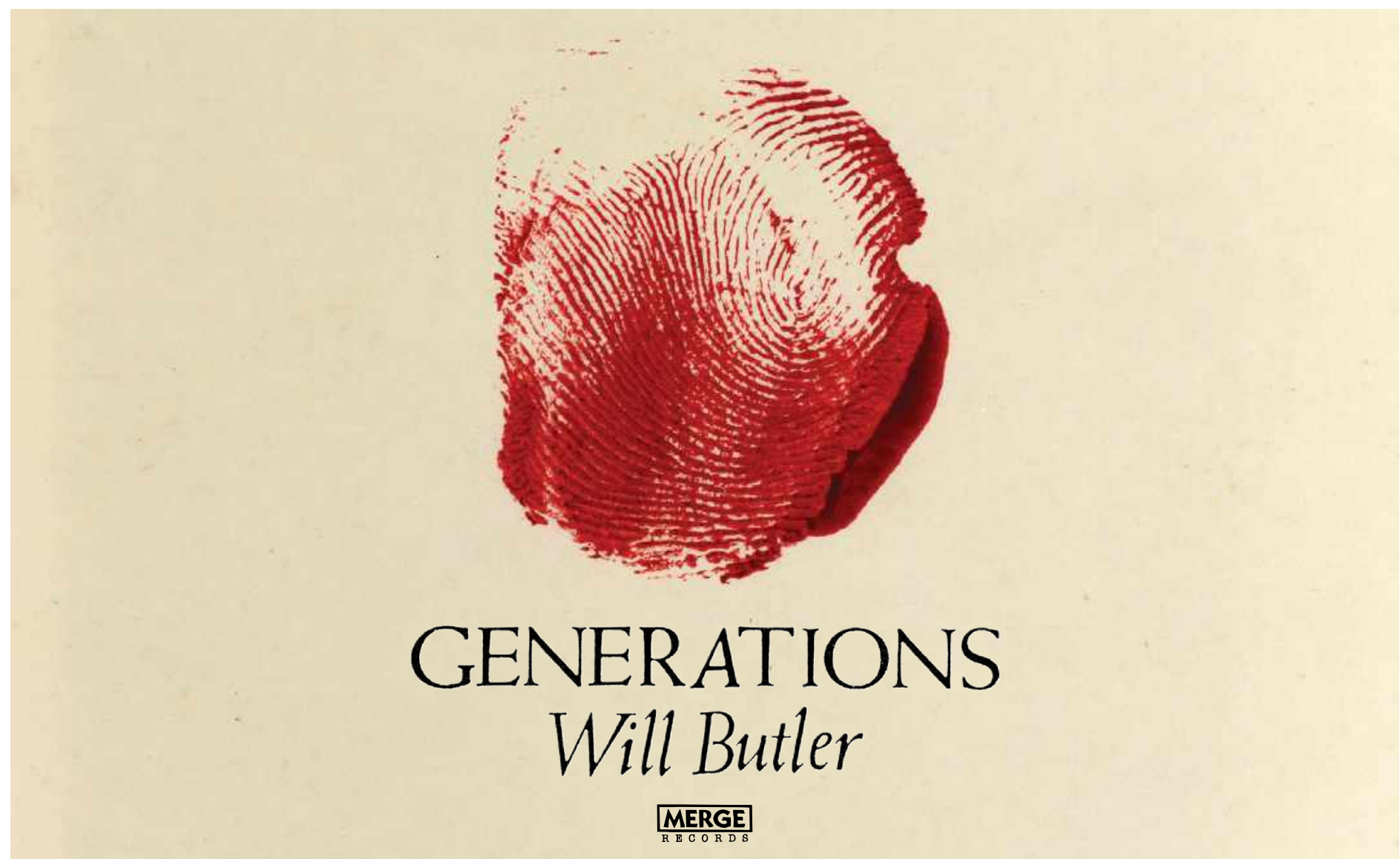
Without actually engaging with the cultures the chef is borrowing from, it becomes incredibly easy to create something that upholds the notions of systemic racism and white supremacy that are latent in our food culture. Mousseau-Rivard's mish-mash of Soul Train, Soul food, Korean food and the glaring lack of consultation and collaboration with Koreans combined with his whiteness and celebrity obscures any tangible connection to Korean culture. That's called erasure — that's white supremacy.

The cuisines of France and Italy are closely protected — like a gated community that lets few outsiders in. Those

same protections are seldomly offered to cuisine of BIPOC cultures. Seoul Train reaches blindly into a culture of which it has but a passing knowledge of, and through a white lens projects an imagined authenticity, one that actively competes for business with real Korean restaurants in town. It's that point that sticks most with me. Intent and white supremacy aside, Mousseau-Rivard claimed that his detractors were attacking a small business owner during an especially difficult time. Woe is me. The Korean restaurants in our city are suffering through the same economic downturn and they can't pivot to le Mousso's formula of \$150 per head tasting menus. They can only continue doing what they have always done, except now they have an entitled pseudo-celebrity chef charging \$75 for an approximation of Korean food to compete with. Not only does Seoul Train not adequately showcase anything authentically Korean, it actively steals business from real Korean restaurants.

The question of who gets to cook what and the concept of cultural appropriation in food has almost nothing to do with food at all. Like so many aspects of society, it's a question of race and all that comes with race. Mousseau-Rivard and Crête are the most visible examples of the issue, but they are far from the only culprits. White chefs and restaurant owners control the lion's share of resources, they drive the conversation around what is valuable and what is not and more often than not it's through the white-washing of BIPOC cuisine that it's able to break into mainstream culture, typically to the benefit of the white-washer and typically to the detriment of the traditional culture.

The gut reaction of some was to groan about yet another aspect of society being labelled racist, but we should all remember, it's not another log being thrown onto the fire, it's one of the many blazing embers at its heart. If we are to create a better society, we must be better in all things, including food.



music

The doom chord



BY LORRAINE CARPENTER

Will Butler is not unique among the hordes of grounded musicians feeling frustrated right now. He would rather be out on the road.

Between Arcade Fire albums, Butler's new solo album *Generations* was released by Merge Records on the last Friday of September. But given the timing and the political climate in the U.S., playing shows was only part of what the Brooklyn-based musician wanted to accomplish on tour.

"I was really scheming. I was going to be driving around America in the fall before a giant election and I'm very bummed to not be able to do that," says Butler, who got his Master's degree in public policy from Harvard's Kennedy School in 2017. "The greatest tool I have is I can get people into a room, and for people who like me already, I feel like I can present a good case for things like redirecting police funding or voting rights. I did that on the last Arcade Fire tour; I organized afterparties at venues near the arenas that we called 'disco town halls,' and I would find local people who were doing something actionable.

"We did one in Tampa, they were organizing around felon disenfranchisement, pushing an amendment to the Florida State constitution so if you'd been convicted of a felony, you could vote. Something like 25 per cent of Black men in Florida are disenfranchised. In New York we had one about closing Rikers Island jail, which is a jail where people are held pre-trial — it's kind of a Dickensian hellhole.

