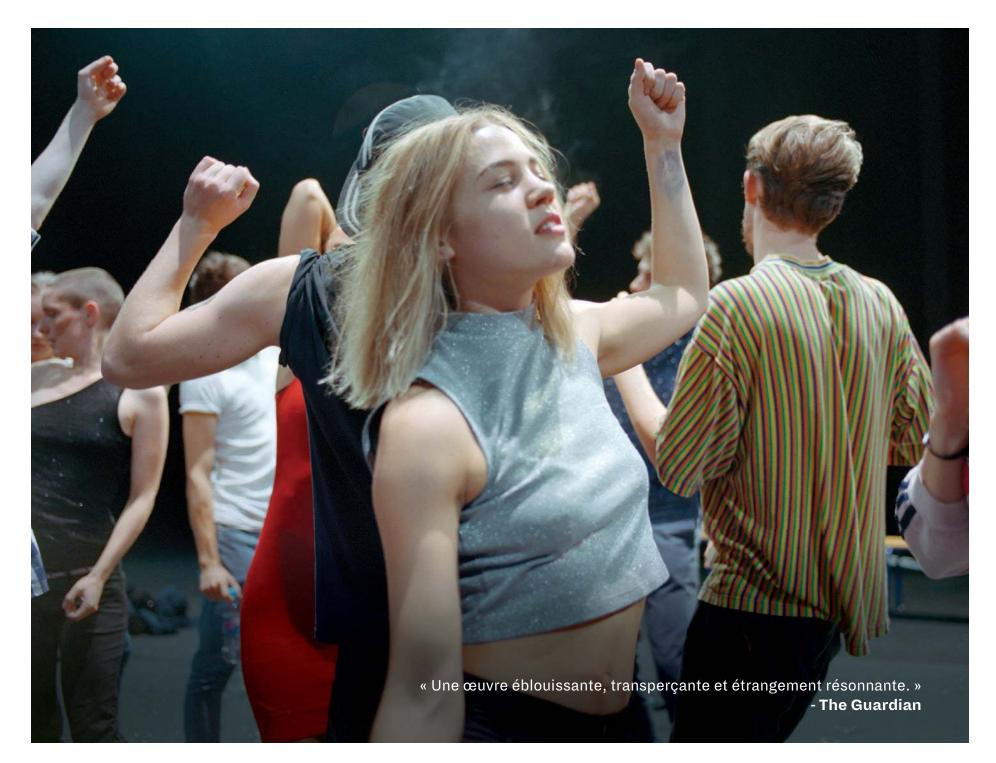


* Basquiat x MBAM * Taras Kulish * Park Chan-wook * Champs * Table Cachée



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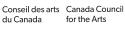
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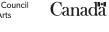


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Loud: Basquiat and Music, we spoke to exhibition co-curator Mary-Dailey Desmarais, who's also the Chief Curator at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and Parisian author and jazz historian Vincent Bessières, who assisted with the development of this ambitious exploration of an art icon.

Ahead of the opening of Seeing

Cover photo © Ben Buchanan (Basquiat with his 1985 installation Klaunstance at Area, 1985)

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Cult MTL is...

Lorraine Carpenter editor-in-chief lorraine.carpenter@cultmontreal.com

Justine Smith film editor justine.smith@cultmontreal.com

Clayton Sandhu food editor

Dave MacIntyre contributing editor (music)

Savannah Stewart contributing editor (arts)

Paul Desbaillets contributing editor (football culture)

Chris Tucker art director

Advertising ads@cultmontreal.com

Contributors: Johnson Cummins Ryan Alexander Diduck Connor Harrison Erik Leijon Darcy MacDonald

Special Thanks: Ashley Fish-Robertson

General inquiries + feedback info@cultmontreal.com

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<u>city</u> West-sized stories

BY DARCY MACDONALD

Yassin "Narcy" Alsalman has been teaching since he picked up a mic in his teens.

But the MC, author, label and lifestyle company director and cultural curator has also been a bona fide prof with a podium to educate Concordia students on the world around them through the medium of hip hop, its roots in historic oppression and its place in modern power politics for almost a decade.

This semester, Narcy has signed his teaching contract to the majors with a course he conceived and developed that focuses on arguably the most polarizing figure in hip hop history, and certainly the most debated-about artist in modern popular culture: Kanye West.

Kanye vs. Ye: Genius By Design filled its 200 seats immediately. Unironically, *Late Registration* was never going to be an option for this class.

This summer, Narcy and his wife, author Sundus Abdul Hadi, also opened a bookstore, cultural space and getaway, Maktaba — a college drop-in, if you will — in Old Montreal.

We spoke with Alsalman about the class and the shop. And in conversation, one topic naturally led to the other. Because for Narcy, the medium is always, inextricably, the message.

Darcy MacDonald: Congrats on the store! Tell me about it, how did it come to be?

Narcy: During the pandemic, I was teaching on Zoom for two years, but I had nowhere to teach because the kids were home. Initially, Sundus and I were looking for an office space to work in, but she always had this dream of opening a book shop, and we were both published during the pandemic. (His book was *Text Messages: Or How I Found Myself Time Travelling*, hers *Take Care of Yourself: The Art and Politics of Care and Liberation.*) We never got to feel what it was like to tour with a book, you know? It was pre-vax. We both worked really hard and then it just sorta felt like, "Oh, we put a book out."

So we decided to build the store. I have a passion for clothing and merchandise and she has a very big passion for books. So we combined those passions and split the task up of her conceptually curating the book choices, and I design all of our merchandise and stock all of our friends who are artists and who have brands.

The purpose of the space, and one of the things we always come back to, is that when we were in university in our 20s, and 9/11 happened, it was a very particular era. We weren't as distracted, or couldn't be as easily distracted, because we didn't have smartphones and stuff like that.

(So) we created a cultural space to share our culture but a lot of our culture is this beauty of being in the moment with each other, sharing a Turkish coffee or a tea and sitting having a conversation. And we wanted to do that specifically for youth from our community, but it's open to everybody.

It's an amazing location. It's across from the Pointe-à-Callière museum. We have four arched windows and you basically see all the way to Habitat 67 from our shop. And all of the merchandise we have is numbered, collectible pieces. Everything we touch in our space is not mass-produced.

You know, after this fall semester and after teaching this Kanye class at Concordia, it will have been 10 years since I've been teaching. And I find that the further I go into the process of teaching youth, the more I feel like they feel trapped. There are no mindful spaces for them, spaces where they can go and then leave with something that's gonna change their worldview. Spaces where they can go and just take 15 or 20 minutes and just read a book and step back from all of their worries and their problems momentarily.

Half of the shop is that. It's a space for anybody, really, but particularly the youth coming up right now that need a book that could change their life, or just sit down and have a cup of tea. The view is beautiful where we're at.

DM: What was the process of pitching the course to Concordia like and what was the administrative response?

Narcy: I was in my ninth year of teaching (the hip hop course) and I was just kind of fed up with the content. I started thinking about coming up with a new way to get a kid to pick up a Frantz Fanon book that isn't like, "This is race studies. Read this book." Or another way for them to think critically about the production of a sneaker without being force-fed that there's child labour that makes these shoes.

l want them to be interested in

understanding where some of the studies behind things (come from). So I thought, "Who is the perfect conduit for this?" And I'm a huge Kanye fan. I've been a huge fan since The College Dropout came out and since I was in university.

(This idea) was pre-*Donda* and pre-*Donda*-rollout and before even knowing what *Donda* was, and when he went rogue, kind of, around the release, I pitched it to Eldad Tsabary, my senior who I'd report to at the Faculty of Fine Arts department. He was like, "I love this idea." He's a music dude and he left FFAR to become the chair of the Music department, now.

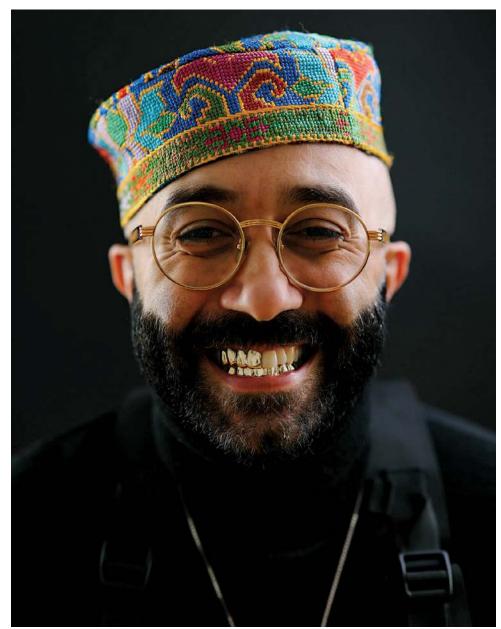
So convincing him was easy. But what was great about him was that he pushed back on me and was like, "What are you gonna do? What are you gonna teach?" Because it was a cool idea at first, but I didn't have a framework for it. Then in March, someone tweeted that it was on, like, "Oh my God, Kanye Concordia class." And it went nuts and people started tagging me, like, "You must be the teacher of this class." Next thing you know, *TMZ* is calling me. Then I felt the real pressure. And I think the university did, too. They got (the comparable equivalent of) a \$100,000 PR rollout that came out of nowhere, on its own. Nobody hollered at anybody and everybody called.

The class filled up in 10 minutes. I got 200 students. So of course then I went to Eldad and I was like, "Do we push it to 500?" 'Cause I'm a hip hop head, you know? "Do we fill the venue up?"

But he said, "No, 200 is the cap for classes or you're gonna lose your mind."

So I started building the class.

You know, when I met Kanye the first time was at the Concordia show at Medley (headlined by) Talib Kweli in 2003. I freestyled with Loes and Kanye! Kweli hit me and was like, "What are you doing teaching a Kanye class?" But he knows I'm thoughtful.



I have Coodie from the Netflix doc (*jeen-yuhs*) coming to talk to the students. And we have Nabil (Elderkin) who directed Kanye's videos up until 808s & Heartbreak as a guest, too.

DM: You touched on something important before and I want to circle back. This is a perfect critical thinking exercise, especially for these times. Even if kids have some innate sense of it — and I think a lot of kids have an innate sense of a truth they're seeking — these times are confusing.

Narcy: There was something Kanye said in his documentary. "I need a translator." And I think I've always known that — as a Gemini, as an artist, and as somebody who's always had to break my own mould to remain independent. I didn't get into the industry, I wasn't with Jay-Z and I don't have this American capitalist ambition to become a billionaire. I live in humble-ass Montreal.

