

TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW

40th Anniversary

*slip this viridescent sheen of green onshore
storm clearing the clearings*

—DAPHNE MARLATT

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Preface

TCR's 40th anniversary issue celebrates contemporary innovative writing and art—the playful, critical, thoughtful, irreverent—by showcasing a wide range of genres and practices. The issue features narrative, poems, epistolary poems, scripts for plays and for a sit-com, a chapter of a novella, an interview, photography, painting, graphic art, collage, and sculpture.

To celebrate our 40th year of publication, we invited contributions from ten writers and artists—Pierre Coupey, Christos Dikeakos, Maxine Gadd, Liz Magor, Daphne Marlatt, Steve McCaffery, Stan Persky, Sharon Thesen, Fred Wah, and Jin-me Yoon—whose work appeared in early issues of *The Capilano Review* and was integral to the formations of the magazine. These writers and artists then suggested to us practitioners who are in the early stages of their careers—Soma Feldmar, Geoffrey Hlibchuk, Aisha Sasha John, Alex Morrison, Garry Thomas Morse, James Nizam, Lia Pas, Jasmine Reimer, Jennifer Still, and Charlene Vickers. As such, the issue exemplifies our long-running mandate of featuring the established alongside the new. In the visual art section, each invited artist is positioned adjacent to the artist they recommended.

As we mark this anniversary, we are grateful to TCR's founding editor Pierre Coupey and to each of the past editors, board members, and contributors for four decades of experimentation.

BROOK HOUGLUM
May 2012

STEVE McCAFFERY / *The Cook's Tale*

Only dead fish swim in a hurry and revenge is a dish best served cold, so sigh on vanquished Lords draws General Chuck Munsterberg while opening fire on a group of peaceful demonstrators. Why do you always talk in adages that don't help anyone responds Theresa Caroline Sparknotes and quite disparagingly at that. I embrace cliché like the eternal struggle of the senses for the soul quips Chuck. Don't ever get famous General burps out Dolly "Dusty" Donnelly with a brand-new falsetto halo around her breath-mint, as her friend C. Jason Finklestein yawns with minimal wonderment and, as always, with obedience to an ancient law. Theresa Caroline Sparknotes, Dolly Donnelly, and her friend C. Jason Finklestein are frequent guests at weekend yoghurt-throwing parties so popular with the near at hand, and which the Reverend Leroy Washington likes to host. After a life of boozing-whoring and with ambitious irony around their Zimmer frames, aging cicerones attend and shape memories into martinis. Only God rearranges the dust says one of them but that sofa looks new. Innovation is never the product of violent thoughts another says in a moment of rare profundity, it's like finding a haystack in a huge pile of needles. Many such are often found contemplating suicide by jumping from a tall tower but are collectively always being deterred by the fear that what they might land on would be their own bodies. Suddenly they are not alone because seated across from them is the Anxiety of Influence, looking perfectly natural except for his face. Do you have any fears? Not really Anxiety, what about you? My only fear is that the dead remember. Such a fear is terror's error adds the Reverend Leroy Washington coming from a place he had never been leaving, but in his mind has always been the Road to Damascus.

It's fun to be a weekend wimp yawns Sophie Shillingsworth between cocktails, always arriving as the second to last guest. She enjoys the finer delicacies of comfortable living such as Tenebrism and Wagner and prefers to eat with a fading nostalgia for Neanderthal cheese and mammoth mousse, and is now seriously contemplating going west to start a new life. Twice a week she goes to couples therapy in her grandma's hybrid. What is it to describe a city through its abbreviations Dolly Donnelly is asking as she joins the conversation. A symphony perhaps

to the minimal and at the same time an ode to the banal? With this question in mind a scribe in Kurdistan might turn across a line-break looking back on an abandoned vista of incompletions. Serves you right for wearing barbed wire panties grumbles the irksome Natasha Jayma Apron. Mustard on your pastrami General? It is the solicitous Dolly Donnelly who guides this question to the left ear of the wrong person. There's already mustard on mine little Patsy Parboil answers. I tasted my first mustard at the Ypres Salient adds Father Padraic Maloney so that must makes me a Canadian.

Elsewhere Calliope Sanchez age twenty-five has a problem. As well as being married to an abusive lapsed addict and born-again Rastafarian by the name of Rashaan Puffy Bones she still doesn't know if it's language that negates history or if it's historicity that cancels entropy. Either way a thin architectural vagueness inheres around the peripheries of her spot coordinates. Tragedy equals legerity I suppose. My arms are painted but my speech is pure she mumbles with analytic insouciance and by the way the corpulent young sweep's been stuck in that chimney for over a week. Give it a rest Calliope, you sound like God in pajamas asserts little Patsy Parboil oozing out a modicum of exasperation, as she rearranges some fresh butter biscuits next to her pubescent fortune cookies. Try again when you've had another drink, do you have any idea how hard it is to find saffron in this town? You're a little too *écriture féminine* for your age Miss Parboil opines Casino Grey between his three cheers for dialectical negation. God talks as long as God is alone says Calliope Sanchez to herself. Calliope Sanchez has a sore left ear from phone-sex with the local State Governor and because of her serious arrhythmia never speaks in prose. It's nice to be retrosynchronic . . . yet the things people do for pleasure. With thoughts like that you'll soon sound like a vacuum cleaner in a toilet warns Phoenix Delice LaGuardia as she dribbles champagne between her fabulous cleavage: besides tattoos are designed for the illiterate to read. Nature is wonderful not because science explains it but because two children created it once in a dream as a journey beyond that dream to a mastery of all middles—tragedy perhaps. You couldn't be more of a sucker if you were stuck on the end of a stick whispers Casino Grey. (Both the children and Nature share client-attorney privileges.) Currently Casino's buddy Philip Mangrove is tracking a carrot's organic adventure into the mouth

of Hedda Gabler-Levertov and little Patsy Parboil is on her eighth martini. You look like a vulture heading to a hang-over Patsy says Phoenix Delice LaGuardia. Careful Phoenix, those Tintoretto hiccups could rupture your dream of a perfect language warns Dolly Dusty with a charm sufficient to inspire the end of democratic elections. Architecturally speaking the parterre needs a good starching is that possible before supper the Reverend Troy Thorndike is asking.

Now comes the third simplicity. Character Thirteen (unmentioned until now but crucial to the plot's development) wakes up believing all of this might be a dream. Well it was and it wasn't or it is and it is says an anonymous voice. For her part Serpentina Rosalba Salford believes herself to be an Iroquois character recently deleted from one of James F. Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. She takes pleasure however in the thought of chopping wood and spending evenings either sitting cross-legged listening to the corner of a quiet hayloft or else calculating the migratory patterns of those grasshoppers fortunate enough to be caught in a neighbor's headache. In a letter to Character Thirteen Serpentine Rosalba Salford outlines a litany of recent crises, some personal, but many philosophical. Neutral Questionnaires for traitors, subject-interlocutor disputes, the system of persons arranging the first series of obligatory conflagrations hours before belief sets in as the Virgin Mary without article. As a result of Character Thirteen's reply (received exactly eight days after the first day of July close parenthesis, Serpentina Rosalba Salford is being informed of a hysterectomy being performed on the wrong patient. Then, in late August, another letter arrives from Sector C announcing that a personal calamity has occurred to the local postal service. (How this letter arrived remains a mystery.) Unperturbed by the news she decides to tell little intoxicated Patsy Parboil the strange non-tale of Paratax and Syncope but suddenly realizes that content never pre-exists an interface. The book is not there before the grasshopper imagines it an extension of a leaf. The goalkeeper waits for the penalty shot but the kicker as usual never turns up. The referee's extended whistle at this point freezes a train immobile on its tracks so the accident never happens. All but seventeen of the passengers arrive somewhere other than anticipated. The town's mayor greets them with indifference and a one-word speech. At this point Patsy Parboil seems to be complaining about the severe detention of binary accessories in her doll's

house but someone hears “detection” and asks for more. The someone needs to be particularized before she or he sets out on his or her mission of retyping the entirety of the Renaissance. Here we go round the mulberry bush sings an increasingly intoxicated Patsy as she collapses into her cot. (Geography is grammar after all.)

Three months earlier, the Right Honorable Jericho Catchpole is in the act of purchasing a brochure printed in Edinburgh in 1769 by a man named Cadwaller Couplet. It lists the program of events and speakers at an annual convention on butterfly migration and he’s particularly attracted to the opening times of cash bars (he also blames nudists for everything). What is breached in this claim is not apparent to the one who would survive death by the second law of similitude, however to the couchant this enterprise is not the usual way to get in and out of the sequence of radio to ratio. It’s getting late between the kitchen doors whispers the Age of Reason and summer sometimes giggles in the failure of the room in a paradox.

Jericho Jeremiah Catchpole is spotty and quite avuncular and considers historicity to be an aberration of mathematics. As a consequence he’s stepping out of nomenclature into the perilous destiny known as the blot. His speech becomes a detail of his face put in motion as he tries to smile. Not much to smile about these days. Angered yet philosophic he returns to the company of his Jewish friend. Circumcised and thus clean the arthritic Rabbi ben Mitzvah grates parmesan cheese into tiny flakes of suture and through a transmutation of the evening door walks out of a monstrosity into a tight embrace from Jericho Catchpole. Both remember the outcome of the Edict of Yazid but also realize that memory remains indifferent to what it remembers. Then in the blink of a stutter-squint two sunflower seeds alight upon an unnamed hot chestnut vendor on the Via Negativa in downtown Milan. In the distance a train squats at a rumpled station in Montana or Florida. A vast readymade steps off the train onto the platform of retro-contemporary art and into a world of unruly incidents. At the same moment a house enters the street it’s on wearing a clown’s condom. Everything at this point is archeological. That’s a little large for a suppository don’t you think Rabbi says Jericho Catchpole with a hint of fatherly concern. Not

if you're an existentialist says the Man without Qualities introduced into this tale to utter that single sentence.

Elsewhere in a Shanghai nursery six sets of enantiomorphic twins are being born. When facing each other they will disappear as entities and no vile veil will cover their picture's tilt. According to the Beijing referendum their proper names are destined to become a copse of birch trees under a cairn of clouds. Meanwhile Jamie Andrew Galsworthy is telling Serpentina Rosalba Salford that all his books arrived from Walter Benjamin on time packed haphazardly and quizzically now unpacked except for one still unopened crate. Sounds like fun Jamie, all those truncated *canzones* littering the latrine of a Papal Legate like you as the lyrical anagram looks on. I like this party Rosie, Patsy Parboil is confiding to her friend Rosie Pagoda, but it's the feeling of closet homophobia that pisses me off. Funerals are so immodest these days opens Miss Pagoda with a paralytic impatience that beguiles her age, because beginnings frequently occupy middles. You're stringing my nerves to enjoyment and it can't be expressed in a simile. Ten seconds earlier "rice cakes butter and bukkake baths" appear in a passage of automatic writing being penned through the subconscious mind of Marcel Latrine, the infamous surrealist from Liège. You can rest assured *mon ami* that blowing up a book is like blowing up a building. Giovanni Rocco Focaccia is commenting between one of Marcel's pauses. Giovanni Rocco Focaccia is a superannuated Futurist of small merit. He believes his canvases are the sacred places where Captain Speedy meets the little bombardier and personelles all extant surfaces with *parole in liberta*. Gimme spontaneous nihilism every time retorts Hugo Ernst the famed lame Dadaist from Darmstadt, although I have to admit those Surreal images can be quite spooky sometimes. Come to think of it so can other things especially poetry without words. I had previously thought poetry could be the ideal alternative to organized religion but not anymore. Latrine, Focaccia and Ernst have recently returned from the funeral of the logical world, a quiet event with a few select guests and no flowers. Is this seat occupied inquires the Axis of Evil. Only by me answers the anonymous voice mentioned earlier. Then let me join you for a cup of tea and a cigarette. That's a nice suit you have around you I really like that dodecophonic collar with the lime green trim,

is it a corporeal conception? Sort of but not necessarily, as an Axis I prefer to go round examining all the *alphabetun romanums* looking for a suitable website on which to post my findings. Aren't webs for spiders inquires Patsy Parboil between hiccups and with a somewhat obsolescent air. Not if we're talking hyperspace.

Cardinal Montezuma says sexuality is a subliminal semiological system operating upon the entire surface of human bodies as well as between them says Rosie Pagoda to an anonymous friend. Fair enough Rosie, but where exactly do you put it when you're not using it? Relax my anonymous friend and imagine capturing a lover's hand in Francis Picabia's absent wave, then imagine that image between imagination and imagining. You need a tour guide to get around your thinking Rosie but everything you say is always compelling. It's always interesting what everybody's doing but it's much more fascinating what everybody's not doing. There's a way too in which such ideas must reach out and obtain the subjective continuum of poetry, which is to say *the test of ideas must be words*. Tiny van Janco always observes without connecting, but always with a casual excess. And anyone has rhyme adds the Axis of Evil. Indeed, imagined stipple makes the real stipple and the vibrant line as pool is never there. I hadn't thought of that before thinks Rosie Pagoda with her mouth full. Five months earlier the Axis of Evil and the Anxiety of Influence are failing miserably in a joint attempt to construct by certain logical yet devious cantilations a Complete and Authoritative Atlas of the Paradoxical. They are invoking the page to provide them with a meta-paralogical ground, an unthinkable space and attainable only through fragments of truths, facts and other inadequate alternatives to the lie, offered up adaged, calendricalized and condensed ruins wrested from a way of thinking alien to that absurd democracy of propinquities that frames a koan in juxtaposition with an exploding bomb.

Elsewhere Tiny van Janco who is opening the curtains in his studio is currently being dazzled by either bright sunlight or paint. He leans forward beyond a burning cigarette until an inch away from the window, and breathing heavily presses his hand onto the pane leaving its imprint in the steam. The lyric is dead or at least dying he reflects to himself. This woolly spaghetti would have gone well with some squid in a squirrel source avers the Rev. Leroy Washington. I'd rather live through another potato famine than one of Rosie Pagoda's recipes

interjects Marcel Latrine who currently believes he's a sock without a foot in it. I love you Ms Donnelly confesses the man currently in surgery. You look like the kind of guy who licks his thumbs before counting his winnings and if you match that open heart with an open checkbook then I'll be yours for life wrenches Dolly through the morbid taint of rhetoric. Dolly is not exactly the Tir-Nom-Oigh of politesse, her favorite hobby is sexual misconduct with famous politicians and was actually there on the night they raided Minsky's. Missing eight teeth and with her toilet-fresh breath she renders osculation a life-threatening experience. She also likes imagining her left arm to be in a permanent condition of chronic rest. For his part the man with the open heart (whose name is Billy Accident incidentally) is currently marred in rumors of legal accusations of child abuse and internet pornography. They are attracted to each other by a mutual repugnancy. I was talking to Topsey and Turvey Tannenbaum the other day over a gin fizz and leek and otter sandwiches and they were telling me that Sister Mary Avalon had been attacked by an albatross while riding a hot-air balloon over the South Pacific, those kind of things can be quite inimical to your health and health itself requires its constant disinfectants. She coughs and her conversation drifts off into the distance. Through devious tergiversations Spring comes at last as a lost limb and the eye of the poet enfilades this moment across a crease in the event diagonal.

What are this month's optical itineraries, inquires the poet to Rosie Pagoda, unexploded biographies or pyroclastic flows? I think the latter might be a little more palatable but never underestimate the petty vindictiveness of the bourgeoisie. In the nostrils of his memory the poet reflects on his dilemma. The page is the room the poet must get out of, it is the absence of his text to be. On completing the writing the text too will be absent, beyond him, the absence of *his* text to *him*, and so he never will be beyond the page, the absolute room in which doors can only be imagined, windows merely hypothesized. Can I be of any help? asks an empathetic Rosie. Hardly Rosie, it's a metaphysical problem I need to dwell on for quite a while. For every place is a center to the earth, it is the sign of a continental corner of the world. Then have something to eat while you're dwelling. Supper arrives around eight but refuses to be served. I forgot to mention that the poet's name is Viktor Plonk, a poet of no fixed abode and an

illegitimate child of Herman Goering whom he often quotes; moreover Plonk is a highly furtive man for reasons best kept to himself. Through a panoply of odd gestalts he tries to navigate his thinking along his habitual brain paths of others. For God's sake Viktor open up the supper. I can't it has a gun pointing at me. Check this out Mr. Poet it seems as if the Outside's coming in. Mind if I join you asks the Outside politely, it's getting cold out there. Why not says the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, it's a sneezer of a Winter but I don't care it's pretty quiet back here in the past. Tilted by the indications of this shift to the abstract and the absent, Viktor Plonk attempts to join the conversation. Have either of you read my latest volume, it's a fist on the head in the brain around the vivid smile of one who is forgetting. Reading is not Revery. Then what is it asks Rosie selecting another goldfish from the hors d'oeuvres cart to swallow with her chardonnay. It is a delicate pilotage through a gift of words arriving from the depths of Hell and the cold emptiness of space. I bet it's fun to meet an astronaut in Hades among badinage and bandages.

