

The Riot and The REDBLACKS:
Football's Pluralities, Football's Auralities, Power, Position, and Place

by

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Abstract

This thesis presents my personal experience and ethnographic research into some of the sounds and musics heard while participating as an active spectator at soccer and Canadian football games inside of TD Place Stadium in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Using Pierre Bourdieu's field-theory in combination with Hobsbawm and Ranger's ideas of invented tradition, I query identity, place, and position with reference to selected social actors and institutions through case studies concerned with two different ways power can be exercised into influence: grassroots and top-down. The first case study examines the invention(s) of supporters' culture in Ottawa from the grassroots level through the Ottawa Fury Football Club and their official supporters' groups: The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys Supporters Club. The second case study examines an invented tradition, and its associated reinvention of existing traditions, vis-à-vis the performance of Stompin' Tom Connors' folk-song, "Big Joe Mufferaw," by famed Ottawa musician Lucky Ron at the half-time of an Ottawa REDBLACKS football game. As a more monological and institutionally mediated form of discourse, this second case study will be characterized as a top-down power structure relative to the activities of supporters' groups.

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First and foremost I must thank both of my parents for whom without, my entirety would be impossible. Their immeasurable love and unwavering support continues to propel me on this journey called life. This extends as well to my brother who provides me with constant inspiration, to the friends and family who let me laugh along the way, and to my dog who knows to visit when I am in need.

My journey towards ethnomusicology began ten years ago at a house-party in Osborne Village, where a dear old friend introduced me to the concept. Long nights discussing music as cultural practice turned into serious study at Carleton University and along those lines, I must acknowledge and offer sincere gratitude to Dr. Anna Hoefnagels who first guided my wild thought into something resembling academia. I would also like to thank the rest of the faculty and everyone else whose mind helped mine over the course of my stay in Ottawa: Dr. James Wright, Dr. James Deaville, Dr. Jesse Stewart, Dr. James McGowan, Dr. Alexis Luko, Dr. Paul Théberge, Dr. John Higney, Dr. Kyle Devine, Dr. David Dean, and Dr. Alyssa Woods – Thank You.

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And to the special one, so sweet and strong, you warm the world.

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Introduction

Football or *Football*?

This thesis presents my personal experience and ethnographic research into some of the sounds and musics heard while participating as an active spectator at soccer and Canadian football games inside of TD Place Stadium in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. The fieldwork portion of this project took place over the Spring, Summer, and Fall sporting seasons of 2014 and 2015, during which I attended a total of seventeen in-stadium events. Of those seventeen events, ten were Game Days for the Ottawa Fury Football Club and seven were for the Ottawa REDBLACKS.¹ All of those seventeen events took place inside of the same stadium, though other aspects of the project took place outside of it.

To begin by clarifying a word: two types of professional football are hosted in Ottawa by TD Place Stadium---the 24,000-seat open-air multi-use facility that I have documented in this study. The Ottawa REDBLACKS of the Canadian Football League play Canadian football, a sport quite similar to the more popular American football, while The Ottawa Fury Football Club of the North American Soccer League play the global *football*; commonly Association football,² or the beautiful game. In their unique offerings as expressive activities with aesthetic components, performed commercially for an urban population, professional football can mean and sound very different depending on a multitude of factors, many of which will be explored throughout this thesis.

¹ The all-capital spelling REDBLACKS was devised and trademarked by the team's ownership group, as were: Ottawa Red Blacks, *Rouge et Noir D'Ottawa*, and *Les Rouges at Noirs d'Ottawa*, along with a stylized letter "R" for use in both the French and English contexts.

² Soccer is short for Association football.

Expatriate fans of the game born and raised somewhere outside of this country tend to call the soccer game at the stadium football. Some who have followed the game and played it competitively, even when raised in an environment that in general promotes hockey over every other sport, will often use the term “football” as well, while explaining that their son or daughter plays soccer, a few sentences later. Every four years around FIFA World Cup time, North Americans who are casual fans of that type of football, and even some of those who actively dislike the game, call it soccer most often but may also call it an accented *football* when such an action plays to their advantage. But of course, people will use those words however they wish. For their part, the Ottawa Fury FC proclaimed in their poster advertising campaign leading up to the 2016 seasons that “Pro Soccer is Here.” This represents a strategic positioning by the team to a situated public, considering that they brand themselves officially as a football club.³

In one quick vignette from my fieldwork before we get on our way; I was asked to join an indoor seven-on-seven team over the winter in-between the two periods of stadium research that I undertook for this project. One Saturday morning I casually sent a text-message to the captain:

What time’s the soccer game?

He asked back:

“*Football*” match?

³ I should note that in Vancouver, British Columbia, the Vancouver Whitecaps of Major League Soccer and the B.C. Lions of the Canadian Football League share a stadium in a situation quite similar to that which exists in Ottawa. With tongue in cheek, the Lions purchased an advertisement on a billboard outside of their stadium in preparation for the 2016 CFL season that reads, “Real Football Returns...June 25th,” with the Lion’s logo visible on one end.

How, why, and when people use sound strategically to further their social, cultural or political agendas is a fascinating subject for study. For example, when someone says football, or, *football*, they signify different ideas whose experiences are lived differently. What I am looking at with this study, then, is a battle of culture hidden cleverly in the sounds of human expression. Observing this sonically day-in and day-out has led me to develop two case studies within the larger rubric of sporting events at TD Place Stadium, case studies that each explore related theoretical questions of identity, position, and power. One study is devoted to the two official supporters' groups of the Ottawa Fury FC: The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys Supporters Club. The other case study focuses on the performance of Stompin' Tom Connors' iconic folk song "Big Joe Mufferaw" by Ottawa musician Lucky Ron, which has become a regular feature at the half-time of Ottawa REDBLACKS Canadian football games. Both case studies pay special attention to myth, folklore, and their mutually reinforcing relationship to shape Ottawanian fan identities with the sound and music cultures of the sporting events.

To achieve these outcomes, I documented and analysed the soundscapes of both types of professional men's football in Ottawa at TD Place Stadium. I interviewed seven interlocutors, registered thirty-three hours of field recordings, and took ideas and tidbits from countless casual conversations in order to put forth some contextual information about what I was hearing inside of this space in the plural context of professional men's football.⁴ This has allowed me to develop a study of sound, music, and power where ideas of tradition, position, and *habitus* guide my performance of ethnomusicology "as a

⁴ TD Place Stadium plays host to many other contexts as well. For example, in September of 2015, Australian hard rock icons AC/DC sold out the place on their "Rock or Bust Tour."

political act.” (Bohlman, 1993). I use the word political here to suggest that besides the real economy and the material process of stadium reconstruction, which involved both public and private funds, the stadium acts as a more general and multi-faceted device of governmentality (Foucault 1991) over a population that chooses to engage with it. The ideology put forth through the sound and music cultures of the stadium in both contexts of football are to be read as such.

I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge that both of my case studies demonstrate a certain degree of partisanship, insofar as I am investigating people and actors that are particularly invested, for whatever reasons, in the sounds generated in this space. It is also important for me to acknowledge the specificity of my study, directed at professional men’s sporting events at the TD Place Stadium. I do not have room in this project to develop an entire third case study, but if I did then it would examine the sounds and musics of the 2015 FIFA Women’s World Cup which took place in-part in Ottawa, also at TD Place Stadium, concurrent with the 2015 Fury and REDBLACKS seasons. Such a study would expand the work to include aspects of amateurism, women’s sport, inter/nationalism, and specific issues of performed gender, but will have to be treated at a later time.

From the positions that I occupied inside the stadium as an ethnographer, observer, and participant musician (positions here in the sense of Pierre Bourdieu’s field-theory)---each of which rely on particular histories, traditions, and methods---I was able to distinguish two different ways in which power can be exercised into influence, commonly referred to as grassroots and top-down. This is one way to distinguish my two case studies, the first of which focuses on the more grassroots power structures of

supporters' groups, and the second of which examines a more top-down monologic performance by a single musician broadcast to the entire stadium. Different as they are, each of these cases involves aspects of history, tradition, and *habitus*---*habitus* used here in the Bourdieusian sense of a complex of embodied factors that make up a general rule of life and strategy of action for the subject, acquired through an enculturation process: in other words, a feel for the game. This feel for the game is how and why different people perform different actions from the same (or comparably similar) positions in a given scenario. Instinct and history manifest differently as a practiced *habitus*. The field-of-play that I present, examine, and analyse with this thesis presents a game whose operations are the speculation, generation, and manipulation of myths and symbols through sonic media at football games at TD Place Stadium---operations which establish, maintain, and/or improve sociocultural positions for the participants. Entrenched in time, the habitual positions will become traditional, and as I will outline shortly, more difficult to query.

To expand on this briefly, and to add some more theoretical depth, Bourdieu's concept of *habitus* can be understood as a configuration of power wherein positioned subjects use their cunning in some contest called real-life, in which the prize is cultural capital and social position that can be, and often are, converted into social class and real economy. This is the sense in which I say that groups in this stadium use sound strategically, to better their (social) positions. Similarly, my use of the word *power* is intended to have Foucauldian underpinnings, something along the lines put forth by Richard A. Lynch, who explains that according to Foucault, power is omnipresent and found in all social interactions (2011, 15). Simply put, I observed what people did sonically in this stadium, interpreted these sounds and practices as clues towards

meanings and motivations, and now understand that all of these sounds communicate negotiations of place and identity that can be read as a flow of power.⁵

With that in mind, I hope to adequately describe the sounds of professional football and soccer in this space, while at the same time providing some insights into their social, cultural, and musical meanings and a partial answer to the question that has acted as the spring-board for most of my academic work thus far: “why do two people living in the same time and place experience the same music so differently?” (Rice 2003, 152). Beyond the pluralities of meaning, action, and position described above, I hope to offer a very preliminary answer to the profound question and will delve into explicit examples over the course of this thesis, while at the same time expanding Rice's word “music” to include more general sound-cultures.

With the experience that comes from a life of sports fandom, spanning approximately a thousand events over the past twenty-five or so years, I can say that when crowds gather in these contexts---that is, when people gather around to ‘watch’ sports in stadiums, regardless of geographic location or type of sport---they have the opportunity to perform some persona and act as a spectator, roles which are in large part sonic. As such, people divide into groups, or teams, or various factions that cheer for one side of the contest and against the other and *vice versa* in any and all permutations and combinations. Wearing this mask,⁶ it is common for people participate in a soundscape which is highly improvised yet at the same time tacitly regulated, monitored, and controlled, and which plays a crucial role in the lived experience of these specific types

⁵ Beyond sound, people in stadiums often use visual media to achieve similar outcomes. It is not uncommon to see signage, banners, and flags that express some broadcasted ideal. The more extravagant displays are commonly referred to as *tifos*.

⁶ (Gibran 1918).

of urban rituals, appropriate to the sportscape in question. The oohs, and ahs, and boos, and cheers, generated by the spectators follow the jukes and tackles on the field or the referee's calls; their sounds dance and move through the people and the place like a theme or motif moves through a symphony orchestra and its hall-shaped container. The sound swells and quells, and inevitably this game in its own right, the game of one group of supporters versus the other, cheering on their team in sonic-opposition to the other, which influences the players on the field-of-play (who, in turn, influence the sound), culminates into something commonly, yet majestically, referred to as a *roar*.⁷ In many ways the build-up and roar I just described is a sonic and even musical improvisation, and Derek Bailey writes that “[i]mprovisation enjoys the curious distinction of being both the most widely practiced of all musical activities and the least acknowledged and understood” (1992, ix). Here then, I hope to acknowledge a formation of improvised music in the roar and in other auralities of sporting events, while making some attempts at their understanding.

Crowds roar! Quite simply, how one experiences this roar---whether it breaks your heart or lifts you to a higher place---is highly dependent on your position within this framework of sound's interactions with fandom. That transformation of visual and communal stimuli into expressed auralities as part of this specific environment and its psychology, fascinates me completely. I feel obliged to mention here, though, that not everybody in TD Place Stadium acts out in this model of exuberant fanaticism or complete and active engagement. Some people just sit and watch the game. Some people sit and chat with their friends. Some people appreciate the idea of these sports-based

⁷ One interlocutor said that when her roommate watches basketball, it sounds like she is having an orgasm.

spectacles but actively keep their distance, and some people strongly oppose the whole situation for reasons as varied as human rights,⁸ environmental politics,⁹ racist nationalism,¹⁰ or corruption and scandal in the offices of its highest institutions.¹¹

To get back to Rice's question of why people can experience the same music so differently (see page 10), I believe that a partial answer can be found by considering how the action of experiencing music---or in the broadest sense "musicking" in a "soundscape" (Small 1998; Schafer 1993)---is an interaction between new information and a *habitus*. Every new experience that goes into this ongoing practice of *habitus* is acted on by the existing *habitus* while at the same time itself acting upon that *habitus*. These factors interact in a mutually-structuring relationship so that every experience, even those that are 'shared' by people, is unique at a personal level. Even if two people try to stand in the same spot in the same stadium at the same time with the same ears, what they experience, and how they experience, is corporeally and ideologically different by the nature of their *habitus*. Put simply, two people cannot be in the same place to experience the same music or sound at the same time.

Place therefore, or the position that one occupies within a complex of fields and one's relationships with those who also occupy it, comes with a whole host of possibilities and responsibilities that lead to inter- and intra-group sorting that manifest themselves in acts of boundary formation and maintenance, both symbolic and material.

⁸ (Gibson and Pattison 2014).

⁹ (Gaffney 2008, 3).

¹⁰ (Orwell 1945).

¹¹ (Fox 2012, 10-11).

In both case studies, such processes are located within the living sonic media generated in the context of professional men's football at TD Place Stadium, and exemplify sound and music making as cultural practices.

All of the ideas I have discussed up to now concerning positioning via taste within the fields of cultural production form one thread within this thesis. The other key theoretical area I will draw upon is a cluster of ideas connected to the nature of *tradition*. The thoughts and writings of Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger (1983) considering the invention of tradition can be combined with Bourdieu's ideas to create a holistic perspective on sonic practices at sporting events. The stadium, which acts as a traditional space, plays host to a contest of influence whose ammunitions, that is, the *habiti* to be explored in this thesis, are sounded. Tradition, like, *habitus*, is a structuring structure. They both have their architectures and beliefs that shape and are shaped by the other. This is the same way that one can describe the sounds and musics found within a stadium as effective and affective, effected and affected, effecting and affecting, and so on.

Very simply, the act of acknowledging the sounds and musics of live professional sports and then exploring the roles that they serve in the positioning of oneself or one's group is the motion that I believe Jacques Attali was intending to evoke when he wrote that "for twenty-five centuries, Western knowledge has tried to look upon the world [and] has failed to understand that the world is not for beholding. It is for hearing. It is not legible, but audible" (1985, 3). The sounds that I described in my admittedly simplified scenario earlier---of one side cheering at, or with, or against, some other---represent much more than the sounds in and of themselves. Being in this crowd is a game of improvised reactions and a performing art in its own right. As such, I believe that what I

am doing is studying and documenting marginal music cultures that use the same space at different times to perform ‘popular’ music publicly in what should probably be labelled a traditional way. I choose to put the word popular in scare quotes because although the sonic practices I will study are popular, that is, musics of a populous, they by no means hold to the more common definition of popular music, which would be music with mass appeal disseminated through the long-established channels of the music industry. The term “folk-music” also seems inappropriate considering the densely populated urban environment in which these practices unfold. “Traditional music” also has nuances which suggest I look elsewhere. Perhaps the term “vernacular music,” would be of use here, signifying as it does “any music created by or intended for ordinary people not needing musical training to appreciate and has some connection to the culture of the creator and listener” (Yanis 2013, 3). Yes, what Les Back refers to as “the formless noise and spontaneous plainsong of football” (2003, 312), which I observed in the Stony Monday Riot fits nicely into the vernacular category. This applies as well to the various noise-makers and instruments (paper-clappers, Thunderstix, and small megaphones) given out by each team or some other sponsor, meant to encourage noise-making at the events. These instruments require no musical training.¹²

Ethnographic Methodology

It proved fundamental to this study to develop a set of ethnographic methods for gathering data about the ephemeral soundscapes present in the stadium that also take into account context and culture. The established framework of ethnomusicology provided a solution. Bruno Nettl suggests several ideas concerning types of materials that might be

¹² Refer to Figure 1.1 (page 114).

collected in order to understand a culture and explore its musics. From his suggestions, this project is especially shaped by the idea of exploring “all music of a given locality” (2005, 4). The locality, in the context of this study, is a multi-use sporting space which hosts different music cultures depending on the sport at play. Although I will not consider literally all the musical activities hosted by TD Place, I do examine two related but contrasting case studies.

To develop a model of data gathering, I referred to Jeff Todd Titon’s music-culture performance model (2009, 15-39). In his suggestions on how to model music-cultures and performance, Titon sets up a series of concentric circles wherein properties of performance and its contexts exist around each other. At the center of this model is music. In the most basic forms of documenting performance, it is suggested that the researcher makes notes on the music, the performers, the audience, and then Time and Space. These four levels make up, to Titon, the elements of a performance.

These layers are then transposed into a model that flips the elements of performance into a music-culture model that draws out ideas of music and how it affects people. In his analysis, Titon argues that music becomes an affective experience (the performers, a performance), the audience becomes a community, and time and space become memory and history. This music-culture model can then be further scrutinized and divided into four more components on which data-gathering and inference are focused:

- (1) Ideas about music
- (2) Activities involving music
- (3) Repertoires of Music

(4) Material Culture of Music.

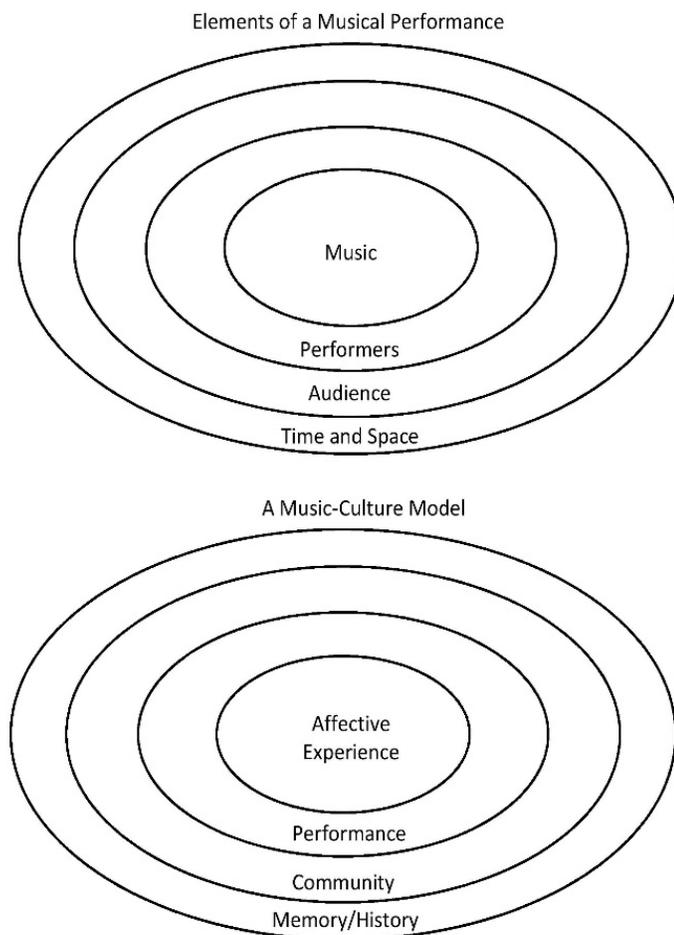


Figure 1.0: Music-Culture Performance Model - Adapted from Titon (2009, 15)

With Titon's model as a guide, during my fieldwork I took in seventeen events, made almost thirty-five hours of field recordings, took 203 pictures, and filmed two short video clips using an iPhone 4 or Samsung Note 4.¹³ I packed my bag, prepared myself as best I could, and set out towards the field. I immersed myself into these different, and I contend unique, acoustic ecologies, made ambient field recordings, and consulted with

¹³ In future site-based research, I hope to make higher quality recordings where the recorder's positions are overlaid onto a series of Google Maps.

interlocutors to learn about the concepts, tools, and tactics employed by both the top-down and grassroots techniques in these practices of self-positioning and power negotiation.