And I've always understood Kanye as an artist. But I was also very perplexed by some of his (approaches). In fact, he knows he's being subversive but he doesn't know how to say it. And he's almost too famous to be subversive.

With this Ye class, his work and his sound and his aesthetic are the bait. The hook is the education that I want to give them behind it. So we're gonna talk about imperialism and colonialism and peak capitalism, and him wearing a white mask and how that's exactly what Frantz Fanon talks about in a metaphorical way.

Kanye may or may not be aware of that. But he is a Black man who grew up in America and has just a natural understanding that that's how people view him. So it's just about opening their eyes by talking about Kanye. Because everyone is interested in Kanye. He's an attention magnet. So if I can get them to read McLuhan through Kanye, then my job is complete.

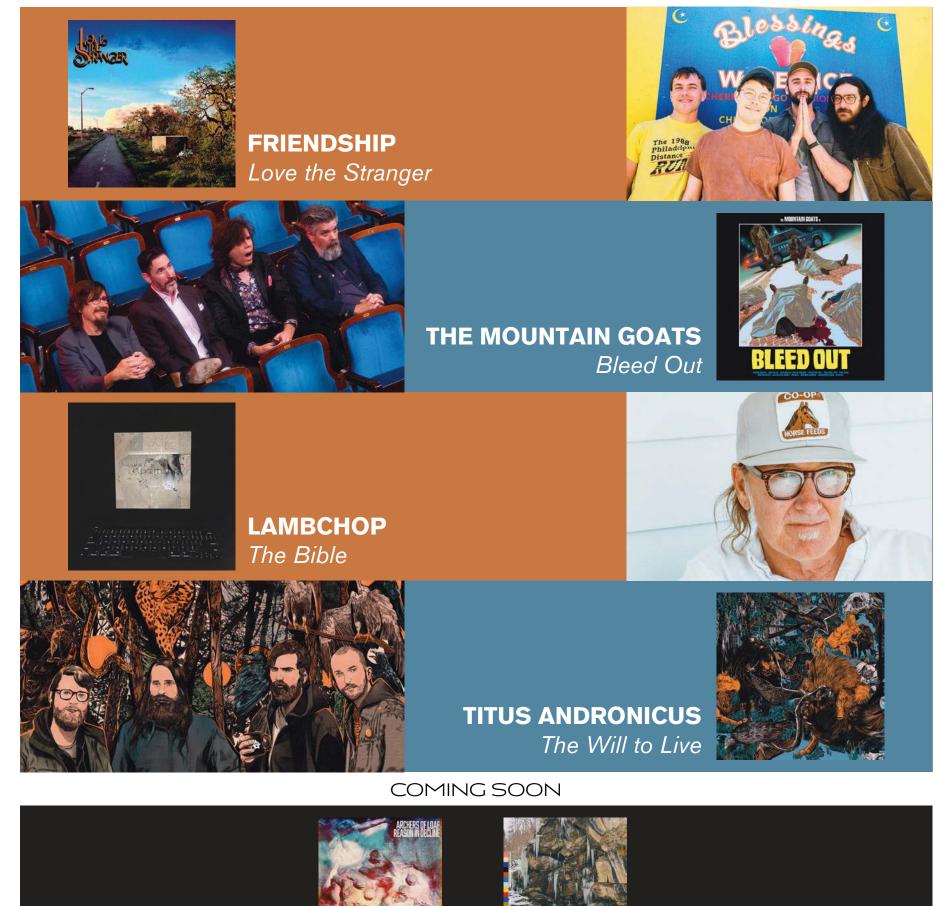
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: best buds



BY DAVE MACINTYRE

Yep, I did it: I got myself one bag each of the three types of edibles now available at the SQDC, courtesy of the Rilaxe brand. Although figs, beets and cauliflower might sound like three of the most unappetizing food choices you could use for your edible products (when they'd surely be making a killing if they sold brownies, cookies and/or gummies), I figured it was worth a shot to see if they were actually as bad and/or as bland as people on the socials have been fearing. Clearly, the government wants us

to *eat* our greens while we consume that green. Worse yet, the packaging is far bigger than what's actually inside like opening the emptiest, saddest bag of chips you just wasted a handful of coin on at the dep.

Bizarre foods and wasteful packaging aside, my morbid curiosity still got the better of me, to see if it's worth bearing the taste of dried veggies to get that desired effect. Let's find out.

BEETS

Strangely enough, these don't look much at all like beets, even if they taste like them. They're more or less just like beet-flavoured chips that even look and feel almost like Pringles if you added blood-red food colouring into the mixture. Luckily, they don't taste as awful as I'd thought they might (I'm not a fan of beets at the best of times) - in fact, they're quite crunchy and salty. The high is also pretty fastacting, and you can sort of taste the THC in there. Even if it's not an overwhelming effect, it gets the job done. 7.5/10

CAULIELOWER

Not only are cauliflower among my least favourite vegetables on a plate, there's no surprise that it's also the worst-tasting of the three edibles reviewed here. For one, breaking it into smaller pieces results in breaking it into actual, crystallized-looking smithereens (which I guess makes it easier?). You can tell how dried the cauliflower is when you taste it, too, and I frankly still haven't finished the bag even as I write this. It's still pretty crunchy, and serves its intended purpose, but not much more good can be found with this one. 5/10

FIGS

These look a bit like if you took a fig newton and then decided to squish and stretch it beyond recognition. Nonetheless, this was definitely the tastiest and sweetest of the three. They also kind of taste a bit like if you made edibles out of Sun-Maid Raisins - which I'd honestly be super down for. Be careful though, this shit can get stuck in your teeth reaaalllll quick, and may not be the best for those with sensitive teeth. But it's inarguably the best-tasting THC-infused snack in this (admittedly underwhelming) bunch. 8.5/10



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:the 1st half



BY PAUL DESBAILLETS

Since our last catch-up, a coach was given \$300-million to spend on a team, only to be let go, our local club CF Montréal qualified for the MLS playoffs and the Canadian Men's National team is looking strong for this year's World Cup, whereas Team England is not.

Let's start on this side of the pond with Team Canada, which continues to impress. At the end of September, the Men's National team won 2–0 vs. the World Cup host country, Qatar. They also lost 2–0 vs. Uruguay, in a proper test of quality. These friendlies serve as great preparation for this young energetic team, a preview of how they'll stack up in the big tournament. This was their last World Cup tune-up until they fly across the globe.

On the subject of World Cup and MLS connections, CF Montréal had five players called into action to perform for the Canadian Men's National team: defenders Alistair Johnston, Kamal Miller, GOAL Initiatives Foundation ambassador Joel Waterman, as well as midfielders Ismaël Koné and Samuel Piette. Anticipation is red-hot to learn who will be enlisted in November.

Continuing with CF Montréal, this youthful team has been strengthening as the season has progressed. The club locked their place in the MLS playoffs, with their final game of the season scheduled for Oct. 9, at 2:30 p.m. ET in Miami. There is a good chance they can go quite far in the playoffs.

The top seven teams from both the eastern and western conferences will qualify for the Audi 2022 MLS Cup Playoffs, which will again consist of a single elimination match, hosted by the eighth-seeded team and following straightbracket format through to the MLS Cup Final on Nov. 5.

Jetting over to Europe to learn what has been unfolding in the U.K.: The England Men's National side has been relegated from the UEFA Nations League by the Azzurri. As a reminder, Italy beat England in last year's Euros in a brutal and heartbreaking penalty kick victory.

I have never shielded the fact that I bleed blue, so this will open an old wound, but my beloved Chelsea Football Club sacked Thomas Tuchel as manager after a poor start to the season — and after he spent £300,000,000 pounds rebuilding the club with new players! Chelsea's new American owners fired the coach just three months after completing their takeover of the club from previous Russian owner Roman Abramovich. Tuchel's 100th game in charge of CFC was against Dinamo Zagreb, in which they lost 1–0 in the Champions League. On the culture side of things, we saw the *Ted Lasso* crew and its AFC Richmond Football Club brand lock into football history by being placed in the recent version of *FIFA 23* video game.

Music wise, in the span of a few weeks, we had Lil Baby showcase his official World Cup song and anthem "The World Is Yours To Take" and a proper cameo was made by everyone's favourite Portuguese manager, José Mourinho, in a Stormzy video "Mel Made Me Do It." JM appears alongside Stormzy with his finger pressed to his lips while sampled audio of his famous "I prefer not to speak" post-match quote plays. I love this drama, and watching social media explode is even better.

David Beckham's Save Our Squad debuts on Disney Plus on Nov. 9. The reality show follows Beckham mentoring the "Westward Boys," a young, grassroots team who are at the bottom of their league, facing relegation. This is the same league Beckham played in as a young boy from Leytonstone, so there is a deeply personal connection there. Working with the head coaches, DB tries to turn the season around for the young Westward Boys.

To conclude, Arsenal won 3–0 over Brentford, showcasing a 15-year-old named Ethan Nwaneri who became the youngest player in Premier League history. The English attacking midfielder, who was born in March 2007 (that's right, 2007!) and replaced Fábio Vieira in stoppage time at Brentford Community Stadium. Nwaneri beat the record held by Harvey Elliott at Liverpool FC.

Next month, we talk all things WORLD CUP. Oh baby!

"I love football, but I'm sick of the World Cup. I don't even care about England." —Elton John





food

The tasting menu conundrum



BY CLAY SANDHU

Here's the thing about tasting menus: I don't like them.

More often than not, they're overly conceptual, overly elaborate and inconsistent. The idea of a curated multicourse meal is right up my alley but for some reason (maybe ego, maybe food costs), tasting menus are frequently just a parade of hits and misses that lack any real sense of cohesion. So when I caught wind that the talented team behind the popular pandemic-era venture Menu Extra was hosting a series of private, fixed-menu dinners, I was torn.

Menu extra is known for taking dishes emblematic of French gastronomy and making them accessible to home cooks. Their meal-kit service ranked, for me, amongst the most memorable meal experiences of the last few years. Chefs Francis Blais and Camilo Lapointe-Nascimento along with sous-chef Han-Julien Lachapelle and Jean-Philippe Goneau impressed many in Montreal's restaurant scene with their precision cooking and thoughtful distillation of the restaurant dining experience. Over the last two years they threw some really lovely looking dinners in vineyards around the province —I figured if any group of cooks could change my mind about tasting menus, it'd be them.