"Even before the killing of George Floyd, there was a world of things you could talk about in every city. There's definitely shit happening in Pittsburgh and Iowa city, and there's always someone really working their ass off to make things better. In a weird way, you can only act on what is already happening. Like now you can act on police violence in a way that you couldn't even a year ago, but now it's salient and you can push. New York passed five or six laws that are baby steps, but they're steps towards reforming the police, because the time was right to push it."

Considering these areas of interest, it's not surprising that politics informs Butler's music in a big way. His debut album was called *Policy* after all, and as it turns out, a lot of the songs on *Generations* had their roots in the year that record was released.

"2015 had Ferguson and the Baltimore riots, it had the

Bataclan shooting (in Paris), Donald Trump declared his presidency and the Charleston church shooting happened the next day — in terms of ominous forebodings of the future," Butler explains. "The doom chord was struck then, and it's been doom and gloom for five years after that. I basically embraced the doom in the lyrics and then tried to not have the doom be embodied in the music, in that I'm not alone — it is a solo record but there's so many voices. The background vocals are mixed as high as the (lead) vocals because (the message is) supposed to be, 'You're not alone.'"

As for his other gig, Butler agreed with my suggestion that the release of the next Arcade Fire album (already in the works) seems to be in line with the period when people in the industry believe live music will be possible again: roughly a year from now, post-vaccine.

"It's weirdly on track. It always takes a year, a year and a half to make a record anyway but if we still can't play shows, I doubt we would delay the record — but we will be able to play shows again in the next couple of years, probably, right? That feels right to me. Get a vaccine, figure out how it gets around, work that shit out.

"For now it's obviously on pause, just like everything else."



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It is now more important than ever that we follow health measures to limit the spread of the virus. It is essential that each of us remains vigilant and adopts good habits. Since the virus is not spreading everywhere at the same rate, a new tool has been implemented to show how the situation is evolving in each Quebec region. This four-level alert system will make it easier for you to keep track of the government's interventions.

We must contain the spread of the virus throughout Quebec. This is how we can retain some level of normalcy over the next few months. Each region can make a big difference in limiting the spread of the virus. Let's continue to protect each other.

Votre
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The Progressive regional alert and intervention system specifies which additional measures each health region must take to slow the transmission of the virus. These depend on the alert level reached and are intended to limit the health, social and economic impacts of COVID-19, protect those who are most at risk and avoid overburdening the healthcare system.

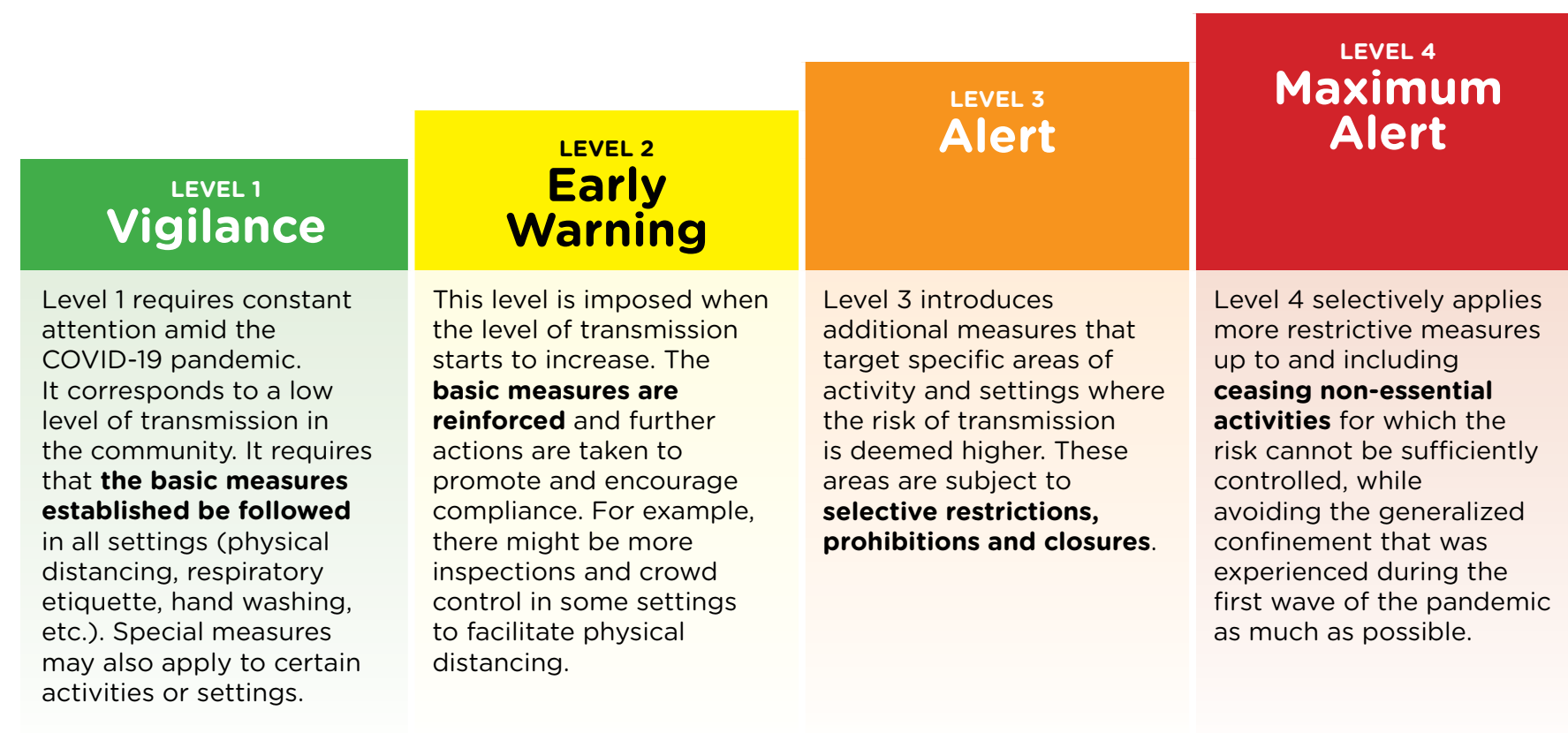
The alert levels are established based on the recommendations of public health authorities who regularly review the situation, taking into account the epidemiological situation, transmission control and the capacity of the healthcare system.