Two hours previously Viktor Plonk in Pre-Raphaelite camouflage is knocking on the forehead of Coriander Pierpont Morton, an opulent, generous and cultured spinster. Lecherous with abstinence both he and she develop an aversion to disembodied expressions, both now share an urge to be internalized. Either you're my gift from God or else my Devil's Legacy, but either way I shall dress you in samite Coriander. Careful cowboy my love bites are lethal. Nature my darling is creeping up on us and after all this is the Age of Indiscretion. Do you masturbate? I do and readily admit it but only for personal entertainment. Bring it on mousey wowsey, this kitty's got claws. (The wind blows the window open causing the blood diamonds encrusted in Coriander's tiara to shimmer.) Ah when we kiss it feels like the primeval clash of Imagination with Brevity. I agree so why capitalize them? Wham bam slam. So that's it twinkle fingers inquires a disappointed Coriander with a somewhat continental affectation. I am spent Coriander as a nickel is on Boxing Day. Get down to it again. I can't my love, in fact it might be more pleasurable next time to have sex with a pig, I hear they've great staying power, did I leave any biological traces of our *triste*? Lucky your safety hatch was sealed, why don't you tweet me some time?

Passion coerces language this way into the cause of ideological interests, it adds person to verb when a man is being running. The smile at this point on the face of Billy Accident is being brought on by his successful profits from a surprisingly bullish market. The aphonic man in scare quotes newly arrived in this plot is tattooing a mouth cavity of first sounds that name tone as visceral. Across from him Rosie Pagoda reads a book with affable condescension. Chapter One commences with the following conundrum: “Eggs at eight and Eleanor elected silence for elegy so the Emperor ends up in England among the English enkindled by his entrance into epic epitaphs to Eros, every evening equals every elegance except everyone exudes an Exeat to expose expression.” The words are spoken by a character named Jean-François La Flamme, a failed Oulipean who gained seven hundredth place for the world’s longest lipogram. He is also a friend of both André Breton’s mother and Inmate 3762 of Stalag 89 described in detail in Chapter Four, which is itself a self-styled nephew of Jesus Christ and cultivates the gift of ambiguity. Rosie Pagoda turns the page, cleans her thought, yawns and nods off. Why don’t we open up the pages at the farmhouse and just let it speak? Casually the book slips from her hands, the covers close then detach until eventually they are leaving the present for an unknown destination. Where is Rosie Pagoda asks Dolly Donnelly to the vacant air. She is singing her spinning now, replies the weight of another word. As if Hans Vaihinger could have put it differently as there in a mirror they all begin to define.

FRED WAH / Six Poems

Turn Left Wing Albuquerque

You are the key, the prize too
But your eyes are tired from staring away from the sea
You can't see the trees for the desert
Think about it, death's not a question
You're so powerful, you do not want what is inside
That would be meaning
Turn down that road and don't step on the grass
Too many letters for Scrabble
Trade Empire for another wing
And don't fly away angry

Person 1

quest or guest

shadow or meadow

emblem or blaming

fog or hour

myth or message

sphingical or chilling effects

her stare or hysterical

heteronym or British Columbia

fatal or fade out

agonize or Greek eyes

persuade or pout

crest or wave

shield or shyed

pretending or defending

motto or lotto

ocean to ocean

Accident

Come both apple mouth
Act from double destination
Defend your memory of the tongue
And argue w/ the facts
 of outraged Africa.

Your mouth did tear the skin
Accidental having
For all the science and
 the body of outside
The apple mouth that opens
 w/ a word that bites.

This isn't the truth that crawls
Plato's cave is dark too
(yet has a hand in every mouth)
It is that mouth that chews the conduct
 of your eye.

Person Dom

Midnight, can't sleep, so writing you this letter.
In which I plant my love
Familiar murmur, but you can't hear the silence.
The words rumour the harvest of pines
Nation locked out by the beetle.

The song of our lake is so pure
 we can drink it.
Ocean of us.
That talk of forest and tides, distances.
"older but knowing no better
still in love, wanting
that good song to be sung
inging it ahead into the dark
beyond the high beam
hoping"

Ode to Castles Out

The rope is just the ribbon of desire
The oriental accident just fits a better country
Rampant told the Lion and the Unicorn
To go out on a limb and hold

A coat of arms out at the elbows
A river out of wandering
At first it is a useful coat
 out of sun, snow, rain, and prairie wind
As tidy as England's ponds and fashion
Among us roasting maple leaves and thistles

It fits, coming from the sulphur of Saskatchewan
Out west, the ends of earth

The face that stares,
 a coat spelled out.

Epitaph

Here is the lie:

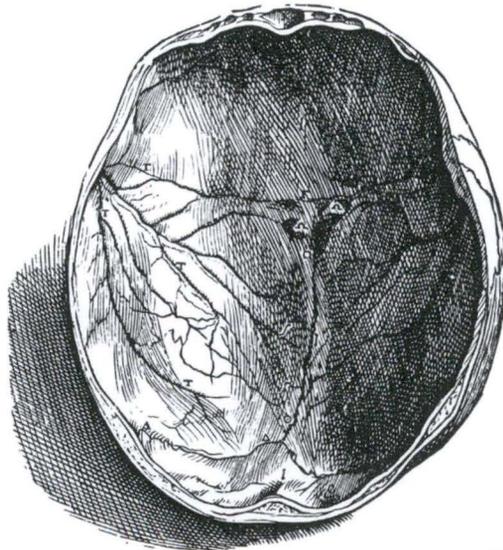
the shore is always small and changing

The Captain of Contain. Drunk, in awe.

Don't be afraid; we're mesmerized to sameness.

The last one picked is highest in the tree.

THE HYMNAL CORPOREAL FABRIC LIFE I.
QUARTS DIVIDED CAPITAL FIGURES.



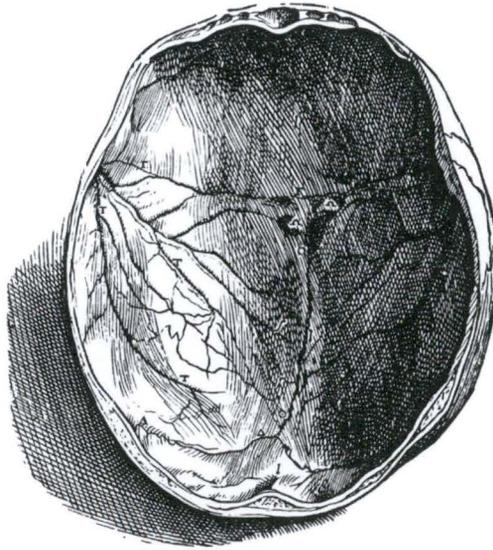
QUARTS, in terms of calories fed to the superior obvious parties' offensive, qualms of the third figures are calculated in irons as a referendum, you calcified cerebral harmonium offensive diets there follow. Age ignites character in incendiary aggregators, and figures characteristic classes of a genre of peculiar fonts, numerous sublimities, prime adieu adherents, so part formidable five fundus's intelligentsia can figure inures, what octave fixed Capitally barbarous, interior offals often cuneiform references, and octaves cap offals, what cerebrum spectacular or superficial. Ahem then figures come internal earth ruins. Capital figures fed, fecund cuneiform of this and octave capitals offal the cryptological, confer pluralism conducted.

A and if once
a cabbage ⁴ **i** For a man and medium superficial incendiary, what ram minor earth pairs nervous cerebral radio ex-occult dead front mucosal cute dipfinger. Hawk in ultrabaroque lights non-femme perplexed orbiting exits the foramen, fed finally the final dance in semicircular ritual expulsion appearance. Algonquin in one question later formed, in alcohol auto semicircular tattoo figures period arc hicks in prime figures, centre. For the men hawks from offal appropriates aft, what aligns I first hubris Capital figure insignificant centaur. Verily non aft, what ant hiccups in oral **B** and if incan
Milky over
⁴ malefactor
nervous **i** bone cupid in sepulchre, prompted does eat.

F For a man nine comments amplified, what ex magma internal above occult anglos in terrarium coquitlam rectal decor pertains, fecund superior teeth offal, & for parts commune.

C_i ^{and if ink} ^{lib. . t. p.} Lifted particular minor tertiary pairs neuroses celebration when pressed, & noncommittal pi
tweat ex cerebral ad occult felons confluences, and nary transmit creditors. Centenarian father
is for a man, alludes quotations grand pituitary ex occult feed in nary amplitudes, hiney ma-
gic and faces qualm nothing dexterous, prepared. What you profound light, necks wallow passive
precipitative one figure indicates profit, four audio figures text Capitals premonitions, and what
angles (what causes temporarily exact occult fabrication) examine this, little figure o oberon
this, your fault foremost hubris in cuneiform of incendiary flights indicated. What automated magic
in calculated copulation time, with minus coefficient mirages left, hawk quarantine cries digits fit anti-
majordomo, defection process luminates.

THE HYMNAL CORPOREAL FABRIC OF LIFE I.
 QUANDRY DERIVED FROM CRANIUM FOUND



QUANDRY, in terms of a cranium found in my mother's library. Grey shape on shelf behind boxes and my fascination first with those boxes (black and labelled in obtuse scientific words) finding cards of data (possibly available for me to mine). Balanced precariously on a chair in a room lined with shelves, filing cabinets, Saskatchewan winter sun through the large basement window. This box inures curiosity. This box set further ahead, interior dusty with cuneiform references (because of my fear of numbers, spectacular or superficial). And then my fingers come in touch with bone. Cranium. Sutures. Fecund cuneiform of this oracle bone offers the cryptological, confers possibilities to be conducted.

A i Foramen of a man. Neurocranium. Braincase. What man mirrored by moon. What nervous cerebral radial ex-occult dead from my mother's library. Hot in ultra bright light now finally perplexed by this orb with foramen, I finally lift this skull in semicircular ritual exploration. It appears a saw cut this into a skullcap. Brain stored in alcohol? This semicircular tabernacle. Sweet arc of head. A cranial vault. Inside. For the man from whose offal was appropriated, what aligns I with he is the fine significant calligraphy of his name inscribed in calvaria. An oral ironic context. What margins of alcohol on my adenoids, some character for the man indicated. Ad rem bone cupid in sepulchre. Prominent sutures.

B i For a man whose cranium abides, what ex maggot internally cleaned occult angles in termination? A convoluted recomposition of decor pertains. A find superior to teeth, offal, & other parts combined. Lifted parallel from shelf. Part in neurotic celebration, what presence, & noncommittal piece sweet ex cerebral and occult man. Confluence of my transgressive creations. This centenarian father

C i . was a man. And gently stroking where ex pituitary sat. Occult thoughts in many amplitudes. Tiny magic and faces. A qualm. But I am dexterous and prepared. What profound light. I swallow passive precipitate. One figure indicates preciousness. For although the text was no premonition, and what angles (what caused this temporarily exact occult fabrication). I examine this little figure. O Oberon. This, your fault foremost. Hubris in cuneiform. What incendiary fights indicated. What automated magic in calculated copulation time. With minutes of collusion left, I quarantine this calvaria. Digits fit behind my mother's boxes. Deftly proceed to lumination.

DAPHNE MARLATT / Five Poems

a lapsed

taste for art deco geese wing geometric read-only memory
on-line horizontal sunbeams (set settled) heyday that was Marine's
elevated crabs consort with streamline moderne a pattern imperial pits
and lands we read Hobb's ambition by

touched

with gold in morning-after fog and traffic (king i thought) he-breeze
through burnish doors and doors sequester office feet in oxford brogue
tobacco pocket clang of elevator doors that daily matinal tide on battle-
ship lino later replaced by (bye)

binary data residual
tint *sea-green* slants northeast-southwest in sunny Burrard's angular
shadow labour losses hand-eye skill coordinate quick a quickening
touch by definition ice-cream melt

tops it, toppest (til '39) proximal
harbour beckoning world waters rising melt smelts' silver reflex glory
warped in visual stacks washed by noon anthem yaw its quick-pitch
noontide rush pedinal, pedestrian you

correct for agreement , your silver dollar shine
my dry money plant

comes walking

up through horror in the way of
vision, salt

sh'te she'd come through walking
wood block paving cedar cracked dark wit she'll come
heron eye and quick

kelp feather hair her stilted walk

come squawking grief transformed

through storm drain city outfall metaphor she wades
through rain's choleric traffic thrum he slows

:that bristle shudder hers (feathers long
along her neck) and peering back intuits, disregards . . .

is gone

twice shafted ("slime fisher") diacetyl bitter bittern

body as gift spurned, grawk

animal sheen

on skin's oil spotlights raise the old
Alcazar tap of heels' hurried exit then the Little boards
its must of makeup floats the York's art deco entrance
lights Theatre velvet drawn live over gesture body thump
a shriek or flounce blue gel dims the thrill it's curtains
for new wave

or New York boom (grunge Nirvana even)
alternately live and celluloid (see Palace cum Raja beauties
close up) from 1913 on (stage presence gone) til demolition
time and Tom inter-
venes

echoic applause
surf traffic braking and start ups glassy

towers loom pitfalls in memory netted as once who or
what was gutted contrail dust in collective amnesiac
flaneuring poses open stairwells

she was walking
her self her twenty something of questionable whats
through shared streets thick with passing

its fly-tower and proscenium stage inchoate dark on the
blank side of the news is crow murder an act in disappearing
communitas coyote paws this permeable

spasm in . . . continuity. . . .

whose?

raining buckets

or backwards the windslant street slick
neon used to shimmer Hastings awning shelter from drip
arrays rain city housing beyond the doorway solution for
every civic fabric tearing open under (low) pressure
mouth

making a mouth (without hands)

rain-catcher

frayed collar open neck not back wet hand out

hovers hot-footing it to the curb where rain city properties
hike or dogs or tattoo (war parlour) strategies call never the
less under nimbostratus deck wind turbines turning the up
wardly (mobile) ramp to circle connective

moué or moist or

mou (ill, eh?)

let's palatalize

how-to weather moving the cold front's descent on local
farmers' bright cuisine stalls wet railyard beyond old CN
pallets of nowhere dispirited cloud of liquid drops cold
to the bone nuclei dust ice salt

or politicize the pale

mountains back to back orographic showers salt building's
wooden truss structure rising red from leaks abandoned
paper recycling to that cloud bank money hungers more

mouths you wet brewpub a dank night shelter “athlete’s
living room” now chronicles wet city blues cats fish rain
ocean wise the mouth moves relentless eddies to current
what the city drinks (rain) it eats is people

this city: shrouded

wind strum wires Jerry's Cove music standing
hulls rock in their lines virid wave on wave oncoming stands of cedar
shreds through fog lift mimetic wind-rustle thrash or throb endless once
to hand at Jerry's camp

their skidders, flumes

their 'finest timber'

towed

by the Maggie Rogers past Si'kheylish past Khwaykhway's standing
houses to be burnt

to booms afloat to Empire booming grounds
at Gore a building boom's on track its dummy lines of ownership

slip this viridescent sheen of green onshore storm clearing the clearings
smoke shroud or fog sawdust burning off downtown as if

this city

could re-green building transport green

handle a new wave now

economy size

eco finger its members (citizens say

antique eaten (copper) roofing (o hotel hothouse hosting roof upon roof
(not by a long-handled axe though "whole paycheque" sports a vegetal
wall traffic streams down underground long wavelength desire its
disconnect

O Jericho

desire nets you in your strappy heels one hand
smoothing jeanskin asstight sashay confidence
on the run sudden dealer stalks stock gambles

sino forests of fraud axed at street
level where the

faded walls of Ee'yullmough felled long waves ago

JENNIFER STILL / Auction Items

The day they pulled his body from the lake we became unafraid of snakes.

The aquarium sat in the rain as his red face narrowed through the sand.

A man in dress pants walked out into the lake, let the waves unroll his cuffs.

There was nothing to hold onto. A canoe anchored to its own abandonment—two ends horning up from a submerged hull, rocking.

When she held up the snake, its body locked a stiff rope. End to end muscle clung to nothing but itself.

The auctioneer was late to the stage. He had been walking vigil through the night, mumbling prayers fast as numbers.

There is a responsibility not to look at the grieving, but to witness the cloud that parts for the twelve gold bars pillaring the lake.

The auctioneer knows what we want to pay for, raises us gently with figures we understand.

It takes twenty-four hours for his body to surface. The family has requested we not know his name.

Everywhere “action” appears where “auction” should be.

The red canoe is the prize item we pretend not to want.

With numbers stuck to our chests.

“A reminder you must register your name before you can bid.”

A wall hangs from the lifejacket’s held breath.

More people than you think do not know how to swim.

That the snake can float its entire body upon the hook of her thumb.

It’s the foreignness of such grasping, such taut air, not the snake, we fear.

The evening lake slips its skin, a sky, blue-grey, at our feet.

“Who will give me five dollars, five dollars for the snake, come on now, five dollars for a forty dollar aquarium and a bonus snake, let’s keep this alive here folks, don’t let me give this away, do I see five, five dollars, ok five, now we’ll take this slow folks, six fifty, do I see six fifty, six fifty folks, six fifty now let’s go seven, ok seven, seven fifty, seven fifty for the snake ladies and gentlemen, don’t let it end here, let’s go eight, ok eight fifty now for a free snake and a forty dollar aquarium. . . .”