Now in its seventh or so edition (depending on how you count their various pop-ups), Menu Extra's La Table Cachée is a relatively straightforward concept: four services over four nights — 20 seats per service. The evening includes a generous 10-course menu plus wine pairings. It's somewhat secret, highly exclusive and comes with a whopping \$295 price tag — per person. For context, that puts this meal in league with Toqué (about ~\$300 with wine pairings) and above Damas (~\$250 with the premium wine pairing), which positions their offering among the most expensive in town. For a meal served in what's ostensibly a converted garage, it's a bold proposition that feels like uncharted territory for Montreal.

Menu Extra is located on the northwest corner of St-Laurent and Fairmount, directly opposite Larrys. When I arrived at 7 p.m. for dinner, the garage doors were open and I could see a long table draped with pressed white tablecloths at which sat a number of well-dressed 30-somethings. Walking through the door, I was greeted by Menu Extra partner and sommelier Alexis Demers who greeted me warmly and promptly served me a glass of rosé bubbles from the cult Ardèche winemaker Anders Frederik Steen — just my kind of welcome. I was guided to my seat, which was directly next to the open kitchen.

There isn't much to say about the dining room because this location isn't really a restaurant. It is, in nearly every regard, a makeshift dining room inside of an industrial prep kitchen. However, it was a beautifully arranged table setting, dressed with Lehmann glassware and modern sliverware complete with sweet little ceramic cutlery rests. A special point of attention goes to the lighting, which delivered on the "intimate dinner party" promise by way of proper candles artfully dripping down their simple yet sophisticated candleholders. It made for an elegant juxtaposition that rang true for the "hidden table" concept. The kitchen and service staff, for their part, were clad in meticulously clean whites and aprons. With soft soul music playing in the background, Demers came around to my end of the table, topped up my glass and presented me with the menu for the evening: 10 ingredients, 10 courses.

The atmosphere was buzzy and convivial. Two servers whisked around the room while the kitchen, on their enormous kitchen island, began plating the first course: a little tomato and olive *tartelette*, or *chausson*, really. A variation on the classic Provençal *pissaladière*, this small but highly appetizing morsel of stuffed puff pastry was buttery, rich and sweet thanks to concentrated tomatoes, described as having been given a charcuterie treatment, which I understood to mean lightly cured. The hit of briny olives added a lovely touch of salt, although I wouldn't have minded a bit of anchovy for the full Provençal experience. In any case, an excellent start.

A small note: for the sake of brevity, I won't describe every dish that was served that night. Instead, I'll stick to describing the things that left the greatest impression and that I think best illustrate the experience. Most everything was good, some less, some more.

The first dish to make an impact on me was the "Tuna" course, which comprised two generous slices of raw bluefin tuna in a plum vinaigrette with currants. Served in a small ceramic bowl set within a larger bowl filled with crushed ice, it was a lovely sight to behold. Taste-wise, I initially found the dish to be lacking something — a touch of salt, maybe an extra bit of acidity — it all tasted very round. That was until I took a sip of wine. For this course, Demers cleverly paired the Surfer Rosa from Australian winemaker Ochota Barrels, A bright and savoury blend of Pinot and Grenache. the wine provided a salinity that brightened up the fish, and with notes of Damson plum, the wine emphasized the fruit and acidity in the vinaigrette. Separately, I think this dish and this wine are so-so but Demers demonstrated an adept ability to achieve a pairing greater than the sum of its parts something much easier said than done.

Logistically, however, there were some imperfections. The kitchen and service teams were working in near-perfect harmony to get the food in front of diners in a succinct and well-coordinated fashion. Once the food hit the table, however, the vibe changed. Blais would emerge from the kitchen and, in circus-barker fashion, would call the room to attention and then yell out the description of the dish. I mean, it did the trick, I suppose, but in a particularly indelicate way. Considering the lengths this team goes to deliver a highly refined experience, I found it to be a bit incongruous.

The next course was a section of roasted Chinese eggplant, sliced lengthwise and garnished with puffed rice and ginger with a dollop of deep brown "barbecue sauce" made of Jerusalem artichokes. Paired with La Soif du Mal, a blend

of muscat and macabeo from Languedoc winemakers, Les Foulards Rouges, the dish was aromatic and complex with the brightness and heat of fresh ginger effortlessly balancing the deep and funky flavour of the sunchoke barbecue sauce. Following the eggplant was a particularly excellent flatbread, billed on the menu as "poivron." Warm, fluffy and impossibly tender, the charred flatbread was served with a whipped roasted pepper butter and a type of oily peperonata. Who doesn't like a piece of warm bread and butter? Flatbread is such a pan-cultural food and, in all of its iterations, is delightful and altogether comforting. Menu Extra's was non-regionally specific and the butter hit notes of Calabrian bomba, Muhammara and even Balkan Ajvar. I could have eaten this dish a dozen times over. The bread was paired with the Listan Blanco from Tenerife's Borja Perez, which was smokey and saline with a stony minerality that comes from the rocky, volcanic soil on which the vines grow.

The least successful course of the night was the halibut and corn dish: a petite square of steamed halibut set in a velvety corn chowder flecked with bits of jalapeno and pancetta. On the menu, corn and halibut were listed as two separate courses. Leading into this course, we were served a surprise (and absolutely delicious) pesto gnocchi course, and were told the the corn dish would follow. I only mention this because when the corn and halibut course arrived, it felt as though it was a bandaid fix for something that went wrong during prep. To serve a soup at this point in the meal felt disjointed and in terms of concept it felt like a departure from the rest of the menu. It was tasty, don't get me wrong, but it wasn't a great corn dish nor was it a particularly great halibut dish. From what I know this team can do, I would have expected more, especially from the fish course on a \$300 menu. Demers. continued on a high note, however, pairing Faia, a Chenin blanc from Anjou by way of ex-Vancouverites Kenji and Mai Hodgson, which brought acidity and freshness to compliment the richness of the fish and just enough residual sugar to support the sweetness of the corn.

As the evening progressed, the polished aspects of the atmosphere started to come a bit undone. The smartly curated playlist moved away from the sophisticated soul vibe and into a mix of early 2000's club bangers, including one particularly jarring transition to a too-loud Lil Jon track. I'm not going to pass any judgement on whether the music is good or bad, I respect the subjectivity of taste, but it's a big ask for me to appreciate the nuance of currant to a backdrop of "Get Low." It might be small potatoes but it's details like this that make the difference between a good experience and an exceptional one.

Redemption came in the form of some delightful veal sweetbreads, served with girolles and an unctuous veal reduction. Paired with Gamay from Bugey's La Vigne Du Perron, this was the dish I found best reflective of the style of cooking I most associate with Menu Extra. Classic, perfectly cooked and utterly delicious. The final savoury course was an exquisite chicken roulade (breast meat rolled around minced thigh meat) served with a luscious concord grape jus. A perfect example of fine technique and pitch-perfect cooking, the poultry was stunning and its jus, a deep purple puddle studded with gently burst berries, is something I will not soon forget. It was paired with barbera from Northern Italian winemaker Cascina Corte — a lovely pairing to be sure although I might have liked something with a bit more brambly to stand up against the concord grape. Regardless, it was a standout hit of the evening.

With two courses remaining, the wine pairings ended. As the kitchen prepped the first of the two dessert courses, Demers and co. went around the room offering wine lists to patrons still interested in drinking or for those hoping to take a few bottles home. While I suppose ending the pairings with the savoury courses can be forgiven, what's a little harder to look past is the fact that the announcement of the end of the pairings and the introduction of the wine lists meant that for the remaining two courses the servers were entirely

occupied making wine recommendations and fetching bottles from the cellar. As servers became salespeople, a very lovely melon and vermouth palate cleanser went almost entirely unappreciated and the final course, a vin jaune crème brulée with *pommes noir* was enjoyed as somewhat of an afterthought. Both desserts were delightful and the crème brulée was one of the best dishes of the entire meal. At the price point, I would have expected the pairings to continue straight through dessert. Why not serve a glass of vermouth alongside the melon granité, for example, or a splash of vin jaune with the crème brulée? I found it to be a somewhat anticlimactic end to what had been a lovely meal.

I suppose another thing about tasting menus that irks me is the reality that more consideration, more elaborate menus and a much higher price tag do not always coincide with increased generosity. To their credit, everything was served with great hospitality and by no means did I leave needing a slice of pizza on the way home (not true of every tasting menu experience I've had), but for the very steep price tag, I supposed I expected a bit more. I understand that this is a for-profit venture and I want them to make their buck, but this is a dinner party, no? My feeling is that guests should leave feeling spoiled. To that end, most of my feelings about tasting menus remain unchanged. Menu Extra was able to put together one of the most complete and cohesive menus I've had in ages, but to call it faultless would be an exaggeration. With that said, I have no doubt that these dinners will only continue to get better — as is, it's far and away the best tasting menu I've had in Montreal.

If you have the budget and you're looking for a truly unique dining experience in Montreal by one of the tightest kitchen crews on the scene, I would highly recommend booking a seat at La Table Cachée. Oh, and you're in luck. A new edition of the dinner series is being held on Oct. 12 through the 15th and again from the 19th through the 22nd. Reservations can be made at menuextra.ca