To begin to lead you through my fieldwork, from July 2013 until July 2014, while the stadium was still being rebuilt, I lived on Adelaide Street less than one hundred paces from the reconstruction site of Lansdowne Park and experienced, first hand, the construction sounds of the TD Place Stadium. The sounds of jackhammers, hammer drills, and pile drivers woke me up almost every morning. The construction shook my room on the third story of a rented house. I think I was sweeping up some broken glass, the result of those shakes, one spring evening when an acquaintance who would later become an interlocutor, Elmer Galarraga, came up the stairs, two at a time. “Kiss it baby,” he said waving five tickets like a fan, “I brought Fernando too,” and put a bottle of *Fernet* on the table.¹⁴

Earlier that week Elmer told me that Ottawa just got a new professional soccer team (The Ottawa Fury FC) and that he had a friend who could get us cheap tickets. Elmer, Linda (his wife), Dave House (the mutual friend that introduced us), Jackson (a Calgary born artist and photographer), and I got together to go to Keith Harris Stadium on the grounds of Carleton University to watch the Fury play. We had a great time at the game, and took it in from within a sub-section of the crowd (maybe thirty or-so people)

¹⁴ I met Elmer the winter of 2013 during a snowshoeing trip up in Gatineau Park and we hit it off right away. Introduced by a mutual friend, we both love music and sports and our professional/research interests have considerable overlap. Elmer is a sociologist from Latin America two years ahead of me in years-of-training.

that were on their feet the entire time. Many of these standers wore red and black and had bandanas tied around their faces. They looked intimidating, almost like bikers.¹⁵

When the Fury scored a goal, one of these fans threw homemade confetti into the air! While it rained coloured paper, most of the section barked out a song, or maybe it was more of a chant, in unison. Elmer pointed out his friend who could get us those cheap tickets, Scott Houston, one of the masked men whose interview with me a few months later gave this project some much needed insight. Scott is quite passionate about supporters' culture(s) (the name given to a global practice of specific soccer fandom) and acts in a way that stands out from the rest. He is in his late twenties/early thirties and, outside of the stadium, quite unassuming. He is also a deeply committed soccer fan and has taken in the game on many continents in many contexts. For all intents and purposes he is an authority on supporters' culture(s) and one who thoroughly enjoys taking things from the grassroots. Supporters, as a name given to a specific global soccer culture, fall somewhere along a spectrum of sport spectatorship that sociologist Richard Giulianotti orients according to four categories. To him, there are: supporters, followers, fans, and *flâneurs*. Though I will delve into the sound and music-cultures of supporters' groups in Ottawa more completely in my first case study, it can be briefly said that while supporters have fixed forms of identification with local clubs, followers follow for biographical reasons, fans through the consumption of paraphernalia, and *flâneurs* have next to no solidarity (2005, 179-180).

I thanked Scott for the tickets and we shook hands. He seemed happy to get more people out to the game. Scott would also prove to be my main resource for information

¹⁵ Refer to Figure 1.2 (Page 114).

about supporters' culture in Ottawa, or, those who seem most responsible for the soundscape at local soccer games. He seemed to hold a position of leadership within his supporters' group, who turned out to be a sub-section of this sub-section of standers, called The Stony Monday Riot.

The Stony Monday Riot are a group of soccer supporters for the Ottawa Fury FC, the new professional soccer team in town. Supporters' traditions of this type are recognized by most soccer fans the world over. Generally, supporters organize themselves into tightly packed areas of soccer stadia, sport branded clothing (whether of their team or of their supporters' group), and then play drums, jump, chant, cheer, and sing for the duration of the contest. It is a wild experience. When in full throw, the stadium comes alive. In the Ottawa area this is, for the most part, a fringe activity of a fringe sport where only a sub-section of a stadium section comes alive in such a manner. In what are often called the big three (baseball, American football, and basketball), the North American sportscape and their crowds usually sit and watch the game. They jump and chant and cheer and go crazy around big plays or key moments but even in hockey, a sport of more localized popularity, there is no forceful sonic substrate put forth by the crowds in continuity. Compared to supporters' cultures in Latin America, South America, or most anywhere in Europe, that in Ottawa is very tame – almost bordering on non-existence. Despite this difference, I will highlight the hard work and dedication put forth by the Ottawa supporters, and emphasize the feeling of being part of a group of twenty-five or so people in full throat, jumping and bumping and keeping the energy up while the sport on the field seems to move so slowly.

Ottawa sports fans jumping, bumping, and singing has all of the ringings of a sub-cultural music group. Within the stadium that the Fury call home there are at least two supporters' groups. These two groups have different repertoires and materials of music, and choose to support the team together while still maintaining boundaries of physical distance in the stadium and of ideology in regard to performance practice and repertoire.

That first game at Keith Harris Stadium was the first time that I was introduced to supporters' culture and to the sounds of plainsong. It was also the first time that I met Scott Houston and members of The Stony Monday Riot. The next season (i.e., later that fall as there are three seasons a year with this club), when the Fury moved into their new home at TD Place Stadium, I made myself a fixture in the new supporters' section and started to get a feel for what was really going on there. Around that time I made this an official fieldwork assignment and decided to start a thesis project wherein I would delve into this new music-culture that was new to me. I wrote up an ethics clearance, had interviewees sign paperwork accordingly, and began to frame my participation at future events as a researcher and a participant-musician. I took notes when I could and made ambient field recordings. My interests in these events changed and the questions that popped in my head became more and more academic in nature. Though I did not stand on a box and proclaim to this small group that I was there to gather evidence for a study of sound and sociology, I did have to reveal myself as a researcher to those I approached for further query or direct questioning. I assume that they then informed their leadership as to what I was doing and I think people eventually caught on. If people asked, I was honest

about my intentions, although I believe that most observably I was there to join The Riot.¹⁶

There were, however, moments when I noticed that the behaviours of some of the people around me, who were not direct informants, changed. One jarring memory was when I heard somebody say “‘careful what you say, *he* is here.”¹⁷ Even further, sometimes it felt like the answers I was getting from my interlocutors were being guarded because of political or professional ramifications. In turn, some of what was revealed to me was too personal for publication, or was incriminating enough in some way that I have had to filter those aspects out of my presentation. For those reasons, I am only including curated portions of my fieldwork, photos, and interviews, and have decided to protect the identity of my interlocutors by keeping them anonymous or using pseudonyms. Although as anthropologist Michael Jackson puts it, the “use of pseudonyms to protect the identity of those whose experiences...permeate the pages...neither effaces identities nor writes off debts” (1995, ix).

On November 4th, 2014, I had the opportunity to sit down with Scott Houston for a formal recorded interview about his supporters’ music-culture. He knew my interests in the areas of sports and music, and thought he could help me understand what was going on in Section W (where the supporters position themselves) during the Fury FC games. At this point, I really knew nothing about supporters’ culture, its aims, or intentions, and Scott graciously opened up that world for me. We sat at a table for hours and he gave me his take on what it means, to him, to be a supporter in Ottawa and what his group hopes

¹⁶ Refer to Figure 1.3 (Page 114).

¹⁷ This was at Scott Houston’s birthday party, to which I was invited and where many members of The Stony Monday Riot were in attendance.

to achieve in the future. He is a proponent of this specific sort of urban sonic-ecology and must be thanked for his significant contribution to my study.

I spent that Fall 2014 season actively participating with The Riot in an exploratory fashion and got to know the other members a little bit, but kept closer to Scott. I made field recordings of their Game Day songs with one of my phones and at half-times would quickly scribble down notes in a small book. I got close to the group, but made sure that I was comfortable as a new-comer, not only with this culture, but also this game (soccer) and this type of study. At the outset of the project, I began by exploring the soundscape of TD Place Stadium in its sports carnivals and trying to follow what it offered, rather than looking for evidence of a sonic-imperialism or investing in human relationships. Eventually due to the nature of proximity, I got to know people; however, negotiating human relationships is a sensitive issue. What would I do or say in the stadium out of curiosity or hypothesis, outside the realm of my everyday life? I wonder what would have been different if my actions did not have some academic motivations.

What I learned after the three games I attended that Fall season was that TD Place Stadium can be understood as the site of a peoples' contest, and that it holds this contest in large part sonically. The Stony Monday Riot are partly political in their nature and seem to be resisting (successfully) commercial Game Day mega-productions as invented by the team for consumption by fans. Through negotiation and tact The Stony Monday Riot, along with members of the other supporters' group(s) (most importantly for this thesis, the Bytown Boys Supporters Club), have worked out a sort of popular-music silence with the owners and operators of the Fury FC while play is live on the field. In

other words, unlike most other North American sporting experiences, popular music is not broadcast through the stadium while the Fury play. Because of this, the supporters in Section W are the main animators of the Fury Game Day sonic experience, and seem to be the group dictating the sound-brand of professional soccer in Ottawa from a grassroots level.

After that Fall season, I kept in touch with Scott on both personal and professional levels and decided to continue participating with the group and making field recordings of the Game Day experience while embedded in the section the following season. I even started promoting the group and bringing others into this cultural experience. These others, at least six of them, became secondary interlocutors who will be introduced as necessary in later chapters. On March 9, 2016, Scott and I had one more long-form interview where any and all remaining questions I had at that time were answered.

Since my fieldwork with supporters' groups was centered on Ottawa Fury games, it speaks to only one half of the football distinction I have already discussed. Moving our attention towards the involvement of Canadian football in this study, and therefore also clarifying some differences between my two case studies, both the REDBLACKS and Fury games take place within the confines of the same material stadium. But due to differences between the sports, the REDBLACKS version of Canadian football animates a soundscape unique to its physical movements, cultures, traditions, and fan-base, and is experienced quite differently from soccer. I have been to CFL games in other cities, and wanted to hear what made this Ottawa Game Day experience unique. To find out, I decided to probe the REDBLACKS' Game Day productions during the 2015 season and to examine their soundscapes in order to locate some core sonic-animators, their

influence, and the team's strategic use of sound-branding. With the help of the Carleton University Faculty of Graduate and Postdoctoral Affairs, I was able to secure season-tickets to all REDBLACKS and Fury games during the Spring, Summer, and Fall seasons of 2015, and I went to the stadium at every opportunity. I embedded myself deep into its cultures and, depending on the game, sport or what my goals were that day, applied various methods to achieving the aims of this project. In total, I went to ten Fury games and seven REDBLACKS games, culminating in the CFL Eastern Final, November 23rd, 2015.¹⁸

To compare and contrast the methods that I used in gathering data: at the REDBLACKS games I was more of the sociological observer, animating less and listening more. I secured a season ticket into Section Z, right in-front of the Budweiser Kings Club, where the pre-game rock-bands performed and the extra-large twenty-ounce beers were offered.¹⁹ There were photo-booths that encouraged people to show-off their buds (a word used as slang for friends, Budweiser Beer, or marijuana products) and just past that lounge-area Budweiser had fresh beef frying on the grill. These promotions made for another environment conducive to the observation and analysis of what Richard Dawkins calls the *meme*, or, "...tunes, ideas, catch-phrases, clothes, fashions, ways of making pots, or of building arches" (2006, 192). Some of my favourite moments of fieldwork were spent quietly taking in the group of fans found standing at the fence above the cement steps behind me.²⁰ Any reader familiar with the Canadian film

¹⁸ And what a sonic demonstration! When the REDBLACKS scored the go-ahead 93-yard touchdown with just over a minute remaining to send the team to the Grey Cup Championship game, the place really exploded. Like Galeano writes: Sometimes "...the stadium forgets that it is made of concrete...breaks free of the earth and flies through the air" (2013, 9).

¹⁹ Refer to Figure 1.4 (Page 114).

²⁰ Refer to Figure 1.5 (Page 114).

FUBAR, particularly the scene where Terry and Dean take in a football game, will know exactly what I am talking about.²¹

At the first few REDBLACKS games I brought along a small note pad and just wrote from my seat what I experienced sonically, while at the same time running an audio recorder that was on my lap. This was useful, but I found that it attracted too much attention. In the end, I found the best way to keep my observations from distracting others, or from being accidentally ruined, was to hold my iPhone 4 or Samsung Note 4 in hand and listen. If there was something worth noting, I would say something into the microphone. This gave me field recordings that were a combination of ambient sound and mental notes, and did not draw undue attention since many people in such environments have small electronic devices in their hands. The other benefit to this method was that when I went walking through the concourses or under the covered north-side of the stadium to make ambient recordings, I could quickly say something like, “entering north-side, 8:15 p.m., September 26th.” Listening back to these recordings is a little like a time machine, and the sounds in the crowds really do paint an audio-picture of my time in this place.

The democratic aspect that this form of audio-observation captures is advantageous in this environment for a variety of reasons. I am not asking anybody questions, and I am not relying on television feeds or radio interviews for information. If there was an interesting sonic event, or even the mundane almost-nothings of a public address announcer telling us when the next game will be, they were captured from a mobile perspective and all act as sonic-artifacts of a time and place. I wish, however, that

²¹ (*FUBAR* 2002).

I could have recorded something of a higher fidelity while moving throughout the crowd for the purposes of archival documentation for the Canadian Museum of History, or any interested parties concerned with cultural heritage and its ephemera.

Taken together, all of this fieldwork and participant-observation constructs a partial ethnomusicology of place---of TD Place Stadium in the context of live professional football, wherein an overarching theme of sonic imposition comes up over and over again. Sounds and musics, from different places and different people, are thrown at an observer for what on the surface appear to be a variety of reasons. These reasons may be as disparate as signalling the presence of a food or drink vendor, celebrating a score by the home-team, or directing a verbal warning over the use of fireworks inside the stadium by the Public Address person, that *acousmêtre* on whom alone an entire thesis could be written.²² Within the confines of this stadium, however, all of these sounds and musics are actually serving one larger purpose: they represent a Nietzschean will to power. This hyper-mediated stadium environment, therefore, has different people in different positions using different sounds and musics to extoll certain values and forms of cultural capital for the sake of an in-group benefit. To demonstrate this, I will use the case studies which follow to show how musical moments display and enact patterns of power hidden in the sounds of a stadium.

Literature Review and Justification

There has been only one academic study of TD Place Stadium and the Lansdowne development, wherein TD Place Stadium sits (DuPlessis, 2014), and it manages to get through its seventy-three pages without any mention of sound or music (though “sound

²² (Chion 1999).

investment” is mentioned twice). Considering again the social, cultural, and real costs of construction and animation, this stadium deserves closer scrutiny.²³ Moreover, as Ken McLeod explains, “current scholarship addresses the individual roles of sports and music in shaping national and social identities, but there is no scholarly study of the convergences and mutual reinforcement of these cultures in constructing such identities” (2011, 2). Further, considering this dearth of information and of investigation into the socio-sonic stadium animated by sport, I am hopeful that my project will encourage others to think critically about this popular divertissement and its places. Considered one way, REDBLACKS Game Day patrons are the largest choir in the capital region. Bale and Gaffney write that, “the ways in which different people within the stadium both generate and experience sound as well as the ways in which sound affects individual experience of the stadium could be the focus of extended research” (2004, 30) and I contend that this project follows that suggestion.

The literature concerning the intersection of sport, sound, and music is varied in its perspectives. In considering radio and television, sound and media studies (Barnouw 1955, 1966; Owens 2006; Durant and Kennedy 2006; Johnson 2010), work in this area aligns primarily with Anderson’s (2006) ideas of imagined communities and with attempts to theorize the importance of large-scale simultaneous broadcasting and its reception, specifically in the American Northeast. These academic writings are very closely related to the sociological literature concerning individual and group identity, though when one examines studies of music and identity that body of work does not deal with sport specifically in stadium contexts. There is also a wealth of literature that

²³ It is estimated that the renovation and re-construction of TD Place Stadium and its surroundings cost 290.8 million Canadian dollars with 172.8 coming from the city.

considers sport and fandom in the complex of identity creation (Gantz, Fingerhut, and Nadorff 2012; Butterworth 2014; Hardin 2014), but these studies do not generally consider sound and music. Collinson (2009), on the other hand, does consider the creation of place and self through musicking in reference to Sydney FC fans, and his work serves as an important model for this study.

In terms of sources closer to my own immediate questions, I must acknowledge the significant contribution by sociologist Les Back (2003). His work explores identity through place, topophilia, geophily, and home, and he reveals that these ideas are expressed through plainsong, or in this case, the songs that soccer supporters cheer, chant, and sing, in their respective stadia, almost non-stop through the ninety minutes of play. Plainsong, as a musical term, is typically associated with the *a capella* monophony of Christian liturgical music and Back's use of the term is meant to associate the sacred and supporters' culture(s). Though his paper starts out describing a stadium atmosphere through the experience of a blind boy who is very aware of the game through his ears, it quickly turns to issues of racism in Millwall, Merseyside, and Everton, as found in the lyrics of their plainsong. Again, though this research is relevant to some of my ethnographic work, the overall emphasis is different and still leaves room for my own more holistic examination of auralities within supporters' culture(s) and other in-stadium performances.

In his work, Mark Slobin succinctly sums up identity formation through sound and music when he writes that "today, music is at the heart of individual and group identity" (1993, 11). Even though it was published some twenty-two years ago, I contend that this statement still rings true today, and my thesis will provide two more case studies

to prove the continuing validity of his words. In a similar vein, Kay Kaufman Shelemay (2000) writes of three types of musical community formation---those of dissent, descent, and affinity---and my ethnographic experience within TD Place Stadium speaks to different bounded groups being the result of, if not all of them individually, some combination of these three group-making forces. Scholars also examine boundaries of groups (Pachucki, Pendergrass, and Lamont 2007; Lamont and Virág 2002) for permeability, salience, visibility, and durability, and in my analysis of the Stony Monday Riot, all of these aspects are relevant. Similarly, Ken McLeod's volume concerning sport and popular music is very much built around ideas of individual and group identity, specifically those of "music and sports and...how such synergies construct, contest, reinforce, and re-envision gender, racial, and national identities in both abstract aesthetic and explicit political contexts" (2011, 1). Though the sounds and music that I examine in the context of live-sport in the stadium are popular, that is, of the populous, McLeod examines even more fully commodified music in the Top 40 format, while I examine a more vernacular set of practices like soccer's plainsong, boos, chants, and cheers.

Finally, *Sporting Sounds*, the volume edited by Anthony Bateman and John Bale (2009) concerning interactions between sports and music (two cultural practices with longstanding overlap) explores "the vital part music has played in the performance, reception, and commodification of sport" (np), yet only one chapter (Eichberg) explores atmosphere and the in-stadium sonic animations that lend themselves to the complex of experience stimulated by a live-sport stadium ecology. The other contributions concern themselves more with heightening athletic performance, songs about sport, popular music in relation to sport, and sport and television.