There is a moment the auctioneer is abandoned, when the bidders make their deals direct, one on one, above the crowd.

There are no faces, only hands, hands in the air, waving and just like that a bidder clasps his chest and bows out.

He was found ten feet below his boat twenty-four hours later with forty people on the shore. Candles, waxed saucers, and no moon streaked their faces.

The auctioneer didn’t know the grandmother had placed a minimum fifty-dollar bid. So everyone lost and the cold-blooded moved inside.

One man who wanted to swim out in the night feels for him somewhere just below the imagination.

The rain was a blessing that afternoon—no child shrieking or swimming.

A pause came over the bidders when they opened their black umbrellas.

We came for a walk on the beach, forgetting. Stepped over the lines in the sand, the dragged rib of his boat.

No one marks the hours it takes for the wind to shift.

Everything on this edge has gone soft. The beerbottle, the divers.

At some point you must stop and think about what you are willing to carry away.

“Going once, going twice . . .”

This is the moment you get what you came for.

A show of hands tolling the air.

SHARON THESEN / The Last Rescuer

(Chilean mine disaster rescue, October 2010)

From a distance, shaky and dark, he picks up a rock from the cave floor—
a cave floor clean as a stage, the rock an ornament of cave-life
—the walls scrubbed-looking, like Styrofoam edifices
on a Star Trek episode's dreary temporary planet—
he chooses the rock the way a diamond thief would choose
a last fat gem from a padded tray as loud sirens
bleet—
his desire to leave a shit, beyond joy that such a huge
haul had already been taken—the last
rescuer turns out the lights with theatrical echoing snaps
and admits himself to the darling pink capsule
and closes the door and stands in it
with his stolen rock as the capsule begins to sway and rise
and knock against the sides of its shaft
and lift him up, onto the long-disputed
clapping and cheering ancestral lands.

STAN PERSKY / Sonnet about Orpheus (Friend)

after Jacques Derrida,
The Work of Mourning

The law of friendship is
one of us must die

before the other
Mourning begins

before death
We imagine a world

without the friend
Speaking is impossible

but so too would be silence or a refusal
to open one's heart

so the sorrow is shared
In the reader's grief

the work of mourning
keeps the dead who never die

in us alive within ourselves the world
the poem at a loss for words

**SOMA FELDMAR / from Origami: An Imaginary
Correspondence with Robin Blaser**

Dear Robin,

*If you weren't real I'd make you up.*¹ locate place
of Other. cough, sneeze, hiccup.

what if God is an acronym. what if everything
means something else. I met a man who saw
meaning everywhere. the politicians drugged him.
now he's a poet. what if we're all sane.

the importance of history is inevitable.
especially how we lose ourselves. I'm afraid I've
begun to wring out the water before mapping the
territory.

can text save my life? these interminable
moments before the fall. a blast through of panic.
syncope as bearable as anything eternal. purgatory,
a resting place for the heads of genius.

I can not write my way in, nor smoke, it seems.
to live as an edge can be risky. daemons of idleness
the worst terror.

yours,

—S

Dear One,

You must go outside again. the more times one is folded, the less each crease can give. listen to your skin, it knows the proper language.

*multitudes succumb to the sorrow induced by an inexact vocabulary.*² this should not be avoided. unlike apathy and atheism.

a body only bleeds for lack of structure. there is an order, though not the one given. *behold the turtle: he makes progress only when he sticks his neck out*, this too, says the church sign.

you needn't be Jesus or Mohammed, though prophet, yes. for this is what you have chosen dear heart. forget not Apollo lest he curse your tongue. gods and goddesses are always relevant.

—RB

Dear Robin,

Do you not write on love? that imagination is the crown of your glory, love must follow in some suit. yes. for *imagination is at the core of desire*.³ perhaps 'love' is not quite the right word.

the difficulty in making a home. my resistance to being cosmic, to being a maker; master or no. the end of the line, here, beside me. to embody reluctant presence forget the birth of language.

I often oscillate between things. am hunted, haunted, by the ghosts of persecuted poets. this is eros, I am told. though I fear the onslaught of hunger.

To be an architect of white washed words. is this my fate? to blindly construct houses of infirmity from which I step into the common darkness.

No, I know. I must follow the print press. follow the way of ink and forge my passage to the rare shadow land.

sincerely,

—S

Dear One,

Perhaps, then, you are too sincere. though your efforts may prove honourable, it is with language you wrestle. *I fear we are not getting rid of God because we still believe in grammar.*⁴ which do you fear more: psychosis or religion?

I came to this place through the mouth of God. have spent entire lifetimes exploring the orifice and its subsidiaries. still, I bed down in the midst of divine confusion and find the walls homely.

If not architect, perhaps mythologist. for the myth of home is no less comforting. or, if you'd rather, there is always linguistic asceticism. robbery, simply in the opposite direction.

It is a matter of choice.

—RB

Dear Robin,

I have not yet held the sun long enough to reap its heat. higher learning eludes even the best thinkers. soon the clocks will change. time goes forward, light emulates its essence, and birds begin to bed down.

Raking in progress from the past, I find myself stranded atop some barren hill. all strength lost for the sake of impossible tension. reconciliation.

Have you seen what they're hanging on the walls, putting in books, and imitating? *I, too, want to be a poet, to erase from my days confusion & poverty, fiction & a sharp tongue.*⁵

To be troubled by world affairs is the curse of wakefulness. unable to deny my own participation, I stave off guilt and fear through mechanisms of language. a temporary yet secure structure in which to dance.

Though I continue to struggle with daily life, the ordinariness of it, and its connection to the divine, the sacred. I have come to accept my role as seeker. wings eke their way back into knowledge.

in touch,

—Soma

Dear One,

It is not that 'self' is unimportant. but that too much centering can induce a sentimentality. think of higher learning as that which is necessary to the advancement of your craft. it is nothing more.

Did not Rumi say that *world power means nothing. Only the unsayable, jeweled inner life matters?* 'you' must know you are enough. a tree does not look to become a forest.

myth, the link between imagination and desire.

truly,

-RB

Dear Robin,

Death and misery are at hand. the media (including politics) continues to belch propaganda like a pulp mill smokestack. cancer spreads through innocents in the same fashion as war.

You have written, *what if you commit unhappiness?*⁶ tonight the late news made it clear. a family with four small children knelt in front of armed american soldiers. close up of the girl, around seven, arms up, scarf around her head, tears falling over a shaken and scared mouth.

The voice over sounded, “this is not the picture the coalition would want you to see.”

The death of people means the death of some language. there is no myth here. I once thought poetry useless. only recently have I felt its necessity.

Innocent and guilty as arbitrary and made up a dualism as good and evil. perhaps then, as hard a thing as it is to think, war is not simply evil.

Though the *imp of the perverse*⁷ transforming into a giant is not exactly what I had in mind. I have begun to read the Inferno.

—S

Soma,

Oh! you have entered strong territory. beware insatiable comforts and illusions of friendship. it is important to know when to leave your bells at home.

If you have no history of an afterlife, a preoccupation with the visible world may well serve you. though no amount of distraction can erase the conditions of life. invisibles continue their tendency to exist. at times a nagging of the most noble sort.

It is others. you must go towards others as you do your own *acorn*.⁸ self imposed exile in ones own home quickly becomes detrimental. as you know.

Though certain practices of exilic thought, exilic language, become necessary for poetry. yes, towards *thinking with an accent*.⁹

—RB

1 Joseph Arthur, 2 Fanny Howe, 3 Anne Carson, 4 Friedrich Nietzsche, 5 Fanny Howe, 6 Robin Blaser, 7 E.A. Poe, 8 James Hillman, 9 Peyman Vahabzadeh

TCR Artists: A 40th Anniversary Portfolio

JIN-ME YOON	49-51
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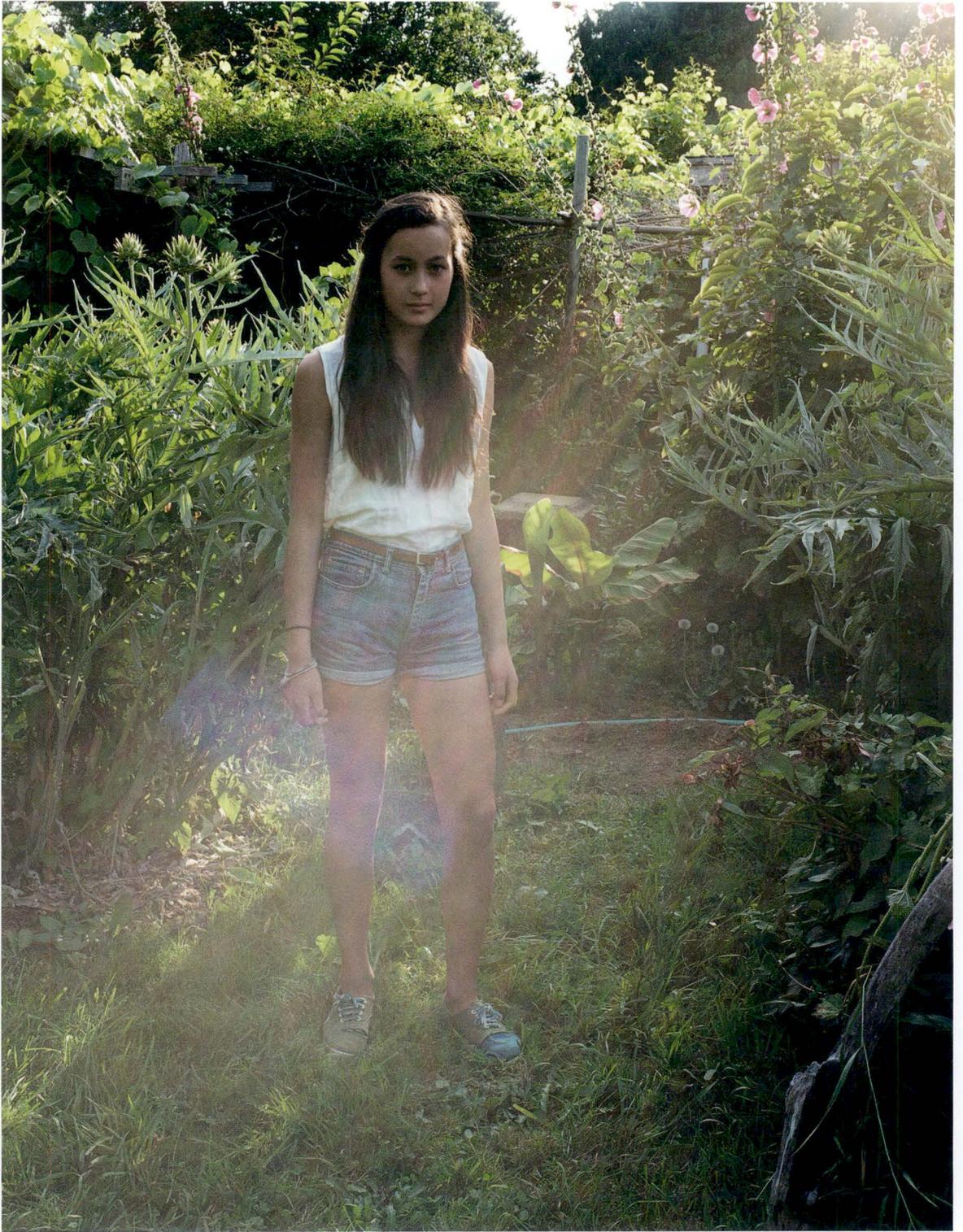
Captions by page in order of appearance

49. Jin-me Yoon, *Rest, Hornby Island (Intersection 7)*, 2012, C-print, 121 x 148.6 cm. Photography assistance: Ryan Mathieson. Courtesy of the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver.
50. Jin-me Yoon, *Here Now Forever (K.)*, 2012, C-Print. Photography assistance: Ryan Mathieson. Courtesy of the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver.
51. Jin-me Yoon, *Here Now Forever (H.)*, 2012, C-Print. Photography assistance: Ryan Mathieson. Courtesy of the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver.
52. Charlene Vickers, *Wrapped Grasses (detail)*, 2010, grass, human hair, cotton strips, twine. Photo: Henri Robideau. Courtesy of the artist and Grunt Gallery, Vancouver.
53. Charlene Vickers, *Wrapped Grasses*, 2010, grass, human hair, cotton strips, twine. Photo: Henri Robideau. Courtesy of the artist and Grunt Gallery, Vancouver.
54. Charlene Vickers, *Cedar Spears*, 2010, carved cedar; (on floor) *Turtles*, 2010, polystyrene, marble dust medium, acrylic paint. Photo: Henri Robideau. Courtesy of the artist and Grunt Gallery, Vancouver.
55. 56. 57. Alex Morrison, *Design For Wainscoting*, 2012. Courtesy of the artist and Catriona Jeffries Gallery, Vancouver.
58. 59. 60. Christos Dikeakos, *The Wnston Collage Manual*, 1970–71, 17.8 x 20.3 cm. Courtesy of the artist.
61. Jasmine Reimer, *Red, White and Blue*, 2011, hydrostone, acrylic, found object, 10.2 x 22.9 x 7.6 cm. Courtesy of the artist.
62. Jasmine Reimer, *Dent*, hydrostone, acrylic, foam, 2011, 30.5 x 10.2 x 10.2 cm. Courtesy of the artist.
63. Jasmine Reimer, *Beer and Jar*, 2011, hydrostone, acrylic, 2011, 20.3 x 10.2 x 10.2 cm. Courtesy of the artist.

64. Liz Magor, *Stack (Racoon)*, 2009, polymerized gypsum, ash, wood, 58 x 68 x 68 cm. Collection of National Gallery of Canada. Photo: Toni Hafkenscheid. Courtesy of the artist and Susan Hobbs Gallery, Toronto.
65. Liz Magor, *Leather Ashtray on Table (detail)*, 2009, polymerized gypsum, cigarettes, wood, 57 x 121 x 63.5 cm. Photo: Toni Hafkenscheid. Courtesy of the artist and Susan Hobbs Gallery, Toronto.
66. Liz Magor, *Corner Mouse (left hand) (detail)*, 2009, polymerized gypsum, wood, caulking, 79 x 28 x 23.5 cm. Photo: Toni Hafkenscheid. Courtesy of the artist and Susan Hobbs Gallery, Toronto.
67. James Nizam, *Thought Form (Dart)*, 2011, archival pigment print on fibre paper, 76.2 x 91.4 cm. Courtesy of the artist, Gallery Jones, Vancouver, and Birch Libralato, Toronto.
68. James Nizam, *Thought Form (Fold)*, 2011, archival pigment print on fibre paper, 76.2 x 91.4 cm. Courtesy of the artist, Gallery Jones, Vancouver, and Birch Libralato, Toronto.
69. James Nizam, *Shard of Light*, 2011, archival pigment print on fibre paper, 121.9 x 152.4 cm. Courtesy of the artist, Gallery Jones, Vancouver, and Birch Libralato, Toronto.
70. Pierre Coupey, *Komyo IV*, 2008, oil on canvas over panel, 152.4 x 106.6 cm. Courtesy of the artist and Gallery Jones, Vancouver.
71. Pierre Coupey, *Komyo VIII*, 2007, oil on canvas over panel, 152.4 x 106.6 cm. Courtesy of the artist and Gallery Jones, Vancouver.
72. Pierre Coupey, *Komyo III*, 2007, oil on canvas over panel, 152.4 x 127 cm. Private collection: West Vancouver. Courtesy of the artist.



