The Capilano Review

Do not

cause damage to the walls, doors, or windows.

—*Chelene Knight*

Editor Fenn Stewart
Managing Editor Matea Kulić
Editorial Assistant Dylan Godwin
Designer Anahita Jamali Rad
Contributing Editors Clint Burnham, Roger Farr, Aisha Sasha John, Andrew Klobucar, Natalie Knight, Erín Moure, Lisa Robertson, Christine Stewart, Liz Howard
Founding Editor Pierre Coupey
Interns Tanis Gibbons and Crystal Henderson

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Cover Image:
Jeremy Borsos
Ants, 2018

Editors' Note

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

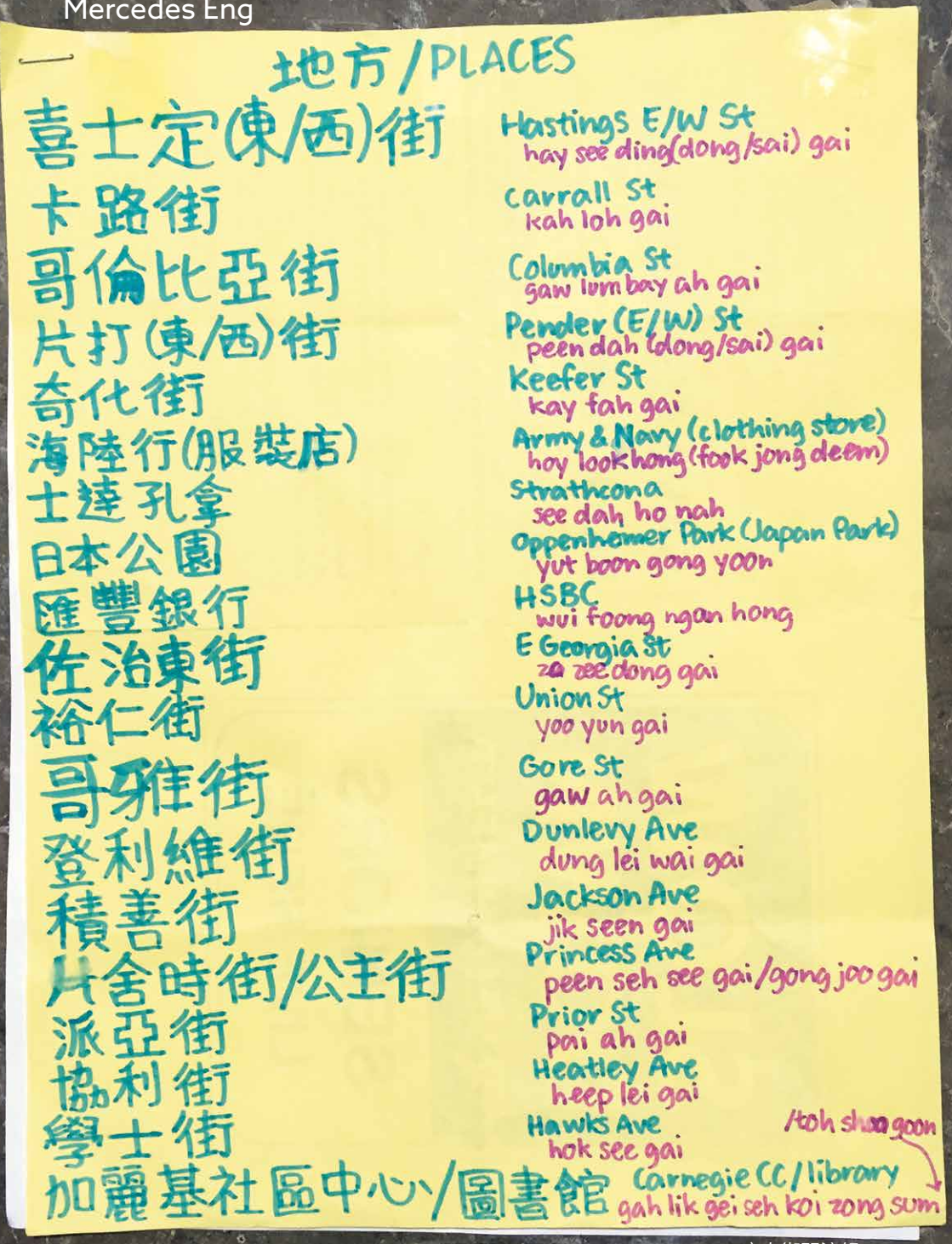
—*Fenn Stewart and Matea Kulić*

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

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

how it is

Mercedes Eng



地方/PLACES

喜士定(東/西)街	Hastings E/W St hay see ding(dong/sai) gai
卡路街	Carrall St kah loh gai
哥倫比亞街	Columbia St gaw lum bay ah gai
片打(東/西)街	Pender (E/W) St peen dah (dong/sai) gai
奇化街	Keefer St kay fah gai
海陸行(服裝店)	Army & Navy (clothing store) hoy lookhong (fook jong deem)
士達孔拿	Strathcona see dah ho nah
日本公園	Oppenhemer Park (Japan Park) yut boon gong yoon
匯豐銀行	HSBC wui foong ngan hong
佐治東街	E Georgia St za zee dong gai
裕仁街	Union St yoo yun gai
哥雅街	Gore St gaw ah gai
登利維街	Dunlevy Ave dung lei wai gai
積善街	Jackson Ave jik seen gai
片舍時街/公主街	Princess Ave peen seh see gai/gong joo gai
派亞街	Prior St pai ah gai
協利街	Heatley Ave heep lei gai
學士街	Hawks Ave hok see gai
加麗基社區中心/圖書館	Carnegie CC/library gah lik gei seh koi zong sum /toh shoo goon

Image reproduced with permission from Beverly Ho for the Chinatown Concern Group 唐人街關注組.
"Skwachàys" is the traditional Squamish name of the area now known as the Downtown Eastside, which is located at the head of False Creek.