Don't forget that everyone must adopt behaviours that limit transmission of the virus. We do it to ensure that our children can keep going to school, to protect our seniors, to ensure the safety of our healthcare workers and to revive our economy. **Follow the basic measures at all times:**



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- › Adapt your greetings

FOUR ALERT AND INTERVENTION LEVELS



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Album reviews

Presented by **SUNRISE RECORDS**



Spillage Village, JID & EarthGang, *Spilligion* (Dreamville/Interscope) This loose-knit collective of rappers and producers hailing from Atlanta and Baltimore is a little difficult to keep track of in terms of who's who and what group any of these contributors actually belong to, but the chaos is delightful. Recorded during the height of the pandemic's first wave at a quarantine safe house (Spillage Village's Atlanta studio), what began as a JID solo project morphed into one of the best things to happen in hip hop so far this year. COVID-19 has paid off in true posse rap, a largely bygone affair in modern music but a nonetheless critical part of what made hip hop grow past the '80s era of groups and solo acts. *Spilligion* hits like a psychedelic gospel trip from the jump. If the Griselda guys churched up and dropped LSD, it might come out a little something like this, but these artists are audibly having more fun than anyone on the East Coast will ever admit to. This album's a keeper. 8.5/10 Trial Track: "Mecca" (Darcy MacDonald)

Conway the Machine, *From King to a God* (Griselda) On his debut solo album, albeit his third project of 2020, Buffalo's grimmest rapper poses an important question: How many different ways can one rap about selling cocaine without running the risk of redundancy? Conway the Machine continues to pack a punch with each of his mafioso bars. He's more than just your neighbourhood pusherman — Machine peels back the curtain to reveal



the pain and guilt that the lifestyle has caused him. The proverbial cherry on top comes from the album's illustrious New York features, including Method Man (with his best verse in years), Havoc, Lloyd Banks and, of course, fellow Griselda members Westside Gunn and Benny the Butcher. 8/10 Trial Track: "Spurs 3" (feat. Westside Gunn & Benny the Butcher) (Mr. Wavvy)

Bob Mould, *Blue Hearts* (Merge) Hüsker Dü's stock in trade was pairing angry, cacophonous rock with introspective lyrics, and it's no surprise that frontman Bob Mould's newest, 14th solo record continues that tradition. Despite artwork that suggests the top-down jazz of golden-era Blue Note, *Blue Hearts* is a searing alternative rock pamphlet in which Mould takes on the current... well, all of it is shit at the moment. It can get dicey lyrically — it's always difficult to tackle current affairs in a song and not sound like Green Day circa *American Idiot* — but Mould is particularly fired up and his brand of overdriven pop hooks hasn't aged a day. 7/10 Trial Track: "Siberian Butterfly" (Alex Rose)



The Flaming Lips, *American Head* (Warner) It's been a while since I kept up with the Flaming Lips — about a decade, to be exact. Since then, they've multiplied the day-glo Technicolor psychedelic curios, lining up incongruous collaborations and leftfield projects left and right. *American Head* harkens back to their early 2000s sound: soaring-yet-accessible neo-psych with widescreen cinematic ambitions. As with most of their major-label work (I have to admit I'll probably always prefer the "LSD punks" era), the gauzy spaciness feels a tad samey over the album's 50-minute runtime, but for those of us who got off the ship with all

the gloopy cartoons and Miley Cyrus collabs should take *American Head* as a great opportunity to jump back on. 7/10 Trial Track: "Mother I've Taken LSD" (Alex Rose)



Alicia Keys, *ALICIA* (RCA) After a six-month delay, Alicia Keys has finally delivered her self-titled seventh studio album. Packed with a slew of guest appearances — Snoh Aalegra, Jill Scott, Tierra Whack and Khalid, to name a few — *ALICIA* feels more desperate than confident. Keys finds herself throwing shit at the wall to see what sticks, with a measly amount of the content

actually satisfying the ears. When *ALICIA* sticks, it sticks with a Gorilla Glue-like grip. The songstress is just as vocally talented as she was two decades ago but only when she finds something inspiring enough. 6/10 Trial Track: "Perfect Way to Die" (Mr. Wavvy)

Public Enemy, *What You Gonna Do When the Grid Goes Down?* (Def Jam) Corrupt Republicans have co-opted democracy and Public Enemy has an album out on Def Jam, you say? What year is this? Well, it's definitely 2020, and it definitely sounds like it on this well-intended but ultimately thud-worthy 16-track excursion from the rap powerhouse that delivered two of the most enduring records in hip hop's history. But the truth is, that was 30 years ago, and while no one will be mad at this album — because it does have its moments — anyone who was waiting for a crucial, critical and groundbreaking statement from "the Black CNN" would be better served to go back and listen to *Fear of a Black Planet* for the thousandth time and just accept that expectations, this year of all years, may lead to resentments. Public Enemy's legacy remains and is well earned, but yet another belaboured foray into being an imitation of themselves is unnecessary and unlikely to win any new listeners. Aside from some nice guest appearances, the only real answer to the album title's question is "dust off some old classics and listen to those." 5.5/10 Trial Track: "Public Enemy Number Won" ft. Mike D, Ad-Rock and Run-DMC (Darcy MacDonald)

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BY Helen Simard

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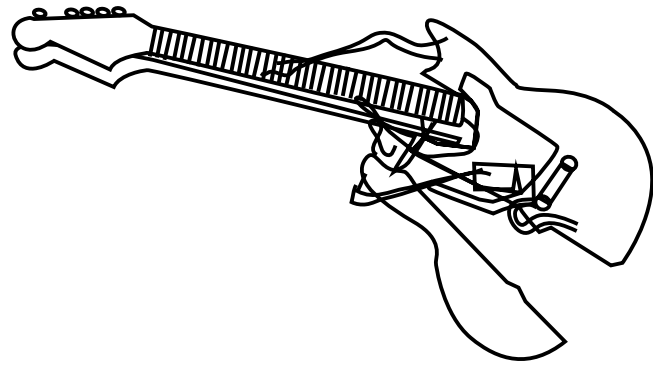
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BY JOHNSON CUMMINS

FAILURE — a word that is uttered repeatedly in the movie *Where Does a Body End?*, a rock doc/love letter dedicated to one of the greatest musical forces ever: Swans.

Failure is the word Swans' head honcho Michael Gira uses to describe the deep-rooted motivation that has propelled and guided him, dating back to when the band first inflicted itself on audiences in 1981. Directed by Marco Porsia, this movie is as good as it gets, especially if you've ever surrendered to the pummel of Gira and co and want to take the experience home with you.

Where Does a Body End? made the festival circuit last year before coming to your favourite digital platforms last month, but you'll definitely want the physical DVD release — this film begs multiple viewings.

You'll be swept off your feet early on by the classic footage of the band clearing rooms, leaving only a smattering of stunned people behind. In the early '80s, no band was more pummeling, disturbing,

beautiful and feared as Swans. This extremely rare early footage is nothing short of a revelation and includes shots of Gira's squalid living conditions where his disturbing early artwork adorned the walls of his crumbling "bunker" in Alphabet City, in New York City's Lower East Side. Gira seemed to be fuelled by the violent crime swirling just outside of his door frame in that era, as well as the hopelessness and poverty that marked the area and declared it bankrupt — financially and morally. Songs like "I Crawled" and "Weaking" could only come from these depths.

From there, it's a wild ride. Porsia's greatest strength is knowing full well that everybody lining up for this film has already had transcendental moments with the music and gearing the film towards the converted. The film documents Gira's traumatic teenage journey marked by drugs and jail before punk rock came knocking and he found his temporary spiritual home. Like a Swans show, the film is an exhaustive 2.5 hours and moves at a quick pace on an album by album basis. If you don't know who Swans are, I suggest you go back to the Spotify account that spawned you; but for the rest of us who worship at the feet of one of the greatest bands to

ever rumble the underground, this comes as nothing short of a revelation. Stream it if you must but a film this good deserves a special place in your home.