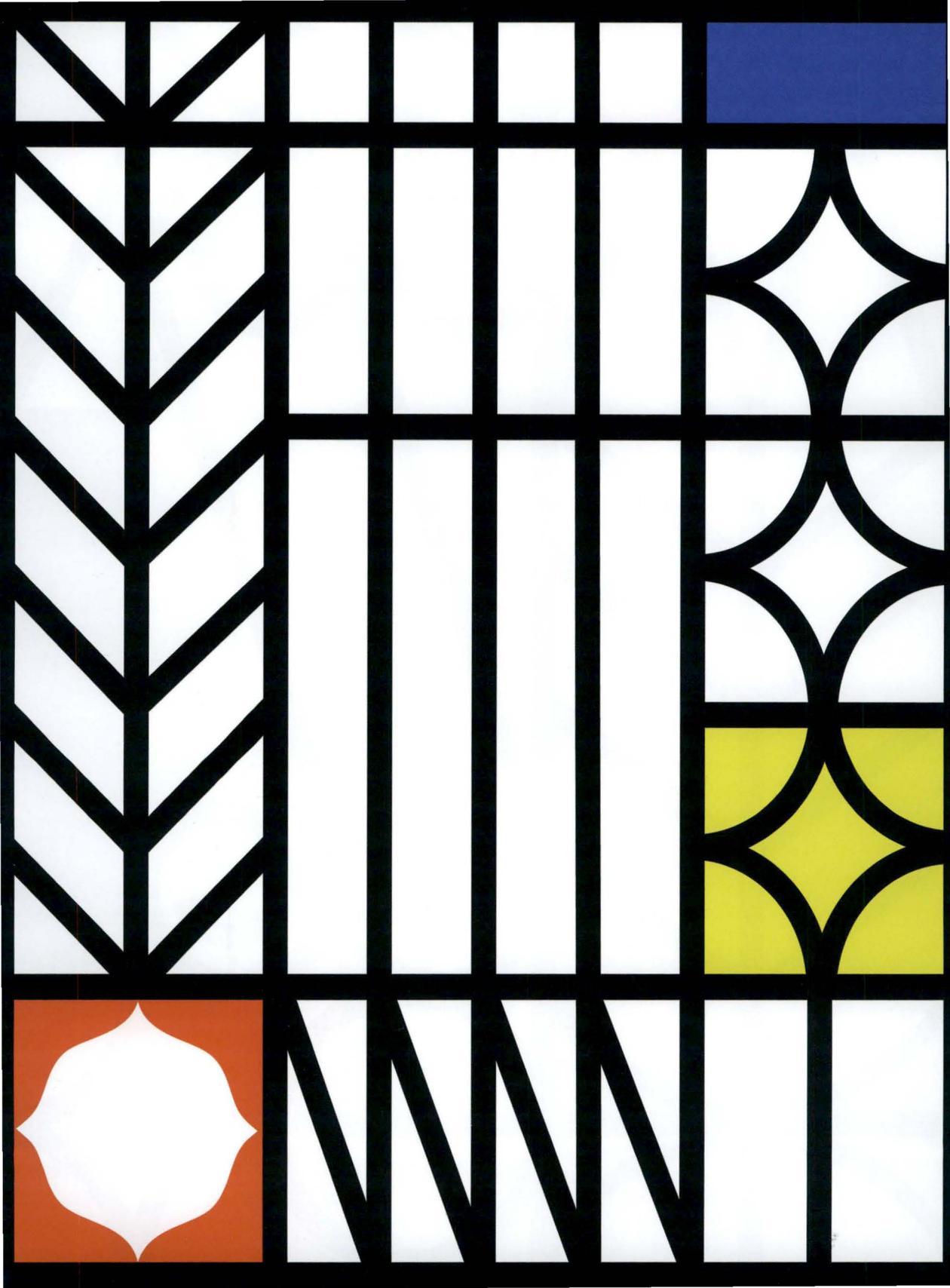


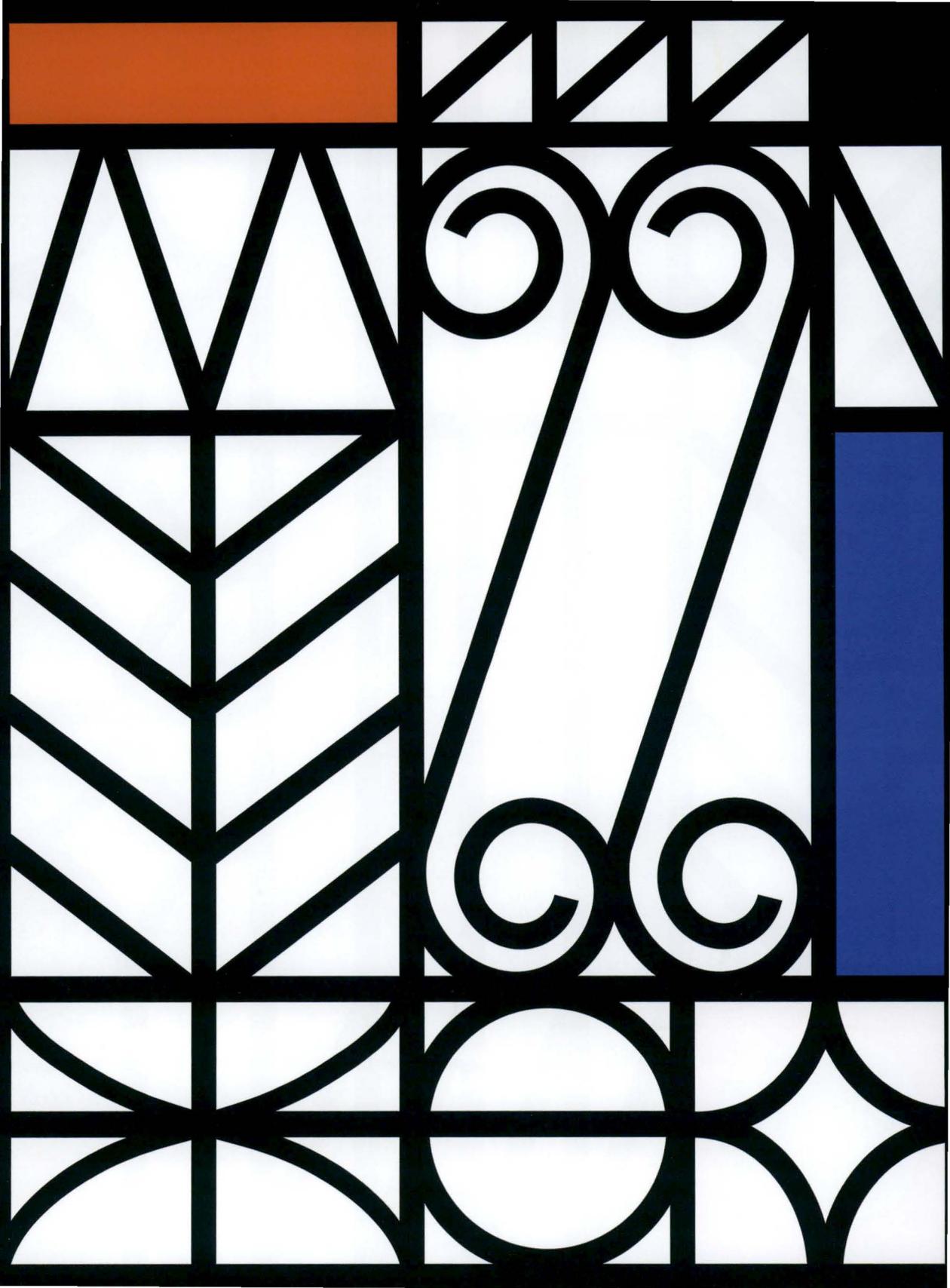


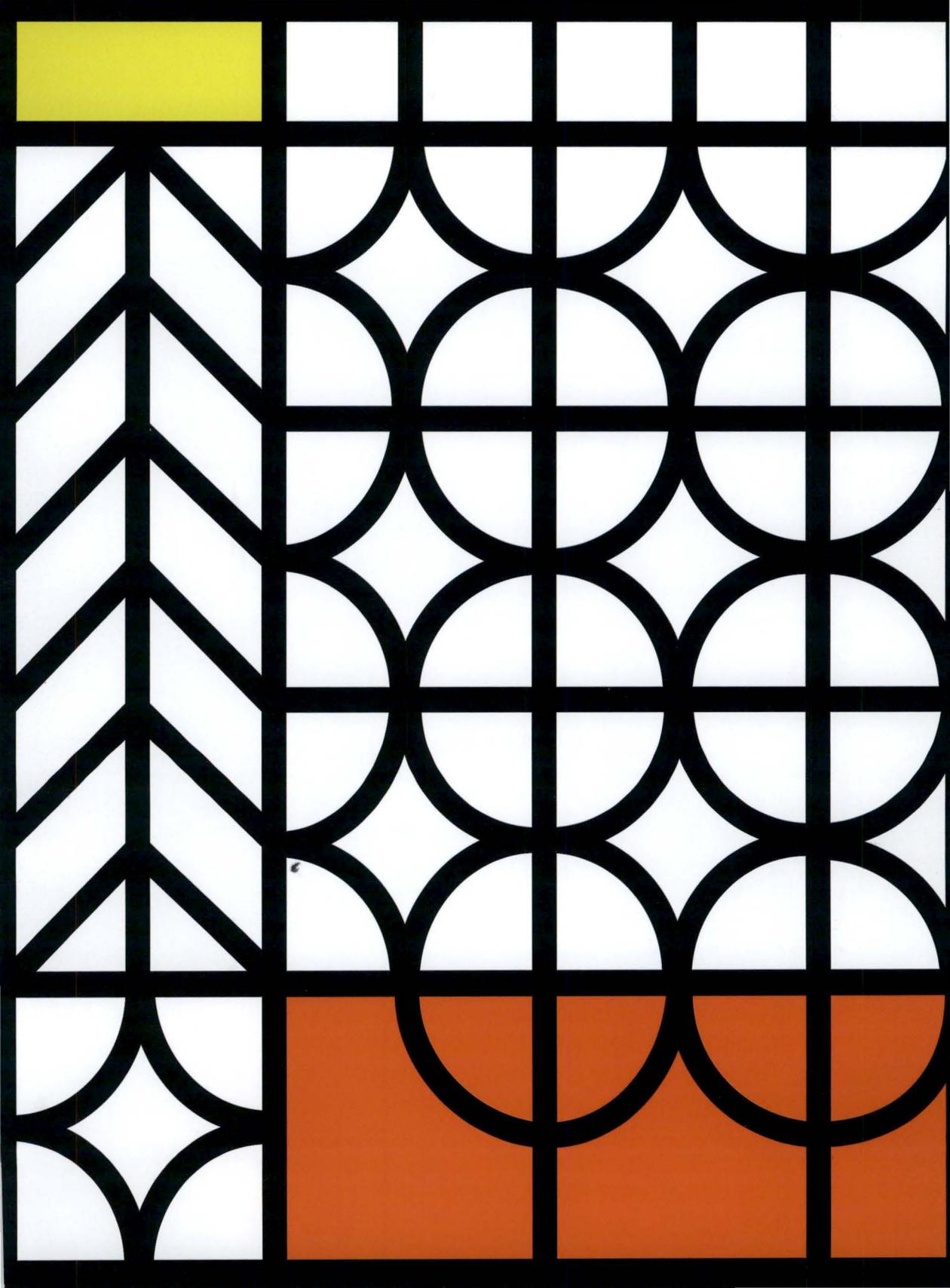














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You Can SURVIVE

ORIGINAL

**You can live through an atom bomb raid
and you won't have to have a Geiger counter,
protective clothing, or special training
in order to do it.**

The secrets of survival are:

- KNOW THE BOMB'S TRUE DANGERS.**
- KNOW THE STEPS YOU CAN TAKE
TO ESCAPE THEM.**

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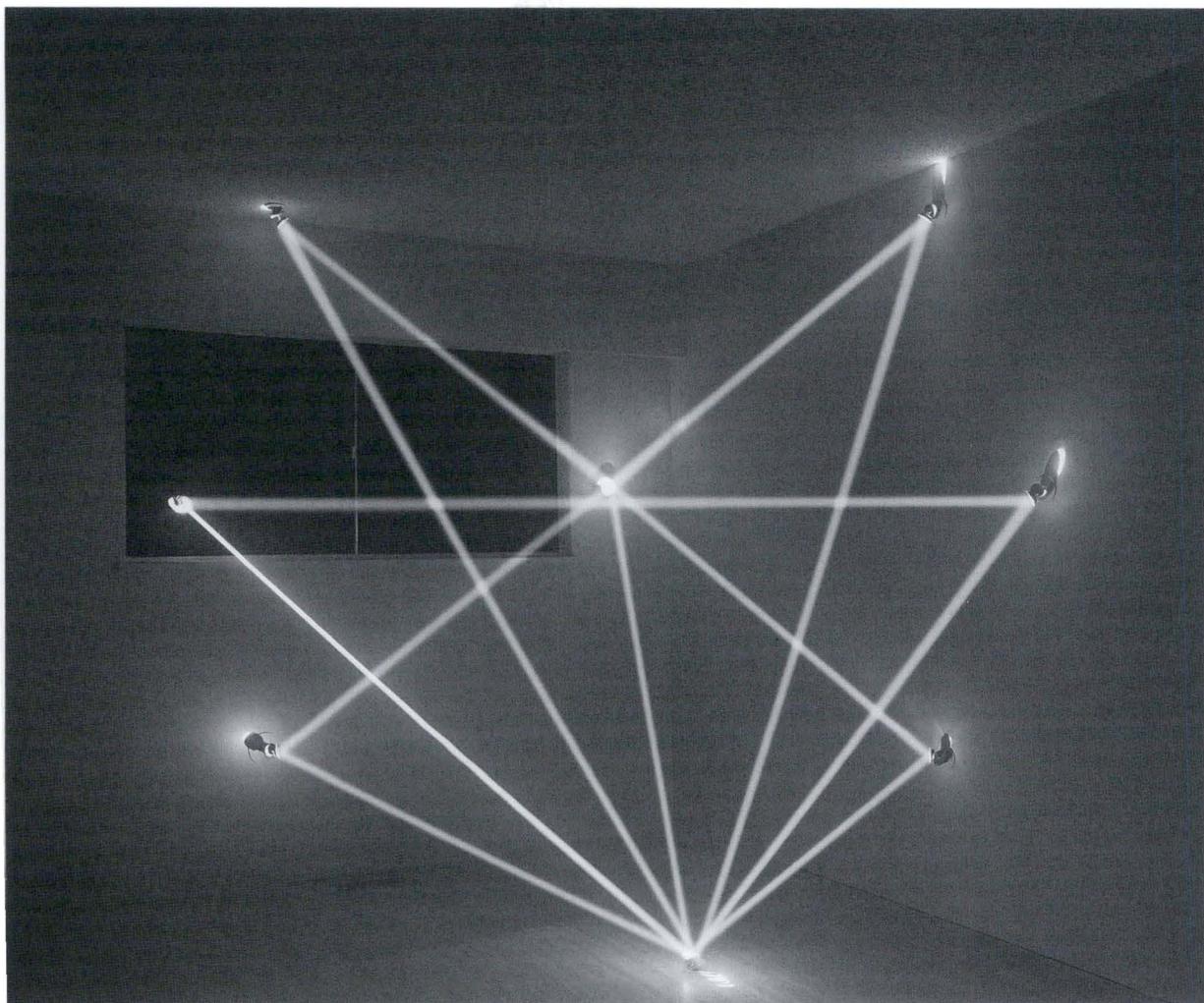


