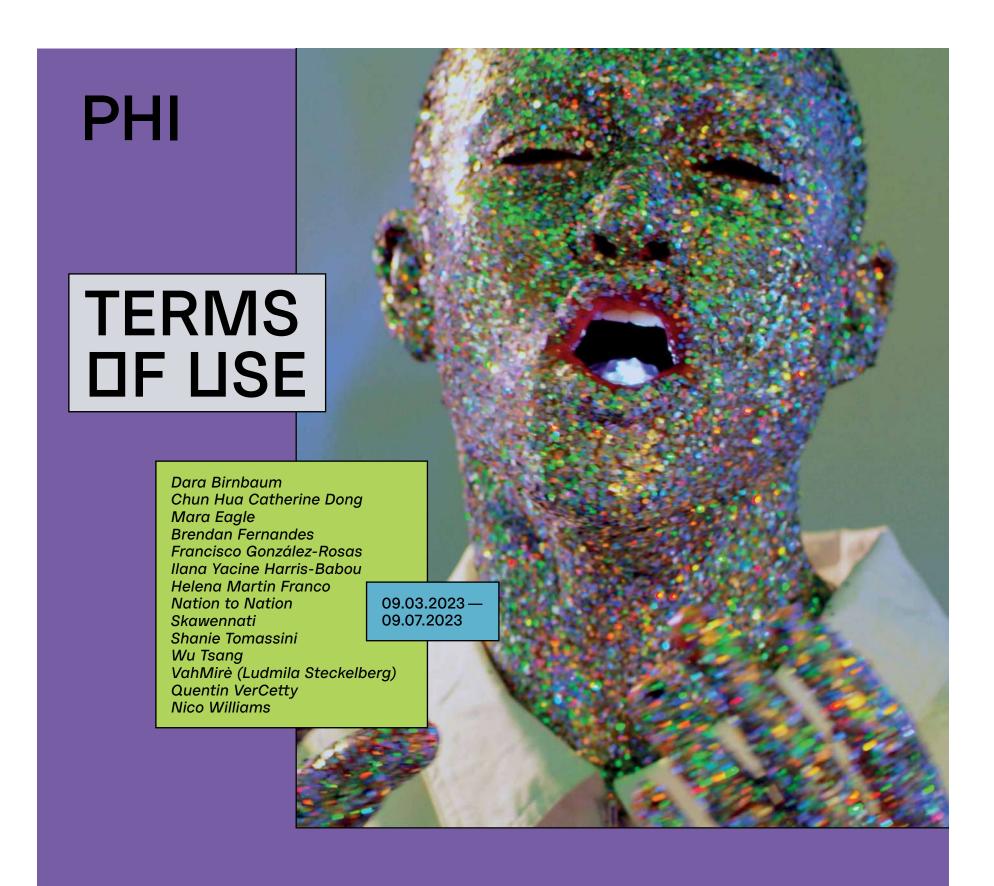


* Feist * Bodywash * Hernán Losada * Kelly Reichardt * Maleficarum



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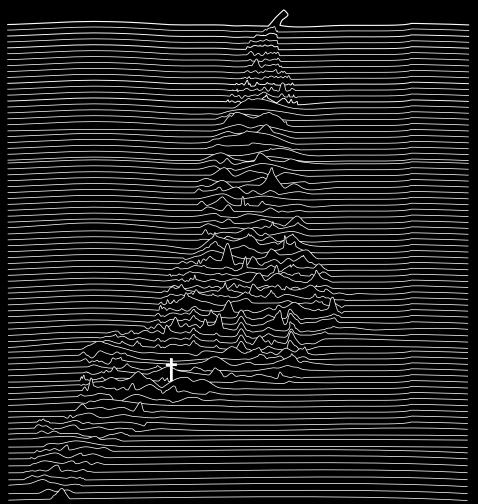
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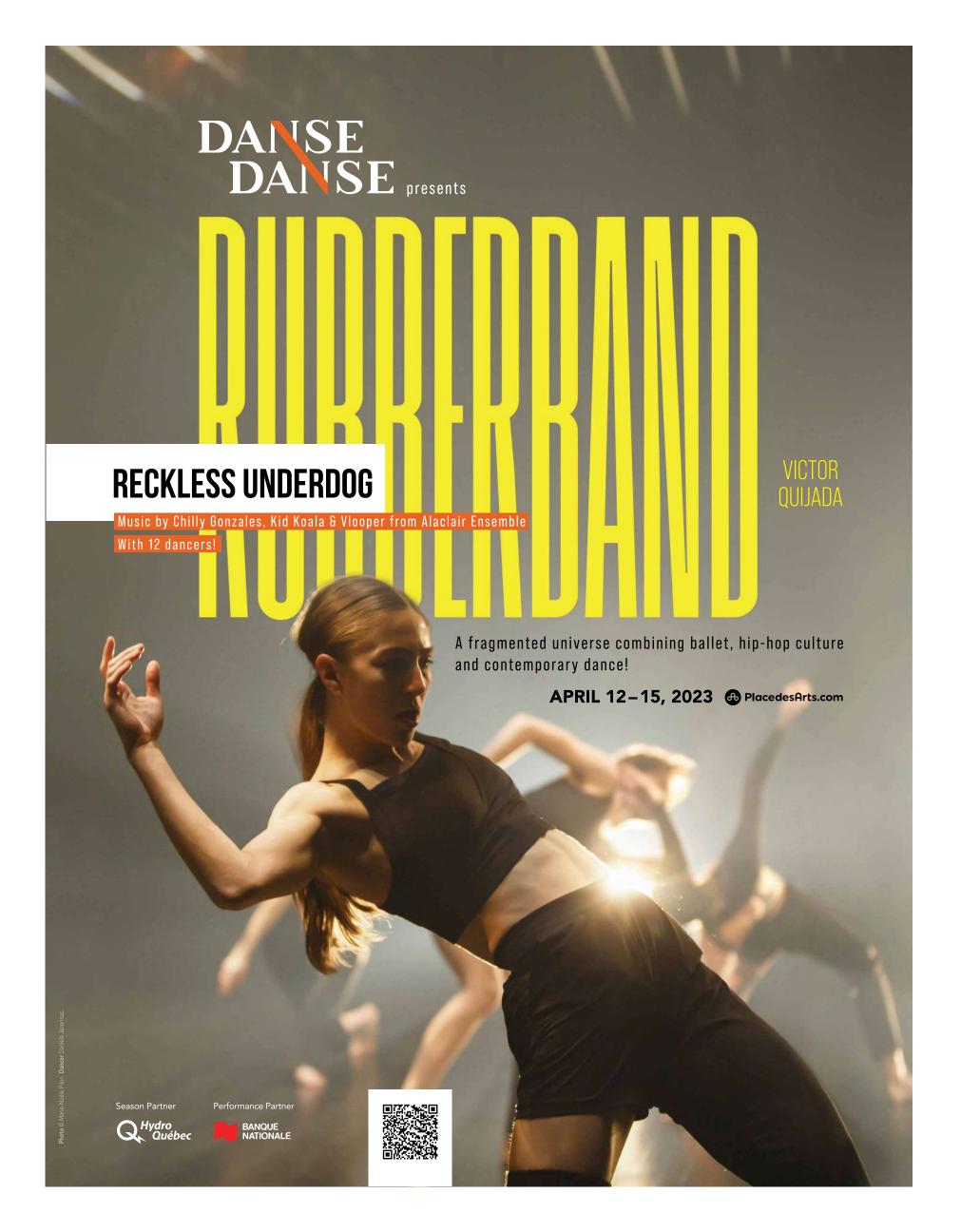


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Canadian singer-songwriter Feist will be releasing her sixth album Multitudes on April 14.

Photo by Sara Melvin and Colby

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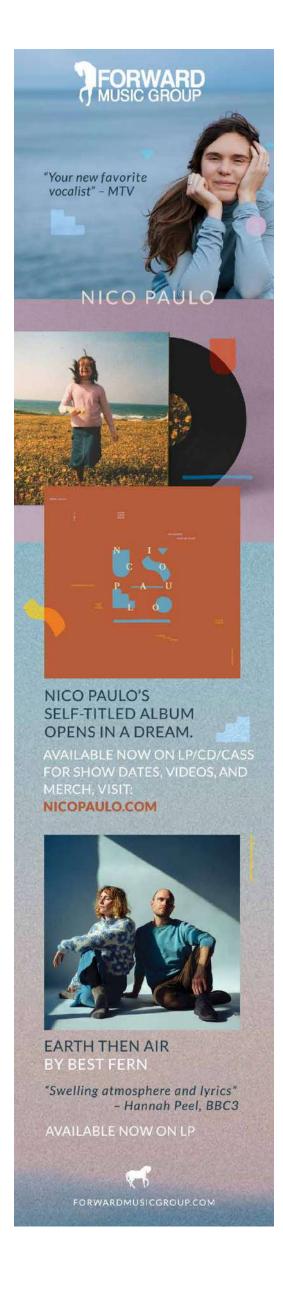
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SCAN TO ORDER





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<u>city</u>

El Profesor

BY PAUL DESBAILLETS

In March I had the privilege of getting a one-on-one with Hernán Pablo Losada, the new coach of CF Montréal.

After a little time together, he has made me a believer in the plan being rolled out for the team, easily backing up his nickname "El Profesor."

It is clear why the club is taking a chance on this young coach.

Paul Desbaillets: The question that I had to start with is you being in Lusail Stadium, on Dec. 18, 2022, as a fan, as an ex-player, as a coach and a proud Argentinian, while rocking your retro 1986 le Coq Sportif classic kit — tell us, what that was like for you?

Hernán Losada: An amazing experience that I will never forget. It's a special moment, especially as an Argentinian. You know how much passion we have for the sport, and we were waiting for this for a long, long time. I knew that if I wasn't there, I would regret it, so I made the biggest effort possible to find a plane ticket in record time.

The final was one of the most beautiful moments as a spectator that I've ever had. I felt like it was the very last big moment of Lionel Messi and the very last chance to win the World Cup, so I needed to be there, and then I did it, so it was beautiful.

PD: Because you are part of the game — you've played the game professionally and you're a coach — were you able to disconnect and just enjoy it as a fan or was it hard to do that?

Coach: Can I be honest?

PD: Yeah, this is the whole point, man. Let's do it.

Coach: I didn't enjoy it, okay? I was-

PD: Too stressed?

Coach: Yeah, too stressed. Suffering a lot — until the game was at 20 and Argentina was dominant.

Of course I tried to also analyze the game from a tactical point of view, to try to follow certain players, how they move on the field, like Enzo Fernández, (Alexis) Mac Allister, young midfielders who did a great job. But the moment they made it to one, I knew we were going to suffer, and with the two, two when you go to extra time — it was all suffering. I have to be honest: I just wanted the game to end because we were suffering too much and the emotions were everywhere. It was an incredible experience, luckily.