Okay, in keeping with the contests I've been stuffing into this humble little column that helps put the ink on yer mitts, it's time for another one!! When I asked one of the stalwarts of this crumbling industry, Clint Weiler from MVD video, if he was able to supply some swag, he actually one-upped it and insisted on giving away an uber rare two-disc deluxe blu-ray edition of *Where Does a Body End?* Holy fuckaroo!!! Over 153 minutes of bonus footage is collected on a second disc that regular chumps will never see (until somebody uploads it). Okay post-rockers, start yer engines and get your digits nimble: The first person who can email me with the correct name of Michael Gira's label will grip it.

Next month: A look at the massive 40th anniversary box set dedicated to one of the greatest metal/punk records of all fuggin' time. Don't blink!!!

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film

Lit enigma



My Salinger Year

BY ALEX ROSE

My Salinger Year is the story of Joanna Rakoff (Margaret Qualley), an aspiring writer and poet living and studying in Berkeley who decides to move to the big city to chase her literary dreams, leaving behind a boyfriend (Hamza Haq) that she never really breaks up with in a rather heavy example of pre-internet ghosting.

In New York, she meets Don (Douglas Booth), a pontificating would-be writer in his own right, and gets a job at a prestigious literary agency run by Margaret (Sigourney Weaver), a strict and old-fashioned industry lifer who runs the agency with an iron fist and an arcane set of rules. As the lowest rung on the ladder, Joanna is tasked with managing fan mail — most importantly, oodles of fan mail addressed to the agency's most famous and most reclusive client: JD Salinger. Forbidden by Margaret to give any of the letters the time of day, Joanna nevertheless takes it upon herself to answer some of them.

My Salinger Year is based on a book by the real Joanna Rakoff, who did indeed work at a literary agency in the mid-'90s that handled Salinger's business.

"I came across the book entirely by coincidence, in a bookstore," explains director Philippe Falardeau. "I was going to see a film downtown and I had arrived early, so I went to a bookstore. I was in a period of my life where unconsciously I was looking for material for a film, but for the first time, I was drawn to a female perspective. I had bought three books: a book about the war photographer Lee Miller, a book about

Cleopatra — I don't think I'll ever make that movie — and this one. The title and the summary on the jacket were intriguing to me because I knew it would be about that time in our lives, in our early 20s, where we're not too sure where we're going and there's an anxiety about all of it that we look back on when we're older with a much more positive outlook. After I read the book, it confirmed what I had hoped to find. I was charmed by it and made my producers read it, and then we got the go-ahead from the author."

The famously reclusive author (who is heard and glimpsed in the movie, but isn't really *in* the movie so to speak) and his estate aren't generally too chuffed about letting people adapt, depict or even mention his work in other works. This didn't prove to be too much of a stumbling block when it came to adapting *My Salinger Year*.

"I wanted to be able to film the real book jackets," says Falardeau. "I wanted the first cover of *The Catcher in the Rye* with the carousel on it and that required their approval. We had to talk to his son, and he wanted no part of it. He knew about Joanna Rakoff's book, though I don't think he had read it, but he was against the very principle of it. That was coherent, I think, with his father's philosophy. We decided in the end that, because our character was reading the book but we were using none of the content, we could call it an "incidental capture" and go ahead with it. The same thing happened with his photo, that we see throughout the film — we paid rights to the photographer, but we didn't ask for the approval of his family, because we knew they'd just say no."

As *My Salinger Year* is set in 1995, it is officially considered (to our great dismay) a period piece. Montreal stands in for New York throughout most of the film, with a few scenes shot in New York. I asked Falardeau if he faced any particular challenges in shooting a period piece that seems, relatively speaking, in the recent past.

"Any period film is difficult, period, especially in the city," Falardeau explains. "Whether it be the lampposts, the cars, obviously... that's the type of difficulty we can handle, depending on resources, because it's our job to do that. I wanted to be able to do it without just shooting everything in very tight close-ups of faces. I hate that! There are lots of American films that film in Montreal for New York, and when you see the film, they haven't really tried very hard. We worked very hard to find locations that we could film as much of as possible. I needed a few shots in New York, and I went down there and did them.

"That wasn't the hardest part, as far as I'm concerned," he continues. "For me, the hardest part was our memory of the '90s. I thought that 23 to 25 years ago is long enough ago to be considered a period piece, but not long enough ago to be part of our emotional memory in the same way that the '60s, '70 and now '80s are. It's still stuck in-between. Things are just less spectacular. I made a '70s movie — *Chuck*, which was set in 1970s New York — and everything about it was more spectacular. The clothes, the style, the colour of the cars... everything is so much more spectacular because it sends the viewer back to something they either never lived through because they're too young or it sets off nostalgia. I think the '90s are almost there, but not quite. The other thing is that the '90s are getting more and more popular as a setting for films, and the price for songs from the '90s in the last two or three years have shot way up. If I had made the film four years ago, I could've bought the songs I wanted for \$700, but now they're all 25-grand. I couldn't get all the music I wanted. That was the really hard part."

→ *My Salinger Year* opens in theatres when theatres re-open

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Percy



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The War With Grandpa



I Am Greta

BY ALEX ROSE

[Please note that the dates below reflect the theatrical release schedule prior to Montreal being designated a COVID-19 red zone. All theatres in the city are closed until at least Oct. 28.]

It's becoming increasingly clear that *Tenet's* disappointing box-office showing is going to prevent studios from unleashing more major motion pictures until the COVID-19 situation is under control (if you can call it that).

Leaving behind the actual quality of these films (the vast majority of which I have not seen), the selection on offer is not exactly rife with blockbusters. It seems that the majority of what is currently slated for theatrical release in Quebec comes to us from France. With extensive distribution deals and a built-in release delay that dates back to way before the pandemic, it seems France will be more than equipped to keep our theatres full this fall.

Marina Foïs and Jonathan Cohen star in *Énorme* (Oct. 16), a comedy about a 40-something couple who, having never wanted a child, now find themselves expecting. Nicolas Boukhrief's *Trois jours et une vie* (Oct. 9) is an adaptation of a

novel by Pierre Lemaitre centering around the disappearance of a child in the Belgian countryside; Sandrine Bonnaire and Charles Berling star. Comedian Blanche Gardin, Denis Podalydès and Corinne Masiero star in *Effacer l'historique* (Oct. 30), an ensemble comedy about three 40-somethings who finds themselves backed up against the wall with issues of catfishing, revenge porn and bad Uber ratings.

Christopher Walken (who we don't really see as often as we once did) stars as the titular Percy in *Percy* (Oct. 16), an environmental drama about an ageing farmer (based on the real-life activist Percy Schmeiser) who goes to war with a GMO-hawking corporation. Zach Braff and Christina Ricci co-star in the film, which premiered as part of FCVQ earlier this year. Walken is also appearing in a supporting role in *The War With Grandpa* (Oct. 9), a family film starring Robert De Niro as a grandfather who moves back in with his children and finds himself in a land struggle for bedroom space with his grandson.

Emmanuel Schwartz and Sarah-Jeanne Labrosse star in *La contemplation du mystère* (Oct. 16), a trippy-looking thriller from Albéric Aurtèneche, making his feature debut after many acclaimed shorts. Sophie Dupuis follows up her acclaimed debut *Chien de garde* with *Souterrain* (Oct. 9), a drama set in the mines of her native Abitibi. Joakim Robillard stars as a young miner tortured over an accident that

paralyzed his best friend (Théodore Pellerin) years prior, and who must get over that trauma when an explosion in a mine requires him to be part of the rescue mission. Guillaume Cyr, Mickaël Gouin and James Hyndman co-star.