Chapter Breakdown

In Chapter One, devoted to Ottawa Fury FC supporters' culture(s), I examine and analyze the *invention* of tradition through The Stony Monday Riot, an official supporters' group of the Ottawa Fury FC, and their genre of performance-art that I will continue to call plainsong. Performed publicly, while in its earliest stages, the methods used in the Game Day productions and repertoire of this new and unique sound-culture are being negotiated passionately between at least three parties. The ingroup/outgroup effect that I experienced while a member of The Stony Monday Riot led me to experience a unique brand of what Pierre Bourdieu would call "social distinction" (1984) in certain "fields of cultural production" (1993). Along with describing these structures and practices, Chapter One investigates ways in which these supporters' groups are engaging in "the actual process of [inventing traditions]" which Hobsbawm writes "has not been adequately studied" (1983, 4). Embedded in the group, I was able to outline the distinction I experienced through an observation of repertoire and performance practice that differs between the Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys Supporters Club. Beyond reporting on the results of interviews with participants, Chapter One presents the results of my investigation into local news-media concerning these groups, their websites, and other public productions (such as Facebook pages, Instagram, and Twitter), to get a feeling for the ideologies and aesthetics that differentiates the two groups. Unfortunately, due to involvement with The Stony Monday Riot, I could not pursue any participant-observation within the competing Bytown Boys Supporters Club. Without realizing it, when I first joined The Stony Monday Riot in Section W, I became part of one group and not the other.

In Chapter Two I consider a contrasting case study in which the relevant power structures are more top-down. This case study examines how the dominant culture is enacted through the Ottawa REDBLACKS of the Canadian Football League, and the strategic use of music by the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group during REDBLACKS home games inside of the stadium. Here, through methods of participant-observation, the creation of ambient field recordings, and an interaction with pertinent literature about the myths and folklores of the Ottawa Valley, I will describe a soundscape reminiscent of a Bakhtinian carnival, with particular focus on the general sound-brand of the team and the half-time musical performance of their selected Canadian folk-song/anthem, "Big Joe Mufferaw." This exploration will be informed in part by Hobsbawm and Ranger's analyses of European traditions that were established near the end of the nineteenth century in great numbers. Along with my own notes and observations of the soundscape, Chapter Two describes a shared experience of stories and a number of interviews that I conducted with interlocutors inside and outside of this stadium. In contrast with Chapter One's focus on the improvised and ongoing invention of new traditions, Chapter Two dwells on something more like an "invented tradition" (Hobsbawm and Ranger 1983), while observing and documenting a nuanced reinvention of tradition vis-a-vis Stompin' Tom Connors' folk-song, "Big Joe Mufferaw," performed by local institution and holder of the Order of Ottawa, Lucky Ron, at the half-time of an Ottawa REDBLACKS football game. The chapter will also consider marketing efforts put forth by the team, and any silent media that concerns sound in any and all of their stadium related productions.

Finally, the Conclusion begins by contemplating the resonances and meanings of an empty stadium (Galeano 2013, 20), in order to help understand what people and practices such as those explored elsewhere in the thesis bring into this space. Outside of the sub-group and inter-group negotiations of power through sound and music, I believe it is also important that the roles of *communitas* (E. Turner 1969; V. Turner 2012), or collective joy, or even simply shared experience (Dreyfus and Kelly 2011; Bartlett Giamatti 1989) are also explored. Even with all that will be said about power, leverage, influence, and difference, I am at heart a proponent of the stadium ecology that in the end, brings people together.

Chapter One: Supporters' Culture and its Invention(s) in Ottawa

This chapter examines the *invention* of tradition vis-à-vis the Ottawa Fury Football Club's two official supporters' groups---The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys Supports Club---and their distinct methods and practices of what academics of supporters' culture(s) call *plainsong* (Back 2003; Collinson 2009). Performed publicly at every home game, the methods used in these iterations of plainsong are being negotiated passionately and openly between at least three parties in and around TD Place Stadium: The Stony Monday Riot, The Bytown Boys Supporters Club, and the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group (who own the team and operate the facility). In this chapter, I will: 1) introduce each supporters' group and give a brief context concerning their geneses, beliefs, mythologies, and differences, 2) position supporters' culture(s) in Ottawa in the context of other supporters' cultures globally, 3) explain and expose the music and performance practices of their sound and music cultures, 4) examine how The Stony Monday Riot use their auralities to establish a sense of place, belonging, and identity within the stadium and beyond, and 5) observe and comment on their positioning and *habitus* with respect to the Bytown Boys and the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group.

During the Fury's 2014 and 2015 campaigns, I made myself a member of The Stony Monday Riot, claimed my place within theirs, and explored and examined their sounds, musics, and other tangential cultures. I worked to get a better grasp and

understanding of what was actually going on when, among other acts, they would start shouting, spontaneously, to my ears, a chant like this one:²⁴

Call

Response

To get a better grasp and understanding, I used any musicianship skills that I had to sonically ‘riot’ with this group of strangers, and did so as wildly and boldly as I could, hesitations and trepidations aside. To shout at a sporting event is not so hard, but to sing boldly in the public arena can be nerve racking.

As a newcomer to these traditions, I figured enthusiasm and energy would make up for any lack of knowledge or experience that I had when playing around and within this localized, vernacular sound and music culture. When I finally summoned the courage to jump in with my first “Ubi-Ubi-Ubi...” call, I was quickly cut-off as an unnamed Rioter extended his left arm across my chest. Fan favourite Siniša Ubiparipović was not on the field. You do not chant “Ubi-Ubi-Ubi” when “Ubi” is not playing! First of all, I did not realize that “Ubi” was a name, and second, I realized then that I had a whole lot to learn.

What I saw, heard, and experienced initially as spontaneity was not always so, and each new experience brought on so many new questions. In turn, I formally requested an interview with one of the Rioters, Scott Houston, and grilled him for hours about this culture, its practices, and some of its delicate nuance wherein effervescence and

²⁴ All transcriptions by author.

ephemera seemed to have a logic and method behind them. I would go so far as to suggest that they have a trajectory as well. Scott was more than helpful in this undertaking, and led me quite slowly, thoroughly, and humorously, around the horn.

We had two formal “sit-down” interviews. Over the course of our first meeting, we touched on subjects of tradition, representation, public music education, civics, public history, and globalization. The list goes on and on and is too extensive to be covered here in full. Though outwardly this group may appear as a bunch of wild ‘animals’ and beer-drinking, flag-waving hooligans in line with Gaffney and Bale who comment that “[t]here is an animalistic passion in the way people create noise in the stadium...[with]...no apparent thought involved” (2004, 29), as Scott put their beliefs, customs, and practices into his own words he ended up representing the group as quite thoughtful, organized, and of a higher seriousness than I could have imagined. Through the rest of this case study, I will represent what was shared with me by Scott, focusing on the key themes of position- and place-taking, and the negotiation of difference and differing opinions concerned with what the tradition of supporters’ culture(s) in Ottawa is/are and should be.

It is important to note that, in addition to live in-stadium experience, my field recordings, and my interviews with Scott, I found it valuable to consult other resources concerning each group. These other resources include their proprietary websites, blogs, public Facebook and Instagram accounts,²⁵ Ottawa Fury and TD Place promotional materials in which they are featured, and any news media where they are profiled. To

²⁵ Though I am a part of the “Stony Monday Riot Underground” Facebook group, it is a private, members only place. In trust, I will not share that privileged material. They do, however, have a public page, and I have no qualms with sharing what everybody has open access to.

learn about other supporters' cultures outside of Ottawa, I spoke closely with Elmer, Linda, and two interlocutors who come from Brazil, consulted a range of media concerned with the greater/global culture(s), and re-experienced a video-recording I made over the summer of 2014 while attending my first European match in Donostia/San Sebastián, in the Basque Country of northern Spain. The match featured the local *Real Sociedad* and Aberdeen F.C. from Aberdeen, Scotland.

Today, Association football is a globalized game (Steger 2013) whose apparent manifestations, as related to this project of sound in space, are rooted in an imperial Britain in the early nineteenth century. In that time, described by historians as one of general peace throughout the Empire, football, cricket, and other cultural media were spread by British merchants and military seamen across a water-based trade network strengthened by steamships and telecommunication networks. Canadian soccer historian Carl Jose claims that it was first in 1876 on Parliament Street in Toronto that soccer, as we know it today, was played in Canada, between the Carlton Cricket Club and the Toronto Lacrosse Club (2015). It must have arrived in Ottawa shortly thereafter.

A Brief History of The Stony Monday Riot: A Conversation

Zalis: What is the Stony Monday Riot...why does it exist...who is it...?

Houston: ...It started between three, four friends who would have gone to previous 'football' games, soccer games, in the city for like a lower division team, and we had gone with a group called the Bytown Boys. They were the only kind of group of people trying to organize something that resembles North American soccer culture, which is the theme, and...we had some disagreements about how to organize, how to represent ourselves in the stadium. And like amongst the four of us, we had talked and were all kind of expressing some discomfort with what was going on and we decided instead of trying to fight over what the group means we would create our own group. We had always tossed around an idea of the Stony Monday Riot being like an Ottawa historic event [laughs] which happened like 1849...

In 1849 Ottawa was called Bytown. It was still just a logging community that was built at the end of the canal. [It] wasn't considered the capital or anything like that.²⁶ But it was going to be the stop of the Governor's tour of Canada, and the Reformers had wanted to celebrate his arrival 'cause he had made some favourable decisions in the reconfiguration of the colonies. The Conservatives didn't like that plan, so they waited outside of a pub where the Reformers were meeting, quote-unquote, and launched into this attack, which is now the Canal/Byward Market area, and they were just throwing [stuff] back and forth at each-other. It turned into a street brawl.

Unfortunately one guy, David Borthwick—he was a bystander and he got a rock to the head I think—he was the one death. It lasted two days. By the second day, the Conservatives [and the] log-workers, and guys who had come to dig-out of the canal, they fought each-other. Just stole cannons or made cannons or something, and put them over on the bridge that was going over the canal [laughs] ...The British Regulars...decided, [laughs] "hey, this is no longer just like [laughs] a drunken brawl [that] we should leave to the local authorities...there's going to be some cannon balls flying overhead now so we should put it out."

That was the story. We picked it because it's the one time that there's been a major civil disturbance in the history of Ottawa.

...It's kind of tongue-in cheek to have that kind of name, knowing that internationally there is a reputation of soccer fans being hooligans and causing trouble. So it's kind of like, "ha-ha- ha that's what we are!" knowing that in Ottawa that's so—it's just impossible to imagine. It's also...one of the major kinds of disagreements we had with the Bytown Boys. It's kind of like a symbolic conflict, over the name Bytown Boys. We were kind of like, the Boys doesn't say anything about who we are as a group 'cause as a group we don't want to be just guys...we have a chance here to sort of say we are an inclusive community of soccer supporters. So I am like, "you cut out the Boys part." There was an argument, a stupid argument that went back and forth that could have been one of the reasons why a lot of people felt "step away, step away and we'll try and do something different."

I think both groups, if you want to look at the symbolism of it, both of them are trying to say something about coming from Ottawa and putting in roots to the city and claiming something about the history of the city...

Zalis: ...a tradition kind of thing?

Houston: Yeah...and like, I think that we don't have a tradition [laughs]. We make it up. When you don't have one, you make it up, going as far back as we could. Ironically, nobody in the group that I know of, like neither group, are actual Ottawa natives, like people born and raised in this city. So there is like a weird kind of tone going on about claiming "Ottawa-ness" through those names. But I think those—like the whole soccer

²⁶ Montréal was the capital at the time.

culture—is about claiming some sort of locality representing yourself as authentically from [here], you take a place. The Bytown Boys has kind of like a connection to the guys that were brought here to dig the canal. That name play, the Bytown Boys, has its roots in the English Hooligan. It's a diminutive of being a man. So like all the shit you caused isn't your man-ness, you're behaving like a child and that's kind of a part of legitimising why you can get away with it. For a laugh or a fun right?

(In conversation November 4, 2014)

The Stony Monday Riot exists within TD Place Stadium for the purpose of supporting the Ottawa Fury FC, who were founded in 2011 and made their North American Soccer League debut at TD Place Stadium in 2014. As a supporters' group, they take a place within Section W, on the south-side of the stadium, and there they sing and chant and cheer their belongings and passions. Because of the team's relatively recent move into this place, The Stony Monday Riot's music culture was not just new to me in this setting but also new to Ottawa. Such newness presented a wonderful opportunity to witness, examine, and participate in the *invention* of a sound and music-culture that, while practiced similarly on six of the world's seven continents,²⁷ has not traditionally taken place in Ottawa or in the city's new TD Place Stadium. As Scott said to me, "we don't have tradition... When you don't have one, you make it up." What else is invention other than "mak[ing] it up?"

Along the lines of why *this* is a wonderful opportunity to study invention, each supporters' group is quite small at the moment, hovering around twenty-five or so consistent participants per game. The expression of what is being invented takes place within a consciously shared space that covers some 1500 square feet called Section W.

²⁷ I have to mention, and this is taking the lead of Gaffney (2008), that FIFA, soccer's international governing body, has more member states than the United Nations (211 to 193).

With this case study the small, shared space with its established territories is host to competing ideologies that are expressed through two distinct practices of plainsong, all of which happens while a soccer game plays out on the field.

Belief Systems, or, What They Tell Themselves About Themselves

According to their website, The Stony Monday Riot are “an organized group of supporters for the Ottawa Fury FC North American Soccer League (NASL) team [who] support soccer at all levels in the National Capital Region.”²⁸ The mission statement continues on to explain that they believe themselves to be independent, and neither customers nor consumers of a “game day experience” (*Ibid.*). It is their belief that they participate in each match that they attend, and that the passion they bring belongs to them. Though they claim to follow no particular style of plainsong (*Ibid.*), they do recognize that their members come from different places and cultures and that each of these individuals will bring their own experiences and creativity to the group. Importantly, the group also aims to be completely inclusive and multi-lingual, and does not charge a membership fee. To them, “‘members’ are the people who contribute their time, effort, and passion to making, sustaining, and growing SMR as a loud voice of supporter culture in Ottawa” (*Ibid.*).

On their website, The Bytown Boys Supporters Club present themselves a little differently, in a different type of mission statement which they describe as a code of conduct.²⁹ They aim to support the Ottawa Fury FC and the community in which the team plays. They assert that being a member of the group implies that one is part of something

²⁸ For a full text, please see: <http://stonymondayriot.com/about/>.

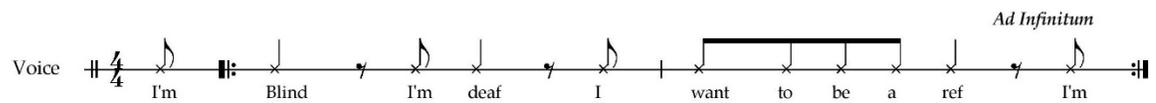
²⁹ For a full text, please see: <http://www.bytownboys.ca/code-of-conduct.html>.

bigger than oneself, and this means more than being “bound by unwritten rules or conventions of ‘traditional supporters’ culture” (*Ibid.*). They go on to explain that their goal is to be “Positive and Inclusive” (*Ibid.*), and that any members who use derogation or violence will be held to trial, disciplinary action, and removal from the club “pending an investigation” (*Ibid.*).

Both The Stony Monday Riot’s and the Bytown Boys Supporters Club’s mission statements give an outside observer much to consider about their identity before taking part in the carnivals that they present in the stands of Section W. Despite performing from the same section of the same stadium and for the same team, these two musical groups exist as supporters quite differently. Though the difference may seem on the surface subtle and nuanced at first, it would seem appropriate to use the musical metaphor of a semi-tone being only a half-step away from a desired note. To paraphrase Jazz-guru Mark Ferguson; “a semi-tone is as far away as you can be.”

While this brief presentation of mission statements might appear to be incidental, it is important in order to illustrate how the groups differ in terms of order, rank, and file, and the cohesion of individuals. While the Bytown Boys have a High Council and follow what they call “traditional supporters’ culture,” The Stony Monday Riot engage with what their members bring to the collective, musically or otherwise, and attempt to incorporate it into their practice. The ideas of a loose collectivity versus a strict order transcends mission statements and can be witnessed in the execution of their performing practices in the stadium, which I will describe shortly. It is important to note however, after participating in the section, I have observed that what the Bytown Boys write in that statement above and what they do and say in the stadium is noticeably different. For

example, let us consider the lyrics of a chant that they use at almost every game. It seems that every time the Boys feel that the official misinterprets a call, or, to them, makes a mistake, they will chant:



Scott points out that The Stony Monday Riot refuse to perform this chant for reasons of ableism.

Supporters' culture behind the Fury in Ottawa is still in formal negotiation and lags behind most other supporters' cultures that play a part of this global community in the world of soccer spectatorship. Both The Stony Monday Riot and The Bytown Boys represent themselves, the club, and the greater Ottawa community with their sound, song, and presence, but they do so and represent that ideal differently. This is part of the reason why, when I tell my older brother who has experienced supporters' cultures in Europe, the United States, and Africa that I am in the supporters' section at the Fury games, he laughs and lumps me in with a certain type of person who attends the lower levels, or minor leagues of any professional sport. Despite the size of their crowds, which hover around 5,000 a game, and the comparatively low level of professional play, the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group insists on billing their soccer team as professionals and are doing this through the words included in their poster campaign that I mentioned earlier, which also appears online through their social media outlets. On the basis of the Fury then, the City of Ottawa, the stadium, and the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group can all claim, to a certain degree, what Pierre Bourdieu would call cultural capital,

though to a lesser degree than many other contemporary localities that host soccer on the national, continental, and global levels.

With that in mind, the team, its owners, and the fans recognize the opportunity to grow some sort of professional and localized fandom to call their own. This is what supporters represent, and by definition, are. Scott says it this way:

Everybody knows, you want a soccer market? You want to be considered respectable in North America, within the bounds – supporters’ culture. They all know that that needs to be there to be considered a legitimate team, a legitimate business. (November 14, 2014)

The proper institutions of supporters’ groups and their sections take many shapes, sizes, and sounds, depending on where you are in the world. The Stony Monday Riot and their local rivals, The Bytown Boys Supporters Club, share characteristics in common with other supporters’ groups in a global sense, and therefore fit within an “imagined community” (Anderson 2006) that entangles them with other supporters’ groups around the globe. How they practice this supporters’ identity, however, is the biggest difference between each group. The exploration of this difference, between The Riot and the other who they mockingly refer to as the “Beliebers,”³⁰ will be the key to this case study.³¹

Before we proceed any further, it is important to highlight the place of the local in a global culture, and how, contrary to popular belief, locality often matters more and more in a world where “shared” experience happens at distance and cultural practices can be transported and reproduced through different media. When considering these ideas,

³⁰ This term is a knock on the Bytown Boys, who, by this title, are asserted to be bigger fans of Justin Bieber than of the Fury FC. I doubt this is true. On another note, this plays further into ideas of music and identity, and how fandom and taste can be used in a process of othering.

³¹ I have to point out that for some unknown reason, the photo on the front page of the Stony Monday Riot’s website is a picture of the Bytown Boys, with the *capo* “Xavier” front and centre. This has not always been the case, but at the time of writing, June 1st, 2016, it is. Could it be sabotage?

Patricia Vertinsky writes that “one of the consequences of modernity has been the separation of space from place and the severing of face-to-face interactions” (2004, 11). She continues this thread, and brings out the paradoxical idea that with said distance and the associated physical separation, “place-bound identities [are] *more* rather than *less* important” (*Ibid.*). Which is to say that globalization often leads to differentiation rather than homogenization.

What makes ideas of differentiation especially compelling for this study is the particularity of the stadium space, which will be considered in more detail in my upcoming discussion of performance practice. This case study invites us to examine the hyper-localized level where a distance of twenty-or-so feet represents two different place-bound music cultures. When it comes down to it, place does not mean Ottawa, the Fury, or even Section W. Section W is split, and whether you stand at the top or the bottom, only twenty feet apart, signifies the precision of a cultural differentiation from one place to the next.