PD: It turned out the right way.

Coach: Yeah, happy ending, but we suffered too much. I think we played an excellent final and we deserved to win it in regular time.

PD: The energy that you felt that you just mentioned, that suffering — have you felt that at other levels of your professional footballing career, like as a player in a cup run or as you were going through the coaching ranks?

Coach: Yeah, it's a beautiful question because, as you say, I do believe sometimes you feel a special energy on the field. I felt it as a player a few times. I felt it as a coach and I felt it at that final — the energy.

 $\mbox{PD:}$ Retiring as a player, moving into first-team coaching in Belgium and then the MLS, having the media anoint you



"Youngest coach in the MLS" in 2021 when you arrived in D.C., how did all that affect you in your development as a coach?

Coach: When I retired as a football player, they told me I was too old to keep on playing. Now I jump into the coaching career, and they were telling me I was too young, so I say age is just a number. It is important to be prepared, and I've been preparing.

For this coaching career, four years before I stopped my football career, I started to study. Before I retired, I did all my licences and diplomas. UEFA B, UEFA A and the pro licence. The moment I retired, I already had in my power the title to start as a coach. I started as an assistant coach for under-21, and then I took over the first team. Everything went fast, but not because I was young; it was because I was prepared.

I think that's the message, and when I arrived as the youngest coach of the MLS, I felt I was prepared. I feel I'm prepared now, but that doesn't mean that I'm not going to stop learning. You always must be open to keep on learning, to keep developing yourself, and I am.

PD: Thierry Henry, Rémi Garde, Wilfried Nancy, Jesse Marsch — how does it feel to be mentioned among these accomplished football minds as you prepare to deal with this young team? As you said, you've been training, preparing and planning for years, but now here you are at the head of the Montreal project, does that weigh on you?

Coach: First of all, it's an honour to be on that list, to be part of the CF Montréal family. I know it's a big responsibility, and it pushed me to work harder, to learn quickly to help this team and this club in the best way.

Following the philosophy of the club and the organization, I think in time we will get the result and the performances we want. Sometimes it's not only about results but also about — especially in CF Montréal — developing the young guys.

Seeing the progress of players, I think that the main reason why a coach gets paid is to make players better despite the result. I know everyone is watching the results and it's like nothing else matters, but the development and the progression of the players, it's crucial because that's the main asset of the club. Seeing them making progress and seeing them developing day by day and week after week, that's something I want to work with. That's my passion.

PD: Last season was a big high for the club. A lot of players have moved on — Mihailovic, Johnston, Kone, even Kamara. A lot of change. How are you keeping the core team that's here now involved in that same winning mindset as last

season and making sure it is not just felt as a one-off? How do you keep that energy and keep them motivated?

Coach: That's one of the toughest parts as a coach because I've been there as a player, and I've been in teams having very good seasons and I know that you relax a little bit.

So, to keep that drive, to keep that motivation, it's part of my job, to keep the group tied together, concentrating and pushing them for more. Trying to integrate the new guys as quickly as we can is important; creating a solid group and a collective above the individual from day one; realizing that everything that we did last year is part of the past and the only thing that counts is the present. This is today. We have to put all the energy into today.

PD: How important are the supporters, the fans, to the success of this club?

Coach: Huge. It makes a world of difference when you play for your fans, when the players are playing for the family and friends coming to watch, supporting them in the stands. I felt that energy the last 10 to 15 minutes playing at the Olympic Stadium. I can't wait to play at the Saputo Stadium. The supporters will play a big role during our season. If they are behind us and they can push us to run that extra mile, well, I'm sure that will be the difference between making the playoffs or not making the playoffs.

I encourage all the fans to come and support us, and then it's up to us to give them something back. We need to give them entertainment, we need to give them emotions, we need to give them a reason to come back to every home game.

PD: So it's not a myth that the energy of the fan gives the player the push they need? Do you feel that buzz in your body when they get going?

Coach: The home team feels it, the referee feels it and the opposition feels it.

When you have 20,000 behind you and pushing you to the limits, you are not tired anymore. You don't feel the fatigue, you don't feel the cramps and you can do the extra effort because in your head you feel so much energy behind you and then you go for it.

So, I believe they can make a difference this season.

→ CF Montréal will play their next home match vs. D.C. United at Saputo Stadium on April 15.



MICHEL MARHINI

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Retrofuture

BY TAYLOR C NOAKES

Every once in a while, the powers that be in this city do something that catches my attention because it's both an overall smart decision that also moves against what you might call conventional wisdom. The Plante Administration's plan to renovate Place des Nations and make it whole again is just such a decision.

If you're reading this and wondering where Place des Nations is, you're likely under the age of 30 and I'm not going to hold it against you: for the better part of the last 15 years or so, it has been decrepit, overgrown, falling apart and more or less officially off limits. The fact that we have so many public spaces that some of them are occasionally forgotten about is one of the truly great and weird features of this glorious city.

To orient you in time and space, Place des Nations is a public plaza and open-air amphitheatre at the western end (or, more accurately, the southern tip) of Ile Ste-Hélène.

Technically, its address is 1 Chemin Macdonald, though most people would see it — and access it — by Avenue Einstein.

Yes, these are real, albeit exceedingly obscure, street names in Montreal.

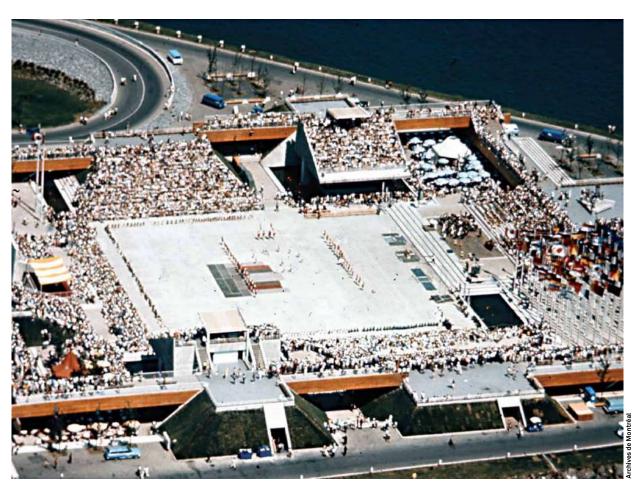
I strongly recommend you go see this place for yourself before the renovation work begins. (You may not have much time. It could begin this summer, and given this project has been more or less on the books for a decade, the city is hopefully interested in getting moving right away). Early Spring is ideal because the park islands are still relatively quiet. If you're really lucky, you'll see Place des Nations right as the trees and plants start to bloom and the various critters that inhabit the islands come out of hibernation. Few cities have abandoned, historically significant, fantastically interesting, post-modern, retro-futuristic ruins set in a place that's otherwise considered a nature park, so take advantage of it, because this is your last chance to see a prominent Expo 67 site in ruin.

I realize that may seem like an odd phrase, but back in the 1970s and 1980s, there were many more still-standing (albeit dilapidated) Expo 67 pavilions. The collection of crumbling futuristic buildings brought out film crews looking for post-apocalyptic cityscapes, and for a while at least, Ile Ste-Hélène provided just such a service (see the movie Quintet starring Paul Newman as an example).

Place des Nations was the primary ceremonial venue for Expo 67. This is where the fair's opening and closing ceremonies took place, as well as a variety of other official ceremonies involving a wide variety of dignitaries. It was also one of Expo's principle performance venues, and was further integrated into a transit station for the since-demolished Expo Express train. In other words, it was a central location, a gateway to the fair, a place to see and be seen. Between April and October of 1967, you can bet about 50 million people from all over the world probably made their way through Place des Nations.

It's hard to imagine that such an important place would be left to ruin, but that's Montreal for you. In this case, we're lucky the space has been preserved and that there's interest to return it to its original state. But more on that later.

While you can see Place des Nations from Pont de la Concorde, it may actually be easier to walk there from Parc Jean-Drapeau metro station. Exit the station and walk straight towards the Calder monument (i.e. towards the city), then make a left turn onto Chemin du Tour de l'Ile. You'll walk for about 5 to 10 minutes and go under Pont de la Concorde. Once



you get to the very end of the island, look behind you. It's been a minute since I've been there, so I can't tell you whether it'll be easy to get into or not. It may look overgrown, but in early Spring you should be able to see the buildings and the plaza and probably also figure out how to get in. You're walking into a space that's seen its better days and is likely home to a variety of critters big and small, so keep all that in mind when you go there. You definitely don't want to trespass on this taxpayer-funded, public land that's really easy to get into, but in my experience the worst thing that will happen to you is that someone might yell at you from a distance. (Seriously, go with a friend, be careful, have a blast.)

It certainly doesn't look like much, let alone a place 50 million people once visited, but there you have it. It's a plaza and a park and an amphitheatre — useful space. Oddly enough, despite the fact that Place des Nations was primarily a ceremonial venue during Expo 67 (and you'd figure that, post-fair, it wouldn't have had nearly as much re-use value), Place des Nations wound up being one of the most useful post-Expo pavilions. The American pavilion (today's Biosphere) burned in 1976 and was left abandoned until the early 1990s. A strike at the Alcan Aquarium led to the deaths of several dolphins, which in turn led to its closure in the early 1990s. The Quebec pavilion was going to be turned into a permanent dinosaur museum (with animatronic dinosaurs, no less) until it was absorbed into the casino (which replaced a museum space known as the Palais de la civilisation).

Throughout the 1970s and 1980s, the original Expo 67 pavilions were torn down and destroyed, and yet Place des Nations carried on largely because it met a need for a large venue that wasn't the Olympic Stadium or the old Montreal Forum. With a capacity for between 7,500 and 9,000 spectators, not to mention its unique location, Place des Nations survived because it was a surprisingly ideal performance space. Well before summertime festivals like Osheaga or the purpose-built outdoor public performance spaces like Place des Festivals or Espace 67, Place des Nations was both carrying on a tradition established by Expo 67 while simultaneously laying the groundwork and foundation for future performances and performance spaces in Montreal. Early editions of the Jazz Fest were held there, and it was also used as seating for early editions of the fireworks competition. Film festivals held screenings there. In the 1970s and 1980s, Place des Nations hosted major rock concerts, including performances by the B-52s, Chuck Berry, Harmonium, Black Sabbath, Supertramp,

Frank Zappa, Offenbach, Joni Mitchell, Peter Tosh and Peter Gabriel. Into the 1990s it served as a venue for the 1994 edition of Lollapalooza, and hosted groups like Bad Religion, No Doubt, the Offspring and the Roots.

