

Editor's Note

"First, I sketch a house; then, I sketch a field. But who is in the house? And who is in the field?"

So opens the most recent issue of *THEM: a trans literary journal*, whose founding-editor Jos Charles generously contributed two poems to the present issue of *The Capilano Review* after a friend in Tucson saw Charles read, felt his aura change, and persuaded me to seek out their work. (My aura also changed when I read Rhoda Rosenfeld's, Julianne Okot Bitek's, and Aditi Machado's differently-visionary, differently-playful, and differently-demanding poetry for the first time late last year.) And so I begin my own editor's note, with uncertainty about why this open issue holds together as meaningfully as it does, gratitude to friends who learn things before I do, and a related question (already long-asked by many): How to be a good host while you're still learning the need to be a good guest? (Or a slightly less ruinous parasite?)

There must be many models of better care out there that insist, as CAConrad's "Queer Bubbles" poetry ritual does, "that a redistribution of wealth always include The Love. How can we be there for one another? How can we be assured that everyone gets The Love?" And the models must be simultaneously simple and complex, their processes necessarily both watery and glacial. Two of my favourite lines in Catriona Strang's *Reveries of a Solitary Biker*: "at nearly every turn / such murky marvels"; and "Also"—not but—"we / must discuss / land use."

I'm also thinking of a moment in the conversation featured here between Guinevere Pencarrick and Jo Cook, founder of Perro Verlag Books by Artists on Mayne Island and a renowned welcomer of so many. "What is it that you do," Pencarrick asks, "that creates an environment where anyone can be an artist?" To which her longtime friend responds, "...I don't do anything except open the doors and get ready to work."

Then there's the model of Six Nations Mohawk writer Tekahionwake (E. Pauline Johnson), some of whose legacies are conveyed by Jessica Hallenbeck in the *see to see* section at the back of this issue. In her *Legends of Vancouver* (1911), Johnson recounts first meeting Squamish Chief Joe Capilano (Sá7pelek) in 1906 at Buckingham Palace and explains how a very basic gesture of consideration on her part made possible their later ways of relating: "To the fact that I was able to greet Chief Capilano in the Chinook tongue, while we were both many thousands of miles from home, I owe the friendship and the confidence which he so freely gave me when I came to reside on the Pacific coast."

Let's think about but not *overthink* our complicities as we work to extend The Love.

—Andrea Actis