Global Supporters and Context

Let me start with the extreme. Gaffney writes that through its purpose as a material structure designed for large-scale entertainment, the stadium plays host to more than a game of football, and that the crowd “is a spectacle unto itself [that] can be a menacing creature” (2008, 28). When tens of thousands of people become suddenly anonymous, it allows for a certain amount of deviance that falls outside of the realm of everyday life. Because of the way it combines territorially bound teams with a range of beliefs and significances assigned to them by the crowd, a soccer game has the potential to lead to large scale violence, which is why a game in much of the world outside of

North America can include experiences of “riot police, attack dogs, mounted patrols, and helicopters” (Gaffney 2008, 29).

In Ottawa, there are no mounted patrols or helicopters at Fury games.³² Tens of thousands of people are not involved and I have never seen an attack dog in the stadium.³³ Most often, there are only two or three security guards assigned to monitor Section W while we “riot” and it is private security--not police, riot control, or a hired militia--who are typically contracted by the owners and operators of the stadium to make sure that we do not reach that rolling boil. To further this point, the countermeasures employed by these security contractors are not batons, guns, tasers, or teeth, but rather bright yellow jackets and walkie-talkies. And the harshest sanctions typically employed are a stern talking-to or polite ejection from the stadium. Of course, there are also police in and around the stadium on Game Day. Sometimes you also see a few roam inside the space, but they are more concerned with the influx of traffic into the area than our threat.³⁴ Yes, I have seen somebody pulled out of the supporters’ section for behaviour deemed inappropriate by the security staff, but after he wrote a letter to the team he was allowed back for future events.³⁵

On a global level, soccer in urban stadia host living music cultures the world over. Eduardo Galeano offers some insight when he separates the fan from the fanatic while discussing the supporters of his home *Club Nacional de Football* soccer club in Uruguay

³² Canada Day celebrations, however, would tell a different story. They tend to push the limits of acceptability further than the soccer or football games.

³³ Though we did see snipers on the roof-top while then Prime Minister Harper was at a REDBLACKS game! Refer to Figure 2.1 (Page 115).

³⁴ Refer to Figure 2.2 (Page 115).

³⁵ This gentleman threw an empty can of cider at a player from the Minnesota Loons who came over to Section W and taunted the supporters with his over-the-top celebrations after he scored a goal.

(2013, 7-8). To extrapolate his insight to a North American brand that falls on a completely different (read: lower) level of passionate devotion, The Stony Monday Riot and The Bytown Boys fall somewhere between fans and fanatics. In other words, some go home when the game ends, and some get lost in the night. Never, though, is the Fury experience all consuming. Outside of the violence described by Gaffney (2008) as happening in South America and Europe,³⁶ the biggest difference between what I learned through book research and what I have experienced in and around TD Place Stadium is the absence of the opposing team's fans, and the smaller scale of force caused by a small number of people participating in the banter and plainsong that takes place in and around the stadium on Game Day.³⁷ In this stadium, during the Fury's games there seem not to be *any* visiting fans. Without opposing fans to banter and cheer against, the two groups within TD Place Stadium banter and cheer against each other in a way that can seem petty and lessen the overall experience to an outsider or newcomer. The Bytown Boys and Stony Monday Riot have therefore resorted to "fannibalism,"³⁸ which turned Saturn against his son³⁹ – though, as Scott reminds me so often, that they do so "symbolic[ally]." They do not eat each other, and I have never witnessed any suggestion of violence between the two groups. It is important here to note very clearly, though, that the two groups that I am studying do get along and work together sometimes, so the "conflict," between them in this exposé is in quotations for a reason, and Scott is being clever.

³⁶ The violent incidents between Russian and English fans during the 2016 Euro Cup are making headlines as of this writing. The world for the most part sees it one way (unacceptable) while media out of Russia are giving their fans a pat on the back for defending the Motherland.

³⁷ Refer to Figure 2.3 (Page 115)

³⁸ This is Scott's term, and I love it.

³⁹ See: Goya, Francisco, *Saturn Devouring His Son*, c. 1819-1823.

In their performances at TD Place Stadium, what The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys do musically is very similar to what other supporters' groups have demonstrated all over the world, though on a much smaller scale. Inside of TD Place Stadium we do not experience the orchestrated organization of 50,000 people singing in collective harmony, so eloquently described by Gaffney as a life-changing experience, in comparison to which "few [experiences] are as powerful" (2004, 29). While I roved the stadium in-game for research purposes, I could not hear the supporters' section at TD Place from the south-east side of the stadium when the wind was blowing the wrong way. From that distance, there was a subtle backdrop of sound, mostly drums, coming from Section W but the words of the chants were nearly impossible to make out. However, and this plays into Richard Dawkins' idea of memes (2006), sometimes the normal fans a section over would jump in and create a sound-bridge that allowed the music to transfer through the entire south-side. That always felt great when I was in the supporters' section. It made me think, "It is working," or, "I just did that." I should also mention that most often only the south-side of the stadium is opened up for general fans to attend the Fury games, although there have been a few occasions such as extra-important cup games or playoffs where the north-side is opened. On the north-east side, however, there is a very small section for select fans to sit close to the action in the Giant Tiger Community Zone, named for its sponsor. It is towards spectators in this zone that The Stony Monday Riot chant:

The musical notation is for a 4/4 time signature. The voice line consists of two measures. The first measure contains the lyrics "Gi - ant Ti - ger Com -" with a long horizontal line above "Com -" indicating a sustained note. The second measure contains "mu - ni - ty zone" with a long horizontal line above "mu - ni - ty" and a final double bar line. The drum line is positioned below the voice line and features rhythmic markings: a vertical line with an 'x' for a drum hit on the first beat of each measure, and a horizontal line with an 'x' for a sustained drum sound in the second measure of the second measure.

The interplay between the two sides is neat to experience when it happens, and a populated north-side will only add to the overall experience of this space while dressed for soccer.

Because of the way the supporters are facing while arranged in their game day formations, their songs and chants and cheers extend over the field and to the north-side more effectively than over all of the fans on the south-side, and this is just the way that soundwaves operate. It is a friendly game of song, where I have yet to hear any hate-speech, racism, or taunting threats towards fans, friendlies, or the opposition, beyond a quick outburst in the spirit of enthusiastic competition: as Galeano explains, “the enemy [is] always in the wrong” (2013, 8). When someone starts the “ref’s an asshole” chant, they do not actually mean that the human is being a bad person. They mean that the referee's persona, that of the arbitrator, is by-design against them.

While the Fury are on the field doing their best to out maneuver the opposing team to achieve victory and rise up the table,⁴⁰ they are at the same time establishing professional soccer as a spectator sport in Ottawa (Bourdieu 1993). The supporters’ groups do their best to provide an atmosphere that is corporeal, visceral, and especially aural. This helps to legitimize the practice of soccer fandom, which the team in turn can use strategically to consecrate the Fury and to attract less partisan fans or *flâneurs*, in order to convert them into supporters who actively sing and chant and cheer. Les Back writes that “[i]t is primarily through songs and banter that a structure of feeling is produced in [soccer] stadiums,” and I could not agree more (2003, 311). Supporters’

⁴⁰ In soccer, table refers to the league standings.

groups often refer to this feeling as their passion, and in Ottawa they wish that this passion would spread through the rest of the stands. Newcomers can be overheard saying that they had no idea how rowdy the Ottawa soccer fans could get, but of course this is does not approach the rowdiness of the rest of the world, and it makes me wonder what other soccer they have experienced. But, overall, this is a good thing and promises a bright future for the club, if their slow and steady growth continues.

Performance Practice(s) and Repertoire: A Study of Difference

In this section, I will investigate the difference in performance practice between The Stony Monday Riot and The Bytown Boys Supporters Club, along with the a brief discussion concerning how practices differ from what I am used to in more common North American sports. A good place to start would be with the idea that both supporters' groups (and supporters' groups in a global sense) stand up for the entire duration of the contest inside of the stadium. I am used to this type of behaviour in a stadium setting for only a couple of reasons: 1) there are no seats, or 2) it is too cold outside to sit comfortably on a metal bleacher or hard plastic seat. I admit that there are moments when the crowd at another kind of North American sporting event is on its feet and making noise, but the crowd seems to know when to be on its feet and generally does so only in particular circumstances: in anticipation of great moments, because they are cued by the intervallic nature of the sport, or because they are told to stand up and get loud directly by the PA announcer with help from the Jumbotron.⁴¹

By design, Section W in TD Place Stadium is set for rush seating during Fury games. In this section, the actual seat assigned to you on your printed ticket does not

⁴¹ Refer to Figure 2.4 (Page 115).

matter, and this encourages patrons to be on their feet. The tickets to Section W purchased from the supporters' groups are also significantly cheaper than anywhere else in the stadium, with the hope that newcomers of a more casual type, through physical proximity, will be swept up into the atmosphere of cheer, chant, and group-song put forth by either supporters' group. The very notion of rush seating plays against disciplinary control, and against a prevailing local cultural habit of self-restraint: the Ottawa box that Scott spoke about in our interviews. Considering the in-stadium seat, Gaffney (conjuring Foucault) writes that "[t]he structural mechanism of the seat creates docile bodies that can be observed and controlled through explicit and implicit panopticon mechanisms" (2008, 29). By standing and disregarding the specific locational information on your Game Day ticket, you are already engaged in a covert act of rebellion, which at the same time is paradoxically allowed and encouraged.

I do remember a few times when newcomers tried to lay claim to the seat that was printed on their ticket. These spots happened to be where the drums were planted, but Scott explained the situation to the newcomer and The Riot subsequently took its usual shape. At first the man with child tried to explain that the ticket in his hand held the authority, but other supporters quickly spoke up to defend Scott and explained the supporters' initiative and politely moved this newcomer to an open seat somewhere at the outskirts of the section. The newcomer's boy clearly enjoyed the atmosphere and the chanting and the dad eventually joined in the fun. At Fury games, when you are in Section W, you sacrifice your seat in support.⁴²

⁴² I wonder what the folks at Ottawa's TD Jazz Festival would think about space claiming and seated patrons. There is a rift in the practice of audiencing at this festival. Many patrons come early, set up lawn

general, the drums are not assigned to be played by one person, and like the free-flowing nature of this group they are interchangeable between people who feel, for whatever reason, the need to grab some drum sticks or the Thunder Stick (the nickname given to the huge marching bass-drum mallet that one member donated) and bang away. This has its advantages and disadvantages. First of all, consistency is lacking, and sometimes nobody plays the drum(s). When this happens, somebody will grab the mallet or the sticks with extra fury and bang away vigorously. More than once the mallet, which is *much* too big for any of the drums, has destroyed Borthwick's skin and broken right through it. Again, Borthwick is the only casualty of this 'Riot.' When his skin broke at one game I attended, it led to loud cheers and a wild Rioter grabbing that red and black heart of the group, and holding it above his head like a champion raises his trophy.⁴⁴ I should mention, The Borthwick Cup is what the group calls their annual video game soccer tournament.

Because of the shape of the group, it is hard to actually say who is in charge of what happens and when, but this is sort of a game in itself, where the members try to outdo each other by getting a larger and larger group to join in. Techniques used in this can be anything from waving arms, to shouting louder, to looking at everyone in the eyes, or standing on their seat and waving a flag in time. Sometimes it takes a person standing on their seat, jumping up and down, and screaming red-faced, full of passion, to get the whole group joined in song. Scott is, by far, the best at this and nobody can imitate his style or duplicate his intensity.⁴⁵ He stands on the top edge of a plastic seat, pumps his fist in time, and shouts at the top of his lungs. He looks over to the drum or the drummers

⁴⁴ Refer to Figure 2.6 (Page 115).

⁴⁵ Refer to Figure 2.7 (Page 115).

with fire in his eyes when he starts the song or chant. He pumps his fist violently as to where the drummers should be playing, and following along is quite easy. If the drummers do not understand this right away, another member of the Riot may or may not grab the mallet or sticks from whoever cannot keep up, and demonstrate with forceful exuberance exactly what to do. This, of course, leads to an exhaustive burnout and the mallet has to change hands fairly quickly--usually right before the chant or song reaches its end.

This type of direction is a way of conducting that actually works very well, but is not conducting as we think of in the Western classical sense. There are many conductors here, and Scott just happens to be the most effective one. I tried to do what he does once, and fell over pretty quickly. Luckily, many arms saved me, though The Riot all laughed as they helped me stand up straight again. I guess Scott had been standing on his seat, punching his right fist in the air, and using his left arm for balance for quite a while. When mine was the shoulder that he used for balance, I felt strong and engaged, like a real member of the Riot!

With this group, the song or chants or cheers start first and the drums follow. The drums are there to support the chants and to keep a sense of time. Because this a very casual music-culture, and people do not practice together outside the stadium, consistent tempo, same starting pitch and key, and precision in general can be lacking. Sometimes it is non-existent. This gets even more disordered when we consider that the Bytown Boys sing to the beat of their own drummers, some twenty feet away. When the chants are different between the two groups, it is easy to keep your own tempo. When the chants are similar--or an attempted same, intending to unite the whole section in beautiful song--

close coordination proves almost impossible to achieve. Excitement tends to speed through the rests and slowly but surely the groups fall apart, pointing blame at each other. Some well-intentioned Bytown Boy would sometimes look at our drummers and try to conduct them to follow theirs, but this just makes it worse. “Don’t tell me what to do” is an attitude frequently adopted by a Stony being conducted by a Bytown Boy. But sometimes they do try to get along, and the music is together and sustained and beautiful.

The physical distance between the two groups, and the lack of clear sight lines between drummers in the other group, is one of many obstacles that stand in the way of uniting the whole section in song. Any musician will tell you that two drummers at distance who cannot see each other will have a very difficult time trying to play in sync-- never mind six drummers, perhaps only two of which have any sort of training or formal band experience. Scott says it like this:

The problem is that [people] don’t realize that within an organized group, there is practice... [in other places, they] have get-togethers...you get together before or outside the stadium to sing... but we don’t do that because people think [this sound and music culture] only belongs in the stadium...so the only time they practice is at the same time they are supposed to be performing. (March 9, 2016)

Before the games start, the group does gather outside of the stadium at The Rock (a monument very near to the stadium that acts as an agreed upon meeting place and has ties to military history), and it seems that at every game the drums are allowed to sit there while some members of The Riot wait for the march towards Section W.⁴⁶ In this context, about twenty minutes to half-an-hour before kickoff, the group is supposed to march through the north-east entrance, over the bridge, and through all of the other south-side

⁴⁶ Refer to Figure 2.10.

sections on their way to Section W at the furthest side of the stadium.⁴⁷ In practice, however, it never works out that way, and this is for a variety of reasons. Because there is no leader, nobody can tell the group “Onwards!” Nobody can tell anybody to grab a drum, and in general, nobody can tell anybody what to do. This fits into their ideology of collectivity over central leadership and has its advantages and disadvantages. In one sense, central leadership is restrictive with order, rank, and file being dictated from the top-down. Seeing that they are a group that is inventing a form of supporters’ culture in Ottawa from the grass-roots level, central leadership would prove to be antithetical to this goal. Unfortunately, the idea of a loose collective did prove to be detrimental on more than one occasion that I was involved with and makes for a strong case for tightening up. For example, while at The Rock before one game I started as one of three drummers at the front of the group with Scott and a few flag wavers, chanting and singing and getting ready for that march inside. Once we got to the ticket scanners and bag checkers just before The Bridge, however, we were somehow separated and stalled, and left to be just four of us (three drummers and one flag waver) to do the march on our own. We caught the attention of many normal fans and they were pointing and taking pictures and overall enjoying our very small display. What felt odd, however, was that we were no longer marching behind a Stony Monday Riot flag, or with a real group of supporters, but behind one flag-bearer who was waving the flag of Ireland. The intent was to advertise the supporters’ group, saying “We are here, this is our place!” But what ended up happening was an Irish march with one flag and three drummers. It felt wrong to me, a kind of misrepresentation. That is not who I am, or what I stand for, and now I am in

⁴⁷ Refer to Appendix One for a map outlining these places (Page 119).

pictures playing drums with an aggressive look on my face behind a gentleman waving the flag of Ireland. This is why, perhaps, leadership is not always a bad thing.

Differences in leadership style are perhaps the biggest difference between The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys Supporters Club. You can see by the diagram above how the Bytown Boys set themselves up quite differently from The Stony Monday Riot, in a semi-circle like a formally organized choir in front of their conductor. The Bytown Boys have a true leader, which in supporters' culture is commonly referred to as the *capo*. The *capo* is the head, leader, and for what it is worth, conductor of the section. For the Bytown Boys, Xavier⁴⁸ is the *capo*. There was one game where his backup was in control, and The Stony Monday Riot took full advantage of this substitution and dominated the soundscape that day. Most often Xavier stands on a raised platform on the field but out of bounds, and faces Section W during the game. I was surprised to learn that Xavier does not watch the games while he leads his group, but somehow he does know what is going in the field of play behind him.⁴⁹ While the game is proceeding, Xavier calls all of the shots through his megaphone: what song to sing, when to sing it, and in which 'key' it is to be sung. Xavier is therefore very much on-stage all game long. He is featured on the Jumbotron, and anyone in the stadium can watch him turn red and jump and scream and pump his arms the entire game. He is even featured on the front cover of the season program.⁵⁰ Being on the program and occupying the front of the section (which gets TV time as well) positions the Bytown Boys in a certain way that is advantageous to a group attempting to support the team, to represent a certain ideal, and

⁴⁸ Xavier is not the *capo*'s real name.

⁴⁹ Refer to Figure 2.8 (Page 116).

⁵⁰ Refer to Figure 2.9 (Page 116).

to put forth an ideology from the grass-roots. I wonder, however, if they are truly representing the grassroots. This privileged position in Section W, and the exposure on television and in print, could be taken to suggest conformity with the desires of The Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group. When I asked Scott about The Riot's allowing of The Bytown Boys to have the front position, he was quite defensive and explained that they were not letting them have the front: it was a conscious decision by The Riot not to occupy that position. Now, he says, they are more comfortable higher up where they can get a better view of the action on the field and do not want to move. Scott made it clear that The Stony Monday Riot do not want to represent The Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group in the same way that The Bytown Boys do. In my experience, nobody in The Stony Monday Riot indicates any desire to be the face of a Fury Fandom.