Skwachàys: Downtown Eastside: November 2007

緬街
MAIN STREET

Owl Drugs

no-name money mart

Hotel Washington

convenience store

empty building

the Balmoral

pizza shop

porn store

Insite (N.A.'s 1st legal safe injection site)

Vancouver Drug School

empty lot

empty building (the old Smilin' Buddha where my dad saw Jimi Hendrix & where my grandpa Yuke Jam Lee ran a club in the 50s)

art gallery

subsidized housing project

COLUMBIA STREET
哥倫比亞街

h a y s e e d i n g d o n g a i

E A S T H A S T I N G S S T R E E T

緬街
MAIN STREET

the heart of the community
gah lik gei seh koi zong sum

the Roosevelt

convenience store

the Regent

closed business

closed business

closed business

closed business

the Blue Eagle

the Brandiz

closed business

convenience store

convenience store

COLUMBIA STREET
哥倫比亞街

Skwachàys: Downtown Eastside: September 2012

緬街
MAIN STREET

Owl Drugs

no-name money mart

Hotel Washington

convenience store

empty building

the Balmoral

pizza shop

porn store

Insite (N.A.'s 1st legal safe injection site)

art gallery

community garden instead of social housing

empty building (the old Smilin' Buddha where my dad saw Jimi Hendrix & where my grandpa Yuke Jam Lee ran a club in the 50s)

art gallery

subsidized housing project

COLUMBIA STREET
哥倫比亞街

h a y s e e d i n g d o n g g a i

E A S T H A S T I N G S S T R E E T

緬街
MAIN STREET

the heart of the community
gah lik gei seh koi zong sum

the Roosevelt

convenience store

the Regent

dev. app. no. DE414810

dev. app. no. DE414810

dev. app. no. DE414810

dev. app. no. DE414810

dev. app. no. DE414810

the Brandiz

art gallery

convenience store

convenience store

COLUMBIA STREET
哥倫比亞街

Skwachàys: Downtown Eastside: January 2018

緬街
MAIN STREET

Owl Drugs

no-name money mart

Maple Hotel (PPP Canada SRO Initiative)

convenience store

empty building

the Balmoral (declared unsafe,
150 tenants forced to move)

pizza shop

porn store

Insite rest in peace Bud Osborn

boarded-up building

community garden

SBC (the old Smilin' Buddha
where my fam has cool history)

building for sale

subsidized housing project

COLUMBIA STREET
哥倫比亞街

h a y s e e d i n g d o n g g a i

E A S T H A S T I N G S S T R E E T

緬街
MAIN STREET

the heart of the community
gah lik gei seh koi zong sum

renovating the Roosevelt to Molson Bank

rest in peace AM & VS

the Regent (owned by the same people
who own the now-closed Balmoral)

Sequel 138

Sequel 138

Sequel 138

Sequel 138

Sequel 138

the Brandiz

art gallery

convenience store

convenience store

COLUMBIA STREET
哥倫比亞街

from *Dear Current Occupant*

Chelene Knight

Dear Current Occupant—Pink building, Broadway and 12th,

My neighbour was like a girl falling and stuck in the scent of clove and heavy spice. One narrow pink hallway separated our apartments. Her image faded as air between two things, two people, two voices, widened. Every day she asked for things. Things I wouldn't do. She wanted help. She wanted to get better. She said strange things. She knocked on my door when Mama wasn't home. She said things like "Don't forget to take out the trash cans on Tuesday" and "Let the dog out." "You should tell your mother to put apples in your lunch bag." "Your mother has died, but let the dog out." None of it was true. We didn't have a dog. My mother was alive. I always ate apples.

I watched her lock the door behind her. I watched her come home at night, her face tired and her eyes thick-rimmed and black-smudged. Her hair a dry golden halo. I listened for voices. I wondered what she did inside those walls, even though I already knew. But this was her and she was always falling. She reminded me of bread baking. A slow rise, a slight leavening, thick and solid—flavour resting, hovering in the air just above the chin—then sinking. The recipe wasn't right. Whispered those strange things again. Sometimes so soft and smooth-like and then sharp like she hid broken saw blades between her teeth. She changed from opaque to transparent. Like an egg cooking in reverse. Cracking it into a hot skillet, and watching that translucence solidify and change to pure white. Saw her less. Felt her less. Couldn't hear her. I waited in the space just below the tallest of cement buildings closest to this house. Looked up and hoped she would come—

but praying to God that she didn't.

From *Dear Current Occupant*. Copyright © 2018 by Chelene Knight.
Reprinted with permission from Book*hug.

Dear Current Occupant—Of every yard I didn't have

The part of the soil beneath, held together
by the roots, or a piece of thin material.

Many varieties grown in one location
to best suit the consumer's use, preference, appearance.

It undergoes fertilization, frequent watering, frequent mowing,
and subsequent vacuuming to remove the clippings.

It doesn't need to be washed clean of soil down to the bare roots,
and time to export is shortened. It has been developed

by a method of cultivating. Sprigging where recently harvested,
cut into slender

rows and rows and rows and rows replanted in the field.

the occupants of these suites must adhere to the following rules:

Do not

cause damage to the walls, doors, or windows.

Do not

smoke inside. There will be a charge.

Do not

allow others to reside with you. There will be a charge.

Do not

fail to pay your rent on time. There will be a charge.

Do not

have pets of any kind. This means cats, dogs, and anything that crawls.

Do not

make noise past 11:00 p.m. Consider your neighbours.

Do not

think for a minute that we are not watching you.

Never leave your children alone. We will NOT be held responsible.

damage noted

Small dogs lowered their tails when you walked by. I don't remember having a pet, or anything that crawled. I had two hamsters that bit each other to death and I remember thinking, lucky you. No dogs allowed meant don't let anyone see it walking the halls. I imagined petting the fur. Three girls on the second floor had birds. I watched from my window as the girls poked them with sharpened pencils, and I used to think about the feathers they were losing. I was so glad to be moving. Mama wouldn't bother looking for boxes. No delicates to be packed or to be wrapped—I was careful with my books. No holes in the walls for bookshelves. No graffiti in the lobby in colours that offend. Your rules were endless. But you had no control over the way I made my bed. Thick-quilted patchwork squares tousled just because. Things under my pillow easy for the taking, a safe with no key. One book I've never read: "technicolored complaints aimed at my head."[1]

The man upstairs would stare at me the mornings I went to school.

You had no rule for this. My backpack carrying different paths no one could follow. Close behind, linger—jump out wide-armed from bushes. I never carried myself. I used to wish that man would die from overdose, mash up upon my door like mosquitoes. Vancouver. Civilization, people, government. All the city's children are safe? Peeled back the scalps of white Barbie dolls half-eaten, chewed, spat out on the floor. Worrying about the stained carpet still, Mama cleans. She cannot whiten the stain, no matter how hard she tries. Sweep like empty ladles through the lobby of my eyes.[2]

1 Line from "Moving Out or the End of Cooperative Living" by Audre Lorde.
2 Line from "Moving Out or the End of Cooperative Living" by Audre Lorde.

