

Editors' Note

In *The Power of a Name: q̓əłəxən House*, Musqueam Elder Larry Grant explains that his great-great-great-great-grandparent qiyəplenəxʷ was a warrior who “welcomed the first visitors that came into this area, Captain Narvez ... and Captain George Vancouver.” qiyəplenəxʷ worked to maintain Indigenous laws, culture, and spirituality, and he “defended the river that’s called Fraser today, against people that were going to come and invade our territory.”

qiyəplenəxʷ—a name now held by Grant’s younger brother—is wrongly echoed in the name of this magazine, *The Capilano Review*. We don’t have permission to use this name. And, as Grant explains in this issue, we aren’t saying it right, either.

We’re writing from unceded Skwxwú7mesh, xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, and səliłwətaʔ territory, from 281 Industrial Avenue, Vancouver, where displacement is nothing new. It didn’t begin with the residentialization of False Creek, or the West End. It didn’t begin with Expo ’86, the 2010 Olympics, or the housing “bubble.”

The contributors to this issue do the work of revealing how historic forms of displacement continue here, in new guises and terms. Karin Lee’s *Shattered* invites us to consider Chinatowns as legacies of colonial dispossession; Mercedes Eng’s decade-old living poem “how it is” charts capitalism along one stretch of Hastings in the Downtown Eastside; N.O.P.E.’s art worker’s glossary points to the “complex entwinement of real estate and cultural institutions” in the city.

Many of the contributors do the work of “RESURGENCE,” as in the all-caps title of Zoe Mix’s poem. T’uy’t’anat-Cease Wyss relates the story of Madeline Deighton/Kw’xiliya, whose name remains “hard for illiterate English folks to speak”; Gabrielle L’Hirondelle Hill’s *Four Effigies for the End of Property* generate an “undoing power, an ending power” against the mechanisms of land theft; Si’yam Lee Maracle describes the importance of “encouraging non-Native people and Native people to speak” Indigenous languages, an undertaking that’s “just gonna change Canada.”

The work of art and community is both slow and staggering. The Belvedere Residents show us what it looks like to organize in the face of increasing renoviction pressures, as they commit to the building as “part of [their] lives”; Jeremy Borsos documents the 11,000 hours he and Sus Borsos devoted to the restoration of Al Neil and Carol Itter’s Blue Cabin; and Maxine Gadd, Rhoda Rosenfeld, and Trudy Rubenfeld describe “ways to survive./And to express” despite the “terrifying world of commerce.”

The graffiti pictured in Clint Burnham’s “Displacement #4” announces that “Vancouver is over,” while Fabiola Carranza’s installation reads, “We’re almost finished.” Faced with these claims, faced with the city as it is, we find ourselves resisting impulses towards despair (Vancouver’s over) or overconfidence (Vancouver isn’t over yet). As Grant tells those who don’t say *qiyəplenəx*“ right, we “have to try harder and harder and harder” as we work towards a Vancouver that’s more like what we need.

—Fenn Stewart and Matea Kulic

(with much gratitude to our outgoing editor, Catriona Strang,
for all her hard work on this issue)

Accurately representing words in Indigenous languages is an important part of our ongoing work. In this issue, we have opted to respect the different spelling and transcription systems used by our contributors. In some cases, this means using more than one font within the same text. We invite you to visit our website thecapilanoreview.com for links to pronunciation guides and other local language resources.