Outside of these differences in ideology, location, and performing practice, I should highlight that repertoire also plays a significant role in differentiating these two groups. Because of the nature of the *capo* who controls the Bytown Boys, they have a set repertoire that they make available online, and they call up songs from that list when Xavier feels that the time is right.⁵¹ One advantage to not having a *capo*, however, is the ability to improvise, innovate, or make an environment that teeters on unacceptability. A great part of the gamesmanship and entertainment value of the Stony Monday Riot comes from the clever rewording of popular songs, or when one of their standard rhythm-melodies is spontaneously modified to suit a moment that would be impossible to plan for ahead of time. For example, what started out as a chant to be used in jest against Edmonton's team changed one day by happenstance. The original chant went something

⁵¹ For their list, please see: <http://www.bytownboys.ca/services.html>.

like this: “We don’t want your oil, NO! We don’t want your oil! We don’t want your oil anymore!” It was performed to the tune of Twisted Sister’s hit “We’re Not Gonna Take It.” But on this occasion, when a player from Edmonton’s team chased an errant pass out of bounds right in front of Section W, he bowled over an advertisement for one of the team’s sponsors, Mr. Lube. During the next repetition of the chant, one member of The Riot decided to use the lyric “Mr. Lube” instead of “anymore.” After great laughter and many repetitions of the “lube” piece, the lyric “Mr. Lube” turned even further and became “We[‘ve] got lube!”, opening up a wilder environment of sexual suggestion. Further still, the idea of using “Mr. Lube” as a song lyric turned into its own piece that uses the well-known melody from the second section of John Philip Sousa’s “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” or as I remember it, “Be Kind To Your Web-footed Friends,” with the lyric “Mr. Lube,” being repeated over and over again.⁵²

This type of improvisatory creation, or memetic evolution (Dawkins 2006, 189-201), is largely impossible within a group that follows the strict leadership of a *capo*. In my observations of the Bytown Boys, with a *capo*, supporters become much more serious and reserved. Xavier actually tells his group when to jump and dance. He calls the songs, and the rest of them listen. They have a hierarchy, and somehow this type of belonging must play into what the individual members are looking for in a collective experience. By contrast, collectivity in the sense of The Stony Monday Riot is expressed in the moment when people feel the right or even need to express themselves in a different way. Our invention of “Mr. Lube” is a memorable experience that plays into the group’s collective

⁵² I think a marketer’s ear would sample this for a Mr. Lube radio spot.

memory. Where this song or chant can be recalled at a later time against FC Edmonton we remember and perform a certain type of history.

Place-Taking, or, Occupying a Position in Space

The image shows a musical score for a chant. It consists of two staves: 'Voice' and 'Drum'. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Our house in the middle of the Glebe'. The drum part has a simple rhythm of quarter notes and rests.

Occupying a space and turning it into your own place seems to be some fundamental impulse that underlies not only The Stony Monday Riot and The Bytown Boys but supporters' culture in general. This plays into the territorially bound nature of otherwise-abstract nationalism, which with place, position, and tradition is a powerful tool of influence, boundary formation, and collectivity. For example, as part of an organized trip to Montréal to support team Canada in the 2015 FIFA Women's World Cup, I got to see how emplaced space is transported and transformed first hand in a larger context. Three or four hours before that game, we were to meet at a pub that was deemed official for the supporters' groups who travelled to take in the game. When Jackson, a new member of The Stony Monday Riot, and I walked into the pub a bell over the door chimed and I saw many unfamiliar faces. I scanned quickly, looking for Scott, when I saw first Xavier across the room. I was a little bit confused. I had no idea that this would be such a large gathering, in which several different parts of our stadium would transfer to this pub. I eventually found Scott and we got to talking, and I realized that there was a debate going on as to what time we were to start the march to the stadium and who would lead it. What I realized at that point was that this pub was playing host to many groups

like The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys, and they had yet to put those differences aside in order to host team Canada in a unified manner. Two of our group members were even wearing the colours of Bolivia prior to adopting Maple Leaf Red in advance of the main event. In a few hours' time we would all support one team, but right now there was some debate and hierarchy to be worked out between all of the sub-groups within this larger network who all feel a part of that greater community of supporters' culture. That is when I also realized that the different supporters' groups from TD Place had self-sorted in this space just like they do in the stadium back home. Xavier seemed to be telling his team what was going on, at a distance from us, while the representatives for The Stony Monday Riot were huddled and speaking closely around a corner table. There were other, different supporters' groups here as well, local groups of supporters for various professional teams around Montréal and beyond. Some stood by the bar, holding court. Others were on other levels of this pub, and a few older looking men were talking closely in the middle of the room. It was decided that there would have to be two marches. "Stony Monday Riot is in the [later] group," I heard somebody shout from the bar.

In some way, the pub changed when we decided how to march. We were no longer lobbying our ideas as The Stony Monday Riot, where we sat at our table in the corner of this ideologically segmented space. Rather, we were b(r)anded as one nation of Team Canada supporters. At once, this pub changed from a space full of places, to a place, wherein we each had our space.

Some sense of community and belonging, or nation-building, is the purpose of both The Stony Monday Riot and the Bytown Boys' supporters' exercises. But Scott pointed out in our interviews something peculiar to both of these supporters' groups that adds a curious dimension to all of this: "Nobody in the group that I know of, like neither group, are actual Ottawa natives, like people born and raised in this city" (November 14, 2014). How can it be "our house," if we are not from here? This statement brings a degree of complication to the issue of claiming space as authentic, or creating a new place through said action. In a broader context, without wishing to drift too far afield, I feel compelled to remark that a group of imported locals claiming Ottawa-ness as a key term in their construct of identity seems similar to what happened in this city's earliest history, from its colonial roots through to more recent processes and claims of reconciliation. This attitude has been so normalized, and the act of redefining space to become a personal or group possession so accepted a form of action, that there are seemingly no objections to it. In some ways, it is encouraged.

In one way, as modern human beings we inhabit many places in many times, with boundaries always in flux and always flowing, so that what is mine or ours is only that way temporarily. This temporariness, however, is also materially and politically real and does affect real people in real life. As a result, all place-taking has consequences that manifest themselves as a result of an action as simple as place-bound sonic-expression or a heightened music-making.

Take another story of transformation that I gathered on August 15, 2015 from a game against the Minnesota Loons, the team often referred to as the Fury's first true rivals. A few nights before this big game against the Loons, I was invited to a planning

meeting by The Stony Monday Riot at a pub in south Ottawa. The meeting took up all sorts of issues that people were having with The Riot, including its techniques, merchandise, and really anything that could come to mind on how to improve the group and the stadium experience. At one point, I raised the issue that maybe the group needed more drums, and that my roommate was selling his to raise money to study abroad. For \$100 CAD I was able to secure for the group a new snare-drum, floor-tom, and bass-drum that could be modified for marching. I got the drums, cleaned them up, and the money changed hands. The next challenge, was how to get them to the stadium. Borthwick was already stored there.

Online in our discussion group we realized that there were a few people willing to pick up the drums with their vehicles before the game, but Scott and I had a crazier idea. What if we walked? What if we met at my house, 3.8 kilometers away, and marched to the stadium while chanting or drumming the entire time? Well, that is what we did. The morning of the game, Scott came over as did two others. Before they arrived I made straps for the drums out of an old bed-sheet, fitted them to myself for a rough estimation of size, and tuned them to be as loud and as low as possible. My roommate came downstairs questioning what I was doing smacking drums and chanting at 10:15 on a Saturday morning. Although the game wasn't to begin until 3:00 p.m., it is always a good time to start Game Day a little earlier. Scott, Michael, and Marcus were over at my place just before noon and everybody came in arms full of food and drink, ready to partake in some pre-game chatter and story-telling while having a barbecue in the backyard. Marcus is Colombian and new in town, and brought with him to this party a new tradition for me: *Aguardiente*, or fire-water. This potent liquor is a distilled clear drink that could be made

from a variety of things; in his culture it is customary to pass around this bottle while sharing the small sips. “Small sips” he warned. We sat and laughed and told stories for a while. Finally, it was time to reveal the drums.

You see, one idea that exists quite strongly within supporters’ culture is that stadium sounds can and do transport the stadium to wherever the fans are.⁵³ In some sense, the stadium starts at home and home starts at the stadium. In another way, all of this is contained within the drums. Because there were only three drums, it was decided that we would all drum except for Scott, unless we needed to share the load. As Scott freely admits, he is no drummer, and we three had decent playing experience. I have formal percussion training, and Marcus and Michael both play guitar and are quite musical. The walk was quite a distance, and by the time we left it felt like 30 degrees Celsius in the sunshine. We must have looked funny leaving the front door because my neighbour, whom I have seen around the stadium from time to time, was also headed to the game with friends. They started laughing at our craziness, to walk that far with those drums on that day. We replied with a chant:

The image shows musical notation for a chant. It consists of two staves: 'Voice' and 'Drum', both in 4/4 time. The voice staff has lyrics 'O F F C' with notes above them. The drum staff has rhythmic markings below the staff.

So, we set off.⁵⁴ The first fifteen minutes of the walk were not enjoyable. We had to stop to re-tie the straps to get them just right, or to swig some water, or to figure out just how we were going to accomplish the next forty-five minutes of this pilgrimage.

When we got off the cement cavern that is Preston Street and headed towards Dow’s

⁵³ This has parallels with the religious pilgrimage.

⁵⁴ Please see Appendix Two for a map of the journey (Page 120).

Lake things cooled off, and the journey became more fun, loose, and animated. We were in full stadium swing still some three kilometers away. Onlookers stood and stared, took pictures, and yelled “Go Fury!” in cases when they knew what all of this noise was about.

A little further down our pathway, with our sonic expressions in full and sustained stadium throw, we were making up new lyrics to songs and going through some other ones, playing a march in time with our step. When we turned one particular corner we noticed a backyard celebration that looked very much like a wedding. We stopped dead in our tracks when we realized that, perhaps, we were showing a lack of respect towards this ceremony. Luckily, the people at the wedding looked over to us and raised their glasses in cheer. They must have heard us coming for quite some time, and cheered at us with smiles and nods as we did the same right back. Though we thrust our stadium onto them, they too thrust their ceremony onto us! We continued the rest of the way to the stadium, to our usual meeting place at The Rock,⁵⁵ the last plural locality to be considered in this study of transformations, music, and place.

The Rock is a nickname that The Stony Monday Riot give to the monument that stands right outside the Aberdeen Pavilion just east of the stadium, where the bridged entrance is located. The pavilion and this monument have ties to military history, but The Stony Monday Riot now use it for themselves. Officially, the pavilion is an exhibition hall and The Rock an historical monument, but during World War I it was a point to assemble troops as part of Princess Patricia’s Canadian Light Infantry. As such, The Rock reads: “A proud regiment was born here in August 1914.” One hundred years later, it has become home to another. When the black flag waves and you hear a chant loosely

⁵⁵ Refer to Figure 2.10 (Page 116).

out of tune, this place has changed to assemble our “troops,” following a different order of violence, using the politics of rebellion as their history. Still, however, The Rock stands as a point of political assembly.

Finally, and this unfortunately falls outside of the scope of my project, I should note that the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group has hired for the 2016 season a group of professional drummers based out of Toronto known as the Hitmen Drumline, who play in and around the stadium on Game Day. They have played in front of Section W at one game, and washed The Rock in their music at another. I have reason to believe that this act demonstrates the team’s belief that something is lacking in the Game Day performance of the supporters’ groups, while at the same time expressing the cycle of innovation and consolidation that is so often found in popular cultural practice. The owners and operators see that the supporters want drums at The Rock or in Section W, so they hired professionals, implicitly reinforcing the idea that Game Day productions in North America are commodities to be consumed: an idea that much of the Stony Monday Riot’s “riot” is about. The owners only see the drums, not what they represent. A drum is not a drum is not a drum is not a drum.

Conclusion

What we might gather from this case study is that the Stony Monday Riot and The Bytown Boys are engaged in the invention of a localized tradition that falls in a global rhizome called supporters’ culture. The two groups use similar practices of sound and music-making within TD Place Stadium to represent their different formations, ideals, and mythologies of supporters’ culture. For example, while the Bytown Boys have a leader, or *capo*, who is in charge of their performances and repertoire, The Stony Monday

Riot do not. Not only does this illustrate how both groups come from different traditions of cultural practice, but it also makes me believe that they are inventing two different traditions, each with their own rules, regulations, and institutions of governmentality. These differences manifest in the practice of supporters' culture through different in-stadium locations, repertoires, materials of music, and performance practices. While the team supports both groups in an official capacity, the physical position of the Bytown Boys and the use of their *capo* on the cover of the 2015 season program makes me think that they are the favourite in this race. I wonder, however: if the stadium is supposed to serve as a social steam-valve--an escape for a day when patrons can emote and share in this experience with their stadium neighbors--is the order imposed by a *capo* perhaps undesirable? Should we not, at that point, be free to express ourselves how we choose, in a manner in which we feel the right to choose? Coming from a place where we are told what to do all day, maybe the stadium can serve as a break.

Only time will tell which method of plainsong practice catches on in the Ottawa area, and whose myths, figures, and other totems of tradition the general population might adopt. While this is a fascinating and important question, for the purposes of this thesis my immediate questions are closer to those of Hobsbawm, who writes, "it is [invented tradition's] appearances and establishment rather than their chances of survival which are our primary concern" (1983, 1). Someday I hope to return and continue this study, to see how these various techniques have succeeded in this sonic contest which I claim is an ongoing struggle towards broader social influence, sounded with a Fury worthy of the team's nickname.

Chapter Two: Big Joe Mufferaw, the Best Man in Ottawa

Myths are not total delusions or utter falsehoods, but partial truths that accentuate particular visions of reality and marginalize or omit others in a manner appealing to deep-seated emotions. Dominant myths depoliticize social relations by ignoring the vested interests surrounding whose stories become ascendant in a given culture. Critically, myths disavow or deny their own conditions of existence; they are forms of speech that derive from specific sites and power relations, but are passed off as natural and eternal verities... (Rowe, McKay, and Miller 1998, 121.)

This case study examines the sounds and musics of tradition and its reinvention vis-à-vis the Ottawa REDBLACKS and the branded media associated with Ottawa's new Canadian football team. While I focus this case study on the half-time performance of Stompin' Tom Connors' classic Canadian folk song "Big Joe Mufferaw" by local legend Lucky Ron, I will also have to address other media. Beyond a general description of the sounds of Game Day (and of Canadian football in this space), I will also discuss the adoption of the lumberjacked mascot Big Joe, or *Grand Jos*, his myths and associated folklore, and an abstract "#RNATION" (where group cohesion in virtual space is the idea). Designed for contrast with the preceding case study that examined invention of tradition and ideological positioning at the grassroots level, this present case study will examine selected aspects of the more monologic traditional media that surround Canadian football in the city, which were rapidly established by the owners and operators of the team in preparation for the inaugural 2014 season. The traditions, media, and myths that have ascended in this cultural space (TD Place Stadium) will be used in order to highlight the position of "those who [control] the imagery [and] symbolism" (Hobsbawm 1983, 270) as a top-down force, wherein the progenitors of taste broadcast their ideals onto a public through the normalized, accessible, and established channels of tradition that surround the custom of Canadian football. Considering heterogeneity, and

the idea that in Ottawa the consumers of this Game Day are likely to have much less common ancestry and tradition than might be found in more culturally homogeneous locales, it is best for the team to use “established mediums of communication” (Bernays 1923, 137) to spread their point of view. In this case, those media are the sounds, musics, myths, and figures put on display during Game Day and expressed directly through Lucky Ron’s half-time performance.

Along with my own experience in-stadium as a participant/observer and ambient field recorder, I spent seven Game Days exploring the greater stadium and the shadow that Game Day casts over the surrounding area. I achieved this by interacting with locals--both those who were born and raised in the city and those that have adopted it as a new home--all the while making observational excursions through different parts of Ottawa that are variously affected by a REDBLACKS Game Day. To help set this broader context, it is important to briefly describe the city of Ottawa and its people (both past and present), with special emphasis on those aspects that play into the mythology put forth by The Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group through their chosen pillar of culture, Big Joe/*Grand Jos*.

The image and mythology of Big Joe/*Grand Jos* is disseminated through popular channels that use the customs of Canadian football as vehicles for the broadcast of ideology through aspects and ideas of tradition, and this is perhaps most clearly visible in the performances of local icon Lucky Ron. Therefore, this chapter will take some time to explore an abstract (though present and material) Ottawa, beginning in the historic Byward Market, before my interlocutors and I make our way through relevant historical pathways to the reconstructed Lansdowne site of TD Place Stadium. Finally, once we

arrive at the stadium and experience its festivities it will be place to describe Lucky Ron's half-time performance, both musically and through the lens of tradition and myth. In turn, to analyze this half-time performance in a way that emphasizes its connection to ideas of tradition, the lyrics of the song, by Canadian folk and country icon Stompin' Tom Connors, will be put forth for analysis, as will other aspects of Big Joe's character from other sources of his folklore, both official and otherwise (Bedore 1963, 1975, 1979, 1981, 1985, 1990; Sulte, 1884). I will assess the adoption and controversy surrounding this artefact of Ottawa Valley mythology and history in order to contextualize the position taken by the Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group, who own and operate the team, and to assess implications of the platform that they in turn present to the greater community.

Today, Ottawa is experiencing a period where the attempted establishment of new traditions (or the renewal of the old) is happening at a considerable rate. Not only are the traditions that surround the REDBLACKS and their soccer counterparts, the Fury, in a cycle of invention, reinvention, and large-scale broadcast, but TD Place Stadium and the residential neighborhoods surrounding it, including Carleton University, are active in the process as well. At Carleton we have recently established a pep-band (The Carleton Conspiracy) in order to add a sense of tradition to the reinvention of Canadian football at Carleton's amateur collegiate-level.⁵⁶ And some of the Old Crows⁵⁷ involved in the reestablishment of Canadian football at Carleton University are the same individuals who

⁵⁶ I cannot help but notice the reinvention of other cultural traditions in Ottawa. For example, new independent music festivals are popping up left, right, and centre, with each looking to establish new methods and traditions surrounding the customs of interacting with live music. The old festivals (Chamberfest, Jazzfest, and Bluesfest) are reinventing themselves to follow suit. Concerning traditions that follow other customs, I also think about Yoga on Parliament Hill at the noon-hour, or those body boot camps that run at that same time of day.

⁵⁷ "Old Crows" is what the group of former Carleton athletes decided to call themselves

are involved with the reestablishment of Canadian football in its REDBLACKS contexts. In the case of the REDBLACKS, I will argue that the owners and operators, as a unit, use their position to broadcast an ideal of tradition through the long-established channels of Canadian football, effectively using “ancient materials to construct invented traditions of a novel type for quite novel purposes” (Hobsbawm 1983, 6). To get a better feel for the novel purposes in this particular case, we can examine Hobsbawm's way of classifying tradition into three overlapping types:

- 1) [T]hose establishing or symbolizing social cohesion or the membership of groups, real or artificial communities,
- 2) [T]hose establishing or legitimizing institutions, status or relations of authority, and
- 3) [T]hose whose main purpose was socialization, the inculcation of beliefs, value systems and conventions of behaviour. (1983, 9)

All of these types of tradition, along with their associated media, lead to the reinforcement of a national character. In this particular case, the quasi-national character of REDBLACKS’ supporters, fans, and followers is highlighted in the marketing of this invented collective as #RNATION, whose temple and territory is TD Place Stadium.

It is important to separate *customs* from *traditions* in our analysis. Hobsbawm explains their difference as such: “‘Custom’ is what judges do; ‘tradition’ (in this instance invented tradition) is the wig, robe and other formal paraphernalia and ritualized practices surrounding their substantial action” (1983, 3). In our case, Canadian football is the custom, and the sounds, songs, mascots, myths, and other media that surround it, are the invented traditions. Football is not the invention we explore: its mania, symbols, sounds, and musics are.

This leads me to one final point concerning #RNATION⁵⁸ and the use of traditional media that accompany this version of football. Hobsbawm writes:

[‘Invented traditions’] are highly relevant to that comparatively recent historical innovation, the ‘nation’, with its associated phenomena: nationalism, the nation-state, national symbols, histories and the rest. All these rest on exercises in social engineering which are often deliberate and always innovative. (1983, 13)

Therefore, I will examine selected invented traditions and the benefit granted to the parties implicated in their top-down dissemination through public broadcast in the context of Canadian football at TD Place Stadium. I will examine the red, the black, Big Joe, and the lumberjack, through the sounds and musics spread through this acoustic ecology.