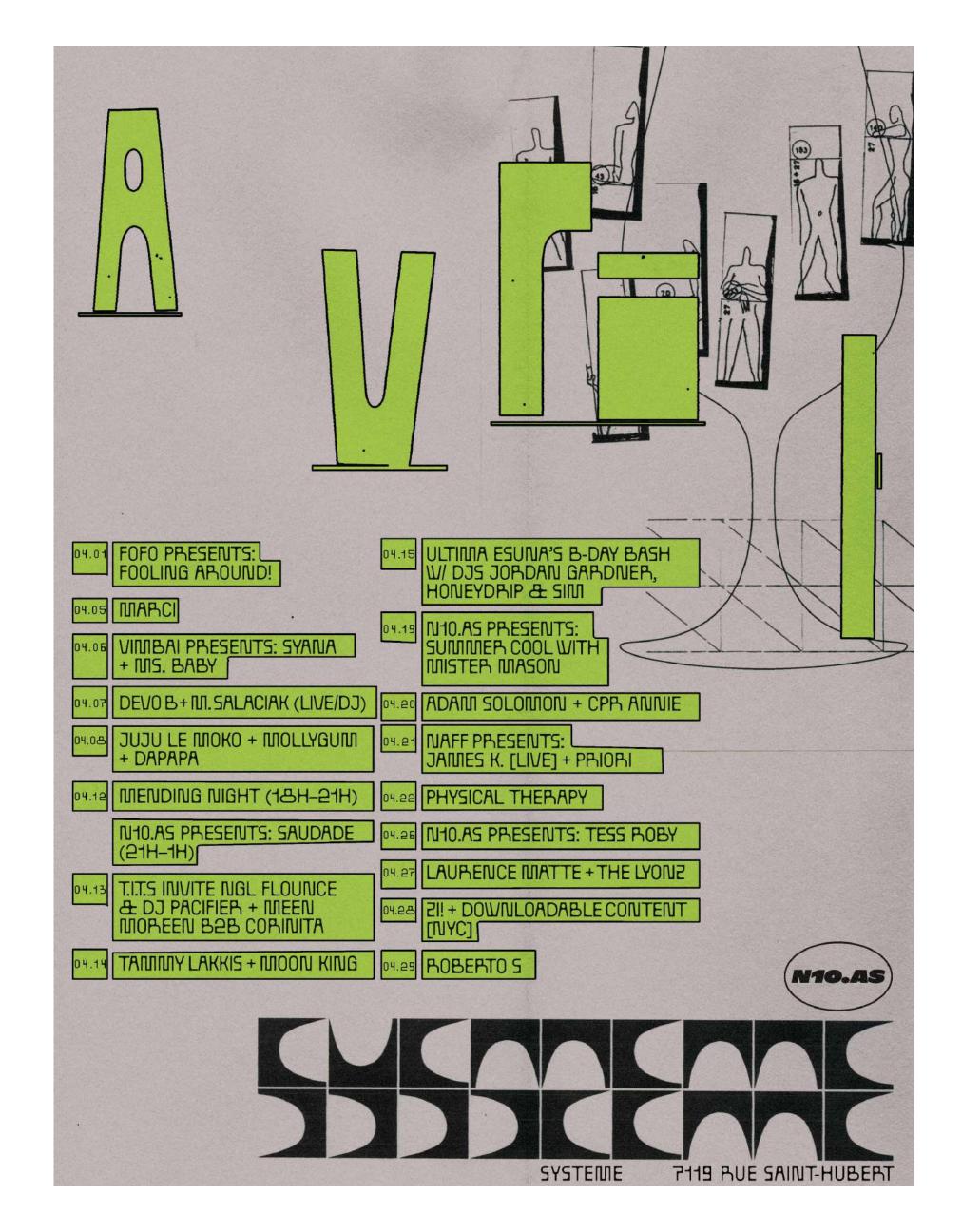
Remarkably, though this venue was well attended by Boomer concert goers back in the day (and Montreal anglo Boomers are super nostalgic for the "good old days" of Expo 67), it was the *Montreal Gazette* that argued just about nine years ago that Place des Nations wasn't worth saving.

This was back in the context of the preparations for Montreal's 375th anniversary, a celebration that was much more of a Denis Coderre re-election campaign than a festival of all things Montreal. Back then, the city had proposed a \$55-million revamp of Parc Jean-Drapeau, which included an estimated \$12.5-million restoration of Place des Nations. The Gazette's editorial board sided with Coderre when the latter got cold feet about the proposed Place des Nations rebuild, arguing that the venue had outlived its usefulness, as there were ample other outdoor venues throughout the city. Coderre wound up spending double the amount on an electric car race no one wanted, and then lost the mayoralty in probably the biggest political upset in the city's history.

I have said it before and I cannot say it enough: Thank god no one listens to *The Gazette*'s editorial board when it comes to urban planning issues.

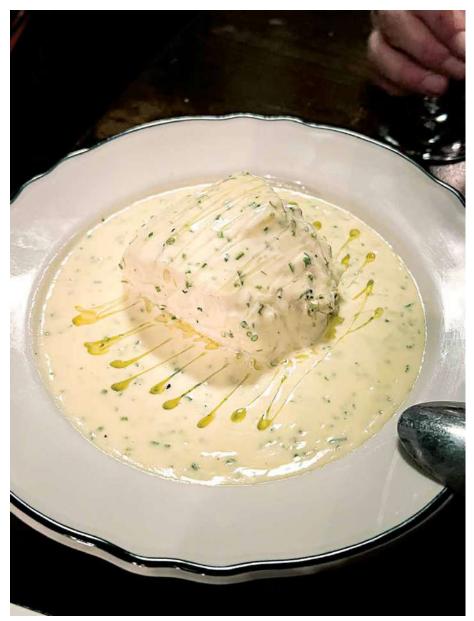
What future awaits Place des Nations is anyone's guess, but the decision to restore its original design is a strong step in the right direction. There were no calls to monetize the site, integrate space for tchotchke vendors or install a gourmet food court. If it winds up having a modest canteen and a well kept public toilet, frankly I'll be ecstatic.

Place des nations, once revived, may again become a slightly out of the way but oh-so-worth-it concert venue, but it may also simply be a quiet place at the end of Ile Ste-Hélène that has no specific purpose. That's fine — Montreal needs more of those anyways, particularly as the Old Port cedes ground to all manner of halfwit tourist traps. Montrealers don't need to be harangued with organized leisure activities, we just need a place to be. That was the essence of Place des Nations throughout Expo 67, when it wasn't being used for official pomp and circumstance. It's nice to see that someone at City Hall considered a disused public space and decided it doesn't need to become anything new, as it was fine just the way it was.



food

Happy house





BY CLAY SANDHU

Maison Publique is in my neighbourhood — in fact, it's one of the most convenient restaurants relative to where I live.

A few times a year, I'll pass in front of its red brick storefront that's dusted in snow in the winter and framed by nasturtium in the summer and think, "I should be a regular here." But I rarely go. If I try to put a pin on why, it can be hard to isolate one single reason, it just seems that every time I've ever eaten there (and I've been eating at Maison Publique a few times a year since 2013), something's been off. My most recent visit included.

The thing that's off isn't always the same. In the past, it's been small but annoying stuff like having to take a photo of the menu. I remember on a first visit I waited behind two other tables before having my chance to take my snapshot of the menu board, only to get back to my table in the annex room and be told that they had run out of two of the dishes we ordered. The good news: they still have a chalkboard menu, but at least there's one in both rooms.

On another occasion, the *thing* was condescending service: a less-than-warm reception, indifference to your table, the overall sense that your presence is an inconvenience. I am pleased to say, however, that the service, too, has improved. The greeting was warm and genuine and the service throughout most of the meal (I'll explain what I mean later) was attentive.

On every occasion, however, the *thing* that was irritating or unpleasant was tempered by excellent cooking. I once ordered a breakfast sandwich and my server suggested a side of potatoes that ended up being a \$15 plate of fried potatoes topped with braised lamb. A bit of an audacious upsell, if you ask me. It's a good thing those potatoes were fucking delicious.

In a decade of eating at this restaurant, I have been put off in myriad ways but the food has always been great and the kitchen is responsible for some of the best dishes I've eaten in this city. That's why I'm very surprised to report that for the very first time, the *thing* at Maison Publique that put me off was the food.

It's worth mentioning, I think, that Maison Publique is modelled after an East Coast pub. The fact that it's been perennially featured on best-of lists alongside many traditional high-end spots is just a testament to the cooking over the years. Distinct from a London pub, it's covered in bric-a-brac, tchotchkes and sports memorabilia. It's ugly in a wholeheartedly charming way, the kind of place that is so genuinely not trying to be cool that it's exactly that, and you'd never be able to recreate it if you tried. It's always been a characteristic of the restaurant that I've liked. A room like this, which puts out the quality of food that Maison Publique is known for, is the distillation of a "Montreal" restaurant. On this particular evening, the lighting was soft and warm, the playlist was upbeat but at a good level. It felt like a proper dining room at the local pub.

Onto the food and drink. Maison Publique, for years, was known for stubbornly insisting on a Canadian-only wine list. To their credit, it's where I drank my first bottle of le Couchant from Farnham's les Pervenches. But the list was full of very overpriced and very mediocre Canadian wines. Over the past few years, they've eased up on the localness significantly and the list, curated by long-time general manager Félix Léonard Gagné, now touts references from

quality producers the world over. Opting for a fish and seafood-focused menu, we were recommended a bottle of 2019 riesling from Element Vineyards in the Finger Lakes. A classic dry riesling, the wine was waxy with touches of lemon curd, chamomile and honeysuckle. It's got good body for only coming in at 11.5% alcohol, and the driving acidity helps to balance out a particularly aromatic profile. It's not my favourite wine but it's undoubtedly a well-balanced riesling and a quality suggestion from our server.

The first dish to arrive was the best of the night: a mushroom and mornay vol-au-vent. A mix of seven varieties of mushrooms (I only identified maitake, oyster, and lion's mane) sat on a bed of caramelized onions deglazed with vinegar (I'd reckon balsamic, but it could have been sherry) that was set inside a beautifully risen round of puff-pastry and bathed in a luxurious cheddar-based mornay sauce. A tuft of herbs (parsley, dill, tarragon) was placed on top for an added bit of colour. It's a great dish. The mushrooms are hearty and burst with flavour, each one of the varieties offering its own texture and taste. The richness of the mornay is offset by the brightness of the onions and the pastry is as flaky as it comes while being sturdy enough to hold its shape as we cut into it. But the herbs seemed entirely superfluous, and the dill, especially, felt out of place. If the touch of green is essential, a bit of chive would have done just fine, or a sprig or two of chervil. My other criticism is a bigger deal: the dish was tepid at best. If it's a hot dish, it should be hot.