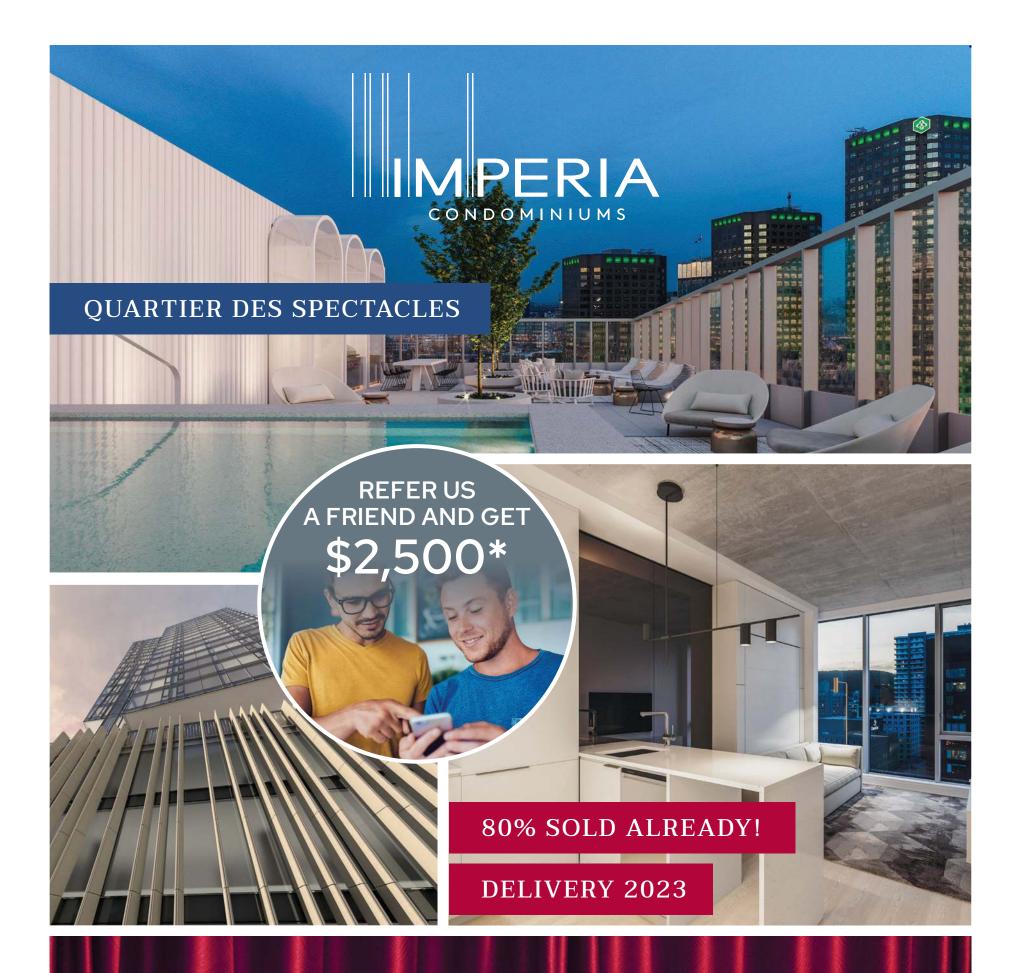


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Second (fiddle) to none

BY RYAN ALEXANDER DIDUCK

As the Orchestre Classique de Montréal heads into a new season, its director general, Taras Kulish, is at once enthusiastic and reflective. And busy. Very busy.

"It's been non-stop ever since Boris's death," Kulish admits of his hectic schedule after we finally manage to arrange a quick and efficient but nonetheless pleasant FaceTime conversation. Having been involved with the OCM since 2013, Kulish has now stepped full-time into the breach, due in equal parts to tragedy and necessity.

Boris Brott, the OCM's long-time conductor and son of Lotte and Alexander Brott, who founded the ensemble as the McGill Chamber Orchestra in 1939, died in a hitand-run in Hamilton in April 2022. The world had only just begun to emerge from the Coronavirus pandemic, Montreal barely peeking out from under a curfew in March when the OCM presented a pared down performance of Bizet's *Carmen*, which Brott conducted. One month later, he was gone, leaving the heritage of an octogenarian cultural organization squarely in Kulish's lap. But Kulish is looking forward, not back.

"I guess the new work is what I'm most excited about," he says. "I've become a fan of new music. Boris instilled me with that love for new music and the importance of supporting new composers."

For its 83rd season, which begins with a musical tribute to Brott at Salle Pierre-Mercure on Oct. 18, new lyrical works will be front-and-centre.

"Each concert has a vocal aspect to it," Kulish explains of this season's theme, entitled *Lyric and Eclectic*, "and also the eclecticism of our repertoire — this year, we go from Bach to Handel to contemporary music to new works we are commissioning."

Highlights of the season include a World Premiere production in February of *La Flambeau*, by the Haitianborn Quebec composer David Bontemps, and the first-ever major symphonic work by Maxime Goulet, entitled *Ice Storm Symphony*, presented on the 25th anniversary of Montreal's devastating ice storm.

"We are recording the symphony this summer," Kulish says, "and we'll be releasing the CD in January of 2023. And we're premiering the piece in June at the Maison Symphonique so it's a big, big project — and a big symphony."

Big ideas are first and foremost on Kulish's mind as he prepares to lead the OCM in Brott's untimely absence. Kulish



studied vocal performance with legendary teacher Carmen Mehta and was an accomplished bass baritone, particularly adroit at singing Mozart's leading roles in international productions of top-tier operas such as *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte*.

"It was just luck because Mozart is popular," Kulish tells me of his former singing career, "so I did a lot of these roles everywhere and I enjoyed it very much. But I don't miss performing. I really don't. I did what I had to do and my brain is in another place now. As a singer, as a performer, you do your performance and it's done. It's a fleeting moment. Whereas with an organization, you're building something. It's more of a legacy that I feel I'm building and that's what I love about it."

Kulish and I also happen to be of Ukrainian Canadian descent. Just like my own father, and many Ukrainian men of a certain vintage, Kulish is named after perhaps the most well-known Ukrainian, the Romantic poet Taras Shevchenko. I wondered aloud what good the arts community can do right now to support Ukraine while the rest of the world stumbles.

"Continue propagating Ukrainian culture — like, all the time," Kulish insists.

"One of the biggest problems that Ukrainian culture has had as an identity is that it has always been sort of a second fiddle to the great Russian composers. The tables need to turn and Ukrainian music and culture and identity need to be really solidified, and that's why I feel organizations should be planning a lot of Ukrainian repertoire and Ukrainian stuff everywhere. That will help keep the Ukrainian identity at the forefront."

As the invasion drags on into another season as if it were some bad sitcom, it has, ironically, been the arts community that has become most vocal, organizing benefit concerts and charity events worldwide in hopes that the world does not simply accept the cancellation of another ethnicity.

"In the media, as we see, it's sort of slowly disappearing," says Kulish. "People are less and less talking about it while this war is still raging on, so I think the culture can now kick in and be that vector to continue identifying and supporting Ukrainian culture."

→ The Orchestre Classique de Montreal begins its 83rd season at Salle Pierre-Mercure (300 de Maisonneuve E.) on Oct. 18.

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Fun and games

BY ERIK LEIJON

For years, Champs sports bar on St-Laurent was known as a place to watch the game... and not much else.

The watering hole, located above Blue Dog and Barbossa, was in limbo even prior to the pandemic, but since last fall has been reborn under new ownership as a sorely needed LGBTQ2S+ bar in the area. Now it's the oldest, newest happening spot on Main. And with a solid wine list, unlike most sports bars.

Sports are still front and centre, made clear by the "SPORTS LESBIANS" illuminated signs that greet anyone who makes it up the stairs. Most importantly, it's an easygoing, inclusive place to hang out and stew about your favourite team's successes and failures.

"One of the owners is a good friend of mine and said they didn't want to have just a bunch of dudes in charge," said co-owner Sarah Fobes, a long-time sports writer who knows a thing or two about sports bars. "I told them, as long as you don't mind that I'm probably going to make it as queer as possible — and a space where women and queer people feel as safe as possible."



Fobes said things really took off for the new format when actress/costume designer Kayleigh Choiniere and musician Mint Bensimon (of Caveboy and Mint Simon fame) came aboard to host and present Saturgays.

"I brought all my queer friends for the soft launch right before everything shut down again," said Choiniere. "It all kinda happened on a whim. We're in our 30s and 40s. We came out of the pandemic and there's nowhere to dance that we like, and we felt old and tired."

After a trip to Alan Cumming's bar in New York, it dawned on them there isn't much in Montreal catering to "gay afternoon life," i.e. somewhere to hang where you're also able to dip and head home at a reasonable hour. Queer afternoon dance parties mean having fun without staying out late.

Where Champs 2.0 also differs from its previous incarnation is the inclusion of a different but equally worthy sport: *RuPaul's Drag Race*. The show's passionate fan base watches it like it's the Olympics, so the weekly institution is perfect for watching at a bar among friends.

Champs has since added Kiki balls and Money Shot queer amateur strip competitions, and the possibilities for future events seems endless in the malleable space, which also has a promising private room in the back.

Naturally, they had their fair share of surprised sports bros enter the establishment, but the response has been positive. Anyone's welcome as long as they respect the space and the people in it.

"For one thing, you can't really miss the Sports Lesbians signs. They're quite neon and draw your eye right as you enter. We've seen them become Instagrammable," said Fobes.

"When we started hosting *Drag Race*," said Bensimon, "my favourite was when the bros would walk into Champs and see two giant queens sitting in front with RuPaul on all the screens. First they're wondering if they're in the right place, but then they ended up staying and saying it's a fun sporting event."

ightarrow For more, follow @champs_montreal on Instagram





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Album reviews



Alvvays, *Blue Rev* (Polyvinyl)

If you're an Alvvays fan, you probably already know that music is literally in Molly Rankin's blood. The daughter of a member of the Rankin Family (aka the pride of Mabou, NS), she's clearly developed a taste for earnest lyricism and classic pop melodies that would make the Beach Boys smile.

Ever since Alvvays' self-titled 2014 debut, this has been on full display as the Toronto five-piece have established themselves as one of this country's most exciting bands. While 14 tracks might seem like a recipe for an overstuffed album at first glance, they leave little to waste over the course of their third LP, *Blue Rev*.

Opener and lead single "Pharmacist" is a short-but-sweet, reverb-soaked steamroller of a track, and already among the band's catchier tunes to date. Their trademark dreamy, ethereal take on jangle pop and indie pop is expanded upon and taken to newer, even more lush-sounding places. '80s synths and Springsteen-size hooks are all over "Velveteen." "After the Earthquake" and "Pressed" are driven by some big Johnny Marr energy in the guitar strumming. We even hear Rankin flex her higher register like never before on songs like "Lottery Noises" and "Tile by Tile." In what's possibly an intentional nod to their past, "Easy On Your Own?" even apes a chunk of its structure from "In Undertow," the lead track from the previous album Antisocialites.

For a band that was already quite adept at making soaring, shoegazey indie anthems, *Blue Rev* is the sound of Alvvays sharpening that sword while also challenging themselves in ways that keep intact everything that made them so brilliant to begin with. 9/10 Trial Track: "Pharmacist" (Dave MacIntyre)

OFF!, Free LSD (Fat Possum)

The L.A. punk rock supergroup sets its phasers to stunt with a first release in eight years. Circle Jerk Keith Morris and Burning Bridges' Dimitri Coats gather 'round the flaming ashes of an alien apocalypse, enlisting frequent Brainfeeder flyer Justin Brown on drum duty plus And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead bass blaster Autry Fulbright II to conjure up a full bodied vision of pain and riffs on this fourth outing. OFF! lays waste to a lotta turf over the course of 20 ambitious compositions, ensuring a complete and utter annihilation of Hollywood in under 39 minutes. *Free LSD* is a fun, funny and intense political engagement with outersphere overlords seeking to cleanse the galaxy of bullshit, freeing mind, asses and atoms with every pulsing groove along the way. Fuck yeah. Extra OG points for Raymond Pettibon's marvelous cover art. 9/10 Trial Track: "Worst Is Yet to Come" (Darcy MacDonald)



Hanorah, Perennial (Ensoul) When making a clean break from your past, you often have to rid your closet of skeletons first. For Montreal's own Hanorah, this comes through on one of her debut album Perennial's standout tracks, "Skeletons", where her delicate-yetrobust voice takes listeners

through her journey in selflove despite all her imperfections and blemishes.