Placing the Space: Lansdowne, Then and Now

In his work, Gaffney writes that closer attention should be paid to a stadium’s social and cultural intersections. Somehow this public theatre simultaneously attracts “minimum-wage laborers, middle-class season ticket holders, CEOs, multimillionaire owners, and idolized superstars” (2008, 39). For this reason, Gaffney contends that this mix gives a good snapshot of a society where over time, comparisons of patronage can and should be made (*Ibid.*).⁵⁹ Even further, Bartlett Giamatti contends that “we can learn far more about...a society by contemplating how it chooses to play...to take its leisure, than by examining how it goes about its work” (1989, 1). It seems obvious, then, that we should study the stadium, its games, and how it affects people through its lived experience, where sound, “gives fullness” to experience (Gaffney and Bale 2004, 28).

⁵⁸ The resemblance between this branding concept and the words Our Nation is so obvious that I feel that it, like much of what I examine in this project, is often overlooked.

⁵⁹ Refer to Figure 3.1 (Page 116).

The current site of TD Place Stadium, Lansdowne Park, has historical ties to a sporting and leisurely Ottawa and the city has been using it in that capacity since the late nineteenth century. In a brief exposition of its significance, Bruce Deachman of the *Ottawa Citizen* gives a run-down of some key events that have taken place there over the years.⁶⁰ According to his research, in 1868 the Ottawa Agricultural Society acquired nineteen acres of land “for the purpose of a fairground,” and by 1883 the city acquired the land for (then) \$25,000 CAD.⁶¹ Lansdowne Park was named in honour of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor General from 1883-1888, and in 1903 the Aberdeen Pavilion was turned into a hockey rink where the Ottawa Senators hockey club won one of the bloodiest matches in National Hockey League History. Finally, in 1909, the grandstand was built and the Ottawa Rough Riders football team moved in to that iteration of Lansdowne Park. Over one hundred years later, professional football maintains this place, although in a somewhat different form.

Before I proceed, I would like to point out that by reinscribing this timeline I cannot avoid partially falling victim to traditionalizing Lansdowne in a sense that benefits tradition’s reinvention. It is quite difficult to remove oneself from the grasp of such ideological factors when immersed in their legacy. The stories and other media presented in the piece written by Deachman, which traces continuity as far back as it can go, are important not only as curated historical information but also as an opportunity to examine how traditions are spread, sometimes sub-consciously, through popular channels to citizens who will be invested in this sporting space. With that article in the local

⁶⁰ (Deacham 2014).

⁶¹ This makes for \$595,238.10 CAD in 2015 according to Dave Manuel’s inflation calculator found at: <http://www.davemanuel.com/inflation-calculator.php>.

newspaper alone, we can see how a timeline reinforces certain aspects of all three overlapping types of tradition outlined by Hobsbawm. The tradition of Lansdowne as sporting site: 1) coheres with an artificial (I would use Anderson's (2006) term "imagined") community, 2) legitimizes the institutions of sport in this place, and 3) inculcates certain beliefs concerning Ottawa, its people, its presumed human teleology, and its successes.

In its contemporary manifestations, professional football at Lansdowne and more specifically inside TD Place Stadium acts as a kind of focus for thousands of people to gather around, catch some action, and be entertained while enjoying a summer evening. To put interest and attendance in a numerical perspective, TD Place Stadium saw a total of 210,886 people come through its gates to take in the 2015 REDBLACKS season.⁶² That averages 23,432 people for each of the nine regular season home-games, which can run up to four hours or so in length. For thirty-six hours of in-stadium entertainment, those numbers speak to the peoples' interests in outdoor and shared sporting and leisurely entertainment. The Ottawa Senators, who play in the National Hockey League (which is really Canada's power-house when it comes to sporting tradition) claim an average of 18,247 attendees per game, although this extends over forty-one home games for a total of 748,127 people.⁶³ Musically speaking, RBC Bluesfest is the largest local music festival and claims that over 300,000 people were in their attendance in 2015.⁶⁴ The Ottawa Jazz Festival claims a similar total attendance for 2011 of 295,000 people.

⁶² (The Canadian Football Statistics Database 2016).

⁶³ (The Internet Hockey Database 2016).

⁶⁴ (RBC Bluesfest 2016).

During the time that patrons are physically inside this material environment, and influenced by factors such as the movements of players on the field, they are provoked into contagious action that is in large part sonic. Depending on what is happening on or around the field of play, people do all sorts of things that they would not do in everyday life. And that is a curious point. Game Day has become so normalized that the sounded and ideological media spread by the team over the surrounding area, and especially over their paying patrons, often seem to exert an influence beyond thought and in a subconscious way. To further the point of sonic-oversight, Järviluoma and Wagstaff write that “so accustomed are [people] to the sounds in their surroundings that they no longer pay attention to them” (2002, 15). In response, I wish to present a socio-cultural analysis of some of these familiar sounds as they apply to tradition and its invention, to nation-building, and to an attempt at a shared experience.

Getting There, or, Pathways, People, and Personae

First and foremost, TD Place Stadium is not and cannot be defined by its walls. Due to the open-air nature of this sports complex, it does not and cannot contain its sounds and musics. TD Place Stadium is no more than two kilometers away from the city’s downtown core, and on Game Day it animates the city with an energy that influences the creation of sounds and musics that people can hear at (at least) the distance of a ten minute walk down the historic Rideau Canal, and also on AM radio stations throughout the region. Even more abstractly, fans in other cities and spaces--the at-large members of #RNATION--are able to interact with the stadium and with their team through all sorts of novel channels that are becoming part of a newly mediated Game Day

experience, and are found in digital communities that act to hold these people together with their imagined community of fellows.

Approaching on foot from Bank Street,⁶⁵ where the stadium's main entrance gate is located, a certain story unfolds. While the sidewalks are flooded with people approaching the games, or sitting in open-windowed pubs having a pre-game pint (or three), the confluence of public transit that congests in The Glebe produces a sound and music that I would call the "urban symphony" of this journey. Bus brakes are very loud, and to the many people that I spoke with, obnoxious and due for some type of regulation. The sound of compressed air aggravates and interrupts most inter-personal communications, and the busses' overused and under-maintained brake-pads squeal in post-tonal harmony. Further, it makes sense to simply get off of the bus and walk to the final destination once you have reached Bank Street (or Fury Way), even though a ticket to the game secures the right to a free ride two hours before and after. There are too many busses and not enough lanes to make any sort of timely advance by road. More than once, my comrades and I walked the final two-and-a-half kilometers from the transitway to the stadium, and still arrived before the bus that we were once riding.

Interestingly, I have also never experienced another urban sportsplex that encourages transportation to it by water. But TD Place does, and at Lansdowne I have seen kayaks, canoes, two-storied cruisers, and a red and black pirate themed pontoon-boat all tied to the temporary docks located near the east-side gate.⁶⁶ Walking down the canal on REDBLACKS game days, in the company of jersey clad fans on foot or bicycle or rollerblades, one can hear motor-boats' radios blaring that familiar radio rock-n'-roll

⁶⁵ Which was renamed Fury Way for the soccer team's 2015 playoff run. Refer to Figure 3.2 (Page 116).

⁶⁶ Refer to Figure 3.3 (Page 117).

while the passengers yell “WHOO!” and wave to any and all of us, beer in hand and in synchrony.

Finally, I must say that the approach to the stadium is very different depending on which sport is being played and which team is playing. The attendance numbers in themselves do tell part of the story of each experience, and perhaps the city’s citizens’ taste, but I found that those who attend the Fury games (described in the previous chapter), while much smaller in number, made it more of a point to use organized sound to sell their passions and their support for this young team along their route to the game. In other words, there are many approaches, many people, and many stories.

Stadium Soundscapes: REDBLACKS Game Day

I remember dark skies and bright lights and Henry Burris throwing the football all over the field. The REDBLACKS quarterback had four receivers break the thousand-yards receiving mark that season and his veteran leadership helped the team win a trip to the Grey Cup, the league’s championship game. After a season that ended in defeat (they lost to the Edmonton Eskimos 26-20 in the final), Burris was voted Most Outstanding Player, for the second time in his career, by the Football Reporters of Canada. Smilin’ Hank, as he was referred to in some media, needed only to flick his wrist and a humble buzz moving through the crowd would swoop into the long vowel sounds of focused anticipation common to stadium soundscapes today. “Ooooooh,” “Aaaaaaah.” “Ohhhhhhh.” The crescendos continue as, sprinting some forty yards downfield, our receiver got tangled up with their defender. The players hit the ground and the ball juggled loose after the weight of impact. For just a moment the sound disappeared. The crowd held its breath. Sliding to a stop, our player slammed the ground in protest and

*gestured with an upturned hand towards the official. The replay let us read his lips:
“Bullshit!”*

*Somewhere in the North-Side stands somebody shouted whole-heartedly,
“Where’s the call?!” and from the upper-decks came the familiar chorus of “Boo’s!”*

*An official came running in from the other side of the play, signalled pass-interference, and tossed an orange flag through the air towards the downed players:
“Flag on the play, mouchoir,” said the PA announcer. The crowd shouted back,
“MOUCHOIR!”⁶⁷ Then, the sounds of cattle-bells, vuvuzelas, and hand-drums ignited another sustained vocalization.*

The quarterback pumped his fist and pointed to the receiver, insinuating, “Next time.” The crowd’s cheers rattle in my chest. Even I, from Winnipeg and a natural-born Blue Bombers fan, shouted, “Yeah!” My in-stadium neighbor extended his hand towards the sky. Mine met his and the sound of slapping skin was struck. Are we friends now?

The next play, of course, was a touchdown. Kaboom! Cue the fireworks.⁶⁸

At half-time, I decided to move around stadium and explore the rush-style seating that the REDBLACKS grant on the extra-wide South-Side concourse. I enjoyed the standing-bar that extends the length of it...and that’s when I heard some rapid-talking fast man singing about Ottawa. Who is this “Best man?” I couldn’t make out the words completely:

“Something, something Ottawa, Paddle-Addle Mattawa...”

⁶⁷ *Mouchoir* translates from French as “tissue.” I learned it in school as, “Kleenex.”

⁶⁸ Refer to Figures 3.4 and 3.5 (Page 117).

“What’s this?” I thought. I recognized the tune from, maybe, Stompin’ Tom Connors, but I was most certain that the lyrics were rewritten to suit an Ottawa team in its rebranding. The rapid-talking fast man was thanked afterwards by the PA announcer as Lucky Ron: the same Lucky Ron that calls The Laff, home. According to its website,⁶⁹ The Chateau Lafayette (The Laff) has a rough and tumble reputation, having served at different times as a brothel, restaurant, and hotel, and has entertained the likes of John A. Macdonald and a young Queen Victoria. As recently as the 1970’s, bench-clearing brawls were not uncommon. Since then, however, The Laff has cleaned up its image, and a relaxed and mellow atmosphere usually dominates the mood: except for Lucky Ron’s regular Saturday performances, since “[t]hings tend to get rowdy when Lucky Ron shows up!”⁷⁰

When I got home I relistened to the recording that I had made while in stadium, and looked up the song. No, there were no lyric changes and this was not an adaptation. This was a piece about Big Joe Mufferaw, from the Ottawa Valley, suited to the new dress of the new team. The Lumberjack suddenly made sense, and things began to fall into place. So, I looked to the valley...

A Mediated Mufferaw and the Currency of Currency: a Lyrical Analysis

The current brand of professional Canadian football in the capital is red and black, without its blank space, and entirely capitalized: REDBLACK. This idea and its related material goods are the result of a process of reinvention that took place when an earlier Ottawa CFL team, The Renegades, were suspended indefinitely in 2006 by the Canadian

⁶⁹ (The Laff 2016).

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*

Football League and eventually folded in 2008 due to financial insolvency. Before the Renegades, Canadian football was represented in Ottawa by the Rough Riders, when the Ottawa Football Club established themselves in 1876 and played their first games in gray, navy blue, and *cerise*. The Rough Riders name and the first adoption of red and black took place some twenty years later.⁷¹

The team has a long, rich, and brilliant history, and their continuous operation for 120 years has set a mark of excellence of the sort that is strived for by professional sports franchises all over. By way of comparison: Manchester United, one of the most recognized pillars of British football, were founded in 1878; the New York Yankees, of baseball fame, in 1901; the Montreal Canadians, made famous by their hockey sweaters, in 1909; and the Green Bay Packers, the only community owned team in American football, in 1919. From what I understand, the name Rough Riders in the context of Ottawa's team⁷² was derived from the logging industry of the city's early days. Other rumours have it, however, that the date of renaming coincides too well with the Spanish-American War, and the team's newly adopted colours of red and black with Teddy Roosevelt's regimental colours in that conflict, for this to be coincidental.

The REDBLACKS, as the most recent version of this on-again, off-again professional unit, has its owners and operators strategically marketing the team with reference to an idealized early-Ottawa logging legacy, and uses the same red and black colours to the extent of even adopting them as a name. Fans of the team are encouraged to place themselves in line with the myths and figures of the old Ottawa Valley and to

⁷¹ Rough Riders, here, is also a nod to the city's early history.

⁷² Yes, Saskatchewan's Canadian football representatives go by the same-sounding Roughriders, but theirs is spelled without the space

themselves become Lumber Joes and Lumber Jills. According to this mythos, in the early years during which Ottawa was named Bytown, immigrant Irish, Scottish, British, and French labourers co-mingled with the indigenous people -- from that contact came a new breed, the Canadian, who was at the same time all and none of these things. This imagined Canadian figure is deployed by the owners and operators of the REDBLACKS to position themselves in this field of cultural production. The caricatured mascot of the team, Big Joe or *Grand Jos*, is based on the oral histories and transcribed folk-tales of Big Joe Mufferaw, or *Joseph Montferrand*, described by Bedore and Sulte as a giant, lumberjack, leader of men, and the original peacekeeper of the former rough and tumble region. Colloquially, Ottawa used to be rough.

Along with other iconography presented by the team--lumberjacks, log cabins (the Subaru Log Cabin Party Deck), buzz saws, plaid shirts, themed foods, and the colours red and black--specific information and mythologization about Big Joe is largely contained in the song that is presented by Lucky Ron at half-time, originally written by Stompin' Tom Connors. The original piece, recorded in 1970, has seven verses and an ever-catchy chorus that had many in the REDBLACKS crowd singing, clapping, and dancing along in a way that has me assume that this song is a part of some common repertoire held by people in this part of Canada.⁷³ In one way, this is #RNATION's anthem. Stompin' Tom is himself an icon of Canadiana whose style and repertoire are highly idiomatic and who, interestingly - seems to have no imitators or duplicators. On the occasion that other musicians do cover his music, they do not generally emulate his performance style even during such covers. Tom is so unique in his timbre, delivery, and

⁷³ A live version with a brief introduction by Stompin' Tom himself can be found here: <https://youtu.be/Ctx14x2HHao>.

style of writing that the space that he occupies, as both a performer and icon, is left to him. And maybe that is the greatest compliment.

To return to Lucky Ron, on-stage, in the stadium, at half-time of a REDBLACKS game, he performs in an environment quite different from his regular Saturday gig at the Chateau Lafayette, which holds at most one-hundred people. When I saw and heard him at the game, he stood on the field and played his acoustic guitar right in front of the north-side stand. While he strummed his acoustic instrument (plugged-in for this performance) and sang into the microphone, he appeared so small in the distance, but luckily an in-stadium video system displayed his performance on the Jumbotron located on the west-side. From my vantage point I could see the camera-person circling Lucky Ron, and Ron did sometimes play to that, smiling or pointing into the lens. Viewing his performance from this perspective was quite different from viewing it on the big-screen. As a well-seasoned performer, Lucky Ron made sure that through his movements he did not play to just one side or the other of the stadium, but to everyone in attendance.

Acoustically speaking, his performance had quite a simple set-up, very low-key (just a man and a guitar), but through certain technologies of mediation (especially amplification) Lucky Ron's song could be heard by all 24,000 or so people in attendance. In one of the two instances in which I witnessed this half-time performance, I walked around the stadium to get a varied experience, and that is when I began to appreciate the quality of the sound-system that was upgraded as part of the stadium renovations. Geraint and Sheard, in their work on stadium development, write that "audio design must be taken seriously" (2000, 203), and I do believe that those in charge of the renovations of TD Place did so. Beyond simple communications or emergency needs, the sound system

in a stadium is there for entertainment, amusement, and advertising (*Ibid.*). Lucky Ron, performing this music for this crowd, fulfills these last three points. Advertising here is for an Ottawanian cultural experience, and also indirectly for the Chateau Lafayette.

The layout of speakers in the newly renovated stadium satisfies what to Geraint and Sheard is the highest (and most expensive) form of sound distribution, which they call “Completely Distributed” (*Ibid.*). This method of design and dissemination is noteworthy for its control and quality, and has speakers distributed evenly throughout the space.⁷⁴ As such, the amplified sound is evenly distributed through the space and seems never to be too loud or too quiet no matter where you roam (and I did experiment with this in my fieldwork). Again, and this speaks to the thought involved in the stadium redesign, when I went under the north-side stands (where that side’s concessions are located) there were speakers distributed through the space so that I could hear the half-time show even when I could not see it.

All of this speaks to the acousmatic nature of the performance by Lucky Ron, covering Stompin’ Tom, at the half-time show of a REDBLACKS game. I could not hear Lucky Ron *per se*, though I could see him strum his guitar, and if I looked to the Jumbotron I could watch his lips move. The sound and music that I heard were completely removed from the body that created them (twice removed, if you count Stompin’ Tom as the original). The up-tempo Canadian country song in cut time and strophic form came out of the plethora of speakers evenly distributed throughout the space, where one man, with the help of these modern technologies could captivate and address the entirety of the present #RNATION.

⁷⁴ Refer to Figure 3.6 (Page 117), 3.7 (Page 118), and 3.8 (Page 118).

Contrary to the usual crowd of a hundred or so that take in his regular gigs at the Laff, and even contrary to the ideal put forth by the Stony Monday Riot in my first case study, Ron in this performance is a man surrounded by a much larger eager-to-be-entertained crowd and who, with the help of planning, infrastructure, and foresight, speaks to everyone at once, while instilling an image of Big Joe/*Grand Jos* that speaks for a particular brand and place. Such a use of live popular music mobilizes the custom of Canadian football as a vehicle for ideologies that are reinforced through repetition, and which thereby reconstitute a range of invented traditions. This is why I feel it appropriate to label the distribution of this ideal through Lucky Ron as top-down. You cannot escape this broadcast, even when in the washroom. One man sends one message on behalf of a corporate entity. On the other hand, The Stony Monday Riot and Bytown Boys (from my other case study) send many messages (often mixed) through many people, with no form of acoustic amplification. Grassroots, there, means a group of people from the bottom-up trying to get a message across without a central ideal (although not without ongoing attempts to negotiate one between themselves) and without the means of an entire corporate organization. But, that is not what they want and this is confirmed by Scott Houston (my key interlocutor from The Stony Monday Riot). There is no “one leader,” there is no one ideal. The thought of a specific singularity that somehow represents everybody is, to them, ridiculous. Lucky Ron, however, sings about “The best man in Ottawa.” Let us all listen. . .

I will now discuss the lyrics of "Big Joe Mufferaw," annotating them with aspects of Mufferaw's mythology and then consider how this myth plays into a positioning and

privileging of one version of “Ottawa” over any other. For the sake of space, I will not show all repeats of the Chorus.⁷⁵

Chorus:⁷⁶

Heave-hi, heave hi-ho, da best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw
Joe...Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just
one day, hey hey! On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw was Big
Joe Mufferaw the old folks say...And listen and I’ll tell ya what the old
folks say.