It's been a while since we've seen a Liam Neeson old-man action movie, but even a global pandemic won't stop him. *Honest Thief* (Oct. 9) sees Neeson slip into the role of a bank robber who decides to turn himself in only to be double-crossed by the FBI. Kate Walsh, Jai Courtney and Mark Duplass co-star. Kodi Smit-McPhee (*Nightcrawler* from the last two *X-Men* films) and Ryan Kwanten (*True Blood*) star in *2067* (Oct. 2), an Australian sci-fi film about (what else) a dying world.

Champions (Oct. 30) is a documentary by Helgi Piccini that follows his own brother, Stéphane, as he trains for the Special Olympics. Documentaries are another safe bet for these uncertain COVID times — also being released this month are Marlene Edoyan's *The Sea Between Us* (Oct. 2), which focuses on two women on either side of the Lebanese civil war, and *I Am Greta* (Oct. 16), a biographical look at the life of climate activist Greta Thunberg.

The Festival du nouveau cinéma, which will now be entirely digital due to Montreal's COVID-19 red zone status, starts on Oct. 7 and runs until Oct. 31. Watch cultmtl.com for a thorough rundown of titles once they are revealed.

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BY LORRAINE CARPENTER

The debut of *Canada's Drag Race* on Crave in July arrived at a perfect time, when we were starved for entertainment, starved for escapist drama and needed an excuse to stay away from house parties.

The Canadian take on the type of competitive TV show spearheaded by RuPaul was an instant success, spawning a fanbase — with its partisan, catty contingent — that mirrors its American counterpart, at least proportionately.

By popular demand, the show's top queens are on a drive-in tour (coming to Montreal on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1), and will appear together as part of the forthcoming (all streaming, all free) version of the Just for Laughs festival. In advance of all that, I spoke to Montreal queen and *Canada's Drag Race* finalist Rita Baga, who mesmerized TV audiences with her costumes, make-up and fierce emotion and made us laugh with her cheese-curd-popping Queb representation and depiction of a totally wrecked Edith Piaf.

Lorraine Carpenter: **What were your top three *Canada's Drag Race* moments, on or off camera?**

Rita Baga: **Winning the first challenge was a top moment. Also finding out who was cast on the show, that I actually already had plenty of friends there, people I knew before the show. That was kind of comforting. Also, just to make it to the end was a dream come true.**

LC: **You represented Quebec so well, and much more than the other contestants repped their regions. Why was that important for you?**

RB: **There has been one Canadian queen on *RuPaul's Drag Race*, she was from Toronto and that was a known fact, and half the cast (of *Canada's Drag Race*) were from Toronto or close to Toronto, so it was important to let people know I am from Montreal. More deeply than that, it was also a feeling of pride to be from my hometown. I don't know if that is the case for the other contestants as well but I'm very proud to be from Montreal so I let everyone have it (laughs).**

We were only two from Quebec, and Kiara was eliminated in episode five, so I was the only one left from a province that was east of Ontario. I felt pressure to represent, even a moral obligation. I knew the people would be watching me from my province in my hometown so I wanted to make people proud.

LC: **I understand that Rita Baga started out as a plus-size queen.**

RB: **Yeah, I was 125 pounds heavier than I am now.**

LC: **Wow. I'm curious: Did you face the same kind of discrimination and other challenges in the drag scene as any bigger person in the mainstream world, or was there maybe more acceptance because drag is about being different?**

RB: **To be very fair and honest, as we're doing something that's very look-oriented, if you're overweight, people are making comments about it. When I first started to do drag, I heard all of the possible comments that I could hear as an overweight person, but then I decided to take it as a strength and not a weakness. I started to do the opposite of what was expected at the time, which was to only perform to music by larger people. I did all the skinny pop artists, and I had fun with that. That's what made me popular, because I was not paying attention to the critics who said that I should do something that might be more appropriate for my body size.**



Rita Baga

Matt Barnes/Bett Media

I played with that concept, I looked fearless throughout, and that made me what I am today.

LC: **When you lost weight, did it happen gradually over years or was it Adele-style?**

RB: **In some ways it was a gradual process, but I had gastric surgery three or four years ago to take care of health issues. I had a very severe sleep apnoea and I got rid of it by getting rid of two thirds of my stomach. I've maintained the same weight, and I feel good, I'm more healthy and I'm more confident in my body.**

LC: **When you were starting out, who were your main inspirations in the drag or the entertainment world?**

RB: **Well, of course I have always admired RuPaul. When the first season of *RuPaul's Drag Race* aired, I found out that there were very different types of drag, so people like Nina Flowers and Shannel helped me to figure out the way I wanted to do drag. In Montreal at the time, there were basically only two types of drag: the more femme, realistic-looking drag and the more clown-esque drag. But there are so many possibilities now.**

LC: **Tell me about how you started out in the local scene.**

RB: **I was living with three other new drags at the time, almost 14 years ago now. One of them was hired to be a bartender and the other two of us decided to just go out and have some fun. Mado saw us three and immediately thought, "That reminds me so much of what I used to be, just club-kidding around." She wanted to capture that same energy, so she hired me and the two others just to be there, hang out**

and drink with the customers. That's the way I started to do drag. At a certain point, they started asking us to perform as a trio, then to do the final performance of the night, and after that Mado asked me to perform in solo numbers.

LC: **How does it feel to be performing in front of people on the drive-in tour? How is it going so far?**

RB: **We had the premiere last weekend in Calgary and it was amazing to be back on a real outdoor stage. The lighting is great, they have two giant screens as well — it's a very high budget, big-production show. It's just amazing to be back with my sisters from the competition and to see them in another format that's not a reality show, just performing together. We each have a solo show and we have group numbers where we had to learn choreography. It's a very fun, very cool show. I had a blast in Calgary, but Montreal is my hometown so I'm very excited about this one. It's going to be epic.**

LC: **What can you tell me about the Just for Laughs panel coming up?**

RB: **It's going to be a little reunion of the top four (queens from the show), and one of the judges will be there, Stacy. It's based on a "What's the Tee?" concept so they will bring out different topics. The day before the (show's) finale, we did the media press day, I think we had 20 interviews, but Jimbo was not there because he was not in the top three. So now we have a chance to do it with him and he's completely crazy when he does interviews — that's going to be cool.**