I broke the rules on purpose

In the basement, all the secrets slept and woke on time every single night. Many people stayed for free on sundecks, balconies, and stairs. I saw them in the fetal, a position we all once held. I asked the people who boarded with us if they had problems too. There were conversations on the couch.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"A chef."

"Oh yeah, are you a good cook?"

"I'm picky, my mom says."

This man put his hand on my leg. He left it there for a while.

I stood up.

I crept out of my mother's house. With nothing in my pockets.

"When you move to a new country, you learn their language": in conversation with Si'yam Lee Maracle

Fenn Stewart

Si'yam Lee Maracle and I spoke by phone on December 15, 2017. The following is excerpted from our conversation.

FS: I'm hoping that we can talk about place names, as well as your most recent book [*My Conversations with Canadians* (Book*hug, 2017)]. In January, I'm going to start working at *The Capilano Review* … and the magazine has been thinking lately about the name—about using the name "Capilano."

LM: Well, it's the name of a person.

FS: Exactly. And how did the magazine and the university end up with this person's name?

LM: … I was given to understand that that's not actually his name, that he was loaned that name to go to England.[1] I think he was loaned from Musqueam, but I could be wrong about that, too … This is what I understood from my Ta'a. His name—his real name—was not big enough. When we say that, it means he wasn't the Prime Minister. He was the county clerk, you know? [laughs] I don't know how else to explain it, but that's sort of what it is. This name had a higher status, and he couldn't just go to England and talk to people without a high-status name, without a name with authority … I'm relying on a four-year-old memory. [laughs] "Okay, this is what I remember from when I was four," which, you know, may or may not be reliable.

FS: You know, my daughter is four, and she has an amazing memory right now—much better than mine.

1 According to Andrew Paull (quoted by J.S. Matthews in 1933), Chief Joe Capilano "was formally given the name Capilano" before travelling, with a delegation of chiefs from BC, "to England to lay before [King Edward VII] the matter of the Indian Land grievances." This took place in 1906, long after the death of the ancestor qiyəplenəxʷ described by Larry Grant (as quoted on page 5 of this issue). As Grant explains, the name is currently held by his younger brother.

LM: I had one like that. Anybody would say something to me and I would remember it. But then, as you age, you know, your memory changes …

FS: I was thinking about this name because I was reading this interview with you in the *Toronto Star* … [You say] that you don't belong to Canada, that Canadians belong to you. I was thinking about this, all these many, many settler Canadians growing up on the North Shore, for example, not knowing who Capilano is and not knowing … where they are.

LM: Yeah, exactly, and not knowing that 43% of the territory they live in really is not theirs, and that 47% is shared, that Canada actually only owns a tiny, little bit. [laughs] … So, then, they have to think, "Holy crap, who are these people?" [laughs] But it's also a big thing for us because who are we then? And I've always believed that because my family knew it and believed it, and so I've believed it. But the thing that we're not ready for is, "Okay, let's just take it back." We're not ready for that, so what are we ready for? Then, I think of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. They included economic and territorial equality, and that had nothing to do with residential school but everything to do with all of us. That's where reconciliation starts. So, then it means something. It all means something now because of the work that [Murray Sinclair, Marie Wilson, and Wilton Littlechild] did. I'm sure Canada is upset about [the TRC] because they went outside of the bounds that Canada thought they would stay inside, but they didn't name the bounds. Canada didn't name the bounds, so they can't complain. [laughs] … So, it was a perfect combination for Indigenous people because they pushed the envelope. We passed what Canada thought they were going to do. Now, everything is stuck and not stuck. We are not stuck. Canada's very stuck, like, "What the hell do we do now?" [laughs]

FS: … In the book you said people often want to ask you about decolonization, and you just want to remind people that … it's not about a mental exercise. It's about taking back land, space, territory, governance, and economy.

LM: Yeah. See, you know when you come to Canada, you're supposed to learn English? That's because Canada's a colonial empire governing many nations. If you came here 150 years ago, you would've spoke Chinook.[2] Ninety percent of the people in this country spoke Chinook 150 years ago. Why did they speak

2 Chinook (or Chinuk) Wawa, also known as Chinook Jargon, was widely spoken along the Pacific Northwest in the 19th century, and into the 20th. It allowed communication between Indigenous peoples, and with settlers, prior to English becoming commonly spoken. Chinook is still spoken today in some areas, with the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde offering an elementary school program in the language.

Chinook? Because it was the trade language between nations. Some of the words still survive. You and I both say "okay." That's a Chinook word for "done deal." … "Tête-à-tête," "head-to-head," it's French, but it's also Chinook. "Tyee" is Chinese, but it's also Chinook. Every word in that language is pronounceable by everybody that was here—Chinese, English, French … There was only 1,000 words, but you could finagle them so that you could have a conversation. It was brilliant, absolutely brilliant. And, I mean, we invented this so that we could get along with each other and communicate. And it worked until about 1905 when English started to really fight for itself, and then Chinook died.

FS: I grew up with the word "skookum," and I never knew what language it was until a few years ago. I found out that it's Chinook.

LM: It's Chinook. Yeah, it means "really big and tough." … So, if you're afraid, in our culture, you're small. It doesn't matter how big you are, but "skookum" is "not afraid." So, you're big and not afraid. That's a really scary person.

FS: Yeah, that's a great word. It's a great word.

LM: It is. It is a great word. I love that word.

FS: …I was reading an interview recently with Métis visual artist Christi Belcourt. The article was focusing on some of her recent paintings where she's focusing on Anishinaabe place names. I wanted to get your thoughts on some of the many projects that are going on right now, with many Indigenous artists and leaders, with place names and resurgence around original place names …

LM: It actually began in BC quite a while ago with restoring the place names. When Gordon Campbell started the treaty process, they wanted the place names restored. So, he agreed to that, so they have English and Indigenous place names now—you know, Homulcheson Park and Stanley Park … you know, that sort of thing. Xwáýxway is Lumberman's Arch, etc., etc. Seṅáḵw is … what the hell do they call it? I can't even remember what they call it, the white name for it. It's so ridiculous, hey? I grew up with that white name, but I also knew the Indigenous name. [laughs] Oh, False Creek, which is, you know, the richest piece of real estate in Canada, and it's now called "Seṅáḵw," as well as "False Creek." So, that's what began about 20 years ago. I think during the talks about … What's that games, the ski games?