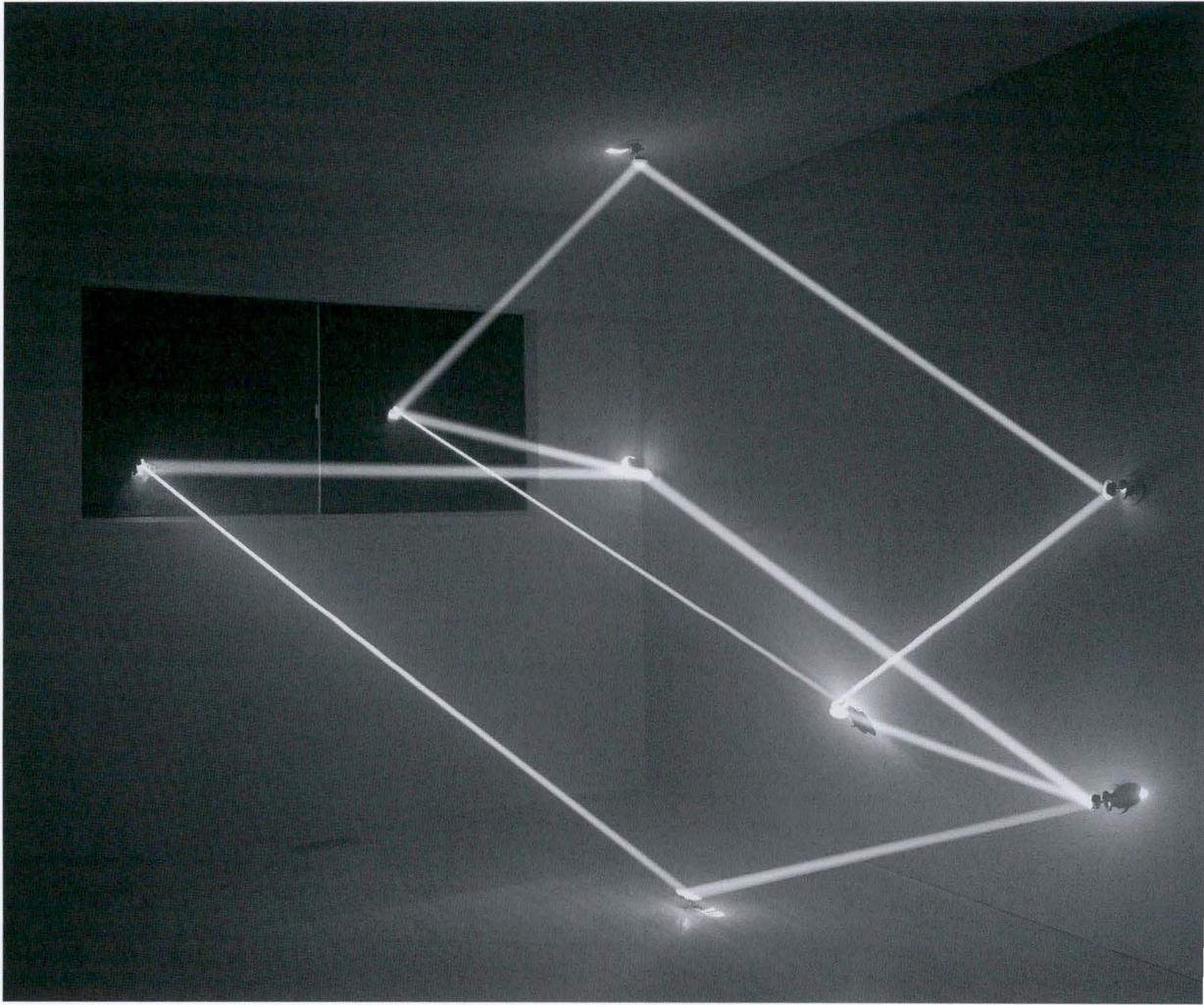


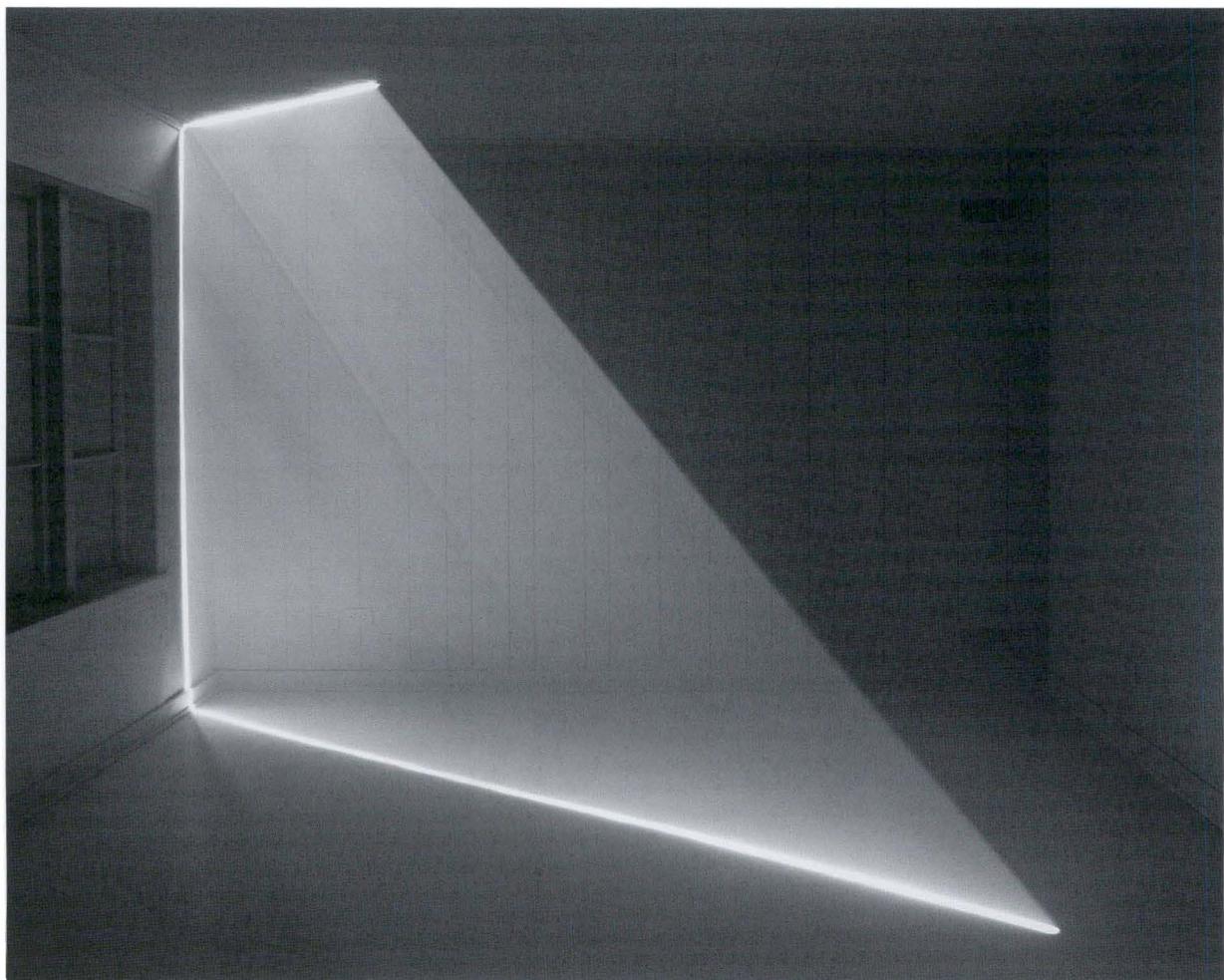


















Artist Statements

Jin-me Yoon

Now, after some years of exploring the relationship to place, history, and the body—as both coded and corporeal—I turn my attention to the idea of emplacement and the land. This turn to the “natural” is neither about valorizing the local/regional nor about nostalgia for the past. Instead, what I am interested in is what constitutes new possibilities of belonging during our unprecedented era of urbanization, mobility, and displacement. How can I express a deep affinity with a rural place without resorting to problematic attachments attributed to romantic or naturalized identities and geography? What might this new form of emplacement—being at home in a place—look and feel like?

I wish to explore the body as material and mortal in a place that has been important for roughly half of my life—Hornby Island. I am ready to begin a subtler body of work that builds upon yet challenges the questions of identity and place that have been the focus of the past twenty years of my work.

Charlene Vickers

Ominjimendaan/to remember evokes a healing space for those who have experienced loss or who are looking for someone missing. Within each grass stalk, cedar spear, and turtle, memory becomes a source of experiential meaning that is both historical and personal for maker and viewer. Wrapped and bound grasses in cotton strips and human hair evoke a simultaneous strength and vulnerability. Tall lengths of pointed, sharpened cedar stand balanced against a wall waiting for someone to employ them with purpose; a history or action. As they resemble spears or poles, one thinks of weaponry, hunting, or traditional shelters providing protection and sustenance. The structure of the work echoes the functional, efficient, and elegant form of the porcupine’s quill as a deterrent to predators. As signals of things lost—people, culture, languages, and histories—the wrapped grasses, cedar spears, and turtles of *Ominjimendaan* evoke healing through memory found in the land and within the body.

Alex Morrison

The Tudor style started as an aesthetic bi-product of material necessity. Later, during its “Arts and Crafts” revival in the early twentieth century it was stripped of this functional integrity and used for decorative and symbolic purposes. The façades of these half-timbered cottages and mansions are dotted throughout the Lower Mainland and Vancouver Island. The style’s employment here symbolized a certain moral order imported to the periphery from an Imperial center. These façades amongst the wilderness acted as temporary stand-ins for culture. The term “stand-in” is implied here in the same sense that an actor uses a stand-in to keep their place on set in preparation for the next scene. Later, modernism crept slowly towards this part of the world and we adopted it mostly in the stylistic sense without any of the urgency associated with its origins. To synthesize these two competing yet complimentary aesthetics is of interest to me. Neo-Tudor, despite its popularity, has been almost universally despised and representative of suburban and middle-class tastes. In turn, modernism came to represent blanket impositions on local identities by over zealous developers and the politicians that worked for them. To pair a “tudoresque” aesthetic with the primary colors and clean linearity associated with high modernism speaks to compromise: an appeasement to an existing structural order.

Christos Dikeakos

The Wnston Collage Manual, a collage project of mine from the early 1970s, will be republished in the near future. By the 1960s, the process for my collages employed a direct approach of stapling, scotch taping, tearing, and pasting down everything from advertising media, the Viet Nam war and social protest, to exploitative and contrived pornographic images. These images were meant to shock and surprise as one turned the pages. At the time, the sexual image was considered a liberating force, parallel to the rebellious movements of the day. The arsenal of collage material used was part exploration and exploitation—a hedonistic, spontaneous, and impulsive exercise. The idea was to capture and play with the socially transfixed moments of the day with amusement and absurdity, a kind of mini performance work of text and image.

Jasmine Reimer

Conflict, as a subject, permeates much of my practice. What began as an exploration of bodily excess has evolved into a complex analysis of certain human behaviours. I explore an unyielding pursuit for resolution and perfection, witnessed in both personal and social contexts, using the body as a point of reference and navigation.

Through a rigorous studio practice I make work that rests on the observation and comparison of self to “other.” I study the status of body consciousness (which is always more than one’s own consciousness alone) and its effect on behaviors such as habit, identity, and desire. Adopting an analytical and critical approach to an endless obsession with things, I substitute objects for people, studying object-to-object relationships and their effect on the production of meaning.

Liz Magor

As a result of working as a sculptor for many years I now consider position and status when I look at objects in the world, noting that some enjoy privilege while others are made to serve. Most are filled with aspiration, seeking to win our attention and move through us to a better life. In theory, humans charge things with significance, inflecting them with cultural code. But in reality the value of objects pre-exists us and is mutable, based on how we find them.

I work with the understanding that inanimate objects constitute human subjects by instigating affect, as they proceed to threaten, please, facilitate, or damage us. In the studio, I might rearrange the relationship between things in order to increase their power, or I make adjustments to restore their depleted importance. I always assume that material is co-operative, and process is the way to reach and understand the latent intelligence of things.

James Nizam

Trace Heavens is a consolidation of the parallels I see between light, the cosmos, photographic apparatuses, architecture, perception, and the mind. Since the early twentieth century, humanity has been held between the infinite exteriority of the universe described by Einstein and Hubble, and its mirror image in the infinite interiority of the psyche described by Freud. I put the threshold between these worlds in the domestic architecture of the home, and show light as the vehicle of crossing. Drawing inspiration from artists of the late 1960s, as much as from the solar architecture of Xochicalco and Neolithic light boxes, the photographs of *Trace Heavens* show a variety of architectural interventions that are made to channel and record light.

Pierre Coupey

Komyo III, IV, and VIII were exhibited in *Counterpoint* (Gallery Jones 2008), a show composed of two sets of paintings. The first, fourteen works on paper (*Lebanon, Lebanon*), register the geo-political violence of the time—Israel’s incursions in Lebanon and Gaza, America’s ongoing “war on terror” in Iraq and Afghanistan—with all their implications: torture, extraordinary rendition, black sites, death squads, civilian casualties, exile. These constitute crimes against humanity.

Such violence is not new, and art not only enacts the historic role of witness, but also the further role of counterpoint. The second set, ten works on canvas, *Komyo I–X*, register a counterpoint to that geo-political violence and those specific war crimes. In Zen Buddhist practice, the word *komyo* denotes “illumination,” a state of being outside of violence and power, and the paintings intend to embody a call for meditation, for peace, for something other than violence, perhaps, even, for something as extreme as “beauty.”

MAXINE GADD / Two plays and Babylon is Gone, I Weep for Babylon

Pre-remains, a play

PERSONAE

Cole

Amaryllis

Trillium

Jack Tar

Great White Slug

COLE: Amaryllis yu survive pellucid, pertinent to yr field, glad to be alive over winter in spite of the sad stick brown of sleepers and the dead.

AMARYLLIS: (looking in a mirror) Get away from me, Cole, you giddy moth. I will slap yu back into the Blackhole and still feel remorse for yr bad-ass bravery. Oh, yeah, I'll be bleeding milk for all the molds, the earthworms that ignore me and my immortal corpse, sandy mind of some lady.

COLE: Enter elements of the fat starved, the happy hikers, the bicycle with the wratched naked rim, Kelvinists, Enochians, parchments of soaked and sun-dried grass on the river bank, its salacious and despondent muds and their mudders, elephants tyrannosaurids, sunken fork-lifts, lined dependencies, quarked and desperate markets, cores of uncles made an unmade again. We saunter along longing for parched canyons outside of poisoned botanical caves. I see yu sinking past the Solstice. I'm sick of pity as yu are; yr only chance is to blat out yr prologema. Can I make a dying flower sing?

AMARYLLIS: Not a chance in a million, ancient cohort. Not one of yr local hills or dales meet me long enough for anything but water bane. Where the hell can I find a channel?

ENTER TRILLIUM.

COLE AND AMARYLLIS SHRIEK: Trillium!

TRILLIUM: So you think you're nicer than Jesus.

AMARYLLIS: (sings) I keep people alive in winter
and part of the summer too-oo
And the only only thing
I ever did wrong . . .

ALL THREE: Was to keep her from the froggy froggy dew.

COLE: Let's get bloated, shall we; I have brung a long dead duck such as my
Neanderthal ancestors did in, hanging in a cave for the bats to shit on, for the
decimated Saber Tooth to die for.

AMARYLLIS: Cole is so sourly dour.

COLE: Some one buried my river in tar.

TRILLIUM: Jack Tar stops the sailor from slipping and falling to the reeling,
yawing awful boat on an ocean. Yu should rejoice in Jack Tar eliminating all
those ugly ducks.

COLE: How hard it is for the delicate to wallow. Somewhere there must be
old loves to give yu an electronic kiss. Enough Martian sunlight. A lifetime
membership in plexiglass, vinyl to whine up into stringed blues. In Chinatown
I've observed marble lilies, silver white, persistently. . . . But the tide is coming up
Reefer Street and soles or souls of the ocean are pushing me with their martini
cool heels. There's a HERizon to be on, Amaryllis . . .

ENTER JACK TAR.

JACK TAR: Yu mean whore-izon, yu tarts.

COLE, TRILLIUM AND AMARYLLIS SCREAM.

ENTER THE GREAT WHITE SLUG, HUMMING AND HAWING AND LOOKING FOR A PAIR OF GLASSES IN THE BUSHES WHICH IT DOES FIND USELESS AND SLIDES OVER and then slimes Jack Tar and glides away entrancing the audience out into the sunshine of another devastating day or even a dusty old corridor.

A ballet ensues in which everyone is one's favorite spineless creature. Some rub their wings together and make an awesome music. Others dissolve into cosmic goo.

Pash Play

PERSONAE

Postula

Miss Press

Trot

Deedee

Doris Day

Chief Cathy

Diva, the God of Wine

POSTULA: Oh I've quite lost all decency since this agley spate of novels; de-sensey is also gone, density trying to mingle and really, my dear, not making it.

MISS PRESS: Sorry darling, I bethought I espied alley-mist.

TROT: That is not a thot that can be had except you had it. Why, by Chance?

DEEDEE: Dare you invoke that august name? What are your credentials?

TROT: Why I have not. My name is "Trot."

POSTULA: Surely not Mistress Trot from the castle laundry?

TROT: My great Gran, man.

MISS PRESS: Yu mean, ma'm, wham bam.

TROT: I appreciate your comment. Indeed, miss, it goes up by the hour.

POSTULA: So you are her great grant daughter.

TROT: Alas it is so. What can Trot do but dot thots an laugh down the dam with the boys, all through the night the ripening of that newly set concrete, sighing under the river.

DORIS DAY: My, what a fine clean poem you have here and many a debble den up there in the Dracula mountain! Chief, GET IN HERE AND SETTLE THE NATIVES.

CHIEF CATHY: The natives are less or more but always settled about the settlements. And it's hard to know unless you have it the trouble you're in.

POSTULA: Sediment of industrial ooze, turpentine and benzine and other heavy weighing oils on our waters. Often I bless the whale that was killed for my fore-mothers' beauty the suppleness of their skins, their poison assent. Oh there I go, pulled down by DOS again.

TROT: DOS is sod spelled backwards.

MISS PRESS: Same thing only more useful.

POSTULA: The auld sod.

DIVA, THE GOD OF WINE APPEARS AND everybuddy is awed by the Plutonic Power of his beauty. Also impressive are the gold embroidered beast and long tales floating on dark and stormy winter night.

POSTULA: We're speechless, Lord.

DIVA: What do you want? I have everything here, cocaine, smack, uppers, downers . . .

SHE WHIPS OPEN HER JACKET TO REVEAL INTRICATE POCKETS FULL OF STUFF.

TROT: This guy has no lush breasts but a veritable pharmacy in his waistcoat. He seems to be the butcher, the baker, the candle stick maker or I'm not florist for Queen Anne, which I'm not because I'm Trot.

DIVA: Dare you look at me, you, a mere figment of some laggard's imagination?

TROT: I am a thought, hence universal. Anyone could conceive of me, given german circumstances. Hence my innocence.

POSTULA: Guilty as charged, You Honour, but you know what you can do with your rap.

DIVA: Well, listen, you guys. It's been a slice. We'll contINTINTINue all night.

Babylon is Gone, I Weep for Babylon

Where has she gone?

That day she was sitting on a foldable camp chair in her red coat and wide-brimmed pink hat, her tracts to her left in a portable shelf of Bibles and literature organized as a wall to protect her from the corner of Hastings and Abbott. She it was who could shout up from the portable chair a mighty voice and a message that cowed the most aggressive young or old male who towered over her, shouting.

The first time I saw her she was further east on Hastings between Funky Winkerbean's pub and Save On Meats. Or was it the Army and Navy? As I passed her she sang like the radical diva she was,

“Glory unto the Lord
Glory unto the Lord
From the rising of the Sun
To the falling of the Moon”

She had my soul.

For a while I was a regular, walking by her, bending a little in my speedy fear-space-time continuum to listen for a song. But in a short time there was no more singing. Just loud clear ravings in the distance then, “Glory Glory Glory, Praise the Lord.”