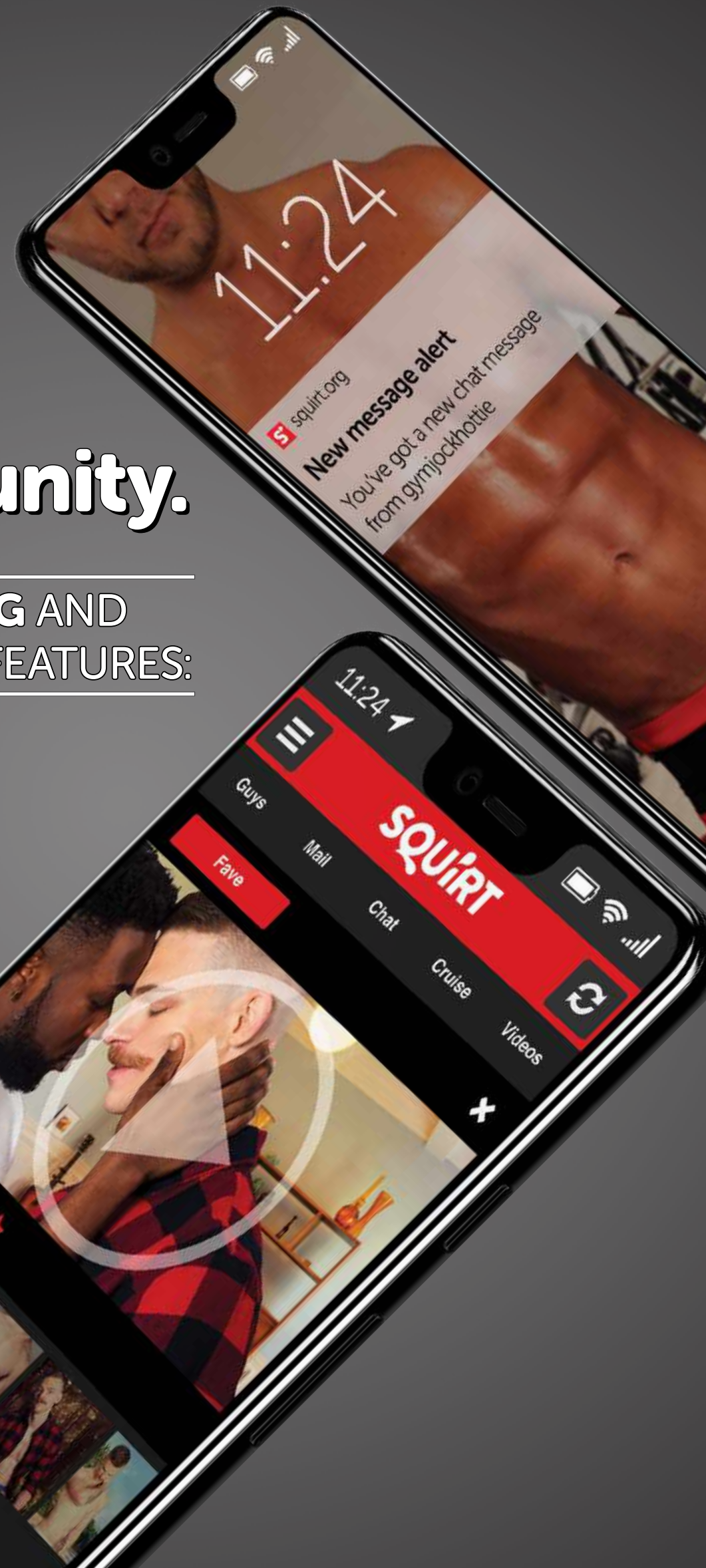
→ Rita Baga will appear in the *Canada's Drag Race* panel, streaming as part of the Just for Laughs festival on Saturday, Oct. 10, 7 p.m., festival.hahaha.com.

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Trauma Barbie

BY NADA TEMERINSKI

Trixie Mattel (aka Brian Firkus) is a comedian that also happens to be a Rupaul's Drag-Race All Star, a Billboard charting musician, a cosmetics entrepreneur, a New York Times best selling author, and one-half of Youtube's UNHhhh (with Katya Zamolodchikova).

Oh, and for some of us, Trixie is not only our "skinny legend" but also our real life "trauma Barbie."

Trixie Mattel: Hi! It's Trixie Mattel. What's up gal.

Nada Temerinski: Hi Trixie. I'm part of your favourite cohort of fans: touchy screamy straight girls.

TM: Nada, that's not just part of this, that's the meat and potatoes.

NT: So I know your backstory, and I'm guessing that a lot of your fans probably relate to you because they have also come through some kind of hardship growing up. Would you agree?

TM: Yeah, I mean I think I'm a lot of damaged people's "trauma Barbie." Going on tour and doing meet and greets is just like very emotionally available young women crying. Also, I'm like seven feet tall with big make-up, and I think I just spook the emotions out of people whether they like it or not.

NT: Your level of fandom is really intense. Does that responsibility weigh on you?

TM: Oh no, I love it! I always wanted to be famous. I know that is not a popular thing to say. You're supposed to say, "Oh, it all happened over night and I never expected this," but I love being Trixie. I mean honestly, famous people complaining about being famous to me is the cringiest, fakes problem. Girl, it's just being famous: 99.9 per cent of the time it's just people being super nice to you for no reason.

NT: After watching (the 2019 documentary) *Moving Parts*, it seems like not only are you fame-driven, but you also seem like a real caregiver.

TM: Truthfully, I started drag for myself and I am a selfish monster from hell. When people tell me that my drag helps them, I'm like "GREAT!" — didn't intend that at all. I think anyone who says, "I started drag to start important conversations" — no you didn't. You started drag for drink tickets and attention. For me, if people get something out of it that's therapeutic, great.

NT: Do you find that your radical honesty is what attracts people to you?

TM: There is something about me being in drag that allows me to say true things about myself. In drag, things about me are more amplified. I think the best and worst parts of my personality are amplified. Trixie is not a good person. Trixie's not a role model, exemplary or smart. She's kind of a piece of shit and that kind of honesty is relatable. Trixie's never the protagonist in the story. It's never, "Trixie is doing the right thing and everyone was wrong." She's usually the B-minus level humanitarian. Trixie doesn't make the claim to be Maya Angelou. She talks about things like putting on wigs, getting drinks and trying to get laid. Trixie's kind of like a clown stripper. It's a caricature of femininity and sexuality funnelled through a character that is unsuccessful at everything she does. Trixie's not a winner.

NT: Well she is an all-stars winner.



Trixie Mattel

TM: Oh yeah, I mean I always identify as a loser that won something. Trixie is like an optimistic realist and that is exactly what I am.

NT: You hosted *The Pit Stop of Canada's Drag Race*. What struck you about Canadian drag and Canadian culture?

TM: The no body pads thing was pretty much a shock to my system. That, I truly never recovered from. I love Canada, I tour Canada every time I go on tour. The audiences there are super nice. I feel like Canadians have this reputation for being, like, PTA-mom-level nice. Canadians also have no problem laughing at anything, which I love. Americans are so fragile and afraid, and Canadians really don't mind. I'm never going to get cancelled by Canadians.

NT: Yeah, because all you have to say at the end of it is, "I'm sorry."

TM: Yeah, just say I'm sorry! Canadians will laugh if I make a joke about my love handles and my dead dad or whatever. Canadians are freaks, let me tell you this. One time I did a show in Canada and the woman who picked me up at the airport had no shoes on. She said to me, "Don't have none!" and I said, "Why don't you have any?" and she said to me, "I don't need 'em." So that's also Canada.

NT: You had a guitar made by local Mile End artisan Lenny of Daddy Mojo Guitars.