FS: The Olympics?

LM: Winter Olympics, yeah, yeah. Oh, gosh, my English is failing me now. [laughs] So, it spread here, and I think it spread here [to Ontario] because people like me said, "What the hell is Spadina?" I asked this person. They said, "I don't know." "Well, what language is it? Because I've looked it up in the reference library, and I've looked it up … I've Googled it. I've done everything I could to find out where the hell does this word come from? That doesn't have any linguistic origin." Finally, this old Anishinaabe said, "It's Anishinaabe." I said, "'Spadina' is Anishinaabe? I have never heard that." He says, "No, it's 'Ishpadinaa.'" "Oh, that makes sense." I said, "So, why aren't some Anishinaabes trying to get that restored?" Because that's a major artery, and we're still there. First Nations House is there. The Native Centre is there. The library where all the First Nations books are is there. I mean, there's so many of us at Richmond and Spadina that … Native Women in the Arts is there. There's so many of us that are still on that street. It struck me that it must be an Indigenous name because there's so many Indigenous organizations in a very short space and time on that street … Plus, there's Chinese people there, and I will tell you, anywhere in this country where there's Chinese, we're right next door because white people didn't allow Chinese to be around them. "Go over there where the Indians are." [laughs] … So, all the major cities, the Asians—the Japanese and Chinese people—are pretty near to Indigenous people … Chinatown is right on Ishpadinaa. So, I was telling that to everybody that would listen to me. Finally … Susan Blight … got together with the Businessmen's Association of Toronto, who were listening to myself and the Minister of Indian Affairs give a book reading club talk, and that's one of the things I said.… "Well, the language speaker at First Nations House would like to put the 'Ishpadinaa' up. They do it with paper right now, put up various names—Anishinaabe names—but they would like to put up a permanent one."

So, the Businessmen's Association agreed to pay for it. So, that started something going on in Toronto. So, that's an avenue that people can look at to get a translation for various streets. The other one I want renamed is Davenport, which is the oldest continuous-use highway in this freaking country. It's 15,000 years old. There has to be an original name for it, and somebody must know it. This country should find that out because if people think about it, when you move to a new country, you learn their language. You don't make them learn yours. You know, that is so stupid! I'm going to Russia. "You guys gotta start

speaking Halq'eméylem. "El swayel there, Russians! [laughs] Everybody after me!" You know, because it's so stupid! That's ridiculous, but that's what happened here … I have my students and I teach in English and all that, but I also tell them that you can't know anything about Anishinaabes and Six Nations unless you study the language. So, we have an awful lot of young, white kids that are learning the language and can actually converse with each other in Anishinaabe. So, eventually, it's going to change Toronto. You know, there's going to be a group of people that are not Anishinaabe, that are familiar with the culture, that speak the language, that can handle the culture, that can do things in the right way. I mean, it's just gonna change Canada if we're encouraging non-Native people and Native people to speak the language. They would've learned it if we were not colonized. They would've learned Anishinaabe. In fact, lots of white people in 1700s to 1800s spoke Cree and Anishinaabe, difficult as they say it is to learn. I don't think it's that difficult. I mean, what the hell, you know? "Anishinaabe" is their name. It means "people that can go out and get everything they need." They can go out naked and get what they need. They're completely self-reliant people. So, that's amazing. You know what? Europeans talk about that all the time, that we're so self-reliant. But our name means that. Our very language says that.

I have to tell you this. I've been asked by my folks to use the word "si'yam" as opposed to "Ms." Because I said to my aunt, "You know, 'Ms.' and 'Mr.' and 'Master' and all that is connected to private property. We must have a word … " and I knew it was "si'yam" but I didn't want to tell her what it was. She's elder, right? She says, "I could get 'si'yam.' Just wait." So, they had a little meeting, and they said, "We would like you to use that from now on." It means "the one who knows." At least I know something. It's an honorific. It's there to honour you. So, the family, at my uncle's funeral, has made the decision that I deserve this honorific in my own country because, you know... I know when my brother talks to me … The way we talk to each other is kind of strange to the Europeans, but we'll say, "And then I was walking down the street, si'yam, and I walked by and I saw my uncle, si'yam, and my uncle said that you know something about this law, si'yam, and so I wanted to ask you, si'yam." We'll say that, "si'yam," over and over again, this honorific—over and over again, every sentence that we say because he's wanting something from me, and I have it. So, he's gotta recognize it, and he's gotta convince me that he's totally persuaded I have it—I have this information he needs. So, it's like calling the Queen "Your Highness," you know, "Your Royal Majesty" and all that kind of stuff. We say it every sentence, and it just sounds so beautiful when you hear it … And it humbles the other person. It also is humbling

for the person receiving it because it's said so many times that it actually feels humbling as opposed to great. You know, you don't feel great after that. You feel very humbled because he's your brother, a year younger than you, and he's really honouring you in a way that no one else will. In this moment, you are so special to him, and he's willing to say "si'yam" every sentence. So, now they've asked me to use that instead of the Ms., Mr., Dr., whatever it is that their honorifics are, and I'm really glad about that.

FS: So, I should write down that I have been honoured with an interview with Si'yam Lee Maracle? Is that how you use it?

LM: Yeah. I would like you to do that … I've already used it in conversations … I'm thinking, "Oh, I should've probably asked permission a long time ago," but too late. Better late than never. [laughs]

FS: … My mother was telling me … She works with some elders in Alberta, and I said, "Oh, you know, Lee Maracle said that she'll speak to me." She said, "Oh, you need to give Lee Maracle some tobacco." I said, "Oh, well, I'm gonna do a phone interview." So, I was thinking, is it okay if I send you some tobacco in the mail, or is that … ?

LM: Yeah, that would be good because my mother is from Alberta, and that's the Cree-Métis and Cree way … They're very clear about that, yes, and the Métis are very much like that, too. My mother is from Lac La Biche, which is a Métis community, and her family was part of the Riel rebellion and all that kind of stuff. They speak Cree, just the same as Cree people. A lot of Métis speak Cree. So, they have the Métis ways, and they definitely do do the tobacco. It's so you can do spirit-to-spirit. It's not a conversation between two humans about "pass me that board over there." What do you call that in English? I can't remember the word. Ah shit, there's a word for it—utilitarian. It's not a utilitarian conversation. It's an exchange of knowledge, which requires tobacco, and that binds me to truth-speaking. Don't make up stuff, because we are terrible for making up shit. [laughs] If you don't give us tobacco, we'll make all kinds of stuff up. If they don't know the rules, they'll really get themselves in trouble. I know that's terrible to say, but it's true. [laughs]

FS: All right, well, I will make sure that I will send you some tobacco then. Thank you so much. I'm really, really grateful.