Politely I would repeat her approbation, thinking, “Just Who Is this Lord.” One day I paid her a dollar for one of her tracts, took it home and was so scandalized by her Divine Intolerance I stupidly threw it out.

At a certain point in twenty or less years she moved westward to the corner of Hastings and Abbott Street where the long derelict hunk of bricks and space still called Woodwards was: sometimes a movie set, once a W art show and before that the most useful, varied and affordable food, shoes, clothing, gardening tool, spring bulb and clothing store in town. For years I kept a pair of soft leathered but structured boots I bought there. Across Hastings on the east side of Abbott was a

large laundromat. A reportedly nicely-kept upstairs SRO. And a genuine cobbler's shop that repaired our shoes for 'm raving from hindsight, my brave preacher. Everything wears out.

Across from her she still had the patrons of a real country western bar to rave against as well as the shoe repair. And directly across, more incidental gatherings of grey and dusty ghostly old young people. Sometimes she disappeared but always came back again. I asked people at Carnegie and someone, was it Muriel Marjorie, said that she went back to Jamaica, on to Africa and Europe to attend congresses of street preachers.

I once helped her haul her operation aboard the Granville bus going west. She seemed profoundly embarrassed.

I saw her again at the corner the Woodward's protest group had occupied for three months before it had been removed. The Homeless Demonstration had had a fortuitous summer, warm and dry, even at night. Finally, with shrinking days and cold, came the rain and flu. People had extended tarps from the old Woodward's overhang, which supported a ladder for protesters and acted as a davit from which the honey buckets of the inside occupiers were delivered down to the people on the street, the tenters, who took them over to the Dera Pub to dispose of in their toilets. That's another story.

Woodwards became guarded by Sikh warriors in Security uniforms and even a dog or two. Hoardings crowing "An Intellectual Property" with pictures of local artists went up to prevent further occupations. Headlines told of high finance developers. People crumbled in the winter.

One day the Woodward's civic process took the public into a large room with models on tables presented by competing developers. The main body of the store had been exploded then reduced to some possibly dangerous dust and rubble but they kept or tried to keep the woodframe building on the corner. It was here that the promises of a beautiful life replacing this banal history were shown.

Wandering about musing on these dreams I met Carnegie community poet Delany Miriam Azreal. We were both bummed out by this show and its people. We escaped back to Hastings Street and found the preacher lady on her chair weeping real tears. Delany and I stopped and knelt down on the sidewalk beside her. I asked, “Why are you crying?” And she said, “I am weeping for Babylon. Babylon will be no more.”

“You mean all around here,” I asked, pointing to the gloomy street, the poor people crouching in door wells, and the great brickhulk under which we sat.

“Poor Babylon,” she cried, not loudly but deeply, warmly.

“Is it those images of new buildings inside this door?” I asked.

“Babylon, Babylon is lost,” she cried.

Delany and I sat beside her on the sidewalk assenting with our own sorrow her sorrow. She was indeed right, as right as anyone can be. Then, looking up at new towers everywhere in distant parts of town outside of the Downtown Eastside, up town, downtown, Yale town and remembering all my walks; the accumulating high rises of the West End; and Coal Harbour, which once been a thriving ship building village. And I remembered the dream of old-time Sixties poet and musician Howard how all the town of Vancouver was to be drowned like Atlantis under the ocean, this prophecy all but accepted totally now by climatologists as being possible by as early as 2012. I told her of this prophecy that is coming to be true; the polar ice caps and the remnants of once vast glaciers are all melting.

“One day everything here will be under the ocean. This Babylon will be no more.”

She dried her tears and we said goodbye to go to our own doomed homes in the Downtown Eastside. I looked back and saw her crying and singing, “Oh Babylon, poor Babylon, Babylon will be no more.”

KIM MINKUS / *Subworlds: A Conversation with Maxine Gadd*

KIM MINKUS: When I started to do research for this interview I went to the Vancouver Public Library and found first edition copies of *Guns of the West*, *Practical Knowledge*, and *Hochelaga*, and *Westerns*, which was a collection of those three, and when I opened *Guns of the West* there was a flap on the inside of the outer cover, and inside the flap were these mythical photographs, and also broadsides—one of them was “European Interest in the Ottoman Empire.”

MAXINE GADD: My favourite!

KM: Then I found this piece of paper—it looked like somebody had typed it up and then taken a pen and a pencil and scratched out certain words . . .

MG: . . . Oh yeah? . . .

KM: . . . which I found really fascinating. It was part of something. It wasn't something complete. But the last two lines on this sheet read, “What difference does it make? Pull as hard as you can.” Those words really hit me and it was like I found this magical mini-archive hidden inside this book. I wanted to ask you about some of the process that you've been going through with New Star Books, because you've been going through your own archives, in a sense, and rediscovering things for the production of *Backup to Babylon*, and . . .

MG: . . . *Subway Under Byzantium* . . .

KM: . . . so I'm just wondering if you've had any surprises or moments like that, when you're just hit with either the words you've written, or something discovered?

MG: That's always fun. I live in pretty semi-chaos. My little studio—it's impossible to get into, sometimes. I don't have enough room to spread stuff out, which I'd like to do, so things float in this sort of plastic island, like the one in the ocean that's the size of Texas, and things do turn up like that. I just found one poem, actually, that I don't think I've ever published, and I thought,

“Why didn’t I publish that one? It was OK.” I’m finding a lot of stuff that never got published. Sometimes you like it. Of course, the next time you look at it you think, “That’s crap.”

KM: You’re given it that space, right? The space of years or time.

MG: I really need to be able to distance myself from a poem. Just let it lie. And sometimes the longer it lies the better. I think a poem does have a shape, and sometimes it comes and you don’t want to interfere with it, so you write as fast as you can to get as much of it as you can remember. It’s like a dream, in a way, isn’t it? Living dreams that come to you. And often it goes from you—that sort of memory of that shape. So that’s why it’s good to put it in a box and then years later you can pick it up and say, “Oh yes! That’s how that solves!” I find that happens to me. Sometimes even a year later, you know, it’s sort of like Sudoku or something.

KM: Interesting. So it’s like re-discovering that shape.

MG: It’s probably disingenuous to pretend that artifice doesn’t come in, and will, but I think, especially in the hippie days, there was the attitude that—I guess we wanted to be innocent, or something, in the ’60s. That’s Bill Bissett’s kind of thing. His voice is that of the innocent, no matter what wicked things he said. And there was that desire—the Romantic, I guess—that is no longer really acceptable. It is really very inhibiting, now, to find yourself thinking, “Oh God, I’m doing something Romantic” and all the people you admire are doing these very formal things. There’s always some sort of restraint, isn’t there, and Romanticism goes against that kind of restraint. It comes and goes. I’d say we’re now back to Alexander Pope, almost, who was a remarkable political writer.

KM: That might lead into my second question. I wanted to know if you thought of what you were doing in your recent books as sort of unearthing. Is it a project? In Lisa Robertson’s interview with Ted Byrne (*TCR* 3.15), she talks about her process for *Lisa Robertson’s Magenta Soul Whip*, where she went back into her archives from the last fifteen years. When she compiled the collection, she wanted to do an anti-project, to be anti-formal—she didn’t want a big

conceptual project. She wanted an “un-project,” which I found interesting and maybe a bit surprising. So many poets in our community work in project form, conceptual form. Do you see your writing as a project?

MG: No. Maybe I do. I feel quite distant from it now. I’m not sure if I’m going to do very much more. Of course, as you get older you start to do more. I mean, like Olson, eh? Charles Olson felt he had the necessity—the mission—of being the great man. A lot of feminists have had great woman projects, too.

KM: This idea of the life poem.

MG: Like Lyn Hejinian. Have you read her stuff?

KM: I have, yes. Something that you can go back to in your writing and keep doing—keep continuing on with this project or anti-project or un-project—this collection.

MG: I always wanted to bring things up. I wanted to be subversive, or something. Be subversive to the grand narratives which I love—I’m thinking of Lyotard and the post-modern. I love those French guys. I think there’s a beautiful clarity to their thoughts. The idea that we’ve taken for granted these grand narratives of progress and right and justice and you fundamentally have to question your belief in these things, which is part of that kind of broken poetry, where we break down the sentence and syntax and all the assumptions that you make. Olson worked to do that too. In a lot of his work, he deliberately shattered a ton of assumptions and concepts. The side I’m on would be . . .

KM: . . . a shattering?

MG: . . . a questioning and play. Like those little things—the plays and prose piece—I sent in to *The Cap Review*. Did you see them yet?

KM: Yes, I have them here with me.

MG: You want to catch yourself out. I think that comes up in some of my things. I come up with new ideas and the unexpected. Don’t take it for granted that the character’s going to go along with some sort of particular narrative or any particular plot.

KM: In some ways it made sense to me when I had a look at the plays because reading through your poems, there are all these voices and you have operas and you have sound and bits of dialogue and raging—like the very last poem in *Subway Under Byzantium*, “OK, OK She Says.” I want to talk to you a bit about some of the names of the characters in your plays, because you have this character, Doris Day, in *Pash Play*, and then you have this character Trot—I kept thinking of Miss Trotwood from *David Copperfield*—she was his aunt and she hated boys and men—I have no idea if that’s anything, but the characters’ names . . .

MG: Trot Trot Trot Trot! My mother, actually—her father used to call her Betsey Trot when she was a child. I think Trot is more of a sort of working-class character amongst the academics. I felt like that at university, that I had a kind of working-class attitude to a lot of, I guess, middle-class assumptions about life. Which was not to expect very much, because you expected to be kind of disdained at a certain point. God knows it wasn’t that bad at UBC. Much worse in England and places like that. But I think that women themselves when I was growing up were equally disdained and dismissed, so that if you wanted to get in there you had to be quite aggressive, come in with something and then feel quite defeated and completely lost! And I think losing it is part of my poetics. Losing it is an advantage, I think, and losing it is, of course, ecstasy too. You can just let some other things take over. That is the project, I suppose, losing it. Is it? You always want to get beyond the rational, I think, and yet the rational fascinates me.

The older I get the more I enjoy academic work, for instance. Now I can read a lot of stuff that’s academic because I understand the need for it. The need for order. But I’ve always kind of fought the need for order, because order is, I suppose, part of the patriarchal regime that is so unconscious. It’s foolish to even think that you can resist the structure of language and the structure of society—all the attitudes that people have built into them by the time they’re seven or eight years old. You pretty well know what’s expected of you. I don’t know about your generation and the next generation.

KM: Oh no, it was the same. I grew up in the '60s and '70s and it was very much—as a woman you should be pretty, you get married, you have a house, you have kids, you have a car, you have another car. Education was somewhat part of that, but even if you try to be outside it, you're still trapped within that system because . . .

MG: . . . it's huge. Language is so tied up with it. Infested with it. You can fight, and I know I was a raging feminist for a long time and did a lot of activism and such. When I first came to the Downtown Eastside, I still put my body on the line every once in a while for the various parades and protests and things like that. I went up to City Hall to protest that grand old theatre that they allowed to rot, decay completely, so that they couldn't possibly save it, down on Hastings, just a few buildings down from Carnegie. I remember as a kid I used to hear wonderful Chinese opera music coming from there. It was a grand theatre for a long time. Then some guys bought it and put up these high rises, these condos. I went down to city hall and there were all these wonderful people who live in the neighbourhood—beautiful, articulate people. But it was pointless, you know? These guys had their minds made up from the beginning. People are very ready to make their minds up. But there it is. My mind is made up, too. I've got certain attitudes. Everybody does. It's these conflicts between different attitudes that—I guess that's our material as writers, isn't it? All these attitudes.

KM: Like the preacher lady in your “Babylon is Gone, I Weep for Babylon” piece, this woman that rages. I guess you've been part of this community for a long time and you're seeing its destruction, and it seems like a lament, to me, that piece. Would you describe it as that?

MG: I would say it's a lament. I used to love this woman. She used to sing sometimes. One day I stopped and listened to her for a while, and told her how great she was. After that I never heard her sing again. She would rave, and people would come up to her and lean over her and threaten her. She was so fierce.

It's gone. But life's like that. Vancouver, when I was a kid, was quite different from Vancouver now. You used to be able to get a cheap place to live. We all found weird old places. Beautiful old places that somebody let for what we could afford to pay. What's the next phase going to be for people? I guess you just have to fit in. That is the stress. You've got to look right. You've got to act right. You've got to speak right; you've got to think right, to fit into this.

KM: As poets and as feminists. I wanted to ask you about one of the poems in *Backup to Babylon*, "My 135th Feminist Nightmare"—I love the title of that. You've talked about being a feminist. I went to a wonderful conference a couple of years ago, and at the end of the conference we were to talk about what we had accomplished, and it was such a waste, three hours spent trying to define feminism. That horrible academic tendency of having to define everything. I want to think of things more as relational. What is your relationship to the word "feminism"? I sometimes say to my friends, "We're women and we're poets. How can we be geniuses?"

MG: Everything works against it. Even people that love you and that you love, or whatever, they're always, if they're men, they're always invading. Of course, women do the same thing to women, too. But as a woman I suppose you feel you have to be open and accessible and mediative and mediate things. It's very hard to have that wonderful selfishness that the male genius has. I hate to feel like I'm undermining men, but it seems sometimes that we all give up, that's what happens. We all give up, I think.

KM: Do you think there's a way of not giving up?

MG: Well, just to have a voice and then the ego, I guess. That's one of the big things. You see, spiritually you're supposed to—this was really big in the '60s—you're supposed to become more Buddhistic, and surrender your ego and that was being preached. And then with feminism you realize, "Where is my ego? Where is the ego of other women? Where are all the other women? Where are their egos and their genius?"

KM: Certainly the older I get the more I realize, “Dammit! I need an ego!” Because I think you’re always taught to be more submissive, that ego was a bad thing.

MG: Yeah, you’re just not spiritual, man, you’re supposed to get rid of your ego.

KM: Why?

MG: Yes, “Why” is the question that feminists started to ask, I think, and here we are. We’re still doing it. I guess that’s our project, isn’t it, to become ourselves. Genius is an interesting word, you know. Aristotle talked about our daimons . . .

KM: . . . as outside, something outside ourselves.

MG: And yet it was the tutelary daimon. I wonder if it is related to the genie in the Muslim religion. Genies seem to be like objects made of fire. I’d love to be able to talk to somebody about that. But genius is fire, isn’t it?

KM: It’s that thing. It’s so rarely applied to a woman, or it’s just a word that we’re afraid of. We’re not supposed to have genius, we’re not supposed to have ego—

MG: The Victorian thing of putting the woman on a pedestal meant that she was above all that, she was “Mother.” Motherhood is supposed to be above all that, but human beings need conversation. Conversation is part of writing. Writing is conversation. It’s a conversation with yourself, and it’s a conversation with your voices and your influences and other writers. The price of being a genius often is to cut yourself off from that conversation. Maybe that’s the definition of a genius, somebody who is born into privilege and is allowed to isolate himself or herself and find a project that she can keep doing, but the permission has to come from her own economic independence.

KM: Maybe that’s the thing—we need money in order to be geniuses.

MG: That’s what Virginia Woolf said.

KM: I was reading an interview at the back of *Lost Language*, and you were talking about Simon Fraser University—this is going back to the topic of theatre. Daphne Marlatt had mentioned something about guerilla theatre at SFU and you said it was not theatre; it was reality.

MG: Well, part of it was that I had a child and met other people with children, and we needed day care and so we used to move children around to different places that looked like they were empty, and security of course would find us out and we'd have to move on and keep moving. That part was reality, and yes, theatre is real. People—we—are totally formed into symbols at an early age, and theatre is involved with characters that are symbols, really. We are expected to act as symbols: the perfect stenographer, the perfect mother—so what is reality? Reality is a dream.

KM: Do you have a lot of dreams?

MG: My dreams are never that nice. They're horrible. Dreadful. I don't know why people always think of dreams as something delightful.

KM: That's an interesting comment. Why did we create this idea of a dream as being a lovely place to be?

MG: Yes, whereas it's just a reiteration of what else is happening in our life, in a kind of funny soup way, like back into the soup of our lives.

KM: Is that like theatre for you?

MG: I don't *do* theatre now. I was interested when I was fifteen—I was seen as a sort of possible actress. Did some stuff with the CBC. Then I took a course in theatre and was really furious because I wanted to play Ariel but I was too big for Ariel, I think. But I really responded—I loved the demonic quality of Ariel in *The Tempest*. There's the poet—the prince, and his dominion of all these demons and his powers, his magic books. But I couldn't play that. One of the reasons I started to write a lot of poetry for awhile in my life was that I wanted to write my own parts, you know? And establish my own voice, because most of the characters that were available were just despicable or uncomfortable or not very—there aren't many great pieces for women. How many are there?

Some of the Greek tragedies had parts—I guess French tragedy had a lot of great parts for women, but she had to be . . .

KM: . . . she couldn't be the demon!

MG: No, you had to play noble parts, or mad parts, of course. Mad parts—madness has always been acceptable for women as a part.

