

Editor's Note

It is hard to have just spent a weekend with Fred Moten, our 2015 Writer-in-Residence and an ice-melting force unlike any our literary community has hosted in recent memory, and not want to welcome you to this issue of *The Capilano Review* in the same way he recommended welcoming anyone to anything: “How did you get here? What brought you here today? How can we make the next two hours really good?” These questions in place of the more common “Where are you from?” and the potentially violent storylessness its demand for positioning, for posturing, for some form of *citizenship* ends up with.

We got here—the magazine survived—because a good many people wouldn't let it not get here. We thank all of you again very much for your support over the last year: for your money, yep, but also for your responsiveness and imagination and even your reluctant, polite criticisms, for telling us what we've done well for forty-three years and what we might think about doing better. Please keep telling us things.

As a magazine freshly independent from its founding institution and on the lookout to connect meaningfully with as many new loves and new lives as it can, *The Capilano Review*, with an all-new editorial staff, is happy to be building its home in a location two blocks from Main and Terminal in an accessible and nicely-lit building the colour of robins' eggs. We have event space of our own now, a kitchen table the length of a bus, and prospective collaborators sharing the space with us (or otherwise sharing a neighbourhood). And we've got a ten-year lease! Let at-least-a-full-decade of hard and exciting work begin.

This particular issue is an open issue. It's been guided by what Audre Lorde once upheld as “a commitment to being selectively open”¹ and to a sense of anger as somehow joyful, as “loaded with information and energy.”² If this year has clarified anything for me, it's that innovation can harm as much and as often as it can liberate—that any old openness won't do. This issue gathers angers that help us feel this more acutely.

There are a lot of bad words in the pages that follow, a good number of awkward laughs, and animals all over the place. How do these things happen? What brought it all here today? How can we make the next 2000 years a lot better?

—Andrea Actis

1 Audre Lorde, “An Interview: Audre Lorde and Adrienne Rich” (1979), *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (Freedom, CA: The Crossing Press, 1984), 108.

2 Audre Lorde, “The Uses of Anger: Women Responding to Racism” (1981), *Sister Outsider*, 127.