LM: All right, bye-bye.

variations on the word

Anahita Jamali Rad

1.

the same sky towers
that same disparity

the city despairs
marks its distance

fills in the gaps

i'm looking for the lost fibres
the materials that determine

speculative horizons
structured relations

between you and me and the shelves
they built of our ground

and up and up
until we fled

and the soil we couldn't take with us

only breath

2.

come on you, let's go you

goodbye is a way to leave

light always fades into its opposite
and the conditions under which
never falter

because *i've forgotten everything*
even the way you feel in the dark

is a cosmic reality
a necessary tactic

a geographic arena
uninhabitable arrangements

we breathe until we stop breathing
and sometimes we breathe again

an array of opportunities
an image of all that we lost

the rugs we left behind
in faded grey

when you bleed and i

3.

when first the body
frantic and painfully permeable

that first banal body
a potential to this

collective of dislocated is sometimes
representational

residual a memory
made visible through history

when your outrage includes yours
when first scripted then used to this
when includes your this malignantly astonished

in back roads to
when cut roads to
or i or i or i or i or i
to give this space

something to
when the split screen reminds you

come on you, let's go you

in this city where renewal
obscures the neighbourhood

the material is memory until
progress is forgetting

and our collective histories

4.

they say we live in a world-class city
where the economy requires us to be

hungry

familial
but not familiar

you say you want a language that refuses
an aesthetics that kills

we say we want to leave the city
we want to live in a classless society
we want to write a postcard that reads

another world is possible

come on you, let's go you

from *Four Effigies for the End of Property: Preempt, Improve, The Highest and Best Use, Be Long*

Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill

I made *Four Effigies for the End of Property* while thinking about two different but related concepts: private property and sculpture. I wanted to know how lot #274, the lot on which Polygon Gallery sits, came to be property under the law of Canada, how it was expropriated from the Sḵwx̱wú7mesh First Nation, how it came to be understood as the rightful property of settlers, and how that idea became naturalized in the minds of so many Canadians. Each work in the series considers an idea or mechanism through which the land was turned into private property: preemption, improvement, highest and best use, and belonging.

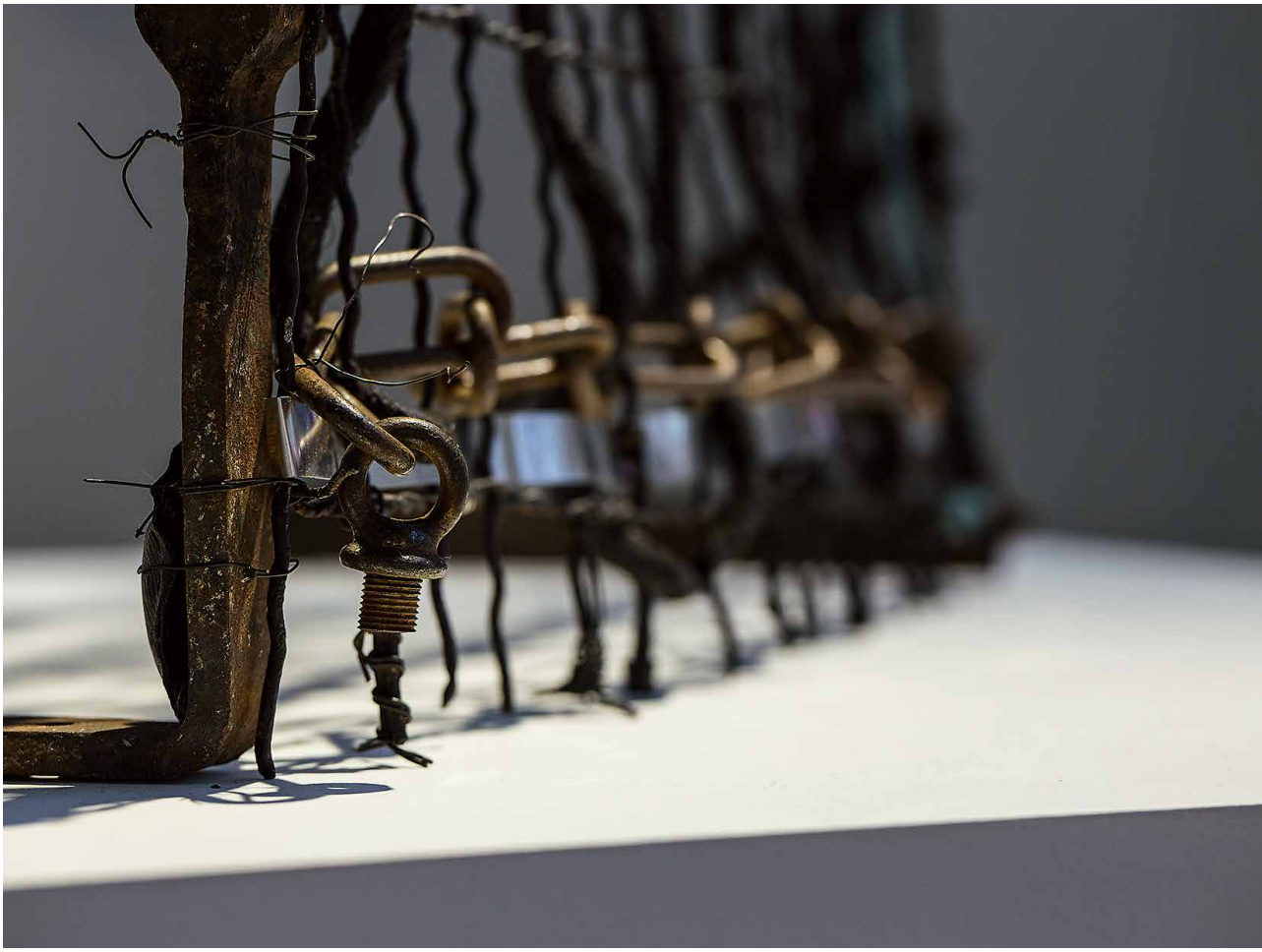
Regarding sculpture: I had been thinking, what do sculptures do? I came across the word "effigy" in an anthropological text about the history of Cree sculpture. The word was used much like "fetish" often is, to describe a practice of object-making that hopes to influence material reality. The works in *Four Effigies for the End of Property* are images of four ideas that intend to have a kind of power over those ideas, a kind of undoing power, an ending power.