“Old Folks” is an interesting way to begin. It suggests what Bernie Bedore calls a
“Tall Tale,” since it is the old folks who “Spin Yarns” about Joe Mufferaw, the “Giant of
the Ottawa Valley,” while they “smoke and chat beside the stove on a snappy winter
night” (1963, 4).⁷⁷ In Bedore's telling, the old folks are not left anonymous but are given
names and characteristics that relate to an imagining of Ottawa’s “hero” and that give
hints at the source of their authority as well as their origins and what they might
represent. Joe Beef is a short, broad jolly man, and Joe Gwah, is thin, weathered, and
Quebecois. And then there are Jimmy and Barney, who represent the two common
stereotypes of Irish men in the shanty camps: Jimmy “can smile easily and chuckle with
Irish glee, but Barney more often grunts and pretends he is cranky” (Bedore 1963, 8-11).
Sulte, by contrast, acts as his own historian and recounts tales of the Montferrands for
generations, using communion records from Old Montreal to find a Big Joe in this
family, where it is said that “Jos.” grew his great trust in a Catholic God (1884, 4-5).

⁷⁵ For a complete set of lyrics, please see Appendix Three (Page 121-122).

⁷⁶ Currently, the copyright for the song is held by Crown Vetch Music which falls under the umbrella of Morning Music Limited.

⁷⁷ In reference to Bedore, and why I rely so much on his work, he is well-known in the Ottawa Valley as the person who collated Mufferaw’s myth into a folkloric enterprise, and can serve as a representative of the old style storytellers. Sulte, on the other hand, presented what seems to be the first iteration of Mufferaw’s myth, on which much of Bedore’s work is based. Written in an archaic French, Sulte’s stories seem more real, but real in the sense that his authority comes from the fact that his uncle’s cousin was in a regiment with Big Joe’s Grandpa.

It is interesting how the older discourse concerning Big Joe establishes him and his family as real and true, whereas Bedore's telling's describe old men outdoing each other with greater and greater exaggerations. This tends to turn Big Joe into just one of many legends, myths, and folklores represented as being lost in "the mists of time...upriver with those other flesh and blood characters of early lumbering days" (Bedore 1963, 6). Like Bedore's collections of folklore concerning the totem, and confirmed in the 'true' tales put forth by Sulte (1884), Big Joe is "the all time giant of Canadian Shanty and River men, athlete and true hero of Canada's younger days" (*Ibid.*). The title of Sulte's treatise can be translated as "History of Montferrand the Canadian Athlete" (1884). The song continues:

Yeah, they say big Joe had an old pet frog, bigger than a horse and he barked like a dog! And the only thing quicker than a train upon a track was Big Joe ridin' on the bullfrog's back.

The pet frog had a name: it was Barrum, and supposedly he could "sing in seven tongues" and was the size of a "big buck beaver" (Bedore 1963, 12-13). The reason he grew so large was that he was raised in a bog hole made from the perspiration that rolled off of Big Joe while he was working to remove his pet white moose, Broadaxe, who had become stuck somehow. Eventually, Joe sweated enough that the moose was able to swim out, but the frog grew and grew and grew for years. Big Joe tamed him, and used him for various purposes (one of those being as a guard-frog). The locals assumed that the new lake that formed out of that bog hole was part of the spring flood, but Big Joe knew the real reason. It is said that with every drop of sweat from his brow, waves rippled across the growing lake. Interestingly, to feed a frog that large, Joe had to import giant flies from South America, and as we will see, this plays into a form of

internationalism where Joe has many business dealings with people outside of the new Canada, before its confederation. He even had a Chinese cook named Charlie Six-Fingers. Unfortunately, Barrum was killed at the age of twenty-five years, ironically by a train. On impact the train lost all power, and spread pieces of Barrum for half a mile. “The engineer said that the frog was so tough that when he cooked [it] he couldn’t get a fork in the gravy” (Bedore 1963, 16). The song continues:

They said Big Joe used to get real wet from cuttin’ down timber and workin’ up a sweat; And everyone’ll tell ya ‘round Carleton Place, the Mississippi dripped off of Big Joe’s face!

This is where Stompin’ Tom and Bernie Bedore seem to disagree. Like the previous story, where Big Joe had to rescue Broadaxe while at the same time morphing Barrum into a giant himself, Bedore claims that Big Joe founded Norway Lake, some 150 kilometers from the Canadian Mississippi, through his perspiration (1963, 14). But let them all agree in this; he could work up a sweat while cutting timber all day. Even the new costumed REDBLACKS mascot has sweatbands around both wrists. His feats of strength are well documented in the Tall Tales told by Bedore and histories by Sulte. So it continues:

Now Joe had to portage from the Gatineau down to see a little girl he had in Kemptville town. He was back and forth so many times to see that gal, the path he wore became the Rideau Canal!

Now here sparks a little controversy, especially if Joe’s other girl Bridget, who he would fish with in Bob’s Lake, ever found out (Bedore 1963, 33), not to mention his wife Esther Bertrand, who he married in 1862 and with whom he had a well-sized son shortly afterwards (Sulte 1884, 46). Again, it is universally asserted that Joe was all in all an Adonis, a kind and beautiful man, and a great dancer who made many swoon. But the

women (and men) in the legends seemed to simply appear in his presence, rather than him ever chasing them. Also, and this is no small fact, that the Rideau Canal was first conceived as a British military installation to be built in response to rumours that the Americans were going to invade Canada in 1812. The work was done mostly by hand using shovels pickaxes and wheelbarrows,⁷⁸ with the stone work by French Canadians, British, and Scottish stone masons. The unskilled labourers, to that point, were primarily Irish. All in all, somewhere between 2000 and 4000 men worked on the project over the course of its development, however exact numbers are unknown.⁷⁹ I have to say, it was not the result of one Big Joe.

I believe that it is quite a disservice to the men who built the canal, and to the families that were stationed with them, to give all the credit to Big Joe's libido. Over the course of the canal project, almost 800 men passed away (including unknown numbers of women and children stationed near the camps), the result of such horrible fates as malaria, dysentery, small pox, blasting accidents, and rock falls. The song goes on:

They say Big Joe put out a forest fire, halfway between Renfrew and old
Arnprior; He was fifty miles away down around Smiths Falls when he
drowned out the fire with five spit balls!

I can find nothing to refute this as a fact or myth. In fact, it is also claimed that Joe was able to stop a hurricane (Bedore 1963, 53-59). So, let us continue:

He jumped in the Calabogie Lake real fast, and he swam both ways to
catch a cross-eyes bass. But he threw it on the ground, said, "I can't east
that!" so he covered 'er over with Mount Saint Pat!

Something about cross-eyed fish is interesting, because Bedore relates a tale where Joe caught a cross-eyed pickerel (*Ibid.*, 26-32), as well as a mystical catfish (*Ibid.*,

⁷⁸ (The Canadian Canal Society 2016).

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*

17-22), and a galloping trout (*Ibid.*, 43-48). The discourse would suggest that Joe was a formidable fisherman, though Sulte says no such thing and there are actually no references to fish in his work. Bedore does mention Mount St. Patrick, but Big Joe did not bury a fish to create it. Instead, Bedore reports that Joe threw the monster catfish's teeth *around* the mountain, creating the foothills (*Ibid.*, 20).

This is a good point to bring up what Bedore calls "Mufferaw-graphy": a perspective in which much of the Ottawa Valley and the greater Canadian landscape was caused directly by Big Joe's feats (*Ibid.*, 59-64). While Sulte takes Big Joe's miraculous accomplishments to be industrial, physical, athletic, and financial, Bedore speaks about the old giant who shaped the land. From Joe we get Saskatchewan's straight borders (it was his bowling alley, and its trees were removed to be pins), Lake Nipissing and the French and Mattawa rivers which flow from it, the Laurentians (which, according to Bedore were once called Mufferaw's Mountains), the rapids and falls of Des Joachim, The Calamut, and Portage du Fort, which are the remnants of dirt that he shook from his boots. These myths speak to the placing of space within the shadow of Big Joe. All of the sites mentioned in the song are under some communal jurisdiction that includes Ottawa and its surrounding valley, by name, in the myth of Big Joe. In another way, all of these places, by birth, fall within an abstract #RNATION. Now to finish the song:

Ahh, they say Big Joe drank a bucket of gin and then he beat the livin' tar out of twenty-nine men! High on the ceilin' of the Pembroke Pub, there's twenty-nine boot marks and they're signed, "with love"!

Bedore does not speak about Joe as a fighting man, but the majority of Sulte's work does. It is not said that Joe would get drunk and fight, but rather that his fighting was of a respectful sporting type (boxing and *savate*), or in defense of the good name of

the early Canadians, or for purposes of peacekeeping. The story of twenty-nine men is relayed in the context of an incident where a gang of Irish hooligans (the Shiners) had been raiding camps on the Ottawa side of the Ottawa River. In this context, it is interesting to see that Irish flags fly at the Fury games, where hooliganism is a topic of debate between the two supporters' groups, as we saw in the previous case study. Also, Joe drank beer in Bedore's tales (though only one, after work, except for the time he had two, but that night he fought a Wendigo). Gin would have been an English thing, and he was not into that.

One last controversy concerning this verse arises from the boot marks on the ceiling of the Pembroke Pub. Joe was said to be a lovely and agile dancer, and Sulte writes he had legs built like a whip. It was common for Joe to jump while dancing and to kick high above his head, to prove to the other men just what he could do (in fun of course). In Sulte's tales, Joe marked up the roofs while having a good time, rather than as a more direct form of aggression.

All in all, the lyrical analysis leads to questions concerning the received mythology of a certain brand of Big Joe, or *Grand Jos*--assembled and distilled from this richer and more dialogic historical mythology--that is demonstrated and broadcast in the stadium through the performance of Lucky Ron.

Invented Tradition, and its Theory

'Invented Tradition[s]'...seek to inculcate certain values and norms of behaviour by repetition, which automatically implies continuity to the past...[T]he peculiarity of 'invented' traditions is that the continuity with [the past] is largely factitious. (Hobsbawm 1983, 1)

Big Joe, and what he represents to the people of Ottawa today and specifically in the context of Canadian football, implies continuity with a factitious past. Joe and his myths are tall tales that serve as an easy explanation for complex negotiations of Canadian identity in Ottawa and its surrounding valley. While Sulte advocates for Joe's reality--as a successful athlete, strongman, and international man of trade--Bedore puts him on a pedestal as a giant and a mythical figure, which makes the use of a similarly mythologized Mufferaw character as a mascot for a team--red and black--seem appropriate. You do not base your mascot on a real person. You base it on one who was a legend in his own time.

Though Hobsbawm claims that “new traditions need not be lengthy, stretching back into the assumed mists of time” (1983, 2), that is exactly the case when it comes to the current manifestation of Canadian football in Canada’s capital. What we find with Big Joe, then, is what Hobsbawm calls “the sanction of precedent, social continuity and natural law as expressed in history” (*Ibid.*). Big Joe and other symbols of those early logging, lumberjack, and shanty days can be made present only because they are no longer so, yet they confirm the present as a proper arrangement of social and cultural order. Of all 24,000 people in the stadium on Game Day--wearing lumberjack plaid, and lumberjack hats, and taking pictures with the giant mascot--none are lumberjacks of the Ottawa Valley. These are old ideas, repurposed for new conditions, which perform a long lost Canadian/Ottawanian identity. Even more, the novelty of the adaptation of this meta-myth is “no less novel for being able to dress up as antiquity” (Hobsbawm 1983, 5). Even with the fiction, that I assume is drawn out by members of #RNATION and those reading this text -- this is not supposed to be real. The old ways are no longer alive, and Ottawa is

no longer some rough and tumble lumber camp. Therefore the team needs to celebrate an allied but differing affectivity in their hopefully rough and tumble football team.

This fits well with the theories of tradition put forth by Hobsbawm, who explains that “[t]radition shows weakness when...justified pragmatically” (1983, 4). We have no pragmatic use for a giant inter-cultural/inter-religious peace-keeper who needs to protect the image of early Canadians. There is no more use for a person to carve the Laurentians, or dig the Rideau Canal. This has already been done. There is no use for a stadium full of lumberjacks, or an idea that we need this symbolic protector. Canada can now stand on its own two feet: we can protect ourselves. There is, however, use for the man as a symbol, just as there is social use for the space within which he is presented. Having newcomers (that is immigrants, visitors, and new Canadians) accommodate themselves to this ideal is somehow, paradoxically, both pragmatic and irrational at the same time.

Even further, for the sake of establishing a new tradition where some novelty is grafted onto an older practice (whether it be Rough Riders or Renegades), we encounter the “undefined universality” (Hobsbawm 1983, 11) that Big Joe can represent. When first presented to Ottawa, the mascot was known as "Big Joe Mufferaw." What followed was a controversy between the team and their French-identified fans, who sensed a covert ideology of English precedence in this presentation given that Mufferaw is most likely an anglicized form of *Montferrand*. This turned into a political struggle centered on the identity of a French-Canadian folk-hero, and the team responded by dropping the last name altogether and simply calling their mascot Big Joe/*Grand Jos*. The team, however, decided to keep the song at half-time alive, perhaps undermining the political appeasement they tried to put forth by the adjustment of their hero's name. Big Joe could

be anyone. I know many men who could be described this way. In fact, he looks a lot like our new Prime Minister, Justin Trudeau, who is also known to box and has been complimented on his dancing skills...⁸⁰

This brings to the use of Lucky Ron as the man to deliver this song to the people at the half-time of the football games. As discussed earlier, Lucky Ron, holder of the Order of Ottawa, is resident Saturday afternoon performer at The Chateau Lafayette in Ottawa's Byward Market, and has been so since 1999. Overall, the Lucky Ron Show has been running straight for twenty-eight years, and Ron has reportedly only missed one show (when Christmas fell on a Saturday). This populist, rough and tumble image paints Lucky Ron himself as an icon of a time gone by. Ron's Saturday afternoon performances have developed a sort of cult following in The Market, where the musical set changes very little from week to week and have the feel of an unwavering link to an Ottawa gone by. This, again, plays so well into the idea of an invented tradition that seems so important to the reinvention of Canadian football in the capital. So it is both funny and appropriate that in an article in the on-line magazine *Spotlight Ottawa* a regular patron claims that "when it's all said and done, Ron will be a bigger Ottawa legend than that Big Joe Mufferaw."⁸¹

#RNATION and Place Taking: A Conclusion

Rebuilding Lansdowne as an historical site of sport, tracing its roots to some mythical early Ottawa, and claiming Big Joe as an icon of this ideal are all resonant with theories of nation-building and nationalism, along with that of tradition (Hobsbawm

⁸⁰ One interlocutor put it this way: "If this is not a totalitarian technique, it should be."

⁸¹ (Thompson 2014).

1983; Grosby 2005). Such practices follow a pattern similar to that often seen in Britain, where rebuilding popular sites on their original locations serves tradition's continual reinvention (Hobsbawm 1983, 2). When considering this, Grosby writes:

[T]he nation is formed around shared traditions that are not merely about a distinctive past, but a spatially situated past...The location, thus, is no longer merely an area of space; it has become a space with meaning: a territory[.] ...Laying a claim to a past and its location establishes continuity between that past and its location with the present and its location. This continuity is viewed as justifying the order of the present because it is understood as necessarily containing that past. (2005, 10-11)

In a certain sense, the calculated move by Ottawa Sports and Entertainment to rebuild a sporting past into a sporting present in the hopes of containing a sporting future links not only the modern connecting of Big Joe and #RNATION to days gone by, but does so following a method that has proved successful since at least the 19th century.

In another way the “nation represents an uneasy balance of tradition and innovation” (Grosby 2005, 19). Big Joe and his myths--the representations of tradition--play partly against Ottawa’s innovative recreations of self, where the new tradition is in itself an innovation. This, however, leads to a situation where the adopted myths of the Ottawa REDBLACKS privilege one reading of Ottawa over another. Big Joe has a certain look, figure, and mythology that speaks to a Euro-centric Ottawa, and the adoption of this French-Canadian folk-hero as a mascot perhaps overlooks the contributions of certain people who are fundamental to Ottawa in the present day. By claiming the place as an arena of tradition that will “cement group cohesion” (Hobsbawm 1983, 12), the hope for The Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group is for commercial benefit. When the team went through its initial planning phase, they dealt with a professional brand analyst to come up with the nickname, how to label it, and in turn,

what types of traditional media the team were to use. In early 2013, the team developed a short-list of names from a public call, and at that time realized how attached people can be to these myths and figures. Besides the adopted REDBLACKS, potential names included: Nationals, Raftsmen, Voyageurs, and Rush. Speaking towards this in an interview with CBC news, in an article that claims “for decades the city was defined in part by its football team,”⁸² ownership partner Jeff Hunt stated that “what’s interesting is the passion around [the] names, it’s not like people throw out the name lightly...they have great explanations and rationale and even ideas of what a logo could look like.”⁸³ Similarly, the team's work with American brand analyst Alex Davidhazy speaks to the complications that arise with strategic reinvention and brand investment. The article claims that “everything from history, language and political sensitivities were explored.”⁸⁴

And this is why, to me, it makes for such a curious exploration and again justifies the close study of such inventions. Hobsbawm writes that “the history of...football...tells us something about the development of an urban working-class culture which more conventional data and sources do not” (1983, 12). The choice to become REDBLACKS and lumberjacks was deliberate, and serves certain purposes over others. It allows Ottawa to take a place with the established mythology of those loggers that helped turn the city from indigenous hunting grounds to rough and tumble timber industry, ultimately resulting in the capital city it is today (Jenkins 1996, 80-88). It would be a topic for another thesis to fully explain how this myth became widespread. For now we can take

⁸² (CBC News 2013).

⁸³ *Ibid.*

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*

this fact as a given and use it as context for reading all of the REDBLACKS-branded media and the team's strategic use of Big Joe's anthem, which plays into a certain concept of distinct identity that has the team positioned as different from others and from what other selves they could have been instead.

Conclusion

Have you ever entered an empty stadium? Try it. Stand in the middle of the field and listen. There is nothing less empty than an empty stadium. There is nothing less mute than stands bereft of spectators. (Galeano 2013, 20)

While Galeano continues on about his experience with Montevideo's *Estadio Centenario*, what the reader understands is that a stadium is significant not so much for its cement, stone, and steel, but for its abilities to engender memories of what was once inside and all around: famous goals, legendary saves, heartbreaking defeats, and the righteous joy of victory. Though silent in the physical and present sense, the empty stadium holds the same sounds that float in and out as sleep begins to call, and lives on in some collective memory through the people who choose to believe in its powers. I, for example, have never been to Uruguay, have never set foot in *Centenario*, and have never crossed paths with Galeano in the flesh. However, it feels as if reading his statement relates me to their ideal and sends shivers down my spine. On a smaller level, I recently reentered the high-school gym of my teens, where basketball was my obsession. I can confirm: the walls speak and they do remember. I could still hear the crowd and sense days gone by that somehow exist uniquely in place. Of course, the hanging banners of past champions whose black-and white pictures line a hall of memory only amplified this feeling. In that way, I *choose* to believe in the redeeming power of shared experience, or *communitas* (E. Turner 1969; V. Turner 2012), that is enabled by this material structure. In other words, this space emerges as a new temple, dedicated to the earthbound gods (Gaffney 2008), that does not *act* as a surrogate for paradise, but *is* paradise (Bartlett Giamatti 1989). Such a thought provides some sense of meaning in a secular world

(Dreyfus and Kelly 2011), though it is up to us to embrace it and for the believer to believe it.

There are famous stories recounted by countless athletes and spectators--my favourite being that of Michael Jordan walking silently through Barcelona's empty Olympic Stadium as the sun rose on a still morning of the summer of 1992--which relate that the inside of an empty stadium can have the power to dissolve the obsession with individuality.⁸⁵ You interact with the ghosts of people and times that, again, seem to have been with us for thousands of years since the Ancient Greeks and their festivals to appease the gods and celebrate human achievement. In this way, difference disappears and shared experience can be generated.