Perennial is the culmination of seven years' worth of hard work, one EP (2019's For the Good Guys and the Bad Guys), slots opening for artists like Coeur de Pirate and the legendary Mavis Staples, and time spent confronting topics like intimacy, failed relationships, grief and her subsequent emotional and intellectual growth.

Fans of similarly soulful and icy-cool singers like Amy Winehouse and Charlotte Day Wilson will find plenty to like here. This is especially the case with the breezy "Solution," the sharp-tongued "Slingshot" and the cashmere-soft "Coffee." Closing track "Afterlife" is a somber piano dirge, where Hanorah alternates between lamenting a loved one's passing and being proud to keep that person in her heart and mind forever.

Certain tracks — specifically the first two, "Candle Wax" and "If Life Were a Movie" — can feel a bit too short, and she could still find room to challenge herself more artistically. *Perennial* nonetheless serves as an effective introduction to Hanorah's folky, emotionally evocative take on soul and R&B. 8/10 Trial Track: "Skeletons" (Dave MacIntyre)



DOMi & JD Beck, Not Tight (APESHIT INC./Blue Note) Whereas YouTube fame is easy come, easy go for a great many 15-minute-famous would-be stars, this young pair of certified prodigies are planting their flag for keeps with a nod from Anderson .Paak, who signed them to his APESHIT INC. label for this debut LP. French keyboard phenom Domitille Degalle,

22, and Dallas, TX stick master JD Beck, 19, have seemingly invented their own telepathic language of rhythm and melody. Their live show will blow any notion that the duo is an internet fad out of the water. *Not Tight*, meanwhile, should keep music nerds interested until they appear on a stage near you and truly flip your understanding of musical physics on its rump. The album meanders at times but plays out like a pre-game stretch before the playoffs get underway. An album guest roster featuring .Paak, Snoop, Busta, Thundercat and even Herbie Hancock suggests that DOMi & JD Beck's cheering section is only gonna get louder. 7.5/10 Trial Track: "SPACE MOUNTAIN" (Darcy MacDonald) (DOMi & JD Beck perform at le Belmont, Oct. 25, \$41)

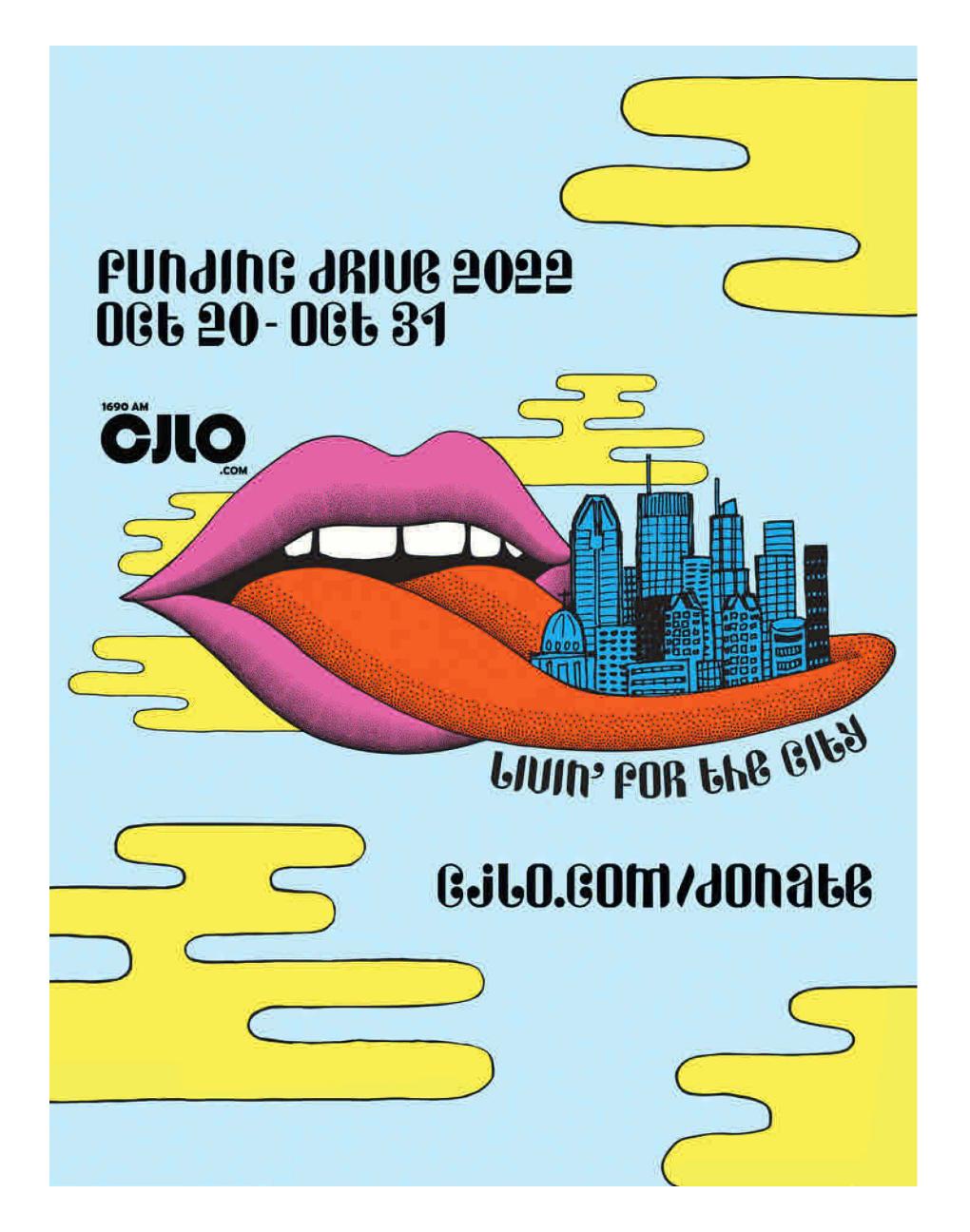


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BY JOHNSON CUMMINS

Usually I reserve this little space at the top of the column to blather on about whatevs is rattling around in my bald noggin, but now that every band is out on the road trying to ensure that their rent cheques don't bounce, I will have to save the spilled ink for the actual killer shows that are strewn all over the October calendar. Buckle up fuckos, 'cause here it comes.

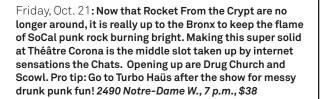
Saturday, Oct. 8: Okay, this is huge. The crown kings of the Zamrock scene coming out of Zambia in the early '70s are unquestionably Witch (not to be confused with J Mascis's joint of the same name). If you have even a slightly soft spot for heavy psych, you need to get your hands on Witch records right now. Admittedly this won't be the O.G. lineup (duh) but Emanyeo Chanda and Patrick Mwondela are still steering this leaky boat, so do not miss! This is all happening at le Ritz, so it should really get cooking. Opening this show is Paint. 179 Jean-Talon W., 7:30 p.m., \$39.95

Thursday, Oct. 13: For the #1 local show to catch this month, you'll need to squeeze into one of the best rooms in the city, la Tulipe, for the hypnotic kraut stomp of Suuns, with Activity and Markus Floats opening. I would never advocate the use of illegal hallucinogens, but... 4530 Papineau, 8 p.m., \$26.75

Saturday, Oct. 15: Dammit, I'm almost out of word count already. Alrighty, for whatever reason, King Buffalo get tagged with the "heavy" title, and although they can let the fuzz fly free, that is really only a small piece of their story. If you dig psych-fueled jam grooves, head to le Ritz, but show up early to catch openers Atsuko Chiba. 179 Jean-Talon W., 8 p.m., \$26.50

Tuesday, Oct. 18: Oddly, my gigger of the month doesn't rep psych, metal or punk (well sort of, actually). One of my fave bands, Titus Andronicus, are bringing their epic jammers back to l'Esco with openers Country Westerns. If this is even half as good as their show at the same venue a year ago, this show will rule. 4461 St-Denis, 9 p.m., \$24.56

Wednesday, Oct. 19: When the Polish band Batushka dropped the set of blackened hymns that made up the devastatingly brutal 2015 album *Litourgiya*, they sent the black metal world whirling — and deservedly so. How they are able to deliver this much complexity live is beyond logic. Opening this show at le Ritz is Hideous Divinity and Hate. 179 Jean-Talon W., 7 p.m., \$39.65



Thursday, Oct. 27: Finally, all fans of ballast blast will want to get their frontal lobes caved in at the home of heavy, Foufs, where Conan will completely crush it. They'll get a good run for their money from the pride of Harshelaga, Dopethrone, with Wilt warming up the room. 87 Ste-Catherine E., 7:30 p.m., \$28.66

To find out about upcoming shows by King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard, Kurt Vile and the Violators, Death From Above 1979, the Black Angels, the Flaming Lips and more, peep the weekly online version of Hammer of the Mods at cultmtl.com.

Current Obsession: Neu!, Neu!2





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film The dark side of desire



BYJUSTINE SMITH

South Korean director Park Chan-wook delves into our darkest impulses with his latest film.

"Eroticism is something that makes humans human," says Park Chan-wook about his latest film, *Decision to Leave*. Eroticism, more than just normal desire, intertwines death and taboo with sex; nothing is more exciting than what is forbidden. While many filmmakers have shied away from the erotic imagination, with films like *Stoker*, *The Handmaiden* and *Thirst*, Park has only gravitated towards exposing our deepest and darkest desires on screen.

That impulse to covet the forbidden is central to *Decision to Leave*. Part detective thriller and part romance, the film centres on a bored detective, Hae-Joon (Park Haeil), investigating the mysterious death of a man atop a mountain. He suspects the man's wife, Seo-rae (Tang Wei), a beguiling foreigner who draws him into her world.