Photographs by Angie Dubé

Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill, *Be Long*, from *Four Effigies for the End of Property: Preempt, Improve, The Highest and Best Use, Be Long*, 2017, mixed media (de-accessioned artefacts from the North Vancouver Museum and Archives), 23 x 98 x 14 inches, courtesy of the artist

Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill, *Preempt*, from *Four Effigies for the End of Property: Preempt, Improve, The Highest and Best Use, Be Long* (detail), 2017, mixed media (de-accessioned artefacts from the North Vancouver Museum and Archives), 10 x 32 x 16 inches, courtesy of the artist

right and left: Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill, *The Highest and Best Use*, from *Four Effigies for the End of Property: Preempt, Improve, The Highest and Best Use, Be Long* (detail), 2017, mixed media (de-accessioned artefacts from the North Vancouver Museum and Archives), 71.5 x 32 x 16 inches, courtesy of the artist



right and left: Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill, *Improve*, from *Four Effigies for the End of Property: Preempt, Improve, The Highest and Best Use, Be Long* (detail), 2017, mixed media (de-accessioned artefacts from the North Vancouver Museum and Archives), 36 x 29 x 16 inches, courtesy of the artist

This is an urban story

Hiromi Goto

This is an urban story 1

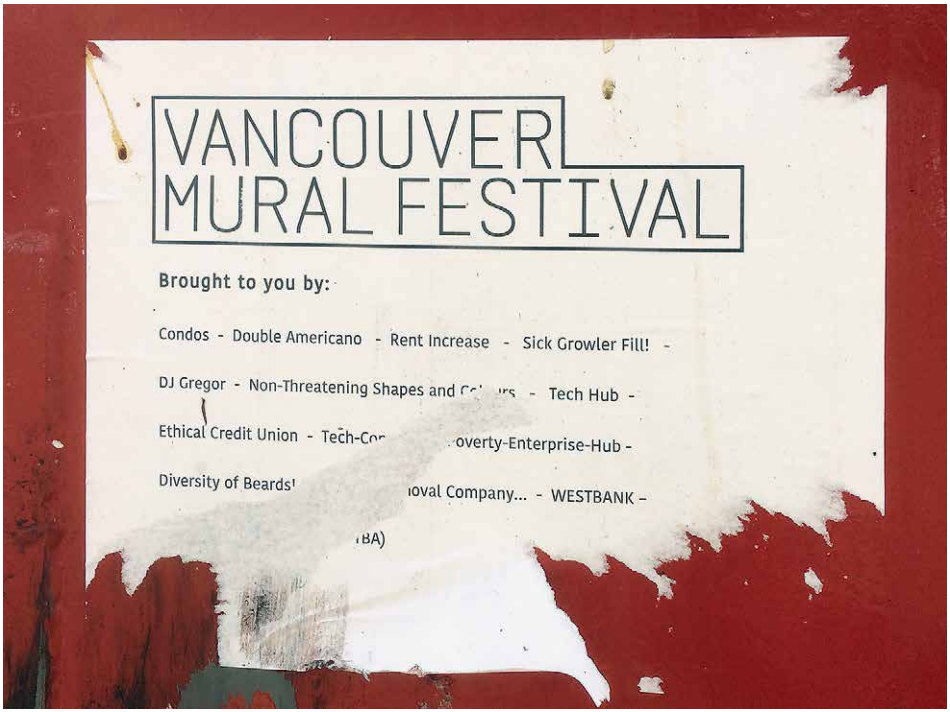
This is an urban story 3

This is an urban story 2

Displacement #1, #4, & #5

Clint Burnham

VANCOUVER
IS
OVER


VANCOUVER
MURAL FESTIVAL
Brought to you by:
Condos - Double Americano - Rent Increase - Sick Growler Fill! -
DJ Gregor - Non-Threatening Shapes and
- Tech Hub -
Ethical Credit Union - Tech-Co
overty-Enterprise-Hub -
Diversity of Beards!
oval Company... - WESTBANK –
BA)

Single Sentence Publishing

Fabiola Carranza

"We're almost finished," installed from October 28 to December 8, 2017
Photograph: Maegan Hill-Carroll

Fabiola Carranza uses media such as signs, posters, and pennants as spaces to reinterpret and defamiliarize vernacular language. For her Single Sentence Publishing project Carranza adopted the t-shirt slogan "we are almost finished" used by Motown Records in 1976 to appease fans waiting for the release of "Songs in the Key of Life" by Stevie Wonder. The project plays with the ambiguity of the statement "we are almost finished" as it relates to the infrastructure of the neighbourhood in Maillardville—a nod to the rising tension between property re-development in the province and community displacement. "Finished," in this sense, might imply a quasi-apocalyptic triumph of land speculation. It is the "almost," however, that alludes to other more hopeful outcomes.

—*Zebulon Zang and Fabiola Carranza*

The Japanese-Canadian Community in Pre-World War II Kitsilano

Yoko Urata

Japanese Language School
photo credit: BC Heritage Japanese Canadian Map

There was a Japanese-Canadian community in Kitsilano between 1904 and 1942. In 1941 about 1,000 Japanese-Canadians were in Kitsilano, which made it the second-largest Japanese-Canadian community in the City of Vancouver. The community included Japanese-operated grocery stores, barber shops, bath houses, a tofu maker, a shoemaker, a Buddhist temple, and a Christian church. Frank Moritsugu, a journalist born in 1922, recalls his childhood in Kitsilano: he attended kindergarten at the Church of the Ascension Japanese Anglican Church, and then Henry Hudson School, followed by Kitsilano High School. In addition, he attended Japanese language school daily, played baseball, and practiced judo.