Moving on. While we were eating the vol-au-vent, a second dish arrived: mezzelune filled with pumpkin and served with mostarda and amaretti — an absolutely bizarre-sounding plate of pasta. I had to know if it was any good. Here's the thing with a dish like this: If you're going to be provocative, you have to buy in. Either you go for it or you keep it classic, and this dish landed somewhere in between. The plate featured six plump mezzalune (a half-moon-shaped stuffed pasta) in a chilli-flecked butter sauce topped with a few fried sage leaves and a nearly imperceivable amaretti crumb. Mostarda, if you've not had it, is a Northern Italian condiment made of fruits candied in sugar and mustard oil equal parts sweet and hot. Amaretti is a type of almond cookie. If you're doing a riff on a classic pasta and the riff includes candied fruit and cookies, there should be a good reason. In this particular dish, the amaretti and the mostarda were invisible — I can't say that I noticed their presence or effect on the dish. The pumpkin filling was pretty onenote and a bit too wet for my taste. The pasta was very well cooked and had a lovely texture, but ultimately this ended up being a dish more audacious on paper than it was on the plate. I don't think anyone would have thought less of the dish if it was simply squash mezzelune with brown butter and sage - no cookies or candy needed.

Next up, the Calmars Sicilienne, a dish of squid cooked in tomato and chilli with almonds, currants, fregola and capers. While this was quite tasty, the tomato sauce could have been more concentrated (it had more of a tomato soup quality to it) and the dish was missing cohesion. It's not to say that the parts themselves don't work together — I think they do — but the dish lacked a sense of harmony. Maybe the sauce just needed to cook a bit longer before the squid was added. In any case, it was a dish with plenty of potential that slightly under-delivered.

The next course, what I would describe as the main course, was a piece of Gaspésienne Halibut in sauce Messine. This one was new to me. Sauce Messine is a traditional creambased sauce used for fish. A mix of shallot, lemon, tarragon and chives, the silky white emulsion most closely resembles béchamel or béarnaise. The presentation for this dish is quite simple: a hefty chunk of the filet is set in the centre of the plate and the herb-flecked white sauce is generously poured overtop so that it envelops the fish and pools to the edges of the plate. Nowhere to hide on this one. The sauce is really delicious — surprisingly so. I might have liked a touch more lemon, but that's just me. The fish, however, was undercooked. That's the challenge with halibut — too much cooking and it's ruined but underdo it and the texture is off too. It's a really lovely product, Halibut from Gaspésie, but it's not easy to cook



with. It requires precision technique and skill and there's little room for error — especially when its only accompaniment is cream and tarragon. I thought the dish fell a bit flat and at nearly \$50.00 a portion, it's a costly disappointment.

The biggest letdown of the night, however, was a dish with the potential to be my favourite: clams with pork belly. Let me just start by saying that pork and clams are one of my favourite combinations. Fatty pork belly, perfectly crisped, mingling with the sweet and briny flavours of clams — there are few things better. This seemed like a dish tailor-made for me. The plate was truly enticing: a good dozen clams topped with crispy hunks of pork belly, golden pieces of fried potato and dots of garlicky aioli — all under a scattering of green onion. The pork and potatoes were tasty, although I got the impression that the dish may have sat on the pass for a few minutes because the potatoes were beginning to get quite soggy. The clams, I'm sad to say, were not good. With a mushy texture that burst with bitter saltwater, the taste was decidedly unpleasant and a sign that the clams weren't their freshest. It's not to say they had gone off — but they were well on their way, and in a dish where clams are the star, they should probably be the best part, no? My dining companion and I each ate two clams and agreed we could eat no more.

Let me touch on service again for a second. It became clear, sometime after the squid, that we were underwhelmed with the food — and that's when service dropped off. Check-ins became fewer and farther between, we regularly found ourselves pouring our own wine, and the interactions were reduced to bringing dishes and taking away plates of mostly uneaten food without asking a single question other than, "Is this finished?" To me and my dining companion, this came across as an acknowledgement that the meal was not going well, and an outright refusal to confront that reality or do anything about it. They simply didn't want to know. I have always championed the server and the cook and implored readers to extend courtesy, kindness and patience, but the

expectation goes the other way, too. For a meal that will cost over \$300, I expect the restaurant to ask if I need anything, to find ways to improve the experience when they can and to care whether or not my meal was any good.

We ended dinner with a slice of chocolate tart. I've eaten a version of this tart at Lawrence many times: a chocolate-crumb base, chocolate mousse and a dark-chocolate ganache topped with Maldon salt. Maison Publique's was fine, but not better than that — we both found the crust to be oddly leathery. Strangest of all, however, was that the tart was served with a quenelle of what tasted like whipped sour cream. Unsweetened cream would have been welcome — a bit of crème anglaise poured overtop might have even been interesting, but the savoury and acidic side of sour cream was jarring at first bite and did nothing to improve or balance the tart. I can't understand why it was on the plate.

And so this visit, which began like every other — buoyed by the optimism of becoming a regular at my neighbourhood restaurant that's widely viewed as one of the best tables in town — was yet another instance of a restaurant experience that was nearly great until it wasn't. In an article I wrote about fine dining earlier this year, I talked about catching lightning in a bottle and that a great restaurant is the culmination of everything working right and in harmony all at once. I believe that Maison Publique h ad its lighting-ina-bottle era — I might have just missed it. The reality is, in these subsequent years, the harmony just hasn't been there. When the food is excellent, the service is lacking and when things in the front finally seem on point — well, you might get a meal like the one I had. I want to say that, aside from the clams, our meal was adequate, but Maison Publique isn't meant to be adequate. It's meant to be exceptional, and I know that it can be. Some of the most talented chefs, cooks and service folk I know came out of this restaurant, and I know that it's capable of being truly excellent. Unfortunately, on this occasion, it missed the mark.



Freedom of assembly

BY SRUTI ISLAM

Much to the delight for those who irreparably suffer from millennial nostalgia, Feist will release her sixth studio album on April 27: *Multitudes*.

For followers of her career, now 24 years on from her debut album *Monarch*, this album should serve as a welcome reminder of why they became fans in the first place. Her haunting melodies persist, and the lyrics remain insightful as hell, but there is a newfound sonic cohesion that is sure to assuage the chaos of the last few years — a time that proved pivotal for the musician in creating this album.

Sruti Islam: There's a lot in this record about being the best version of yourself. In "Forever Before," you sing, "Try to be a good friend, most of the time." It's even in the album title, in that you embrace containing multitudes, not just being good or bad. What do you think drives our impulse to have to be one or the other?

Feist: I don't necessarily feel there is such a thing as a hard line between good and bad. Or if there is, it's a wavy one like an old river winding its way through us, and as we change, or the situation does, who we need to be to meet the moment changes, too. Relationship to ourselves times relationship to others to the power of time itself equals, well, maybe the Multitudes.

SI: I'm also thinking of the line, "And one day our deep humiliation will be known" in "Calling All the Gods." Were you thinking about guilt when working on this album?

 \digamma : Not at all, but responsibility, yes. That line is actually from Emily Wilson's translation of The Odyssey, which I found riveting and inspiring and reached into me like only a few books have in my life. It's definitely because of her way of lifting the ancient text into the light of modern day. I'm no scholar but found it fascinating that Homer is supposedly unknown. Or perhaps there are just generations upon generations of Greek people committing this strangely random story of a fallible self-serving person to memory. Like, why that story? And then dotted all through it are these lucid statements people make where they feel the enormity of the past as they face their particular moment, their own "modern" moment, and wonder at how they'll fare. It struck me as touching and strange to sing of a "one day" from today's perspective, to feel the hope that if we're lucky, one day we'll know something that will make us seem small and cruel to our ancestors. But those words are 3,000 years old. It's like a time machine, bringing any one person's mind into contact with our evolution as thinkers and feelers.

SI: Is "Martyr Moves" a specific meditation on personal responsibility? I'm thinking of your decision not too long ago to pull some shows with Arcade Fire after certain allegations were made, and the decision to donate merch funds to women's organizations. It's a lot of personal responsibility women have to take when it comes to these issues and, I can only imagine, especially so for famous women. What are your thoughts on that?

F: Well, the record was already finished when I went over to Dublin and met that moment. All I can say is that it's hard



to find your bearings in a fog, and I was grateful to a lot of friends and colleagues who made what felt complicated also quite simple. Each person needs to do what feels right to them, and do their best to take care of one another along the way as best we can.

SI: While there's been an evolution in your albums, there's a signature Feist sound, a consistent style of layering of vocals. What is it about this effect, that sounds more like a community than a single woman, that appeals to you?

F:That's a nice description of the feeling I have when I'm mocking those voices up. It's been that way as long as I can remember. When I was maybe 12, my dad gave my brother and I each a ribbon on Christmas morning and said, "There's something in the house with the colour ribbon on it and that's your present!" So my brother and I ran up and down the stairs searching high and low until we found a four-track and a MIDI guitar. Hilariously, like Homer giving Marge a bowling ball for Chrismast in *The Simpsons*. My brother was five years older than me, so he basically absorbed both of them and lucky for me that meant I had a live-in tutor when I eventually got interested in the four-track.

So from the very beginning of playing around with recording, I was making tone poems of ambient sound sculpture, with stacks of harmonies and bits of radio static and blasts of orchestra and then giggling and more glorious choral phrases. He'd also given us an effects rack mount and so I drenched myself in reverb and learned to bounce tracks and would add more and more voices. They had a call and response feel to them even then, when I was 14. So I guess it was always there from the ground floor.

SI: "Song for a Sad Friend," again, feels like a meditation on personal responsibility. Out of care for a friend, the song reflects on letting someone you love feel sadness, even if it's hard to bear and watch. Is that a right reading?

F: Yes, I'd say our sadness can be a teacher, an asset. I let it rule me like weather for years, as if I had no say or authorship of my experience of it. When I began to have

panic attacks — which were so shocking and obliterating of what I understood the material of life to be made of — I started to understand that they were being caused by a deeper and wiser capability within me who wanted me to stop, drop and roll. They were caused to essentially save me from doing myself more damage, and later I began to be able to listen when more smoke would creep in under the door and I'd sense myself close to that sort of takeover again. And really, what my sadness told me was fucking important. It's hard to not want to make it go away, or to console someone you love who's hurting. But also, just letting it play out, seeing what it wants to point you at, that could be a helpful way to sit next to someone in pain as well. Like, when was the last time you saw a bloodhound stop barking at a scent it caught just because you said, "Ah, it's okay?"

SI: You've obviously grown and changed over time, and despite the years that have passed since you wrote songs like "Mushaboom," and even ones like "It's Cool to Love Your Family," I wonder what pulls you to that theme? You know, for some people, family is the least appealing ideal, especially in my generation these days, so I wonder what pulls you towards the concept of family, or has that changed?

F:I belonged to a very solid family when I was just forming my expectations of the world. For better or for worse, it made me feel that belonging to a system built as much for love as survival is a beautiful thing to work towards.

SI: I know this album was a product of the pandemic, but was that period of forced isolation something you're grateful for?

F: I'm grateful it stopped me in my tracks so I could just stay still with my baby girl. I suppose I'd imagined we'd just keep moving after she was born, the way I always had. But I'm glad I was made to just stop and be in one place and stare into her eyes for a couple of years, and learn what I needed to learn about what compels me to move so much in the first place.