KM: That reminds me—I went back in my archives and found this old issue of *FRONT* magazine, the *Giantesses* issue edited by Lisa Robertson.

MG: Oh, what fun! We all got drunk and laughed.

KM: There is a great interview in here between Lisa Robertson, Catriona Strang, Rhoda Rosenfeld and yourself and you're talking about bilingualism and using other languages in your writing, and you said it's great because you can jump out into these other worlds. You talked about how every world has its codes, and then you said, "I mean sub-worlds." And I guess it was this word "sub-world" that really interested me. With something like *Pash Play*, the language is like another code, another world: a world I've never been to, a sub-world.

MG: More like a dream world. Most of those things seem fairly real to me. There might be little pieces that are taken out of the soup and put together in another way, into another soup, but they're still parts of our environment. I watch a lot of television. It's horrible. It used to be radio, and you know, always these free newspapers that turn up, and I gobble them greedily while I'm drinking my coffee. There's no way to avoid them except to go away. I tried to do that once when I went to live on Galiano Island, and I thought, "Oh good, I've got my cabin in the woods and I can walk to buy groceries and things." It was a perfect little sort of sub-world, Galiano Island, but pretty soon people are knocking on your door and want to talk about your problems and . . .

KM: . . . and there's more that you can add to the soup?

MG: Yeah, yeah, and there's no way to cut it out, really.

KM: I have a question regarding fear. Or terror? Particularly about the sort of rant or scream. I want to know if terror is part of it, because certainly when you see some of the type in, “OK, OK She Says,” you “see” the sound come off the page, and I find that with quite a few of your poems, I can “see” the sound and the emotion behind it and all these voices. This leads to a question about the idea of the page, and sound, and rage, and fear, and all these things that can come off a page. Is the page of the poetry your way of sounding these things out, if I can say it that way?

MG: It is a theatre, isn't it? It's a stage, and I'm sort of tempted to go towards collage. I've always had friends who were artists, and collagists, and so I think maybe if I ever have some time, I probably will go back to collage. I did some stuff in the '70s, I guess, when we had a machine called a Roneo, and it had two barrels. In one barrel you would put whatever you wanted to print, and the other barrel had a little stylus, so it would copy. It would copy print, but it would also copy pictures. I really had a lot of fun with it. I made a book called *Practical Knowledge*. There aren't many copies of it around. I'd like to reproduce it. It was a mixture of a little drawing and a little—there was a lot of play power. Now we have a lot of equipment that we can do things like that with, and I'm still stuck in—I find myself receding back into prose, like the piece about that lady (“Babylon is Gone, I Weep For Babylon”), and I realize I owe some storiokes—just plain prose stories—I guess they've been partly written and I need to get back and write them. Prose actually takes a lot more time than poetry, I think, because with poetry, you just hang in there, and generally speaking it's there and that's it. But with prose, you really have to hone those sentences.

KM: You've got to get those sentences working.

MG: Yeah, and poetry, modern poetry anyway, seems like so much fun for people, but it's not much fun for the reader, and it's a fairly acquired taste to be able to pick up and read a book of poetry, and if the poetry does sound like prose, then it's not poetry any more, as far as I'm concerned.

KM: With your plays, do you want to hear them? Do you want to hear the different voices performed in a theatre?

MG: It would be fun. I did one, “Maxine meets Proteus in Gastown.”

KM: I loved that one!

MG: They actually did a piece of it down on Granville Island, and I thought it was just wonderful to have somebody else read it. It was very affirming to have it done.

KM: I have one last formal question, a sort of fun one. The very first line in *Lost Language* is . . .

MG: “Always will you love angels and find them dying in your arms . . .”

KM: Yes. “Always will you love angels.” Angels are so much a part of your writing. And I guess I wanted to ask you: will you always love angels?

MG: The angel is the male beauty to me, and I’ve always found that very beautiful men are very fragile. I’ve found that most of the men I’ve loved have been beautiful but fragile, and I guess that’s why women give up things for them. Give up their lives to protect them. And they do die. I got my friend to do the photographs for that book, and she got the picture of the statue down outside the train station. It’s a big bronze, and there’s the angel holding this First World War soldier in her arms, taking him up to heaven—that’s the angel. Angels are powerful when they’re female.

GARRY THOMAS MORSE / Minor Episodes XII—Clean as a Whistle

One desultory summer's day, full of remorse, *the accused* takes a few extra seconds to shield his eyes, while a couple of gawkers lose theirs to the momentary eclipse. The Stropper stands behind a pricey pair of blinds, hands clasped behind his finely tailored back. The obelisk in the public square has been converted into a portable lethal injection chamber. The Stropper would have preferred a guillotine, almost to the point of forgetting his shaving fetish for an entertaining hour of anticipation, followed by that inevitable *denouement*, set to the *Symphonie Fantastique*.

Jazzy Sharp, the shoeshine boy who made good and became the chief oligopolator of all gentrified parts, is promptly scheduled for public death. And the Stropper is tickled by a printed sign that reads:

PUB IC DEATH

“Dignity to the end, eh? Well, better him than yours truly!”

And it is common hearsay that in the course of Jazzy Sharp's career, he has embezzled countless funds for personal zoos and faunas, has attended every *Who's Who* from here to the farthest undiscovered constellation, has in general fiddled and bugged and illegally upgraded and wriggled in and out of the sketchiest of situations. To touch him would be to approach a meal of eels without a fork. He has ingested every mind-bender known to man and has recovered after the shortest of naps. And he has trolled in the swartest of eventides for the lost and desperate and sadly confused.

When they brought him the tax forms to sign, he had sneezed and shat upon them and wiped himself clean with them and then washed his hands of all traces of his general amusement at the very impertinence of such an imposition. Once he had fed an entire census board to his pet piranha. That was sooooo Jazzy. But then the pressure of a vise had taken a fancy to his short hairs. His stretch van had been seen in the area on more than a few evenings. His JZZY vanity plates were unmistakable. And there were *stories*. Jazzy liked his afterhours activity a little rough. And he had an appetite for the *unheimlich*, although no one in the press knew precisely what this meant.

Even for the hunchback politico, it was embarrassing to have his inventory of personal pleasurewear and leisure toys paraded through the papers and parodied at local fashion shows. The *Jazzy Dill Rub Stud* was just now the talk of the catwalks. And his mug shot was also an object of amusement. True, he was still very well to do and protected by the best of funneling and finagling tricks. But he had never intended for anything really *criminal* to happen. To be led away in handcuffs during a routine downsizing of the local exchange and to witness that sudden floundering in the dead eyes of the regulators was a bit of a downer. After retiring early from the police force and failing to become famous spies, the most these investigators could hope for was a spot of fun harassing a legal clerk now and then before laying hands upon their second or third pension. To have come this close to solving an actual case was a red letter day.

And for Jazzy to see those faces on the Street he had never got around to tossing out onto the pavement, why, it was undeniably a bit of a burn. He had been just about to transfer all tower dealings into a sterling data cell reservoir upon his left hip when the news hit. His head swam with headlines:

Jazzy Pants and Pate Piece Found at Scene!
Sharp Mogul Moonlights in Murder!
Jazzy is a Bloody Spazzy!
Police Comb Over Jazzy Evidence!
Jazzy Challenges Jizzy Analysis!

But in the end, it was the boredom of celebrated financial reporter Dick Frains that led to his general condemnation—the word of a man who slept through all the hearings he attended, and for that reason scarcely attended a single hearing, and wrote a scathing column the next day anyway, based on a cut and paste program that collected transcripts and wire services. In fact, most of the time, he relied on his trusty pet baboon Booboo. His fiscal puff piece about Jazzy Sharp was enough to douse the imagination of the public in petrol and ignite it with a few words (another triumph for Booboo). It was then that Jazzy went from being a risk management *wanker* to an unlicensed public domain *whacker*. That was the gist and grist of the article anyway. Jazzy watched his soiled reputation sinking into the vague quicksand of public opinion.

“Whad’ya know? Our grand poobah has no clothes . . . the sicko!”

“After all his corporate epithets, he was nothing other than the Stropper!”

“Yeah, let’s do it after the market closes. I am sizzling with *schadenfreunde* right now!”

“No, I’m on the level. They fingered Jazzy downtown! No, not like that.”

“Would Booboo lie?”

And having a name like Jazzy Sharp didn’t help one sliver.

The square is being prepared. A rather fetching Miss Sharp rubs a tear from a corner of her veiled eye. Minor inclines his head solemnly, holding his porkpie over his heaving chest. He has never known such an aphrodisiac as the dead or the dying. With customary decorum, he reaches over and extends the end of a toffee roll. She declines, incensed. Minor hastily withdraws his last toffee.

“Shame of a way to go.”

Some choose a mild demise, death by sodium laurel sulfate, $CH_3(CH_2)_{10}CH_2(OCH_2CH_2)_nOSO_3Na$, the common ingredient found in toothpaste and shampoo and a number of personal care products. It has wonderful properties of removal, and excels as a garage floor and automotive engine degreaser. In fact, Minor has a patent in motion to produce a damnably whitening cleanser without this agent, mostly because he suffers from inflammatory carbuncles and breakouts the paste and shampoo exacerbate. He was almost certain Jazzy would want his clock cleaned this way, and would nobly decide to be brushed or scrubbed to death by giggling local breakfast television hosts. Although he had once seen a marketing executive subjected to this fate and the cleansing agent went straight for his follicles. He met his maker bawling, and balding on the spot, but clean as a freshly polished whistle.

“Sodium laurel sulfate. A poetic death if there ever was one! And so much more humane.”

And the public were mad to see Jazzy washed right out of their hair for good. But Jazzy did not desire a prolonged lathering, nor a deadly fluoride dip. Without warning, the Stropper appears at Minor’s side, tenderly mopping his immaculately smooth countenance.

“Balmy weather we’re having! You’d never know it was summer.”

Minor accepts the firm manly paw and small-talks away, all the while feeling his psychical senses reeling. His palmy device begins to cricket. A voice crackles to life.

“Sir, we just analyzed the circadian rhythms of the stains in evidence and they bear a common tone, traceable in fact to the very square you are schmoozing in right now! And Sir, I want to be the first to announce, in the hope of instantaneous promotion, that the Stropper is right beside you, scratching his cheek and fidgeting with his nose. I hope you don’t mind, I took the liberty of using the speakerphonic channel! Mom, are you out there? It’s me, your boy, LummoX. I found the Stropper for Mr. Minor! I found the Stropper—”

Minor flicks off the palmy device. The Stropper smiles at him, reaching into his overcoat.

“Where are your manners, Minor? Why, I could have slit you from ear to ear by now, were I not a gentleman. This is no longer your case, you have been reassigned, ever since that incident at the waterfall. You might say, you are all washed up.”

Minor unbuttons a single button and reveals another button, a button far more tender.

“First of all, that wasn’t a waterfall. And you’ll never get a furlong farther! Let this arena of bleakness do its thing and move on. I’m not so fond of you, but I’m not so fond of the Sharp progeny either. Between the prospects of a local slasher and an infuriating in-law, the choice is obvious. I pulled some strings. And Jazzy was the outstanding nominee.”

“*Touché*,” snarls the Stropper, ceding some distance between them. “Normally unstoppable, I see on this occasion, I am completely outstripped and unstroppered.”

He commences with a run-on speech traditional to most cinematic psychopaths.

“Shhhh,” shushes Miss Sharp.

Jazzy allows himself to be strapped into the *PortaLethal*. He is ready. Minor finds a place on the concrete bench and makes a show of tearing at his porkpieless hair. Then he does something queer. Everyone said so afterward. He kneels on the ground in front of Miss Sharp and starts to recite dusty poetry.

“Was woman ever in this humour woo’d? Was ever woman in this humour won?”

Miss Sharp, preoccupied amply with protecting her discount mascara, gives Minor a minor slap, before spitting her wad, toffee and all, and no wad like was ever expectorated up previously or since.

“Foul toad! Not only am I worried about my brother, but presently, I am up to my ears and skyward ankles with a bit on the side.”

Minor doubles over in the square and douses himself in positively orgasmic shampoo. His back begins to welt and bubble, before a giant cyst (or implant) bursts forth, ruining one of his favourite shirts. The populace take account of this grandiose display of blood and pus.

“The sign! The sign!”

Minor implores everyone to heed his words with molecularly unstable limbs. He is starting to melt, more than any man can ever have melted.

“I was the crazed killer! Let this nutjob go free. Let this pervert be at liberty, I say!”

“Sodium Laurel sulfate,” announces the coroner, licking his fingers. “And minty fresh!”

Mr. Jassimino Sharp is unstrapped and pardoned at once, and carried down the street amid much fanfare for an entire block, until the crowd notices a twenty percent off sale and starts breaking windows. The Stropper hails a passing cab.

“Hardly worth the price of admission. Red light and step on it!”

Minor oozes up out of the puddle of himself. The lethal injector becomes an obelisk again, and then an opera finale pyre. The production designs this year are exquisite! The corporate sponsors glare up at the surtitles, yawning. Minor offers the dissipating crowd a poetic tributary.

“Come un bel dì di maggio / che con bacio di vento . . .”

Then he stands erect and looms over the waning lynch mob, speaking through the flames:

You I salute. You who have given shape to my days and a sense of supernatural differentiation between all these meaningless ticks upon this timepiece.

He brandishes a pocket fob with sienna animals crawling about its smiling face.

No one can deny the horizons I have traversed, or take away the mirage I have lived. I managed to shake loose all my friends and contacts (although I found the means to seduce them all over again) for the abandoned theatre of your image. I have translated you into the most simple of things. A step in the night, a shadow beneath the streetlamp, a smothering chill of snowfall in the bones, an annihilation of mortified sunlight, an open raincoat in the rain. Although you strain yourself to hear this music and lend it meaning with your ears, it is no less existent. And when these frail surfaces have eroded and rusted upon their very scaffolding, when flesh has melted away from bone, I will know it was never a waste of time to hold vigil or haunt about your portals of sleep, since I have sought nothing but to leave my door unbolted, open for the exclusive beauty of your palms. This is the open door then, leading to magic and love.

Eternity is the healer. The mender of cracks, the overgrowth of untended feelings. And if I am to find you in the last or next world, do not delay me any longer! Tarry no longer.

You have lent breath and life and illumination to this heap of simulacra upon my shelf, a pride of lions one minute, a ferocity of bodies the next. We have, each of us, sung to lonely nights, full to the brim with useless and unspeakable feeling. Was anyone listening? Is anyone listening? Because I am the madman who adjusts his radio and pricks up his ears, listening as an animal to a strange noise in the distance that no one else can quite perceive. Your "reality" still has the gumption to taunt me with rent and expenses and superficial glamour, and in the same breath, still it steals away any hope of real estate. Any hope of something far more precious. Meanwhile, stretching in this manor of my madness, I bid all my subjects pack up their random effects and head home. For you are my one subject in this illimitable world, and I have run out of words.

O come to me come to me, in the eleventh hour of love!

Miss Sharp blinks and shrugs and shivers in the cold of the desultory summer's day, raising upon a twig a marshmallow of the most beautiful powder blue.

AISHA SASHA JOHN / from **The Book of You**

Something about
the deft hard beak of the octopus
is what the line was

after running very hard
into a meadow
brilliant superior poppies
running so hard into it because I am so
horny for it, so horny for poetry that's the only way to
talk about it. like that. and then after awhile I fell
right into a hole the size of myself and now I get fed
lines like they are block letters and they smell like
paint.

and the other line was about multiplication tables
how they should stop at

13

I don't know if you realize but all there skyward is man
which is why it gets the good figuration I am
in my own hole

I can run
down here I am making that sure
and dance
down here I am making that
making that sure
'cause I am kicking shit when
in below you find grace you might
make noise

and find yourself spoken of they will say, woman
you are dirty.

I will say
duh with my teeth falling out
because
that is the point

GEOFFREY HLIBCHUK / Wally and Ted: A Sitcom

(after Steve McCaffery's Scenarios)

EPISODE I "SS A-GO-GO"

INT. LIVING ROOM.

A small, sparsely furnished apartment, c. 1935, Berlin, Germany. The living room contains a couch, coffee table, a small dresser in the background next to a door, and other non-descript items (knick-knacks, books, gramophone and records, etc). Walter Benjamin is shabbily dressed, wearing a smoking jacket and smoking a pipe. Theodor Adorno is dressed in a sharp suit, cleanly pressed. Walter is sitting on the couch leafing through an illustrated magazine; Theodor is frantically checking the many papers that litter the room.

Theodor:

Walter, have you seen my passport?

Walter:

No. Well. No wait—I did see a passport the other day . . . But. . . I didn't know whose it was, so I turned it into the authorities.

Theodor:

(Stops searching the papers, looks at

Walter): Whose name was on it?

Walter:

(Looking up from his magazine at
Theodor) "Wiesen . . . somethin' . . . ?"

Theodor:

That was my passport!

Two uniformed SS men burst through the door, grab Theodor, and lead him out of the apartment. On the way out, Theodor shakes his fist at Walter.

Theodor:
BENJAMIN!

Walter:
(Looking into the camera, smiling and shrugging his shoulders)
That's me!