"From the very beginning," says Park, "me and my co-writer (Seo-kyeong Jeong) had the objective of making the process of investigation and the process of these two characters falling in love completely inseparable."

People have pointed to elements of film noir and Hitchcock's cinema as reference points, though Park has denied a

conscious influence. The comparisons are not empty; like most noir, *Decision to Leave* features a femme fatale and convoluted mystery. The film features echoes of Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, particularly its voyeurism, and *Vertigo* in terms of its treatment of obsession and its dizzying use of moving camera.

Park points to a different cinematic reference, though: David Lean's *Brief Encounter* (1945). Specifically, they drew on the film's ambiance in the writing process. *Brief Encounter* centres on a dissatisfied housewife who has an emotional affair with a man she meets at a train station. Forced to keep their desires under wraps, the lovers live out their affair mainly in public spaces. The film is charged with erotic energy as the characters push the limits of polite society and expectations. Their romance is doomed, and the enormity of their love for each other is contained in the devastatingly small action of a tender shoulder squeeze.

Decision to Leave takes things further; the film features sex, both amorous and passionate, and dully routine. The fire that ignites between Hae-Joon and Seo-rae gives meaning to their lives and challenges the familiarity of expectations. "Eroticism makes our lives more energetic and revitalized. It gives pleasure," explains Park. "But, at the same time, it has a dark impulse, too. When I deal with eroticism, I try to see both the positive and the dark sides."

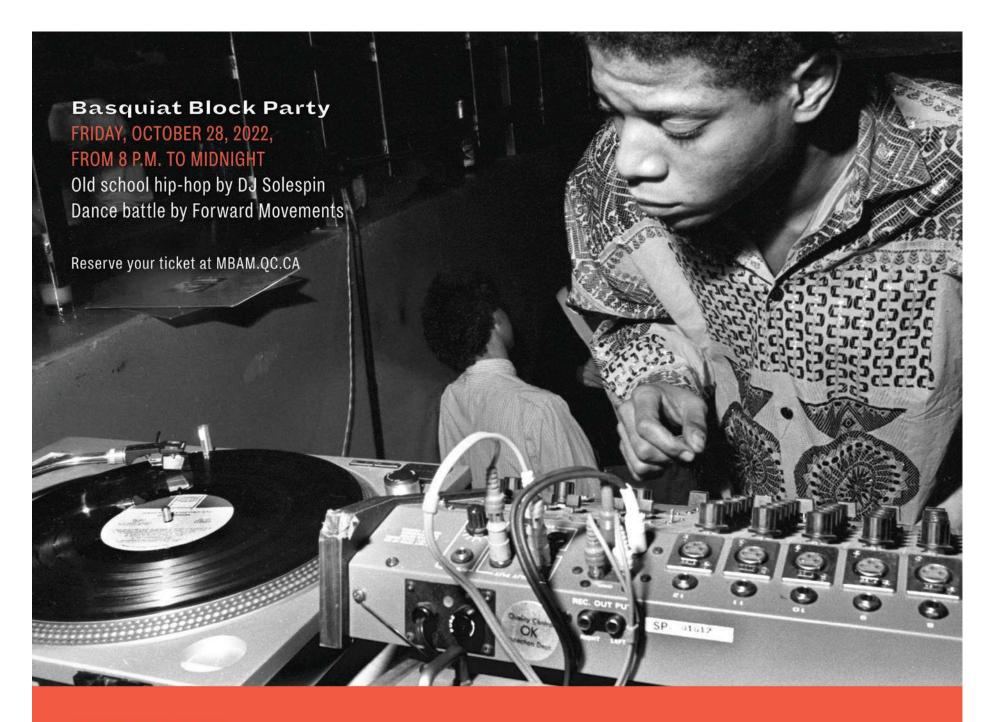
Part of that dark nature within *Decision to Leave* is a more profound understanding that throwing yourself at the

object of desire is implicitly self-destructive. A detective should not be sleeping with a suspect, and certainly not one accused of murdering her husband. He risks not only his comfortable home with his beautiful wife but also his career and even his life.

But, as a viewer, we understand Seo-rae's appeal. She's not only beautiful but projects intelligence and depth. Though her motives remain inscrutable, we want to delve deeper to understand her perspective better. Park confesses that when he writes his female characters, "I try to make them as cool as possible." His long-term collaborator and cowriter, Seo-kyeong Jeong, adds an element of danger. "She brings something faulty to the character, something a little unethical."

As Korean cinema and culture begin to take over the world, Park Chan-wook believes it's part of natural maturation. Whereas Hollywood was able to reach its peak decades ago within the studio system, South Korea took longer due to war and restricted speech. "During the '80s, we finally had freedom of speech. Then, of course, you need money. To make a great film, you need the technology, the capital and the freedom of expression. They're a basic foundation for anything to flourish." Since 2000, South Korea has had all three of these things. "Since then, the Korean soil has matured, and we are reaping those fruits now."

ightarrow Decision to Leave opens in Montreal theatres on Oct. 21.



SEEING LOUD Basquiat AND MUSIC



OCTOBER 15

FEBRUARY 19

On Screen





Spider-Man: Across the Spider-Verse – Part One



BY JUSTINE SMITH

Following up the critically acclaimed 2018 animated film *Spider-Man: Into the Spiderverse*, Miles Morales is back for a new multiverse adventure. In *Spider-Man: Across the Spider-Verse – Part One* (Oct. 7), Miles goes on an epic adventure that will transport Brooklyn's full-time, friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man across the Multiverse to join forces with Gwen Stacy and a new team.

In other superhero news, Dwayne Johnson, aka the Rock, debuts as the b-cut superhero *Black Adam* (Oct. 21). Costarring Viola Davis and Pierce Brosnan, this origin story sees Black Adam released after nearly 5,000 years of imprisonment, ready to unleash his unique brand of justice on the modern world.

You'd be forgiven for thinking October is a time for horror, but according to the release schedule, this month is all about the movie musical. On one hand of the spectrum, we have Javier Bardem starring in Lyle, Lyle, Crocodile (Oct. 7), an adaptation of a popular children's story combining liveaction and animation with music by Matthew Margeson and Shawn Mendes. For something a little more serious, the highly anticipated Tár (Oct. 7) starring Cate Blanchette, Nina Hoss, Mark Strong and Noémie Merlant, marks the return of director Todd Field, who hasn't made a film since 2006's Little Children. Blanchett stars as Lydia Tár, widely considered one of the greatest living composers/conductors and the first-ever female chief conductor of a major German orchestra.

If you're still looking for a horror kick, though, the Halloween reboot trilogy's finale ends on Oct. 14 with the aptly named Halloween Ends. While the middle film of the trilogy opened to very lacklustre reviews, this might very well be the last time you will see Jamie Lee Curtis stepping into the role of Laurie Strode.

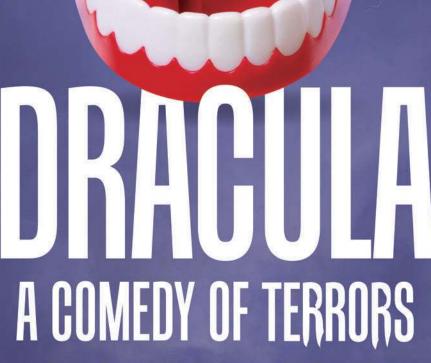
As awards season heats up, critically acclaimed festival films and serious-minded dramas are coming to theatres this month. The Palme d'Or winner *Triangle of Sadness* (Oct. 7) is a riotous satire about the excesses of modern life by director Ruben Östlund, who made *The Square* and *Force Majeure*. *Till* (Oct, 14) is told from the perspective of Emmett Till's mother, Mamie Till Mobley, and portrays her relentless pursuit of justice for her 14-year-old son, who was infamously lynched in 1955. For decades, Till's family has been working to put this adaptation of his life on the big screen.

Two other heavy-hitters from auteurs are *The Banshees of Inisherin* (Oct. 28) and *Decision to Leave* (Oct. 21). Banshees is the latest film from Martin McDonagh (*Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri*) and stars Brendan Gleeson and Colin Farrell as two friends in the 1920s embroiled in a frivolous feud. *Decision to Leave* is the latest from Park Chan-wook, a darkly romantic thriller about a detective falling for the woman he's investigating after the mysterious death of her husband.

For something a little lighter, Julia Roberts and George Clooney are getting together to save the rom-com with the delightful-looking *Ticket to Paradise* (Oct. 21). They play divorcés headed to a tropical paradise where their daughter is getting married. Though sworn enemies, they work together to sabotage her wedding and save her from a lifetime of heartache.

For dreamier arthouse films, Quebec's own Falcon Lake (Oct. 14) promises a reflective coming-of-age film with ghost story undertones. *Aftersun* (Oct, 21), a movie about memory and the relationship between a father and daughter, is the latest from A24 and has garnered critical acclaim during its festival run.

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Crown sounds

BY DARCY MACDONALD

Jean-Michel Basquiat expressed more philosophies with graffiti, on canvases, in sketches, notes and writing and through music than a great many artists working for decades will ever manage to convey.

"Most young kings get their heads cut off," he famously observed.

Dead at age 27 from a heroin overdose in the summer of 1988, Basquiat was a New York City art scene icon and a brilliant mind, driven to seek infamy. There is no right or wrong about how he lived or how he died. And in any case, he bequeathed the next generations much more to think about than his tragedy.

Another Basquiat quote perhaps better exemplifies the spirit of a brand new Montreal Museum of Fine Arts exhibition, *Seeing Loud: Basquiat and Music*, a collaboration with Musée de la musique at the Philharmonie de Paris.

"It's not who you are that holds you back. It's who you think you're not."

Basquiat's love for jazz music and his involvement in the New York City no wave, new wave and hip hop scenes are well documented. But he is often misconceived as an artist simply inspired by sounds, or as a troubled pop culture figure dabbling in the rock star lifestyle.

Neither portrayal is accurate. As the curators of *Seeing Loud* will attempt to demonstrate, Basquiat, in his work, was as much about music as vivid design, captivating imagery and social commentary. The artist and his work were *of* music.

"Music was much more than simply a soundtrack to Basquiat's life," said Mary-Dailey Desmarais, Chief Curator of MMFA and co-curator of Seeing Loud.