 $[\]rightarrow$ Feist performs at MTelus (59 Ste-Catherine E.) on Friday, May 19, 8 p.m. \$70.50



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Home as a romanticized concept



By Stephan Boissonneault

After the 2020 tour for their album Comforter was cut short due to the pandemic, like many bands, the Bodywash songwriting duo, Chris Steward and Rosie Long Decter, used their time to write new music. But though the light dream pop/shoegaze elements were still there, Steward and Long Decter found themselves feeling dejected, almost dislocated from what they considered home.

The whole concept of home seemed to be fractured and disparaging for different reasons. Friends were forced to move away, windows to stores and venues shut — some never to open again. It became harder and harder for the pair to find the light in the darkness as they did with *Comforter*. This led to a darker and more experimental sound on the new, second LP, I Held the Shape While I Could.

"It just kind of manifested itself," says Steward over a twoway call with his bandmate. "This album kind of became a reservoir where we just threw out our frustrations, all those micro and macro complications. So yeah, it got pretty dark." "We originally wanted to call the record 'Atrophy,' which kind of sums up the thoughts weaving through our minds when writing it," adds Long Decter. "It shouldn't go without saying that it kind of is a pandemic record 'cause lots of those songs were written in the thick of it, April 2020 and lockdown."

During the spring of 2021, Steward, originally from the U.K., also lost his work status in Canada. After applying for a new job within the music industry, he was told that his work permit expiration had passed by a month. And this was through no fault of his own, but because of a typo from the Canadian government. Still, because everything was moving at a snail's pace due to the pandemic, Steward had to wait for months for a remedy.

"I was in the absolute hinterland where I had no concept of home whatsoever," Steward says. "Home was just other people around me that I loved and cared about. And that's pretty much all that I could focus on."

Steward's experience became the inspiration behind "Massif Central," a song that both he and Long Decter call a "cathartic experience" live.

"When we play it live, there are a couple of us just screaming about the difficult situation he experienced," Long Decter says. "It can also channel whatever other experiences people are going through at the time."

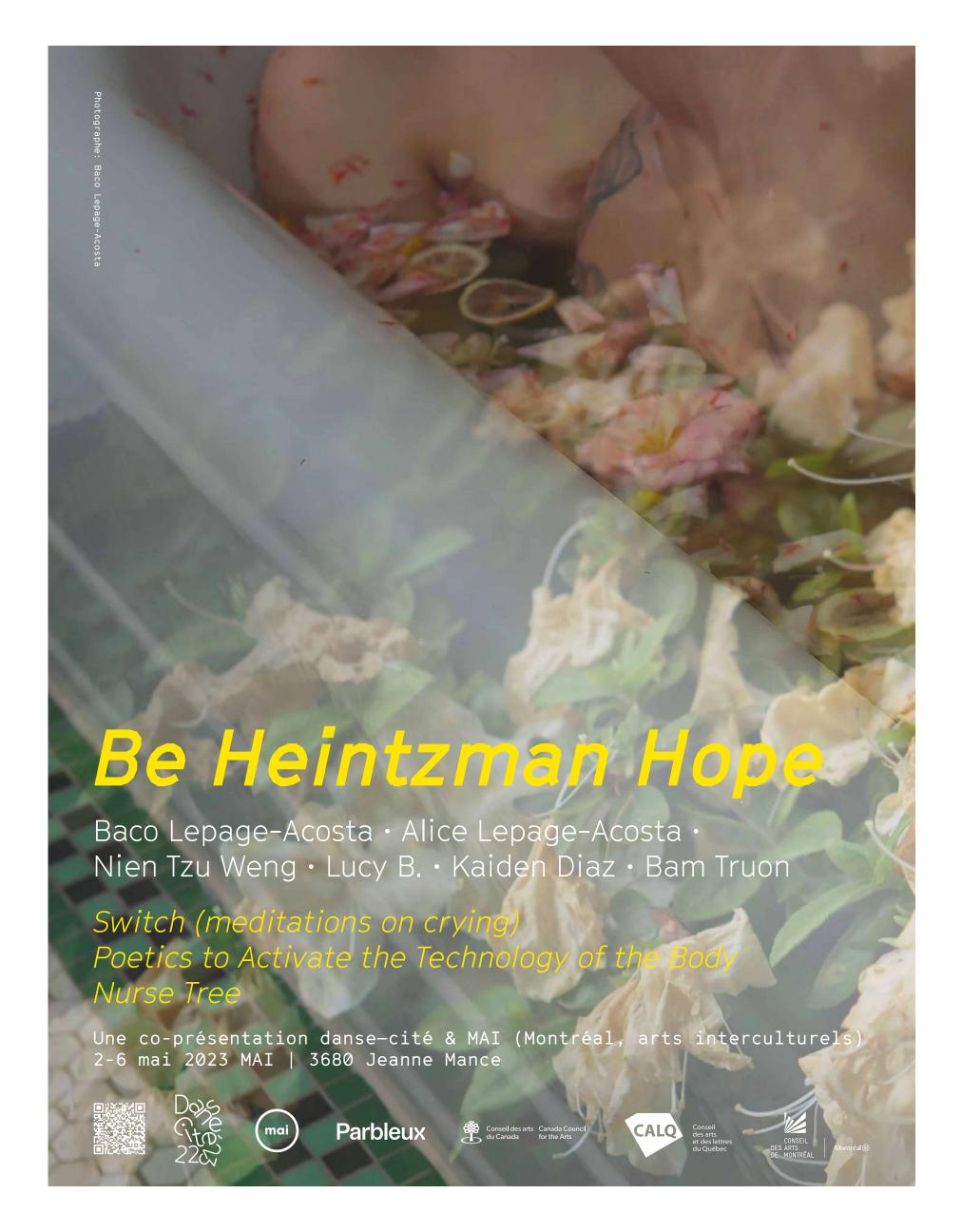
So yes, there's lots of darkness and decay on I Held the Shape While I Could, but it's some of the best work Bodywash has ever conceived. Walls of frenetic guitars, drone synths, Long Decter's spectral vocal work — it's all there in droves on this new record.

But one song that stands out as sounding more hopeful, and closer to the dream pop found on *Comforter*, is "Ascents," about the support Steward and Long Decter have given each other over their nine years as friends and musical collaborators.

"We've weathered a lot together and during the darker periods, where the other songs emerged from, we supported each other in new ways and grew closer together as human beings," Long Decter says.

The concept of home has changed for us all in these last few years. It's something tangible that can become intangible in flash as the world changes day by day. Still, perhaps I Held The Shape While I Could is more about the one constant that will remain at our sides through what could be considered a decaying, bleak future: the people we care about.

→ The Bodywash album launch, with openers Tallies and Shallow, is taking place at la Sotterenea (4848 St-Laurent, basement) on Saturday, April 15, doors 8:30 p.m., \$15/\$18



:hammer of the mods

BY JOHNSON CUMMINS

Easily the band that had the biggest impact on me as a musician, a fan and a person is coming to town, and I couldn't be more bummed.

Obviously the big news this month is the new, reheated version of the heroes of hardcore: Black Flag will be playing Foufounes Electriques. I am indeed blessed to have seen Black Flag when they were still completely lethal and would probably rank their 1984 My War tour stop in Toronto as the greatest show I've ever witnessed. To this day, I've never seen a band perform with so much conviction and pure passion while leaning into every note, much to the chagrin of the punker than thou audience who had not listened to Flag's sea change. In fact, guitarist and leader Greg Ginn still sticks out in my memory of that show as one of the greatest musicians I have ever seen.

After '84, things started to dwindle for the mighty Flag as their nihilistic angst began to fizzle into retread, and the miles they clocked in on the road, numerous line changes and years of living in poverty began to weigh too heavily on them. In '86, while they still had some teeth left to clench, the band respectfully called it a day.

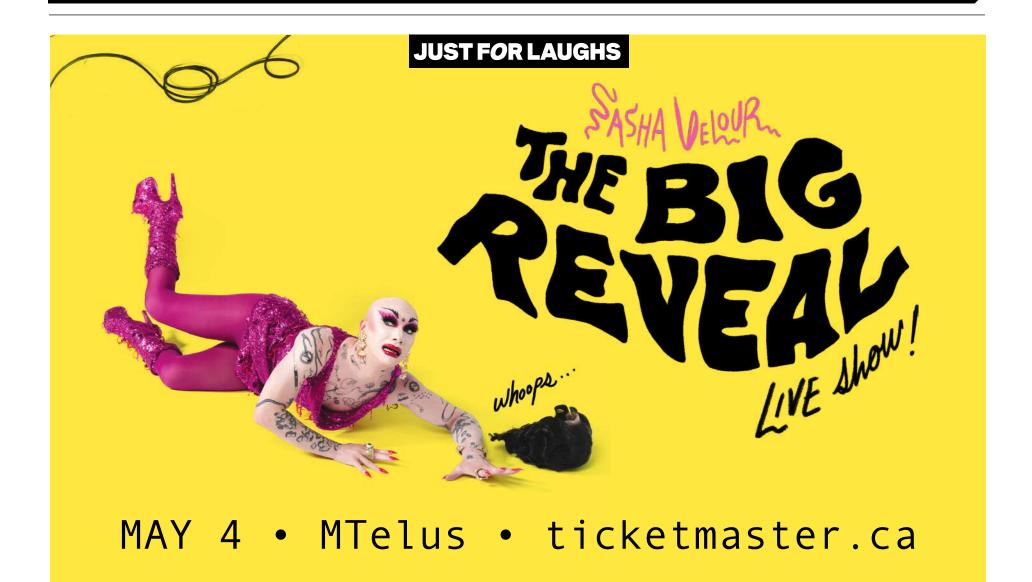
Sadly, Ginn would not let sleeping dogs lie, and after almost two decades they had another kick at one of America's great bands. After a misfiring of the band and reuniting with second Flag singer Ron Reyes, Greg Ginn would appear on a record that was even worse than Tom Troccoli's Dog (a record made by two Flag roadies and Ginn in '85) — 2013's utter stinker What The... Of course, if you're a fanatic like myself, you can't stop watching the car crash that Black Flag has become.