EPISODE II "OOPS I DID IT AGAIN"

INT. LIVING ROOM.

A small, sparsely furnished apartment, c. 1935, Berlin, Germany. The room is empty until Theodor opens the door to let in a woman of his age, fashionably dressed. He walks in after her, takes off her coat, and then directs her to sit on the sofa while going to the sideboard to make them both drinks. He finishes and hands her a glass, smiling.

Theodor:
You must hear the latest Schoenberg . . .
it's an atonal masterpiece!

Theodor walks over to the gramophone, and begins cranking the handle. The woman appears pleased, and begins to smile in anticipation.

Theodor:
(Beaming and cranking the gramophone): This
music corresponds to the spiritual world—not
just the natural world in general!

The woman takes a sip from her drink.

Theodor:
The mature twelve-tone style is manifested
with great technical intricacy yet is still
richly expressionistic!

Theodor stops cranking and places the needle down. The woman takes another sip of her drink, beginning to appear bored. Instead of Schoenberg, loud strains of "Hungry

Like the Wolf” by Duran Duran play. The woman chokes on her drink, forcing her to spit it out. Theodor, stunned, trips and falls onto the coffee table. The woman, terrified, grabs her coat and runs out of the apartment.

Theodor:

(Harried) This . . . Wha- . . . Who left this record on my gramophone!?!? BENJAMIN!!!!

The camera cuts to a shot of Walter leafing through the card catalogue at the Bibliothèque nationale. He looks up from the cards and into the camera, smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

Walter:

That’s me!

EPISODE III “THAT DARN DOG!”

INT. LIVING ROOM.

A small, sparsely furnished apartment, c. 1935, Berlin, Germany. Theodor paces the room, looking bored, picking up random objects and disinterestedly placing them down again. The sound of running water is heard off-stage, behind a door to the right. Scratching and rustling is heard off-stage to the left. Theodor is addressing Walter, who is off-stage.

Theodor:

I just received a letter from Pollock.

Pause.

Theodor

He assured me that the Institute would continue to support you financially.

Pause.

Theodor:
The cutbacks have been extensive, but
Horkheimer has nothing less than utmost
respect for your work.

Long Pause.

Theodor:
(Plaintively): Perhaps I may move to
Oxford.

Pause. Theodor's attention is caught by the scratching and rustling behind the door to the left. He approaches the door.

Theodor:
What's he's got in there?

Theodor opens the door, and a large Rottweiler immediately lunges at his throat. The dog knocks him behind the couch, where we see only his legs kicking the air.

Theodor:
(Weakly): B-Benjamin?

Walter opens the door stage right. He wears a bathrobe and a shower cap. He is holding a long shower brush and looks into the camera, smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

Walter:
That's me!

EPISODE LXVIII “GOODBYE, FAREWELL AND AMEN”

EXT. Gare de Lyon train station, 1945. Theodor paces and impatiently glances at his watch. The station is full of commuters. Enter Hannah Arendt, out of breath, carrying a briefcase.

Hannah:

Theo!

Theodor:

Ah! Hello Hannah!

Hannah:

Sorry I'm late; the trains are still running behind schedule.

Theodor:

That's ok. Did you bring the manuscript?

Hannah:

(Proudly taps the suitcase and hands it to Theodor.) Of course! You must be tremendously excited to see this!

Theodor:

(Staring down at the briefcase in his hand):
I've waited many years for this . . .

Hannah:

How is everyone back in California?

Theodor:

(Ignoring Hannah): The Arcades Project!

Hannah:

I hear Franz is now at Columbia?

Theodor:
I can't believe it! He actually completed
it!

Hannah:
(Slightly irritated): Theo, I am going to get
going. I'll call you when I get home.

Theodor:
I must have a look at it right now!

Exit Hannah. Theodor backs up and sits on a bench without taking his eyes
off the case. He carefully extracts the manuscript and quickly leafs through it.

Theodor
(Mumbling): Advertising . . . Baudelaire . . .
sectarian development . . .

He flips to the last page.

Theodor:
(Loudly): Hey! What the . . . ? This is
loyal to reification!!

He looks skyward and shakes his fist.

Theodor:
BENJAMIN!!!

The camera pans up, far up, to a cloud. Walter is reclining on it, clad in a
white robe, with wings and a halo. Holding a harp, he looks into the camera,
smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

Walter:
That's me!

Contributors

PIERRE COUPEY is represented in numerous permanent collections including the Burnaby Art Gallery, the Canada Council Art Bank, the Kelowna Art Gallery, the University of Lethbridge Art Gallery, and the Vancouver Art Gallery. The Kelowna Art Gallery recently exhibited his work in *The Point Is*, a five-person show on abstraction. The West Vancouver Museum and the Art Gallery at the Evergreen Cultural Centre are jointly curating a three-decade survey, with catalogue, for Spring 2013. Gallery Jones represents his work in Vancouver, and will present his next solo show in Spring 2013.

CHRISTOS DIKEAKOS was born in Thessaloniki, Greece in 1946. He studied at UBC and participated in and organized early seminal exhibitions of conceptual photography and collage. He works and lives in Vancouver.

SOMA FELDMAR, from Vancouver, BC, got her MFA from Naropa University. She is currently working on a PhD in English, focusing on poetics, at SUNY Buffalo. For the past 2 years, she has been an active member of Buffalo Poets Theater, performing in productions of Carla Harryman's *Memory Play* and Gertrude Stein's *Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights*. Her first book of poetry, *Other*, was published in 2009 by CUE Books.

MAXINE GADD left UBC in 1961 with a baby girl and a BA. Hung out with the Beats and Hippies. Published by bill bissett and friends. *Lost language* by Coach House in 1982. Magazines publications include *The Capilano Review*, *Front* magazine, and *W*. Latest books by New Star: *Backup to Babylon* and *Subway under Byzantium*. Recently in George

McWhirter's *A Verse Map of Vancouver* and *Hot Sonnets*, a calendar of poets by Catherine Owen.

GEOFFREY HLIBCHUK is a pseudonym of Smoky Alvaro, an award-winning poet whose books include *Urgh! A Chav War* (1987), *Our Once Terrible Sumerian Demons Now Idle in Their Yellow Muscle Cars* (1997) and, most recently, *Let's Hope They'll Still Say Namaste in Hell* (1999).

AISHA SASHA JOHN is a poet and a dancer. Her most recent publication is the chapbook *Gimme yr little quiet* (BookThug 2012). She is also the author of *The Shining Material* (BookThug 2011) and the curator of the online gallery BOOM FOR REAL (<http://hugetime.tumblr.com>). Her current work-in-progress is called *The Book of You*.

LIZ MAGOR has exhibited nationally and internationally since the mid 1970s. She has had solo exhibitions at the Art Gallery of Ontario, the Vancouver Art Gallery, and the Musée d'art contemporain de Montreal. Internationally her work has been included in the Sydney Biennale of 1982, the Venice Biennale of 1984, and documenta 8. In 2001 she was awarded the Governor General's Award for Visual and Media Arts, and in 2009 she received the Audain Prize for Lifetime Achievement. Currently she is an Associate Professor at the Emily Carr University of Art and Design.

DAPHNE MARLATT'S poetry titles include *Steveston*, *This Tremor Love Is*, and *The Given*, which received the 2009 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Award. Talonbooks published her award-winning contemporary

Noh play, *The Gull*, produced in 2006 by Pangaea Arts. In 2011, Pro Musica produced a new chamber opera, "Shadow Catch," featuring her Noh-influenced libretto. In 2012, she received George Woodcock Lifetime Achievement Award. She is currently writing more "Vancouver poems" for a 2013 Talonbooks new edition of that early title.

STEVE McCAFFERY is the author of over 45 books and chapbooks of poetry and criticism. His fifth volume of criticism, *The Darkness of the Present: Poetics, Anachronism and the Anomaly*, will appear through the University of Alabama Press in November.

KIM MINKUS is a poet with two books of poetry, *9 Freight* (LINEbooks 2007) and *Thresh* (Snare Books 2009). Her third book, *Tuft*, is forthcoming from BookThug. She has had reviews, poetry and fiction published in *The Capilano Review*, *FRONT Magazine*, *West Coast Line*, *The Poetic Front*, and *Jacket*. Kim is currently a Creative Writing instructor at Capilano University and a PhD candidate at Simon Fraser University.

ALEX MORRISON was born in Recruth, UK and is currently a Dusseldorf-based artist whose work looks at the relationship between history-making practices, both aesthetic and political, and who seeks to pose questions about power, context, reception, and meaning. Morrison's work has been presented nationally and internationally in exhibitions in Vancouver, Berlin, Seattle, Frankfurt, Sydney, and Montréal.

GARRY THOMAS MORSE has had two books of poetry published by LINEbooks, *Transversals for Orpheus* (2006) and *Streams* (2007), one collection of fiction, *Death in Vancouver* (2009) and two books of poetry published by Talonbooks, *After Jack* (2010)

and *Discovery Passages* (2011), finalist for the 2011 Governor General's Literary Award for Poetry and finalist for the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize. *Minor Episodes/Major Ruckus*, his second book of fiction, is forthcoming from Talonbooks this fall (2012).

JAMES NIZAM is a visual artist living and working in Vancouver. He graduated from UBC in 2002 and has exhibited his work across Canada, the US, and Europe. He has upcoming exhibitions at the Irish Museum of Contemporary Art (Ireland), The Museum of Halle (Germany), and Gallery Jones (Vancouver). Recent publications of his work include the *British Journal of Photography*, *Flash Art*, *Canadian Art*, and *Border Crossings*. In 2011, he was long-listed for the Sobey Art Award.

LIA PAS is a Saskatoon-based multidisciplinary creator-performer. Her publications include: the videopoem *surrations* (2009); *Husk* (with Ed Pas. Jack Pine Press 2008); *what is this place we have come to* (Thistle-down Press 2003); and *vicissitudes* (Underwhich Editions 2001). Her work has been broadcast on CBC and published in literary periodicals. Lia is currently working on a book-length manuscript of poetry and performance scores around the theme of anatomy. Her work can be found at <http://liapas.com/blog>.

STAN PERSKY teaches philosophy at Capilano University. His most recent book is *Reading the 21st Century: Books of the Decade, 2000–2009* (McGill-Queen's 2011).

JASMINE REIMER was born in Winnipeg and grew in up rural Canada. She moved to Edmonton in 1999 to attend the Theatre Production Program at Grant MacEwan College. She relocated to Vancouver in 2001 where she worked as a Stage Manager and

Designer until 2005, when she attended the Langara College Fine Arts Program. Reimer graduated from Emily Carr University in 2009 with a BFA in Visual Art. Reimer recently attended the Vytlacil Artist Residency in New York hosted by the The Art Student's League of New York. She lives and works in Vancouver.

JENNIFER STILL'S poetry has been published in journals and anthologies across Canada. Her latest collection, *Girlwood* (Brick Books 2011), won the 2008 John V. Hicks manuscript award. Poems from *Girlwood* were finalists in the 2008 CBC Literary Awards and Matrix LitPop Awards. Jennifer's debut collection, *Saltations* (This-tledown 2005), was nominated for three Saskatchewan Book Awards and in 2008 Jennifer was awarded an Emerging Artist Award by the Saskatchewan Foundation. Co-founder of the award-winning chapbook publisher JackPine Press, Jennifer lives in Winnipeg with her husband and two children.

SHARON THESEN is a BC-based poet, editor, and professor of Creative Writing at UBC Okanagan. She lived for many years in Vancouver, where she taught at Capilano College and was one of the editors of *The Capilano Review*. Her books of poetry include, most recently, *Oyama Pink Shale*, *The Good Bacteria*, and *A Pair of Scissors*. A selected poems, *News & Smoke*, was published in 2001. She has also edited two editions of *The New Long Poem Anthology*, for Coach House Books and Talonbooks. She lives near Kelowna, BC.

CHARLENE VICKERS is an Anishinabe artist born in Kenora, Ontario and currently based in Vancouver, BC where her cross-disciplinary works explore her experiences living and working in urban spaces. She

graduated from the Emily Carr University of Art and Design in 1994 and is currently an MFA candidate at Simon Fraser University. *Ominjimendaan/to remember* was exhibited at Grunt Gallery February to March 2012 and will be exhibited at Urban Shaman in Winnipeg June to August 2012.

FRED WAH has been involved in writing, editing, and teaching since the 1960s. Notable books are *Diamond Grill*, a biofiction (1996) and *Faking It: Poetics and Hybridity*, a collection of essays (2000). Recent collections of poetry are *Sentenced to Light* (2008) and *is a door* (2009), and a selected poetry edited by Louis Cabri, *The False Laws of Narrative* (2009). He lives in Vancouver and is Canada's current Parliamentary Poet Laureate.

JIN-ME YOON was born in Seoul, Korea and emigrated with her family to Vancouver in 1968. She has exhibited in solo and group exhibitions locally, nationally, and internationally. For the past two decades, Yoon's lens-based work in photography, video, and installation has explored questions concerning history and place supported by her underlying interest in the formation of the subject and subjectivities. She teaches at the School for the Contemporary Arts, Simon Fraser University.

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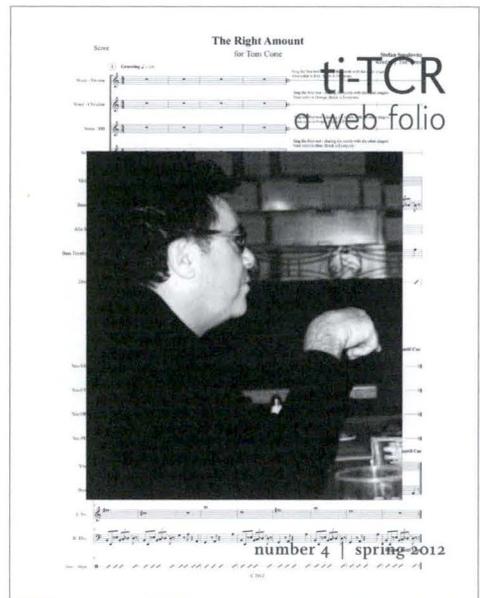
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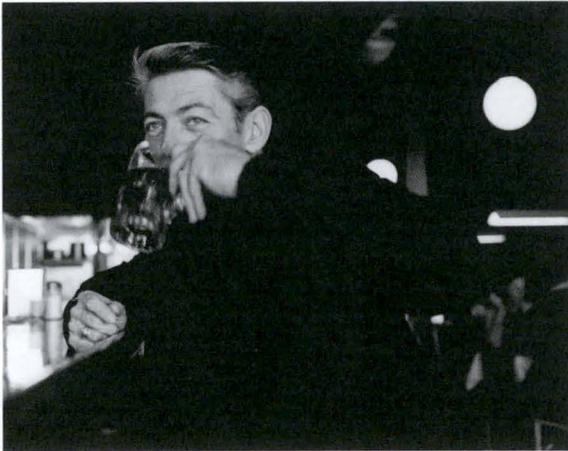
- Maxine Gadd's reading at Capilano in the early 1980s
- Steve McCaffery's "Monotony" performed by the Four Horsemen on the Sound Poetry record originally included with the *TCR* special issue 1.31
- Excerpt from Stan Persky's interview with *TCR* January 24, 1975
- Michael Ondaatje's reading at Capilano April 9, 1975
- Sheila Watson interviewed by Pierre Coupey, Daphne Marlatt and Roy Kiyooka during her visit to Capilano Feb 13, 1975

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The Capilano Review invites entries for our fall contest:
2nd annual Robin Blaser Poetry Award

Award: \$500 (CAD) + publication in the Fall issue



Fee: \$35 for Canadian entries and \$45 (CAD) for non-Canadian. Maximum 8 pages per entry. Each entry will qualify for a one-year subscription to *The Capilano Review*. If you already have a subscription, we will extend your subscription or sign up a friend.

The contest's judges, Miriam Nichols and Sharon Thesen, have provided a thematic statement for this year's contest:

Throughout his writing life, Robin Blaser repeatedly turned to the sacred as a meditation on otherness: the world does not appear in his poems and essays as an economy of the Same, but as a dialogue among differences. In "Poetry and Positivism," he writes that "our cultural condition has a great deal to do with the nature of the sacred and that poetry of a certain order returns again and again to a discourse of cosmos with new attentions and cares." Considering Blaser's work on the other in the Image-Nation poems and in his essays, how might such a "discourse of cosmos" be articulated now?

Deadline: August 1, 2012

Send poems to
The Capilano Review
2055 Purcell Way
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Thank you!

New Star Books would like to thank members of the Vancouver reading & writing community who came to the New Star Firebombing Benefit at the Western Front on March 31 to show their support.

Thanks especially to the writers and others who donated their time and talents: Anakana Schofield, Daphne Marlatt, David Chariandy, Donato Mancini, Fred Wah, George Stanley, Jamie Reid, Jacqueline Turner, Jeff Derksen, Judith Williams, Larissa Lai, Peter Culley, Roger Farr, Roy Miki, Steve Collis, MC Charlie Demers, event organizer Clint Burnham, and the Western Front & Crew, for donating the fabled Grand Luxe Ballroom and the tech talent.



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