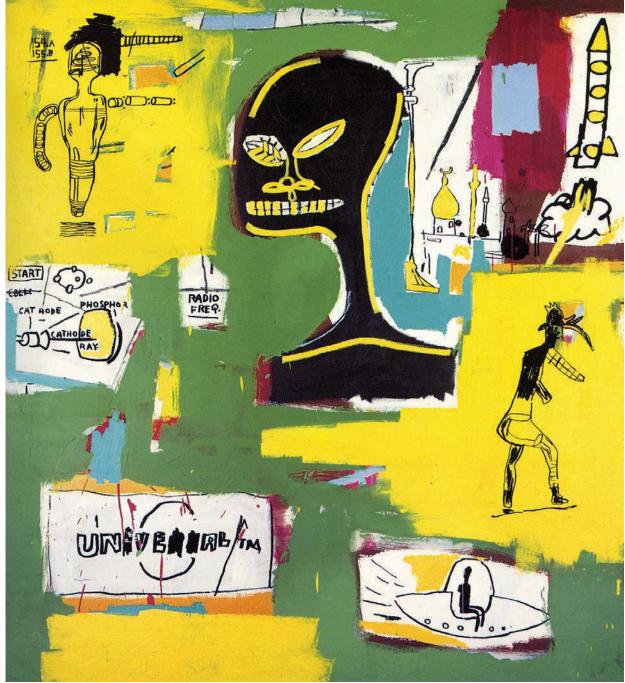
"I'm really interested in taking art historical subjects that we think we know so well and bringing to light a different aspect (to tell) new stories and uncovering new histories related to an artist's work.

To characterize Basquiat's oeuvre as somehow only musicadjacent is to misunderstand both his vision and his politics.

"(Jean-Michel Basquiat) was a musical performer. He produced music. He worked with musicians and he was deeply inspired by them. He also identified with them and wanted to celebrate music, particularly Black musicians.

"He is someone who was vocal about the absence of Black figures (represented) in the history of Black art and he sought to rectify that. He really championed, in his work, Black creative expression. Through his music, you can recognize his engagement with the African diaspora and the politics of race in the United States," Desmarais explained.

Desmarais, 41, who grew up in New York, earned her Ph.D. in 19th and 20th century American and European art from Yale. While minoring in African Studies, she was mentored by the late art historian Robert Farris Thomspon, whose book *Flash*



Untitled, 1984. Private collection. © Estate of Jean-Michel Basquiat. Licensed by Artestar, New York

of the Spirit, about the transmigration of cultural forms through the Middle Passage, so impacted Basquiat that he commissioned Farris to write an essay for a 1985 exhibition.

"Through his work, (Basquiat) really captured the complexities and cruelties of American history," Desmarais continued.

"He was able to bring to life not just the sounds, but the musicians who inspired him. And he really captured the soul of his time by bringing together, through music, much broader issues that were deeply meaningful and pertinent then, and continue to be to this day."

To immerse its audience in the essence of Basquiat's artistic intertwinement with music as a driving force, *Seeing Loud* was conceived to be much more than a white box exhibition.

Desmarais noted that while the museum has collected over 100 of the artist's original works, these are not limited only to paintings but include his notebooks, sketches and other personal artifacts from Basquiat's life.

Moreover, each space in the exhibition displays audio-visual elements. Rare material and film footage of the band Gray, Basquiat's music project with filmmaker Michael Holman and other figures from the NYC culture scene (actor Vincent Gallo among them) will be projected.

The show also includes original flyers Basquiat designed for bands and to promote art shows and events

"Although he's often associated with jazz and hip hop, he really loved the no wave scene. So you'll see those kinds of flyers but also we've got video footage of concerts by the bands Basquiat was listening to," described Desmarais.

"When you walk in, in the same room you'll see paintings, flyers and projections of concerts, almost like you're in the concert. You'll hear no wave music."

Working alongside Desmarais to develop *Seeing Loud* were Austrian curator and Basquiat expert Dieter Buchhart and Parisian author, jazz historian and founder of the record label jazz&people, Vincent Bessières.

Bessières was engaged by Musée de la musique to spearhead research and logistics for the exhibition's musical aspects. In 2010, he was part of the Musée's critically adored *We Want Miles – Miles Davis: The Face of a Legend* exhibition.

Having previously worked on shows that included elements of Basquiat's work, Bessières said he was beyond humbled to now have an opportunity to delve into this lesser-explored aspect of the artist's genius.

"If anything, working on an exhibition like this is an opportunity to remember that (any) body of work is often much more complex than one might imagine at first glance," Bessières shared by email.

"Despite the brevity of his life, the work of Basquiat is of a



The band Gray performing at Hurrah, 1979

rare density. His production was extremely prolific, diverse and manifold. This project was an opportunity to measure this in a very intimate way, by being in contact with the works and the witnesses to the work."

Bessières's experience as a jazz journalist, he said, taught him the importance of oral history and the value of first-

hand accounts. It's one thing to read information or analysis in a book, he noted. "It's another to hear witnesses tell the story of an era and dig up unsuspected memories."

Along the way, he encountered family and friends of Basquiat whose stories lent him a richer understanding of the way in which jazz and other genres touched the young artist, and how, in turn, Basquiat took his own approach to their advancement.

"Even when one believes to have covered everything and understood its foundations, one realizes that things are more complex, more ramified, more elaborate than imagined. The work eludes classification, and it raises themes that are extremely current," Bessières said.

"One also realizes that genius goes fast. Basquiat's work has never ceased to evolve and even if one can find constants, in reality, from one year to the next, his production changes — in subjects, techniques, materials, themes, media used, formats. He is an artist in movement."

In a shrewd flip that juxtaposes Basquiat's contemporary relevance against its own roots, visitors have the option to interact with an app showcasing certain works in their original settings, galleries and other locales from NYC's bygone eras.

"The goal (of the whole exhibition) is really to give life to this nexus of music, art and club culture that really was the backdrop against which Basquiat made his art — to immerse people in that time, and to stay authentic to that time," Desmarais said.

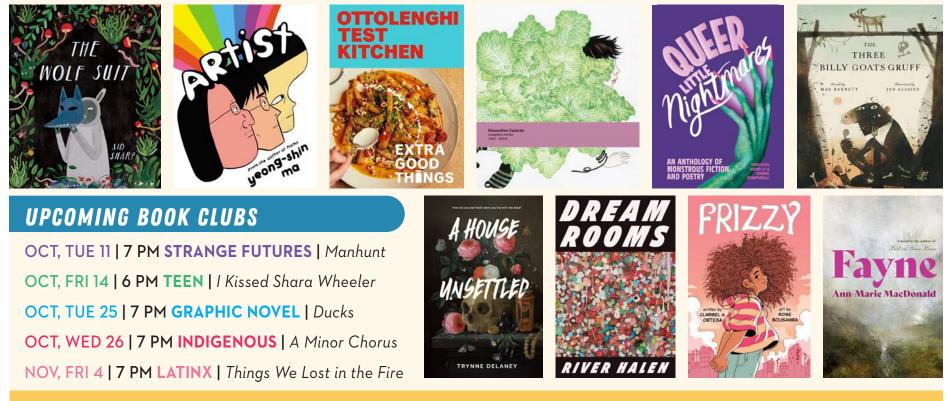
"We wanted it to relate some of the messiness and the spirit of experimentation that was alive and well at that moment."

There's no disputing Jean-Michel Basquiat's permanent status as a young king. But *Seeing Loud* is ready to challenge the idea of who we think he was not.

→ Seeing Loud: Basquiat and Music runs from Oct. 15, 2022 to Feb. 19, 2023, at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (1380 Sherbrooke W.)

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Till you drop



BY CONNOR HARRISON

The premise of *Retail Apocalypse* is a simple one, one visible in everyday life: the shopping world of our parents is dying, on the way out, a remnant of a different social period.

Since the advent of online shopping, particularly the inception of Amazon Prime in 2007, and in the wake of the COVID pandemic, shopping as a shared, commercial, physical space, has become terminal. The shopping malls are losing customers, main streets are boarding up their windows and the companies are falling into bankruptcy.

"It was in this context," the pages pasted beside the exhibit explain, "that curators Fredi Fischli and Niels Olsen initiated *Retail Apocalypse* at ETH Zurich, producing a compendium of case studies ranging from Felix Vallotton's depiction of the Bon Marché to Friedrich Kiesler's display windows to TELFAR's critical utopias."

Divided into three chapters, that compendium has been reframed for the Canadian Centre for Architecture (CCA), taking visitors through a cycle of history (Chapter I: Modern Tales), collapse (Chapter II: Bonfire) and finally renewal in Chapter III: Renaissance. With the latter now on display, it is possible to view all the work brought together for *Retail Apocalypse* at once.

Beginning at the "shop windows," the exhibit plays on the spatial and experiential similarities between main-streets and museums — an idea made even more explicit by Claire

Fontaine's STUFF hoodies, which are both display pieces and for sale (\$50). The vitrines are decorated with the hotpink sheets from the gorgeous *Retail Apocalypse* book, and display samples of work by those architects and collectives who helped to shape our perception of where and how shopping was once done; who designed spaces with more than sales in mind. Here it can be seen how the shopping mall formed as a kind of post-religious church. It is also the closest relationship the exhibit shares with its location, as the objects in these windows come from the CCA's own collection.

The majority of the pieces otherwise are held in one of the CCA's bright, white octagonal rooms, where the suggestion of a mall or main-street is somewhat lost. The combination of fabrics and items arranged here, however, accumulates into a surprisingly tactile exhibition. The STUFF hoodies hang on racks in the centre of the room, joined by more pink print-offs taken from the accompanying book. "Reduced to Clear," by Richard Sides and Gili Tal, makes a post-modern play on those logo T-shirts always found in metal baskets in markets; the kind emblazoned with immediately outdated, knock-off icons. This sense of the physically tangible is continued in Shanzhai Lyric's "Canal Street Research Association," which collects a bric-a-brac history of the street, complete with discarded coffee, caricatures and handbags, hung up as if for discounted sale.

"This exhibition was conceived long before the COVID-19 pandemic," reads another enlarged page, "prompted by the realization that 'shopping' was history – that it is not merely a practice that can be historicized [...] but that the physical, commercial and social practices that had converged to make it a 'unified field' were parting company, perhaps irreversibly." While *Retail Apocalypse* does seem to depend a little too heavily on textual material, it is in this historicization attempt where it really stands out. It is easy to see the death of "shopping," as we grew up with it, as a cause for celebration — that such a commercial glut could never be sustained. But consider what is lost in this shift: the badly-stitched corners of clothes stalls; the weekend family shop; the jobs that were as much a part of that history as anything else, unrecorded and lost; the cultural offshoots and working-class adaptations. Some of these things already feel retro, distanced by the speed of digital progress. Watching Akeem Smith's collages of Caribbean dancehall video footage, framed as if in storefront windows, it is hard to believe the early noughties were only 20 years ago, and not 40.