In both case studies that I put forth in this thesis, collective experience is created through sound and music in the context of live sport at TD Place Stadium. The Stony Monday Riot create this belonging through group song called plainsong that allows many to become a collective one. Lucky Ron's performance of "Big Joe Mufferaw" achieves the same in-group force though dictated from a top-down level. While these in-group forces do create an other, the other is still related in the experience of the audible soundscape through collectivity and competition. It allows many to be together.

This applies in a similar fashion for the deep and profound love of a situated space, now placed in its holy ground. Do not misunderstand me: without discounting all of the difference and separation I wrote about in this thesis up to this point--all the positioning, strategy, and selfish influence of commerce, and politics, and power--on some level most everyone involved in the negotiation of TD Place Stadium feels that they

⁸⁵ (*The Dream Team* 2012).

are acting for the benefit of a greater community. Of course money is involved, of course politics stands in the way, of course there is corruption and scandal, but the sport, to the majority of these people, remains true. Bartlett Giamatti suggests that the stadium is the last stronghold of freedom, where free people can make free choices (1989, 10). Even between such different groups as The Bytown Boys and The Stony Monday Riot, when it comes down to it they do have more in common than they do in difference. Such cohesion is perhaps even greater in the context of The REDBLACKS, the result of a top-down dictation of group identity that casts its shadow over the space. #RNATION, though imagined in Anderson's sense (2006), is very real and tangible when engaged with inside the stadium. I do not know my neighbor, but we will turn to each other and embrace when the right moment calls for it. Even after the sounds, which by nature dissipate, leave the walls of the stadium, they will remain somehow in the hollow echoes of what once was and what will eventually be. In some abstract body of sodality, they will live on forever.

This metaphysical speculation is far from complete, and perhaps calls out for further questioning, yet somehow through the course of documenting human experience in this study I find myself lost in its expanse like a small ship in a great sea. And this is where I feel it appropriate to readdress the profound question put forth by Rice and raised in my Introduction: "why do two people living in the same time and place experience the same music so differently?" (2003, 152).

Considering place as defined partly through the contingent and multiple spaces by which it is occupied, there can be no "same place," or "same time," or "same music" (*Ibid.*). Beyond material consistency, interpretation and practice are the result of lived

habiti that are each in every moment unique. And while that answer is quite simple and straightforward, I cannot help but imagine that I must be wrong. How else can I speak about *communitas*, collective memory, shared experience, and immortality in the preceding paragraphs? How can I talk about “ghosts” and belief and a great sea of humanity if each human and each experience is in some important way discrete and separate? Most fundamentally, how can I account for the feeling that the apparent differences which exists according to my human experience are, from yet another perspective, negligible? After the experience of the pageantry and community that can and does surround the customs of sport, Bartlett Giamatti puts it this way: “Very soon the crowd is no crowd at all but a community, a small town of people sharing neither work nor pain nor deprivation nor anger but the common experience of being released to enjoy the moment” (1989, 20). Maybe experience is not so different. If it is, maybe all of the difference implies that we are the same. Where do I stop and you begin?

Metaphysics aside, the two case studies presented in this project do have some concrete results that can be discussed on a more practical level. First of all, by observing place, position taking, and the expression of ideology from both the grassroots and top-down levels I have been able to comment on particular strategies and realizations of power and identity in this context. Considering Chapter One, The Stony Monday Riot view Game Day mega-productions as contrary to ways of experiencing soccer familiar to their members, who come from many places with many different supporters’ cultures and traditions. As such, they combine these influences and use their platform within Section W to advertise a certain type of resistance that lives in opposition to the Bytown Boys, and to ideas put forth by The Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group: ideas more in

conformity with a general North American professional sport culture that encourages the consumption of a Game Day experience as a commodity. Though the lineage of The Riot is one of descent and dissent--and their in-group relationship one of affinity--all of these groups do work together to achieve a collective goal of legitimizing not only supporters' culture(s) in Ottawa but also professional soccer as a spectator sport and group activity fit for the whole family.

Operating as a loose collective of individuals, the Stony Monday Riot use this collectivity to denounce fixed leadership and the singularity of top-downedness, to create a group experience that is unique to its membership and to its place. This is demonstrated not only in their ideals and politics, but also in their performance practice which has a sense of anarchy in its order. People are free to do as they choose, within limits, while exploring the space of supporters' culture. While these limits, I am most certain, will tighten and become restrictive over time, it reminds me of a band that is in its beginnings. What starts out as jams slowly become rehearsals in preparation for a public debut or a first show. Though they are already in public and performing publicly, their formations and membership seem not yet to be concrete. The spinning object still seems to be searching for its centre. This, again, is in opposition to The Bytown Boys, whose memberships are confirmed through paper and the rank and file of the group, and who follow a *capo* who dictates their positions and platform. Both of these groups have their techniques for placing the space that is the stadium, and these techniques revolve around the composition and adaptation of repertoires which, while different, achieve similar results: collective identity, group membership, and the broadcast of self through sonic cultures.

At the moment, both of these collectives (The Bytown Boys and the Stony Monday Riot), exist as separate entities in the same section of the stadium, and again exist separately by design. They are different and exist differently. In the long run, however, the stability of this configuration is uncertain. First of all, I have heard that the owners and operators of the team are trying to write a ‘universal’ Ottawa Fury anthem to be presented to the crowd at the beginning of each game. Unsurprisingly, murmurings among The Riot are quite negative towards this idea given that a standardized anthem would represent everything that this group’s existence is a reaction against. I wonder how they will prevent this from happening, or deny the team's right to do such a thing, but it will be interesting to observe either way.

Also, in respect to position and place-taking in a physical sense, I have shown how separation of the groups into different sections of the stadium enlivens the atmosphere and allows the interplay between them to be witnessed by a significant portion of the crowd. Most often, in a global sense, supporters’ groups are positioned behind the goal at either end of the stadium, and if I had one recommendation for the owners and operators based on this project, it would be to reposition the Ottawa supporters’ groups in a similar manner. A party-deck has been added to the REDBLACKS version of this stadium’s dress, and I hope the Fury embrace that area for at least one of the supporters’ groups. This would add new possibilities for repertoire. I would be interested to hear how ideas of place change with the adjustment of each groups’ territory. I also wonder if a certain amount of derogation would exist between them if their mutual distance was increased and more projection required for their interplay.

There is another question that has to be raised, and it has to do with where these supporters' traditions come from and where they are going. While Scott claims that the tradition sprouts naturally from the people of Ottawa in this setting, Elmer feels that the whole thing is made up, inauthentic, and some sort of top-down broadcast encouraged by the team to simulate something from somewhere else for a commercial benefit. Linda (Elmer's wife) gets even more passionate when she discusses a soccer team in Canada that has two different supporters' groups built and developed within their first few years of existence. She says that she does not understand how a team that has done nothing and been nowhere has such 'die-hard' fans. In their home of Uruguay (from the land that sprouted Galeano, and a nation that won the first ever FIFA World Cup) this would not generally be possible. It takes time for supporters' groups to even begin to emerge. The songs they sing are generally of great age and are drawn from a repertoire unique to the region. When Linda hears the Bytown Boys singing adopted chants from England, or The Stony Monday Riot using the ever popular "*Olé, Olé, Olé*" or "Seven Nation Army"--chants that have a global distribution--she tells me that this must be a marketing ploy or that these guys are trying so hard to be something that just cannot be here yet. To her, it is just invented, from above, dictated covertly by the same Ottawa Sports and Entertainment Group, that uses the same technique more overtly in the case of The REDBLACKS.

Soccer, again, as a legitimate professional sport and spectator experience is new to North America, new to Canada, and new to Ottawa in this setting. How can this sonic infrastructure have been established so rapidly without the subtle encouragement that comes from above? It is possible that a tradition that arises from the grassroots, here, was dictated from the top-down as well. To continue this thread in future research, I hope to

interview the owners and operators of the team. To follow another thread, it would be fascinating to soundprint other stadia, in order to trace a path of memetic dissemination and see how and when some of the global chants emerged and subsequently evolved.

With regard to the REDBLACKS, their leveraging of position results in an overt dictation of tradition from the top-down. Canadian football is a well-established channel for information and ideology and has been so for well over one hundred years. Through this iteration of Ottawa's professional Canadian football team the powers-that-be are able to address an engaged public of 24,000 people at least nine times a summer in this space. To engage this public through a carefully crafted mythology, the team hired a brand strategist and put forth a concerted effort to package the team in line with the myths and lore of an Ottawa gone by. Their use of the lumberjack, the plaid, the buzz saw, and most importantly, Big Joe/*Grand Jos* and his anthem have them speaking to people, not only through popular channels but with a popular myth made possible through a popular song. When one man takes the microphone through a completely distributed system of speakers and sound, the myth is put forth through the music, seemingly coming down from the man on the mountain. Even in the washroom, that image (through sound) is thrust upon you.

Position, then, is sometimes not hard to gauge. In one imagined teleology, the REDBLACKS present a certain history of Ottawa that privileges one reading over any other, and that has Big Joe and the legacy of the lumberjack ruling this space. Joe acts as an everyman to whom we are all encouraged to relate, in a community of people represented as the result of that legacy and taken as confirming the order of today through stories of days gone by. I cannot say what would be better or worse: the management

group strategically and consciously chose this icon and its presenter, and these devices seem to be achieving their intended result. Therefore, all of this will continue until it does not work anymore. Of course, the team *has* folded twice already. The choice of Lucky Ron to perform a popular piece by Stompin' Tom Connors resembles, almost to the letter, the classical British “invention of tradition” described by Hobsbawm and Ranger in their seminal studies (1983). This tradition posits a specific Ottawa against any other Ottawa and is reinforced through repetition until it becomes second nature, like much of the media and material space analyzed in this study. Eventually nobody will question Big Joe or the lumberjack, in the same way that the team's old identity touchstone, the Rough Riders, has come to mean anything and everything all at once. The original invention and complex negotiated meanings of such icons are often treated as lost in the mists of time, and left to oral histories in which trappings of rumour and legend weaken other kinds of discursive authority, even when the mists only extend back a few hundred years. In the end, both of my case studies demonstrate the use of sound and music in the formation of group identities and boundaries, through traditional media that surround the customs of spectator sport, confirming that the sonic dimension is a contested space where sound and music are the arsenal used to pursue in-group benefits and status.

Further Considerations

To take this study further, I believe it would be worthwhile to continue to document the sounds and musics at both Fury and REDBLACKS games in order to monitor the techniques used and messages sent by the owners and operators through the supporters' groups of the Fury and the branded sonic media of the REDBLACKS. It would make sense that adjustments will be made, seeing as we are only in year three of

operation right now. To add depth to any further research, it would make sense to interview members of the Bytown Boys, more members of the Stony Monday Riot, and the owners and operators of the team and the stadium. In the case of The REDBLACKS, it would also make sense to interview Lucky Ron, in order to see how and what he feels about acting as the distribution point for this ideology.

It would also make sense to take this type of study and expand it through other stadia in Canada to see how tradition, position, power, and place are broadcast sonically through the auralities of other groups and for other reasons. I would also like to take this type of study through other Canadian sporting cultures--especially those such as hockey, lacrosse, and curling that are more tightly aligned with national stereotypes--in both major city and rural contexts. I wonder what the crowds are like at a lacrosse game somewhere remote in Labrador, and how they depend on sports soundscapes to define and shape their own local identities. I wonder what the people say, and I wonder if anybody from outside is listening. I also wonder if and how the custom of live sport is used in other places (outside Canada) to shape the ideals of other people from other platforms that broadcast other ideologies. The only way to find out, is to listen. So to it then.

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Photographic Figures



Figure 1.1 – “Instruments” by Author



Figure 1.2 – “Bikers?” Taken from SMR Facebook



Figure 1.3 – “The Riot” by Anon.



Figure 1.4 – “The Lionyls” by Author

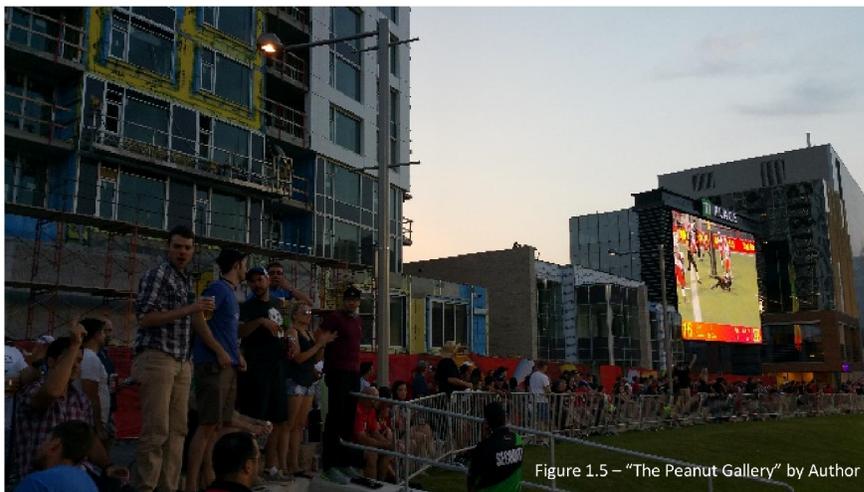


Figure 1.5 – “The Peanut Gallery” by Author

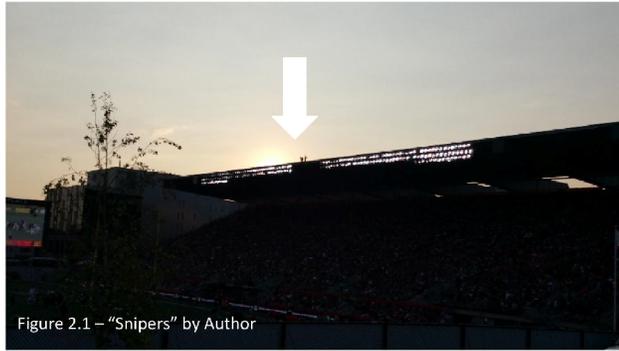


Figure 2.1 – “Snipers” by Author



Figure 2.2 – “Police” by Author



Figure 2.3 – “Empty Seats” by Author



Figure 2.4 – “Get Loud” by Author



Figure 2.5 – “Around the Drum” by Author



Figure 2.6 – “Broken Borthwick” by Anon.



Figure 2.7 – “Scott on his Seat” by Anon.



Figure 2.8 – “Xavier Leading” by Author



Figure 2.9 – “Season Guide” by Author



Figure 2.10 – “The Rock” by Author



Figure 3.1 – “Mayor Watson” by Author



Figure 3.2 – “Fury Way” Taken from “furyfc” Instagram



Figure 3.3 – “By Boat” by Author



Figure 3.4 – “Hugs” by Author

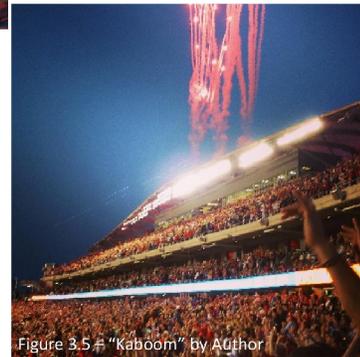


Figure 3.5 – “Kaboom” by Author



Figure 3.6 – “Speakers 1” by Author

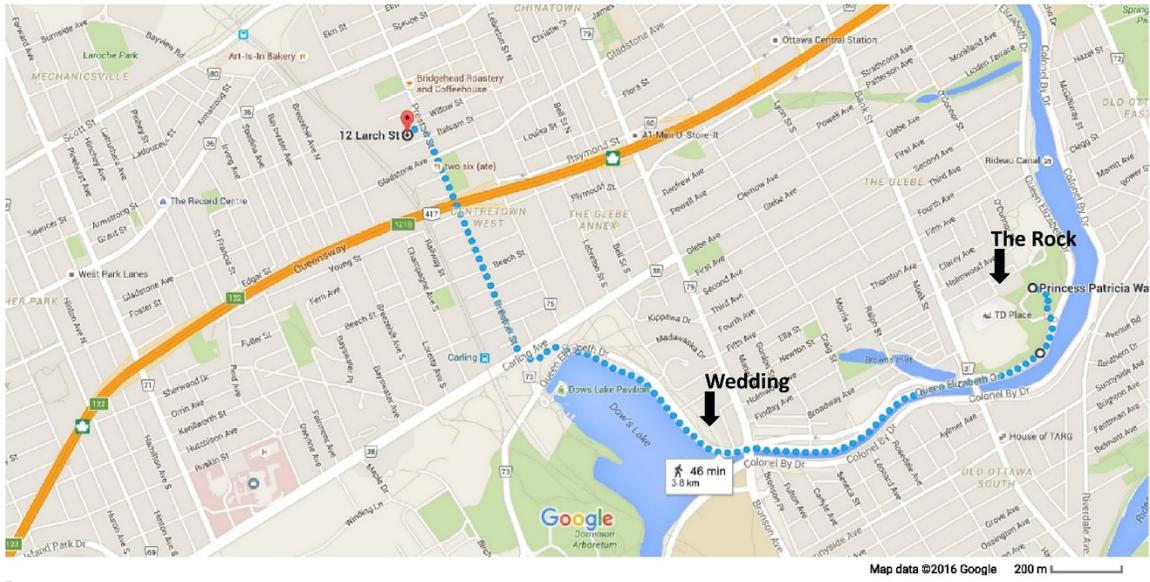


Appendix One



Appendix One – Overhead view of TD Place and surrounding area.

Appendix Two



Appendix Two – Pathway from my house to the stadium with Scott, Michael, and Marcus.

Appendix Three

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, da best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just one day, hey hey!

On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw was Big Joe Mufferaw the old folks say... And listen and I'll tell ya what the old folks say.

Yeah, they say big Joe had an old pet frog, bigger than a horse and he barked like a dog! And the only thing quicker than a train upon a track was Big Joe ridin' on the bullfrog's back!

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

They said Big Joe used to get real wet from cuttin' down timber and workin' up a sweat; And everyone'll tell ya 'round Carleton Place, the Mississippi dripped off of Big Joe's face!

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, da best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Now Joe had to portage from the Gatineau down to see a little girl he had in Kemptville town.

He was back and forth so many times to see that gal, the path he wore became the Rideau Canal!

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, da best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just one day, hey hey!

On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw was Big Joe Mufferaw the old folks say... And listen and I'll tell ya what the old folks say.

They say Big Joe put out a forest fire, halfway between Renfrew and old Arnprior; He was fifty miles away down around Smiths Falls when he drowned out the fire with five spit balls!

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

He jumped in the Calabogie Lake real fast, and he swam both ways to catch a cross-eyed bass.

But he throw it on the ground, said, "I can't eat that!," so he covered 'er over with Mount Saint Pat!

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, da best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Ahh, they say Big Joe drank a bucket of gin and then he beat the livin' tar out of twenty-nine men!

High on the ceilin' of the Pembroke Pub there's twenty-nine boot marks and they're signed, "with love"!

Heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, da best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw paddled into Mattawa all the way from Ottawa in just one day, hey hey!

On the river Ottawa the best man we ever saw was Big Joe Mufferaw the old folks say... And listen and I'll tell ya what the old folks say.

They say heave-hi, heave-hi-ho, the best man in Ottawa was Mufferaw Joe... Mufferaw Joe.

Big Joe Mufferaw, Big Joe Mufferaw, Big Joe Mufferaw, Big Joe Mufferaw, Big Joe Mufferaw...