TM: YEAH! That's like my fancy fancy top tier artisan guitar that never leaves the house, it's so fancy.

NT: How'd you two connect?

TM: I don't remember. I think Lenny did a pink guitar, just for his own enjoyment. And I was getting tagged a lot and then I reached out to him and I asked him would you ever do a guitar for me? And he said yes.

NT: I bet most of his friends were like, "Trixie who?"

TM: Yes. Honestly, especially with "Video Games" this week being at #33 on the charts. Whenever there's some kind of crossover like that, the comments are always really nice, but it's funny seeing straight people find the right vocabulary when they're trying to be nice and they don't even know what to call me. I'm a small town person myself and I'm very into straight people who have never seen a drag show in their life. Maybe I'm the person they discover on the internet and then they're like, "Oh now I have some point of reference." I like being people's first drag queen.

NT: Then there's Trixie Cosmetics. I don't even wear any make-up but I watch your YouTube make-up videos. I especially loved your video with Juno Birch.

TM: Icon, yeah. Usually when she's in L.A. she stays at my house. So I get her to do something for me. You can stay at my house if you're ever in town, but you'd have to do a video for me.

NT: Did you just say that to me?!

TM: Yeah! Now you have to do a makeup video for me, get over here. Thank you.

NT: I guess dreams really do come true. Well, Trixie, what can we expect at your upcoming JFL show?

TM: Oh it's me and Nicole Byer having a candid chat about what it is like to be "truly drop dead beautiful" because, you know, both she and I are probably two of the most beautiful women to ever walk the earth. Nicole and I are good friends. We hung out last year at JFL. Girl, the level of drunk we got. I know this is probably unprofessional, but the level of drunk we got at last year's festival bar talking to French Canadian people was too much, too much. I love her and I can't wait to rehash because we always have such a good time together.

→ Trixie Mattel will appear alongside Nicole Byer in *Conversations With Funny People*, streaming live as part of the Just for Laughs festival.



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MJ Guider

BY RYAN DIDUCK

Baldi/Gerycz Duo, "Frog Congress at Dawn,"
After Commodore Perry Service Plaza
(American Dreams Records)

The word "chancery" fascinates me. It means "an office attached to an embassy or consulate": "a medieval writing office," according to Wikipedia. The chancery is the interior where decisions are made, to be executed out there, in the real world. But there is also a seedier connotation, because "chancery" by nature contains the British slang "chancer" — literally, a person who takes chances. A chancer is a sketchy sort, someone who throws dice in back alleys, someone who cheats a little bit — not a lot, just enough — to gain some sort of petty advantage. A chancer is a bit sleazy, hitting on your partner right in front of you, leering. So, chancery could also be the pursuit of a chancer, a chancer being one who engages in chancery. We are only given so many chances in this life. It's time to make the most of them.

MJ Guider, "Simulus," *Sour Cherry Bell*
(Kranky Records)

In mid-March, as the lockdowns were imposed, I pulled out my Brother Activator 800T mechanical typewriter and started writing. I wasn't sure if the power or internet would go out, if there would be total chaos in the streets, if the world would end. A voice awakened in me, though, and every day for three months, I pounded words into my Brother. It was a liberating way to write: there is no 'erase' function on that particular model of paper machine, so if I made a mistake, I had to accept it and just

keep going. Since it wasn't connected to anything, not even a wall outlet, there was never an impulse to switch screens, to check the news, to refresh a Twitter feed, to quickly send an email.

I began to look forward to my time spent in front of the typewriter, the sturdy clack of the keys which needed to be pressed intentionally, not simply hinted at like the keys of a laptop; the ding of the bell when I reached the margin, reminding me to return onto another line of text. I wrote about things I never would have written about on a computer, because it felt safer somehow to have the indelibility of ink on a page. I wrote about the state of things, but also about memories that have plagued me since childhood, about my other obsessions: David Letterman, William S. Burroughs-style literary cut-ups, conspiracy theories, sex, drugs and snooker. The pages started piling up, and by May I had a book. That book is now out (digitally) via Repeater. It's called *The Limits of Control*, and I couldn't stop you from reading it if I tried. Verily, the word is a virus, because I have the word, and now you do, too.

Lee Paradise, "Message to the Past," *The Fink LP*
(Telephone Explosion Records)

When we slip into dark places, it's because of an absence in our lives, a lack — of companionship, of love, of money, of choice, opportunity, agency. Something's missing. Talking about it doesn't help. It's like going to an AA meeting and talking about how badly you want a drink, or talking about the good times, or even the horrible times you had when you were drinking. Talk doesn't fill the void. The void can be just as much for pleasure as for pain, too. The pleasure or pain of moments stretches out for far longer than the moments themselves. This is what we call memory. When you're in the company of memory, you're in the grip of loss.

Oneohtrix Point Never, "Auto & Allo," *Magic Oneohtrix Point Never* (Warp Records)

Going into stores has become a surreal experience. Like a Pharmaprix: the most ordinary objects have taken on another kind of character entirely. I scan the products lining the shelf behind the clerk's till. Nearly obsolete cameras and game cartridges, straight-to-video DVDs and a stack of Celine Dion's Greatest Hits on CD, wrapped in 20-year-old cellophane. A sad lot. Some of them pleaded, some sulked, some shouted in anger at being left alone, but they were all alone. Hanging on the wall, waiting for someone to take them home, to make them a part of their life — to love them. These unclaimed products were inseparable from their content and provoked a profound empathy that even most humans could no longer muster in me. At that moment, they were the most honest objects in existence, naked in their desperation and futility.

Masma Dream World, "Becoming the Magician,"
Play at Night (Northern Spy)

Not long ago, I watched as a couple moved their infant child from the stroller into the car. They worked in perfect tandem, her opening the back door and him detaching the baby carriage from the stroller, nestling it into the back seat, snapping the seatbelt in place, removing the blanket from over the child's face and gently closing the door shut. Then he folded up the stroller and fit it into the hatchback like he'd done it a thousand times. They performed this like a choreographed ballet or an acrobatics routine. As she started the car and opened all the windows, I could hear the song on the radio — the Hollies' "The Air That I Breathe."