The community grew as lumber and mill workers moved to Kitsilano. In the early 20th century there were several mills along False Creek, the largest being the Rat Portage Sawmill close to Kitsilano. Groups of men who had lived in the same prefecture in Japan worked together, and lived in boarding houses near the

KI - CHI - RANO
1941
(pre war JC community)

Imperial sign
Kobayashi 1519
Yamamura 1529
Tsuji 1533
Sato, K 1537
Kadonagu 1547
Cabins 1593

1520 Sarada
1540 Shujinodaira Sato, K
1548 Masuda

1689 Okada

Fir Street

1600 Lumber Yard for wood and chips

1600 Empire Metal Works
Singh 1627
Tatsumi 1627 1/2
1630 Christie Truck & Car Parts
(Grocery) Tsuji 1633
Adachi 1635
Grindley 1641
Canada Ice 1641
(Conf) Kimura M 1649
1650 Birch & Co
Bombay Trading 1657
Rear Cabins 1661
(Barber) Obayashi T 1661
Rear Cabins 1661
Obayashi F 1661
1668 Tahara K.
1672 Japanese Language School
Nishizaki B 1673
1672 Tasaka K
Akada S (rear) 1673
Kuromi M 1677
1684 Kitsilano Buddhist Church
Masaki 1677
Terada Y 1677 1/2
Ebata Mrs E 1687

1700 Kobayashi
1720 Omura, K
1720 Maeda, T

1606 Sumi Y (built by JC)
Third Ave Service Stn 1603
1616 Tanaka
1616 Kurahara
Tsuji T 1613
1616 Kitasaka
Saito S 1615
1616 Kawata
1616 Saga
Ohashi S 1617
1616 Umemoto
Takahashi K 1621
1618 Tsuji
1618 Yagi K (built by JC)
1618 Kashima
1618 Kimura
1622 Omoto
1632 Sakaguchi S
Triangle Parts 1635
1638 Orientals
1642 Watanabe (rear grocers)
1642 Sumi H
1646 Orientals
1652 Omoto T
1652 Mura (rear)
1658 Nishimura H (built by JC)
1658 Takanoka, S
Buchanan 1657
1658 Adachi Y
1662 Murakami H
1668 Orientals
Triangle Eqpt & Truck Parts 1669
1672 Yoshida K
1674 Orientals
Jacksan 1679
1684 Katchi, R
1692 Orientals
Isherwood 1695

Hamada 1935
1600 Paul
Kadonga 1602
1610 Dempster
Adachi 1612
1618 Nakamura E
1624 Insecticide Shop
1638 Assic Drycleaners
1650 Case
1662 Inglis
1668 Cain / Whittaker
1672 Taylor / Cook / Coupon
Omoto 1674
1676 Peerless lunchroom
Nagani, K 1684
OK Taxi
Matsushita 1694
Sakata
Pine dressmaker
1698 Peerless lady lunchroom

1607 Holta
1607 Oriental

Pine Street

W 1st Avenue

1700
1706 National Biscuit
Woo, J 1703
Wells 1707
Sando 1711
1718 Omura, K
1720 Maeda, T
E. Indian Mission 1717
Takashima T 1723
1732 Dutch Painting
Yabuki, S 1733
Yakura 1737
1738 Bennett
Saga S 1737
1742 Yamamoto T
Hayakawa M 1743
1748 Nakashiba K
Imata S 1747
1752 Barber
1758 Moritsugu M
Singh 1763
Adachi, Y 1767
1772 Sinker
1776 Murphy
Dryland Wood Yard 1786
1780 Dempster
NW Wood 1785

W 2nd Avenue

Wakabayashi 1805
Yamada 1815
Japanese Church Pt Ascension (Rev Nakayama) 1701
H Hayashi 1701
1718 Yamada Mrs K
1720 Murata Y
1722 Singh
Cooper 1723
1726 Murata T
Singh 1733
1742 Orientals
1746 Fujita I
Kobai 1747
1752 Nagami T
Kohara 1751
Tsuji T 1755
Orientals 1755
1762 Perth Drycleaning
Boston (G.P.) 1763
Copeland 1767
1774 Yasui Mrs K
Dewyn 1775
Martin 1777
1782 Nakamura S
1784 Greenwood Canoe Co
Waters 1785
1798 Ito Mrs K

W 3rd Avenue

Umada Towel & Linen 1919
Peerless Lady 1955
1712 Tokaira, U
1718 Yamada Mrs K
1720 Day, D
Master cleaners 1758
1760 Kitsilano lady
1760 Orientals
1762 Orientals
1776 Singh, P
1776 Big Chief Woodyard
Orientals 1772
1780 Waters

W 4th Avenue

Kitsilano map credit: Nikkei National Museum

mills. Prefectural associations (membership clubs) were very important to Issei;[1] Japanese immigrants from the same prefecture (or village) spoke the same dialect, provided emotional support to one another, and helped newcomers find work.

Frank Moritsugu's father emigrated from Tottori Prefecture. Recruited by another man from Tottori, Frank's father worked in the pulp mill on Vancouver Island before coming to Vancouver with his family. Then Frank's father was hired as a gardener and moved to Kitsilano, where he was closer to his customers as well as to other families from Tottori.

The Vancouver Japanese National School, founded in 1906, is the oldest in Canada; the Kitsilano Japanese Language School was founded in 1916. It functioned as a school and also as a community centre. People gathered at the school for meetings, to practice the language, and for entertainment. There was a judo hall, which Issei fathers built, in the basement. Every day after public school, children went to the Japanese language school for an hour and a half. In 1940 there were 240 students at the school.

The education of Nisei[2] was always an important matter for Japanese parents. Most of those who had immigrated were not fluent in English, so children needed Japanese language skills to communicate with their parents, and to help their parents communicate with the larger society. Moreover, parents also valued the ethics and manners taught in Japanese school. From the early 1900s to the early 1920s, children were taught the full Japanese curriculum, by qualified teachers from Japan. As more and more people decided to stay in Canada, curriculum became a major issue. Some parents pointed out that finishing Japanese school did not prepare children for Canadian high school: children lacked English skills. Because discrimination against the Japanese was prevalent in BC, parents also felt that children needed an education in Japanese language and ethics to feel a sense of pride in their heritage, and to overcome the hardships they would face.

In 1919 the Vancouver Japanese National School principal announced a new policy: children should attend their local public school, before attending Japanese language school after public school hours. Along with the policy, the school also changed its name to the Vancouver Japanese Language School (as it is still known). In a few years, all the students of the Vancouver Japanese Language School were also attending public school. Other smaller Japanese schools followed suit.

As language schools were not required to fulfill the standards set by the Japanese Ministry of Education (regarding teacher qualification), it became easier to found these schools: now children in small towns could also take

1 Japanese-born first generation immigrants.
2 The second generation born in the new country to Japanese-born immigrant parents.