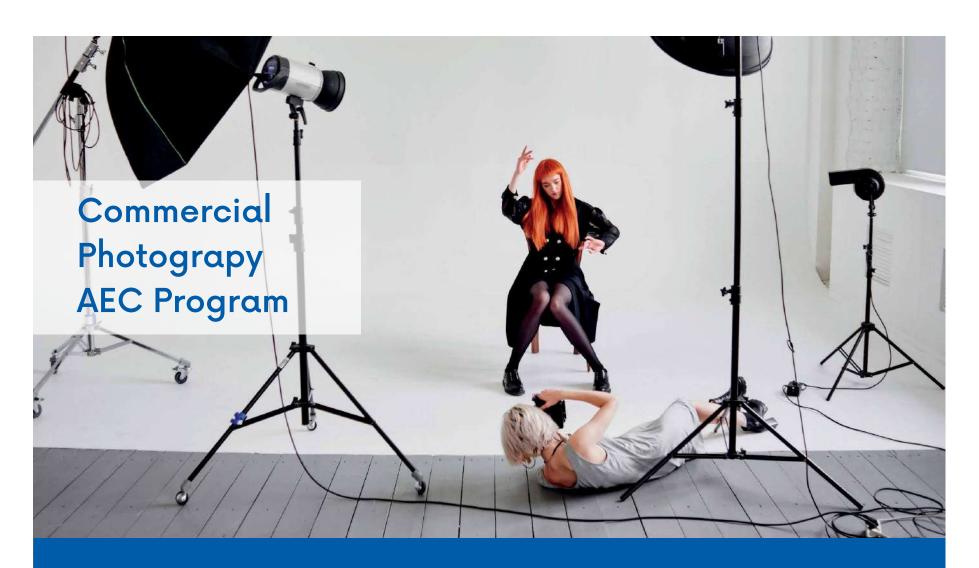
After Reyes was fired in the middle of a show 10 years ago, things just got worse with pro skater Mike Vallely taking over the mic. Montreal will be treated to two sets with Flag performing all of the utter classic (and the record that launched the Melvins, grunge etc) My War (side 2!!!) and will perform a second set of all the rest. For a small glimpse of greatness that has so clearly eluded them over the past decade, I will be squinting along with the rest of you. May God help us all. 87 Ste-Catherine E., April 19, 8 p.m., \$35 plus service fees

One show that is definitely not going to disappoint is the Bikini Kill show at MTelus — god willing. After attempting to make up the show three times now, Kathleen Hanna and co. are going to be playing for keeps during this rare glimpse of the

band that was the touchstone for the riot grrrl movement. It's pretty much guaranteed that after the first few seconds of "Rebel Girl," MTelus is going to be nothing but splinters. All grrrls to the front! 59 Ste-Catherine E., April 12, 8 p.m.,

Since we're definitely going for the '80s/'90s classics, I have to mention that the kings of death metal, Carcass, will be laying waste with the uber heavy support of thrash kings Municipal Waste and (gulp) true thrash legends Sacred Reich and Creeping Death taking up the sweat slot at Corona. This will obviously sell out, so throw this paper down and grab tickets right now!!! 2490 Notre-Dame W., April 15, 7 p.m., \$126





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Album reviews



Boygenius, The Record

(Interscope)
Combine three of the most exciting artists in music right now and sparks are bound to fly. Phoebe Bridgers, Julien Baker and Lucy Dacus return collectively as Boygenius, following up on their gorgeous 2018 self-titled EP with a spectacular full-length. This comes after each artist in this supergroup (especially

Bridgers) has reached new levels of fame and recognition as solo artists in those intervening five years. Luckily, it absolutely — and emphatically — delivers on the hype. All three artists take turns singing lead on "Not Strong Enough," "Satanist" and "Cool About It," each shining brightly during their turns at the mic, though they also take the lead on their own tracks. The Record proves that Boygenius are far greater than the sum of their parts, and a masterclass in how artists can showcase their individual strengths while complementing one another effortlessly. 10/10 Trial Track: "Not Strong Enough" (Dave MacIntyre)



ALL HANDS_MAKE LIGHT, Darling the Dawn

(Constellation) This is the debut LP from drone wave/shoegaze project ALL HANDS_MAKE LIGHT, feat. veteran musicians Efrim Manuel Menuck (Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Thee Silver Mt. Zion Memorial Orchestra) and Ariel Engle (Broken Social Scene, la

Force). Before this debut LP, we got a self-titled cassette release of modular synth/noise madness from Efrim, complemented by Ariel's enchanting vocals. This new

LP, Darling the Dawn, is a more cohesive effort with all the synth drone greatness intact, but with a fully framed lyrical concept behind it. The idea is to have a body of work conveying the calm and heavy side of the dawn, or the first light we all experience as human beings on a daily basis. These experiences are painted through noise and almost mantra-esque chants. I'd recommend playing this blissful album front-to-back in one sitting, and loud. 9/10 Trial Track: "Anchor" (Stephan Boissoneault)



Yves Tumor, *Praise a Lord* Who Chews but Which Does Not Consume (Or Simply, Hot Between Worlds)

(Warp)

Though no one really sounds like Yves Tumor, for the uninitiated, he's the kind of artist you'd get with a pungent concoction of Prince, D'Angelo and the heavy '90s rock/shoegaze scene. Their

sound is like a shapeshifting mass, a darkened collapsing star that jumps from the sounds of earworm proto-punk basslines to the current R&B hip hop world, to the obscure shoegaze minor-keyed guitar world of Slowdive or My Bloody Valentine. This album is a marvel. The sheer imagination in the second half of "Heaven Surrounds Us Like a Hood" — it's just like falling in love with music again and again. The vocal techniques by Sean Bowie (Tumor's real name) and mixing are stellar, as manned by Noah Goldstein (who engineered Kanye's My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy) and shoegaze mixer extraordinaire Alan Moulder. The slower numbers are still good, but do drop off in intensity. Still, that's only two tracks of the 12. And then "Ebony Eye" bursts out with its organ-synth phrase and dark orchestral disco chorus easily one of the best album closers I've heard in recent memory. 9/10 Trial Track: "Ebony Eye" (Stephan Boissoneault)



Bluebird, Myrtle Avenue (Baby Horse)

As the years pass and keep on getting stranger, we will always have a harvest of fresh musical talent to chronicle the anxieties. darkness and apprehensions of a generation. I don't know when it became so unbearable to just continue existing as a 20 or 30 something, but Bluebird's Myrtle

Avenue — an experiment in alt-country, Canadiana and hints of psychedelic shoegaze a damn near perfect take on the experience. Drug use, death, redemption, loss, it's all for the taking on Myrtle Avenue, led by guitarist/vocalist Dan Beasy. The instrumentation is dripping with swagger — slide guitar, subtle saloon keys, acoustic shuffles, smooth bass, distorted Hank Williams III guitar lines, tight drumming — but it's the lyrical content that makes Myrtle Avenue shine. Having written this album primarily while he was living in Montreal's Fattal Lofts, an artist hub that could be called heaven inside of hell, Beasy's storytelling is so visceral, so raw (reminiscent of Ian Noe) that you can't help but disappear with him into this colourful, wonderful trip. 8/10 Trial Track: "Leviathan" (Stephan Boissoneault)

Murray A. Lightburn, Once Upon a Time in Montreal (Dangerbird)

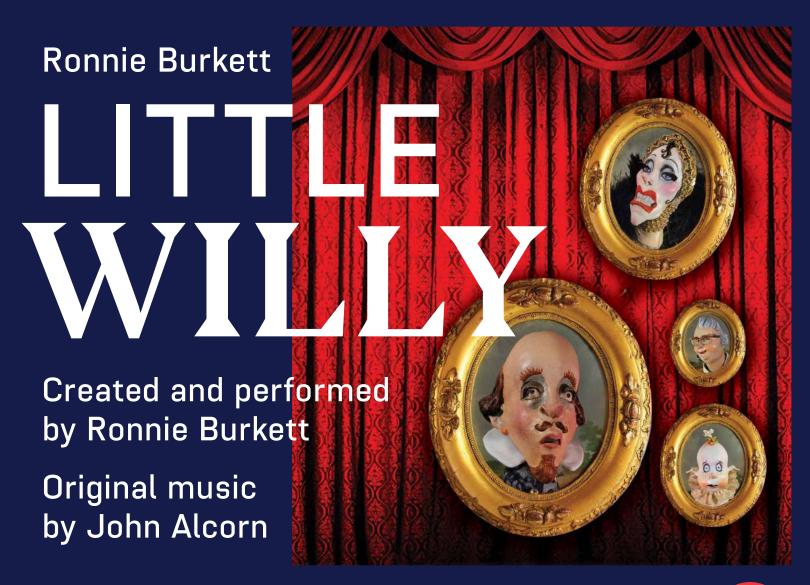
The third solo LP by the Dears' frontman is an incredibly personal body of work — one based on something equally familiar and unfamiliar to him. Primarily, this is due to its central theme about Lightburn's father William, a former saxophonist who passed away from Alzheimer's in April 2020, and who felt "almost like a complete stranger" to the younger Lightburn. Self-described as the "album version of a biopic," this is a decidedly more elegant, jazzier and stripped-down affair than the music from Lightburn's day job, but it's just as emotionally gripping and riveting as anything he's made. Beyond the heavy use of horns, strings and other orchestral arrangements, traces of Nick Drake, James Taylor, Al Green, Leonard Cohen and other '60s-'70s singer-songwriters can be felt and heard, particularly on the acoustic-driven "In the Kingdom of Heaven" and the waltz-tempo title track. Once Upon a Time in Montreal sees Murray Lightburn come to grips with the passing of a father he never truly got to know, while also introducing fans to a whole other dimension in his musical oeuvre. 8/10 Trial Track: "Dumpster Gold" (Dave MacIntyre)



"Little Willy is sweet dirty fun"

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film

The artist's life



BY SARAH FOULKES

Kelly Reichardt's cinema has been categorized as "minimalist" or "neoneo realism" — two categories whose delineations and compositions have been greatly contested and rearranged.

Regardless of the specifics of genre, Reichardt's films are often patiently observed character (and space) studies. To some, Reichardt is a purveyor of granola cinema, to others she is "a major artist in a minor key." Either way, her influence on North American independent cinema is non-negotiable.

In Showing Up, Reichardt teams up with Michelle Williams for the fourth time. Williams plays Lizzy, a pottery artist in the week leading up to her show. With a permanently furrowed brow, Lizzy manages family conflict, a day job and her own neuroses. Her neighbour and landlord Jo (Hong Chau) is also an artist working with textiles. Jo's career as an artist flourishes at the expense of her landlord duties; Lizzy hasn't had hot water in weeks. Without demonizing her, Reichardt paints Jo as an artist whose freedom as a landlord affords her freedom as an artist. Time and money are as much factors in success as talent. Reichardt seems to argue.

The film feels true to the experience of the struggling artist. Often, when we think of life's influence on art, we think of it in terms of narrative events or characters plucked from the artist's personal orbit. But life also influences art in the very practical details of living. An artist's ability to show up at their work station every day is determined by a number of factors: housing, family obligations, part-time jobs and life's inevitable obstacles. For Reichardt, you're an artist if you show up.

Sarah Foulkes: One of the things that I really appreciated in this film, as an artist myself, was the focus on artists that work day jobs in order to do their work — the work they want to spend their lives doing. How has that changed for you over the course of your career? I don't know if you teach out of financial necessity, but Michelle Williams said in an interview that you don't qualify for health insurance from the DGA (Directors Guild of America).