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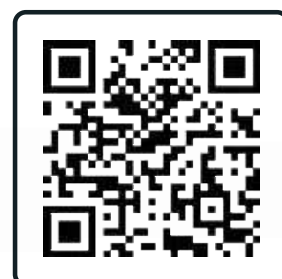
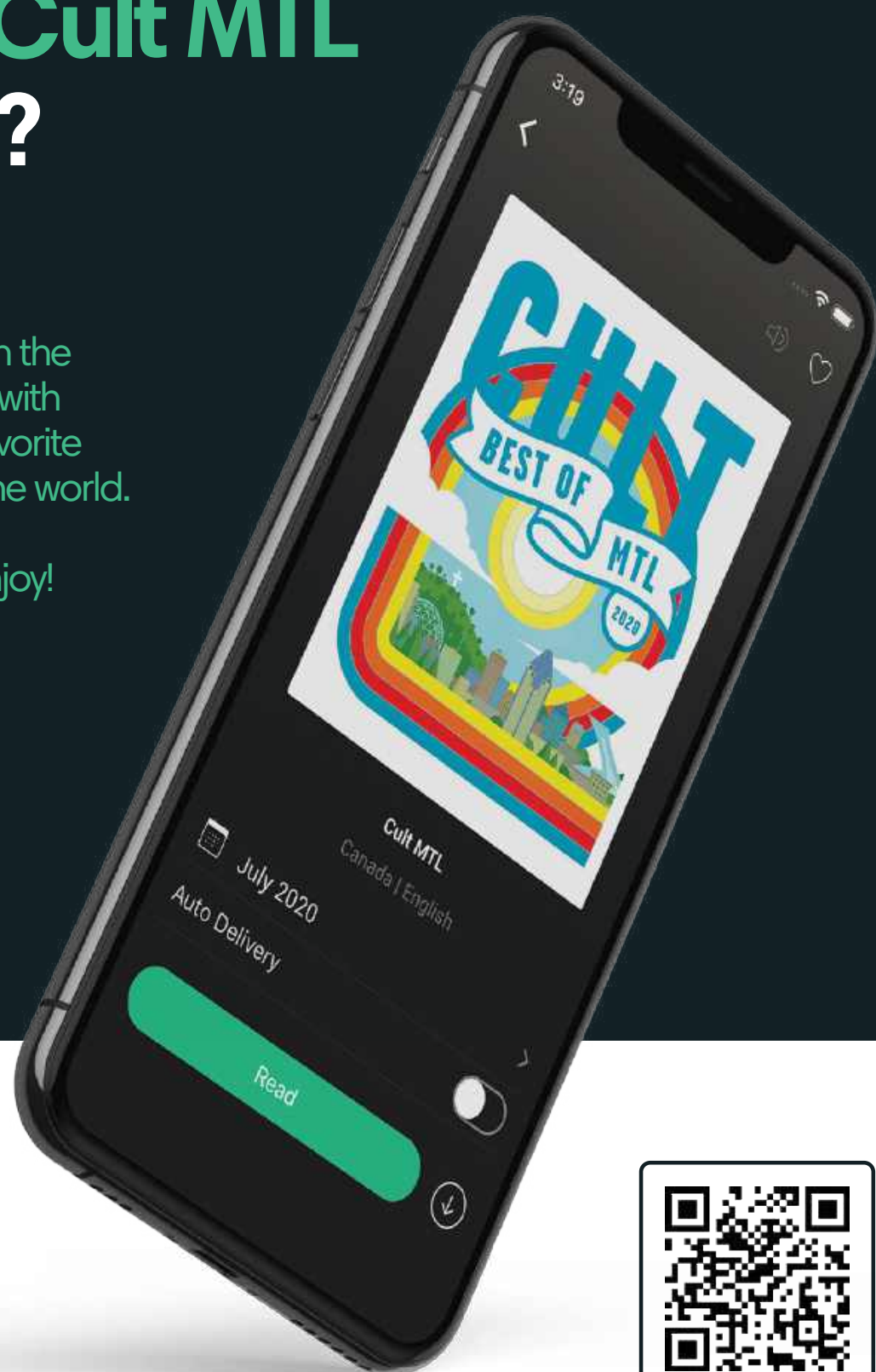
Rajni Perera, *Ancestor 2*, 2019.
Courtesy of Patel Brown Gallery, Toronto.



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OCT 10, SATURDAY | 1.30 PM
Oliver Jeffers launches *What We'll Build*



OCT 15, THURSDAY | 7 PM
Eva Cocker + Morgan Murray
double launch

OCT 29, THURSDAY | 7 PM
Anne Helen Peterson launches *Can't Even*

NOV 5, THURSDAY | 7 PM
Leanne Betasamosake Simpson
launches *Noopiming*

NOV 12, THURSDAY | 7 PM
François Vigneault launches *Titan*

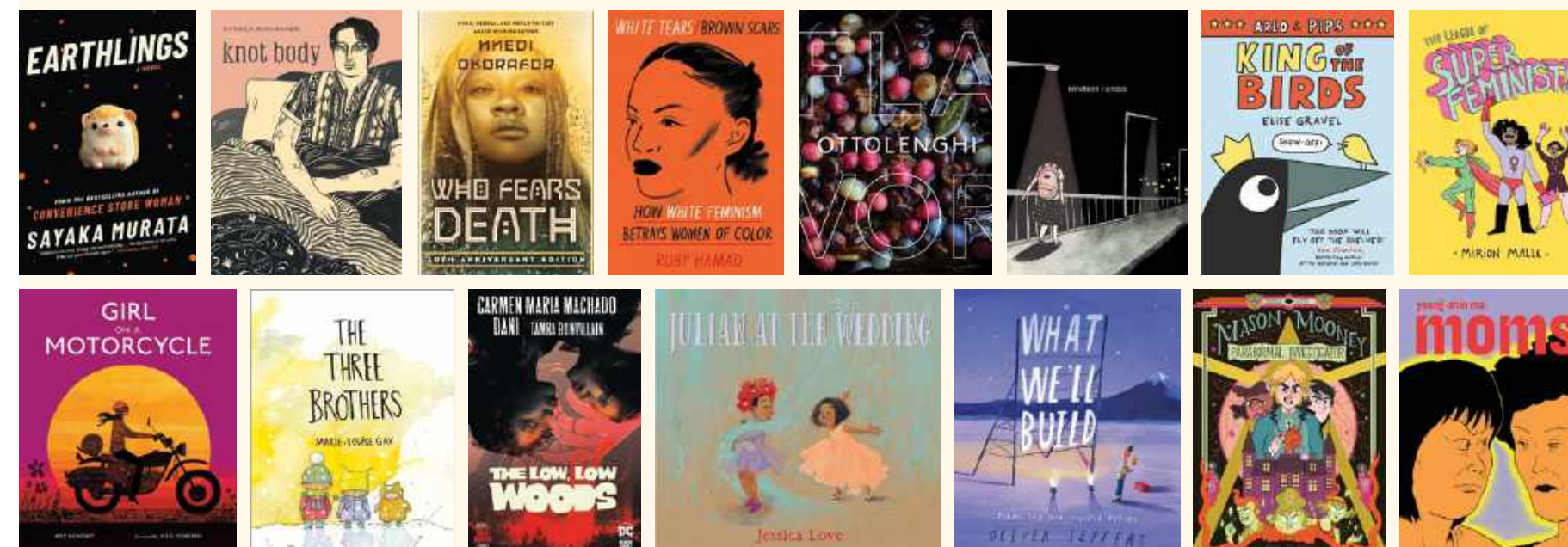
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- OCT 14, WEDNESDAY | 7 PM **GRAPHIC NOVEL**
Moms by Yeong-shin Ma
- OCT 17, SATURDAY | 6 PM **YOUNG READERS**
Ikenga by Nnedi Okorafor
- OCT 20, TUESDAY | 7 PM **STRANGE FUTURES**
Dear Cyborgs by Eugene Lim
- OCT 21, WEDNESDAY | 7 PM **LOCAL READS**
Taximan by Stanley Péan
- OCT 27, TUESDAY | 7 PM **NEW READS**
How To Pronounce Knife by Souvankham Thammavongsa
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Winter Counts by David Heska Wanbli Weiden
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