Retail Apocalypse is a rag-tag exhibition, and whether by accident or design, the effect is ultimately generative. Everything on display — whether the work of Ibrahim Mahama, who repurposes the abandoned buildings of Ghana to help foster new, post-colonial identities, or Alex Bag's tongue-in-cheek collection of stolen items, tagged and morphed into museum objects — is conducive to a broader system of thought (articles on and around the exhibit are planned to follow). We are being asked to go out and continue this analogy between the plexiglass display case and the storefront window, to walk into downtown and see the shops as histories-for-sale, each one carrying the potential to be the last of its kind. And in fact, that is precisely what you go out and do.

 $\xrightarrow{}$ Retail Apocalypse continues at the CCA (1920 Baile) through Jan. 15 2023.

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» HOLDING COMMUNITIES TOGETHER

Quebec's English-language community newspapers are part of the glue that holds their respective communities together, keeping long-departed former residents abreast of happenings in their hometown and often covering great distances.

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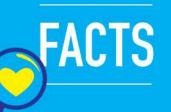
Publisher Penny MacWhirter explains that the Spec plays a vital role in the lives of English-speaking seniors, many of whom are unilingual and lack internet access.

Lily Ryan is the publisher of *The West Quebec Post* (established in 1896), *The Pontiac Journal, The Aylmer Bulletin* and *The Gatineau Bulletin*. Ryan notes that until her father, Fred Ryan, founded the bilingual *Pontiac Journal*, no English- or French-language newspaper covered the entirety of the vast, mostly rural Pontiac region, an area that takes two hours to drive. The *Journal's* slogan is "Uniting the Pontiac."

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The Gaspé Spec, an English-language weekly in the Gaspé, plays a similar role, uniting far-flung English-speaking communities in Eastern Quebec. Before the *Spec* published its first edition in 1975, Gaspesians "knew more about New Brunswick affairs than they did about Quebec," the paper's website explains. The *Spec* is the only regional newspaper covering the nearly 350-kilometre area from Rivière-au-Renard to Matapédia.

Publisher Penny MacWhirter explains that the *Spec* plays a vital role in the lives of English-speaking seniors, many of



 Local community newspapers remain the favourite source for local news. Local information is the top reason people read their community newspaper.
SOURCE: 2018 TOTUM RESEARCH STUDY OF MORE THAN 2,000 CANADIANS

More than 450 Canadian news outlets have closed since 2008.



At least one-third of Canadian journalism jobs have disappeared since 2010. SOURCE: DEPARTMENT OF CANADIAN HERITAGE

Community media contributes to better informed citizens:



respondents in communities with local papers are 15 percentage points more informed about local news and information than those without one. SOURCE: BENEFITS AND IMPACT OF COMMUNITY MEDIA IN VARIOUS

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COMMUNITIES ACROSS QUEBEC, 2019

whom are unilingual and lack internet access. In the first year of the COVID-19 pandemic, the paper produced daily online public health digests, which were then shared around the community. The extra work stretched the paper's staff of four to the limit but reinforced its public service role.

FILLING A VOID

During the COVID-19 pandemic, as large regional newspapers have shrunk further due to advertising constraints, community newspapers have filled a void and helped readers understand a rapidly changing world.

In May 2020, veteran *Montreal Gazette* reporter Brenda O'Farrell founded *The 1019 Report*, covering all 1,019 square kilometres of Vaudreuil-Soulanges. Existing local publications had closed, and the *Gazette* had stopped running a weekly segment that focused on the area.

"This area, which has one of the fastest-growing English-speaking populations in the province, had no local English media," O'Farrell says. Her goal was to launch a "hyperlocal publication worthy of people's time," and the weekly quickly stepped into the gap left by its vanished predecessors.

Thanks to a risk-taking town councillor, O'Farrell exposed a real estate cover-up, and her reporting led to major changes in local urban planning policy. "We were able to give voice to one person who said, 'This is wrong,' tease out what was and wasn't true and give people the proper information," she says. "This is the role newspapers play in a democracy."

STORIES MAKING NATIONAL HEADLINES

Community newspapers are staffed by dedicated journalists who leverage the trust they have gained from years of community involvement to cover stories that make national headlines.

Last fall, a Chelsea teacher called Greenway at the *Low Down* newsroom to say her colleague, Fatemeh Anvari, had been reassigned after wearing a hijab in class during the height of the provincewide debate about Bill 21. Gre enway met Anvari, who was initially re luctant to be interviewed, and spoke to her about the story's potential impact.

"She was worried the story would pu a target on her back, but she got so much support," Greenway recalls. *I* Léger poll suggested that support fo the secularism law dropped from 6*a* per cent to 55 per cent after the *Lov Down* published Anvari's story; Prim Minister Justin Trudeau expressed hi support for Anvari, and the story wa picked up by *The Washington Post* and *The Globe and Mail*.

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Community newspapers are staffed by dedicated journalists who leverage the trust they have gained from years of community involvement to cover stories that make national headlines.

"All political stories start at the loca level, and (Anvari's) story is a great ex ample of that," comments *Low Down* publisher Nikki Mantell. Like Ryan Mantell has devoted her entire profes sional life to community journalism.

Greenway launched his journalism ca reer at the *Low Down* before working for a daily paper in Ottawa. In 2021, he returned to the paper as its editor.

"I did break some big stories in Ottawa but I don't feel that they had the sam impact on the readership." Community journalists, however, can explore ma jor stories that have an impact on peo ple directly at home, Greenway says.

Canada



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:999 words



One froggy island



BY RYAN ALEXANDER DIDUCK

On a Tuesday morning jog a few weeks ago, I stopped momentarily to catch my breath at the Canadian Pavilion of the Floralies Gardens on Île-des-Sœurs in Parc Jean Drapeau. This little verdant expanse is a veritable oasis nestled between the Casino and the Gilles Villeneuve circuit race track, just Montreal-west of the stoic totem pole that stands amidst a grassy meadow which is constantly being trimmed and pruned all season long by busy groundskeepers driving golf carts modified for gardening. The future back nine, I call it.

There is a lot of biodiversity packed into the Canada Pavilion — a variety of flowers and shrubs all of which I don't know the genus of. But they all surely have unpronounceable Latin names.

A network of wooden footbridges connects the path over a tiny pond that is fed by a sprinkler system continuously irrigating the Canadian micro-bog. Everywhere, dense and plentiful foliage thrives improbably amidst the constant cacophony of blushing brides and cyclical traffic.

On this particular Tuesday I ran headlong huffing and puffing into the garden, but its stillness immediately arrested me, the relative silence of natural space momentarily void of human activity save for mine. The ubiquitous city sounds that become our ambient urban soundtrack faded away and a silence fell upon me and everything around. The place was alive on another level, beating at a slower rhythm.

I tiptoed further into the garden, suddenly aware of my own presence, not wanting to disturb the peaceful serenity, uninterrupted until I rushed in sputtering and pouring sweat. As I walked toward the pond, I noticed out of the corner of my eye some rapid movement and a splash. First one, then another. Then another. It was frogs, scores of them. They had been sunning on the beach of the pond and were now diving into the water to escape a potential predator — me.

It had been a long time since I had seen so many frogs so near. And they were very wary so I had to move deliberately to get close enough to get an image. There they were, squatting, plump and bright green, freckled with specks of orange and brown, black eyes like beads sewn into oblong heads. They were beautiful, I thought, and when they dove into the water, they swam gracefully, stretching their legs and propelling their ovular bodies with webbed appendages specifically designed for just such a task.

They let out croaks a moment before jumping, miniature belches that signified an impending deep dive. I marvelled at them for some time before realizing that I was in a frog pond in the Canada Garden ... in the frog pond of the Canada Garden. I could not help jumping into a search when I got home for the origins of this derogatory slur.

I am not sure, anecdotally, how common it is for anyone to seriously refer to French Canadians as "frogs." Even in jest it seems antiquated, obsolete. Predictably its etymology as a slur is contested, too.

Was it because the French ate frogs' legs? Was it because Queen Elizabeth Numero Uno called her favourite suitor, the Duke of Anjou, "the frog"? This is also the genesis of the folk song "Froggie Went a-Courtin," apparently, so it seems probable. The OED places its origins in the mid 1650s from a letter written by someone called Sir W. D'Avenant, with reference to "poor French Frogs." Did Queen E come before or after?

As any internet user would, I consulted the most authoritative reference possible: a very wordy thread on some message board somewhere upon the internet's long tail written by lexicon nyrds with no sex lives and equivalent internet bandwidths and waistbandwidths, probably.

One over-achiever self-translated a section of an article from *Le Figaro* claiming that "frog" was an auto-applied slang — la Guernouillère — an insulting sort of pet name for villagers who lived on the Parisian outskirts. The French aristocracy described the language they spoke as "Parisian Patois," and the term "frogs" became equivalent by the mid 1700s to "plebs" or "proles" as British toffs might have called the chattering classes.

Québécois French is a collection of distinct languages that are quite different from Triple-F French-From-France French. The dialects in Abitibi are quite different from Montreal's bureaucratic, managerial class French, which is different from Pointe-St-Charles French, and different from SPVM French or the French on Radio-Canada. The immigrants who arrive every day from across the Francophonie all speak different kinds of French, too, producing hierarchies within hierarchies of the status of the French language in Quebec. Just being "French" is no longer possible, just as speaking English has long lost its indication of British heritage. I am 100% Ukrainian, grew up in Western Canada, my first language was English and my second language was French. That's a complicated equation.

Just like me in that frog pond, there are lots of people arriving in Quebec and Montreal and stepping unexpectedly into this frog pond with complicated and delicate language politics that they do not understand nor want to. Many are more highly educated and capable of doing things — like governance, for instance — than those complicated and delicate language politics will allow.

I volunteered recently at a church helping to settle Ukrainians fleeing a war on their distinct culture, and most of them learned to speak English. Still more are not particularly in the mood to hear stories about the deterioration of Pure Laine Québécois culture, or their new duty to speak French in its most important, official, performative contexts.

I voted early in this election. The volunteer who registered my vote reluctantly asked me if I spoke English, and then proceeded to quietly confide that he moved here from Ontario in 1977 and still feels like an immigrant in Quebec. It would be mean-spirited to call any francophones frogs. This is still their pond, for now. But that is changing with so many cultivated flora and fauna flocking to this Canadian Garden.

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