Kelly Reichardt: Gosh, I gave Michelle so much shit for that. Well, listen, teaching isn't for everybody. And there's different ways to teach and being an adjunct is a really hard thing. I know a lot of artists who do adjunct work and it doesn't leave them the energy to make work. But I cannot complain at this point in my teaching career. Like yes, it is my livelihood and my health insurance, but I also have a really good gig. I can make work and I like the place where I teach.

I teach one semester a year and I take the train up and spend one night a week up at Bard and I teach for two days. And it would be a strange week for me to come back to the city and not feel energized by my trip and feel depleted by it. I work with really good people. I like the scene up there. I stay at a boarding house that I really love and I like the landscape up there and I like the students. I feel attached to it and feel part of something that's there — the same way I feel part of my filmmaking community. It's not an albatros. Teaching can drain you, but it also can feed you, depending on whether you can find a balance - and if you can find the right school that makes sense for your life.

SF: How would you say that teaching has changed your filmmaking process, if at all?

KR: There's kind of been a shift where I taught because two of my colleagues that were there for 30 years passed away. And that was a big blow. And then Peggy Ahwesh, who I'm a great admirer of, retired. So there's been a shift. But with them and with the filmmakers that are at Bard now, it's a different conversation about filmmaking because most of them aren't narrative filmmakers. They have just a completely different way of experiencing film, and when someone works outside of that rubric, that's something I can't get somewhere else. And that's not even just necessarily the times you're looking at work.

Ben Coonley is actually in the movie. He flew out and built his dome for the movie. That was really cool. So those worlds came together. And filmmaking can be really all-consuming. And then when I go to school, because the students want all your attention, you get pulled outta yourself and it's a relief, you know? Even the boarding house where I stay there, there's just lovely people there that I've now known for a decade and see once a week and, you know, share doing the dishes with and making food with and it's, it's-

SF: It's enmeshed. It's not a separate thing.

KR: Yeah. And I mean, you gotta have a job, and it allows

me to make work on a certain scale where there's not a lot of intrusion by anyone. I've had pretty free rein in what I'm doing because we can keep the budgets pretty small. And so for me, I don't necessarily want to be in the movie world all the time. I like real life.

SF: In the film, when Lizzy discovers that her piece has been burned on one side, even though she's disappointed, she still puts it in the show. And people respond to it well. How do you approach major or minor hiccups in your work?

KR: It's funny because that scene was so hard. We didn't know what the blemish on the work would be. And we tried different things and some of them just disappeared into Cynthia's work because her work is so imperfect. It's not pristine work. So we were ruffling the texture of stuff and she does that and she bubbles the glaze. So we couldn't do that. And so it came to being burnt, but it was like a whole thing of like, "Is this enough of a thing or would you put this in the show? Or is it, does it add beauty?" And so to make the exact translation to film, I go to everything with a real plan and I know I have to stay open, too.

I'm dealing with real people, sometimes animals, weather, I'm often shooting outside, you know? Things are going to be different and there's going to be great stuff in there and $% \left(\mathbf{r}\right) =\mathbf{r}^{\prime }$ you can't look at whatever's coming that's different than you imagined as a mistake. You have to try to guide it to how you want it to be, while remaining open to what you haven't thought of and what might appear. It's all process. Like, that's everything.

In editing, too, you look at stuff and you might go home feeling great about it. And by time I walk home, I'm six blocks later and I go from like, "Wow, that was so satisfying. That was great." And then, you know, another six blocks later, "Was it great?" And then closer to home, "That wasn't great. Oh, I gotta change that in the morning. Let me get in. I can hardly sleep. I gotta get in there and change that. That's not right." You know, everything's a process and you gotta live with things. One thing I was trying to convey in the film is that making work is looking at work all the time. Other people's work, your own work. It's just exposing yourself to stuff. And they all have to stand back and look at what they're making all the time.

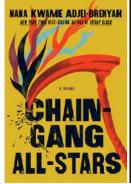
→ Showing Up opens in Montreal theatres on Friday, April 14.



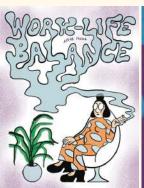
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NEW AND EXCITING THIS MONTH

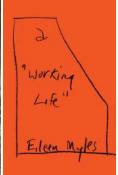














UPCOMING BOOK CLUBS & EVENTS

TUE, APR 11 | 7 PM STRANGE FUTURES | X

THUR, APR 13 | 7 PM TEEN | A House Unsettled

WED, APR 19 | 7 PM BOOK LAUNCH | Dandelion Daughter

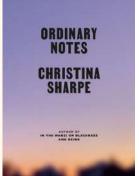
WED, APR 26 | 7 PM INDIGENOUS | Bad Cree

THUR, APR 27 | 7 PM | Fair Use and Comics for the Working Cartoonist

FRI, APR 28 | 7 PM BOOK LAUNCH | Celebrate Pride with Lockheed Martin







On Screen



The Super Mario Bros. Movi



How to Blow Up a Pipelir



Human Flowers of Flesh



Ai

BYJUSTINE SMITH

Unsurprisingly, this month's big releases are all based on existing properties. We have *The Super Mario Bros. Movie* (April 5), featuring limp voice work by Chris Pratt as everyone's favourite Italian plumber. Nicolas Cage stars as a predictably eccentric Dracula in the horror-comedy *Renfield* (April 14), about the count's devoted servant, played here by Nicholas Hoult. We also have *Evil Dead Rise* (April 21), reviving the popular horror franchise and transplanting the typical cabin in the woods narrative to an apartment complex in Los Angeles.

One of the year's most anticipated films was also shot in Montreal. Ari Aster (*Midsommar*, *Hereditary*) is back with *Beau Is Afraid* (April 21), about the epic odyssey of a terrified man to reunite with his mother. Joaquin Phoenix stars as Beau in this epically strange and horrific dark comedy about a man searching for meaning.

Reuniting with Matt Damon, Ben Affleck stars in and directs Air (April 5). Based on a true story, the film is about Sonny Vaccaro and Nike pursuing basketball rookie Michael Jordan,

creating a partnership that revolutionizes the world of sports and contemporary culture. In other strange pursuits, we have Kelly Reichardt's latest, $Showing\ Up$ (April 14), starring Michelle Williams as an artist on the verge of a career-changing exhibition — a desperate and sometimes funny portrait of the life of a working artist.

Are you feeling revolutionary? Be sure to check out $How\ to\ Blow\ Up\ a\ Pipeline$ (April 14), an eco-thriller inspired by the famous Verso manifesto. From the writer and co-director of the tech-thriller Cam, the film is about a crew of young environmental activists who execute a daring mission to sabotage an oil pipeline.

For other dreamy arthouse films, Human Flowers of Flesh (April 16) is one of the most beautiful films to screen at festivals last year. Living with a crew of five men on a sailboat, Ida becomes fascinated with the French Foreign Legion and decides to sail to its former headquarters in Algeria. For something more animated (literally), Blind Willow, Sleeping Woman (April 21) is about a lost cat, a giant talkative frog and a tsunami who help a bank employee without ambition, his frustrated wife and a schizophrenic accountant to save Tokyo from an earthquake and find meaning in their lives. If you're still in Oscar mode, Pakistan's official selection for Best International film, Joyland (April 21), is about a patriarchal family yearning for the birth of a baby boy to continue their family line; their youngest son secretly joins an erotic dance theatre and falls for a transgender starlet.

For some light but highbrow French cinema, check out François Ozon's latest, *Mon Crime* (April 7). In 1930s Paris, Madeleine, a pretty, young, penniless and talentless actress, is accused of murdering a famous producer. Helped by her best friend Pauline, a young unemployed lawyer, she is acquitted on the grounds of self-defence. A new life of fame and success begins until the truth emerges.

Closer to home, the critically acclaimed Queens of the Qing Dynasty (April 7) is the latest from Ashley McKenzie, one of the foremost cinematic voices from Atlantic Canada. The conversational film is mostly set in a hospital and features extended talks between two outsiders: Star, a suicidal teen, and An, a student from Shanghai. With her latest, Bungalow (April 7), Lawrence Côté-Collins brings a comedy of contemporary anxieties to the screen as a young couple buys a rotting house in the hopes of turning it into a dream home. The more their renovations go on, the more their life becomes a nightmare.

Look no further for trashier new releases with big stars than The Pope's Exorcist (April 14) and Mafia Mamma (April 14). The Pope's Exorcist stars Russell Crowe as the titular exorcist investigating a centuries-old conspiracy the Vatican has tried to keep secret. Toni Collete stars in and Catherine Hardwick directs Mafia Mamma, a crime-comedy about a suburban American woman who inherits her grandfather's Mafia empire.



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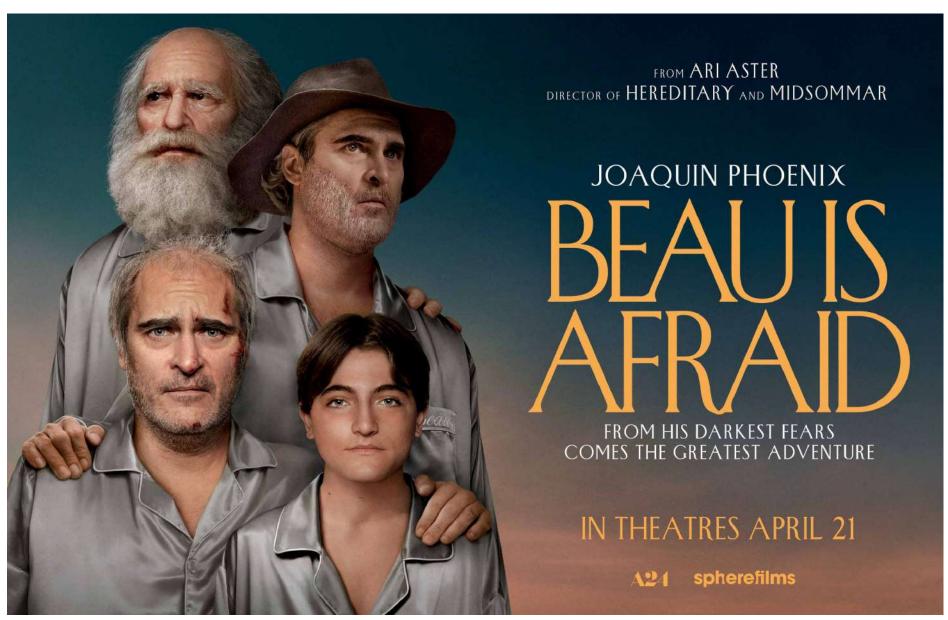
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arts

Dark arts





BY SAVANNAH STEWART

If you're wondering where to go in Montreal for a coffin-shaped ring, a skull pendant, a few scented candles and a new tarot deck, Inchoo Bijoux may be the one-stop shop for you.

The gothic, glam and alternative jewellery retailer in Saint-Henri's imposing Chateau St. Ambroise offers a large selection of pieces made in-house, or by other artists and designers from Montreal and beyond. And for five years now, Inchoo has also been hosting periodic artisan markets selling everything from jewellery to art to crystals to clothing. The central theme of this event series, called Marché Maleficarum, is anything that ventures into the realm of the alternative, esoteric or extravagant.

"We want to give a space to everything that's not normative," says Astrid Apissoghomian, owner and founder of Inchoo Bijoux and Marché Maleficarum, who saw untapped potential in Montreal's jewellery scene where boho and minimalist designs reign supreme.

"All of us who do very different, edgy and extravagant things, there are not really a lot of markets for that."

Maleficarum showcases work by artisans from across

Canada and even the United States, but most artisans hail from Quebec and often Montreal specifically. And with five events every year, there's an intentional effort to strive for as much variety as possible, both in the artisans included and the theme of the events. The last market in February highlighted erotic art, while July's will be everything pastel goth. This month's edition, on April 15 and 16, is an open market with no set theme.

Montreal-based shop Femporium was at February's market selling prints and pins, and has been at previous markets as well. The duo, made up of Maly Siri and Laurie Mo, has some products on sale in Inchoo Bijoux's permanent collection at the boutique.

"The Maleficarum Market was our first market as a small business, it actually inspired us to launch our brand" they wrote to *Cult MTL*.

"We loved how all the vendors supported each other in a good collaboration spirit! And of course, we appreciated the support the Inchoo team provided. Overall it feels like family for us."

Apissoghomian, a woman of many hats, is also co-owner of the selfie studio le Saint Motel, along with Marisa Parisella and Olivier Dufort, which operates right next to Inchoo Bijoux's shop. Since opening last year, le Saint Motel has become a prime place to create content for social media, with plenty of local musicians and performers stopping by to pose in the iconic heart-shaped ball pit with the Farine Five Roses sign visible in the background.

Instead of the one-hour slots usually available for visitors to the selfie studio, 20-minute slots are open during the weekend of the Marché Maleficarum, giving the market's attendees a chance to take some pictures with the everchanging sets available.

The whole experience at the Marché Maleficarum is overseen by "sequeerity," staff on hand to ensure the space remains inclusive by responding to any queerphobic, transphobic or sexist behaviour.

For Apissoghomian, the road to running three interconnected, successful businesses began 15 years ago with the launch of Inchoo Bijoux. The name comes from the Armenian word for "Why," a sort of joke about how unexpectedly she found herself in the jewellery field after making a necklace for a friend that turned out to be very popular in her friend circle.

"It was more of a joke when it started because I didn't choose jewellery in my life — I feel like jewellery chose me. And so it was like, 'Why jewellery?'" she says with a laugh. (Many jewellery suppliers in Montreal are also Armenian, Apissoghomian explains, so they get the joke.)

The evolution of her shop's style has been strongly influenced





by her own evolving style. Drawn to the punk rock style in her high school years, her first foray into jewellery-making was reflective of a post-secondary shift into a more feminine look.

"At the beginning, what I was doing was very cutesy kawaii, very rose bonbon. Very kitsch," she recalls. "And then I just went back to everything that was punk, grunge, and I think that's more who I am.

"I started in jewellery and I wasn't going full goth as I wanted to, because I was scared that it wouldn't sell. I was doing

more minimalistic things like little skulls, very delicate, and now I want everything to be extra and big. This is Inchoo now, this is who we are."

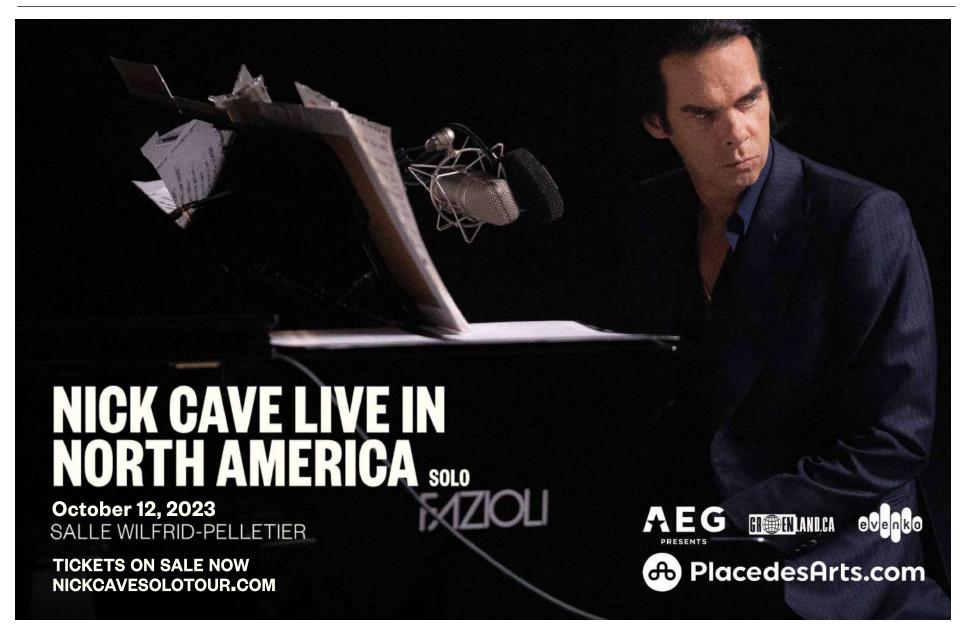
The cutesy style comes through in some of her designs, with elements like hearts, rabbits and cats, "but what comes naturally to me is more dark and poetic."

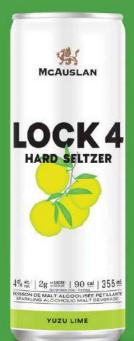
She started the shop when she was living in Quebec, and it was starting to take off as she moved. "Then from Montreal, it just exploded."

"It's like nothing that I had expected it would be, and I'm just learning as it goes."

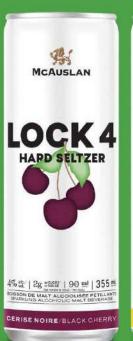
The learning opportunities will continue, as Inchoo Bijoux secured a workshop space right next to the boutique for events, and le Saint Motel will soon be opening a second location in Laval.

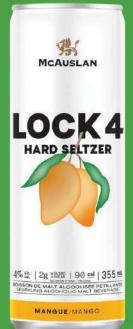
ightarrow The next Marché Maleficarum is happening at Inchoo Bijoux (4000 St-Ambroise, suite #278) on April 15 and 16, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.











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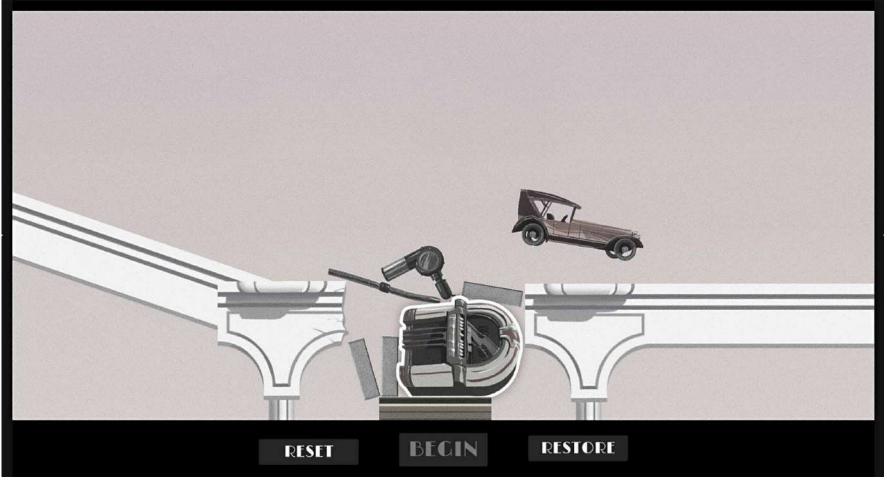


DEADLINE TO VOTE: Sunday, April 16, 11:59 p.m.

CULTMTL.COM/VOTEBESTOFMTL

game jam: Risky clicks





A Bridge Too Far

BY NATALIA YANCHAK

Itch.io is full of risky clicks. Unless something pointed you to a game, you really have no idea what sort of experience you're getting into. Could be anything. Could be a wordy, overly complex and therefore inaccessible RPG. Could also be a fetishized, porn-adjacent anime dating sim. Ya just really never know.

Itch.io is the Bandcamp of game development. It's a relatively barrier-free, open marketplace for independent digital creators with a focus on independent video games. It's a platform that enables anyone to publish and, if they want to, sell the content they've created.

I decided to take a chance and see what I could find on Itch.io based on the following criteria: The game had to be published or updated on Itch.io in the past three years, the developer had to be verifiably Montreal-based (at least at the time of publishing) and the game had to be free.

Bonus points were given if it was playable in-browser, which definitely limits the complexity. I was also considering year-end school projects and game jam submissions — in my opinion the most random, most fun segment of indie games.

And full disclaimer: this is not a "best games" list, nor is it an exhaustive report by any means. It's simply an examination of the city of Montreal, as it appears thematically and in the consciousness of indie devs.

THE GAMES

Grumpy is an adorable pixel-art 2D game where you have to help a curmudgeonly octopus named Jo through a maze. Don't forget to collect the soda cans (Jo's favourite beverage) and not upset the locals. Put on your mask to please them and stop your old man grumbling. Shake your tentacles at those crazy kids! Ultra cute.

Grumpy was made during the 2022 GAMERella game jam hosted in collaboration with Concordia University's TAG research centre. GAMERella invites women (cis/trans), trans men, non-binary/genderqueer folks, LGBTQIA2S+, BIPOC and

any others who feel they haven't had a chance to make a game to participate in a weekend of game-making events.

A Bridge Too Far is a whimsical, ragtime 2D physics puzzler about creating a bridge with a bunch of random junk. Can you get Mr. Burns' Roadster over the crevasse? Think Poly Bridge meets Red Dead Redemption 2. Super simple and fun. Made with Unity for Global Game Jam 2020 by Jongwoo Kim, Clement Marthe, Louis Sciannamblo and François-Xavier Bilodeau.

Montreal Unchained is a French-language, text-based interactive fiction from a local writer who goes by the username MoonlyMay. Made in Twine and published in 2021, this is a highly poetic work that takes you throughout the city as you are onboarded into a magical society called the SMVM (La société Mystique de la Ville de Montréal).

Another text-based interactive fiction made in Twine, Online Dating: An Adventure in Montreal is a dark yet flirty experience made in 2020. You step off your bus to Montreal and romance ensues. Maybe you'll live through your date, maybe you... won't?

This is the DIY, underground, zine-esque indie sleaze I live for. Sometimes unfinished, unpolished or undercooked, this is the punk rock of game dev.



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