Japanese language lessons. In 1941 in British Columbia, there were 51 Japanese language schools, with a total of 3,966 students (up from seven Japanese language schools, and 506 students, in 1920).

Children were Canadianized through public school education: they were taught principles of democracy and fair play. Nisei were told to assimilate to become Canadians; however, when they did, they were not accepted by the larger society.

Discriminatory laws in pre-war BC deprived Nisei of civil rights and job opportunities. Even well-educated Nisei had difficulty finding jobs. Thomas Shoyama, who later became a prominent public servant, graduated from UBC with degrees in economics and commerce with honours. He could not, however, find a job. Shoyama worked at a saw mill and then became the editor of the Japanese-Canadian English newspaper *The New Canadian* in 1939. The newspaper targeted a Nisei readership, and disseminated knowledge of issues relating to their civil rights as Canadians.

On December 7, 1941, as Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Canada declared war against Japan. The first Japanese-Canadians to be arrested were community leaders, Japanese language teachers, and martial arts specialists. All the Japanese language schools were closed. With the exercise of the War Measures Act, all persons of Japanese origin, regardless of citizenship, were treated as enemy aliens. In 1941 roughly 75% of Japanese-Canadians were Canadian citizens, born or naturalized in Canada. In 1942, about 21,000 people of Japanese origin living in the 100-mile coastal zone were uprooted from their homes.

Frank Moritsugu's father was sent to the Yellowhead work camp in early 1942. In March 1942, Frank's mother and his six younger siblings were sent to Tashme detention camp to join his father, who had been moved there from the work camp. Frank was sent to Yard Creek work camp in April 1942 and worked there for 16 months, until August 1943. One of Frank's brothers was also sent to Yard Creek. In August 1943 Frank moved to Kaslo, as he had been invited to work for *The New Canadian*. Frank worked there for seven months until around March 1944, when he moved to St. Thomas, Ontario—where the rest of his family had moved—and started working on a farm. The federal dispersal policy was gradually pushing Japanese-Canadians to resettle east of the Rockies. Frank volunteered for the Canadian Army in early 1945, when Japanese-Canadians became eligible to enlist. He was sent to India to train as a Japanese-language interpreter for the British counter-intelligence forces.

The federal government continued its dispersal policy even after the war. In 1946, 4,000 people were deported to Japan. It was 1949 when BC enfranchised Japanese-Canadians, and they regained freedom of movement. Some people came back to BC; others started a new life outside BC. Some could not come

back even if they wanted to: the federal government had sold their property without the owners' consent.

In 1977, a celebration was held for the 100th anniversary of the beginnings of Japanese-Canadian immigration to Canada. As Japanese-Canadians gathered on Powell Street, where Japantown used to be, many of those who had been scattered, and had remained silent, came out and met one another.

Through the tireless efforts of the leaders of the Japanese-Canadian community, a redress agreement with the federal government was achieved in 1988. The redress, which included an apology and compensation for the Japanese-Canadians who suffered injustices in war time, reflected Canada's overall commitment to human rights.

Though today there is no Japantown in Vancouver, the Japanese-Canadian networks and cultural activities remain. In July 2016, Heritage BC launched the Japanese-Canadian Historic Places Recognition Project, and in April 2017 fifty-six historic sites were officially recognized by the province. Included in the sites were the Japanese Church of the Ascension and the Kitsilano Japanese Language School. Today, the Nikkei National Museum & Cultural Centre offers a walking tour of Kitsilano. No Japanese buildings or artefacts from the pre-WWII era remain, but stories, photos, and the map of "Ki-chi-rano" (see page 38) recall the days of the vibrant Japanese community that once lived there.

Church of the Ascension photo credit: BC Heritage Japanese Canadian Map

Two Poems

Taryn Hubbard

Suburb Land Strip

Raise a concern.

Tell the pawn shop guy
in Starbucks I've got to see a girl
over a missed economic
boom.

Roll up the rim
on Best-Buy-Loblaws
speckled
super blocks.

We now offer
state-of-the-*argh,*
where are the parents?

I took from someone
and now feel stasis.

Can't talk now,
but the city between goal posts
is a culmination

of various bad habits,
frequent misunderstandings.

Should I believe
what you said
about the future
of this place or not?

For a social anxiety silver bullet—
try the bedroom community
after dark.

When I can't sleep for days,
I lament the deep dreams
I won't have the chance to forget.

Sounds Only Youth Can Hear

On steps where one
might sleep public
alarms chime reminders
to go.

What a difference
an alarm makes at
decibel only youth should hear.
I can hear it, still.

A reckless buzz
every, endless, day
scatters people
from across the highway,
even.

I can hear the alarm
above the traffic
in front of the clinic
across four lanes.

Its high pitch chirps, *away away,*
away away.

from *contrite*

Chris Turnbull

sometimes, accessing an encased, nebulous memory, we'd ask each other the time.

This was a gangly mess and invoked sensory limits from our descriptions of our habitats:

canopy, ocean, prairie, alpine, desert, city, motherboard or campfire ring.

as if to recover lost ground:

the Curator sent us notes
on curled
on water-stained
on black-specked
paper.

speaking now, a reminder

one wishful evening,
one of us brought
a dented pan-flute,
discovered
in the searching-tree
between two opposite limbs: tree's crotch
such riot, we laughed hard, bent
double, ribs over ground
sun a warm hand on our limbic
zones

we joined from every place, as singular, opting for unsynchronized connection.
the Curator noted stereoscopic collusion. how to explain

remnants as key to our sentience, as our
sentence for
dislocation that
resulted from
a collective
we named
you

you are a false song, a quick
silver filament
that seals
our skin
a macabre
dense
rot of a
folk
story

you are
an unfounded
delinquency our fingerpads
touching on

parentages

(by some
fucked luck
discovering

contact through
systems of

abysmal circuitry)

to summarize:

to detoxify

we hooked
up

as said,

we gather
guided
by a Curator
of sorts

seems real enough,

—

gives us a hum
in our geologies,

or an epigenetic
sort of
pinch

or as we jump off the iron spar
glide current mud, moss, collected rain, whatnot
slow moving

the Curator notes
this has been done before. Pointless
to counter with theories of
suspension or wave engineering:
here
is suspect; we are not
interested

in where here leads
what it was

red balloon
our supine suspension

twists, drifts

our feet
on silt and
ties, the embedded
components of
a ferry
slip ~ warped

metal sign
with ancient dates

—our cooking pan

we live
in curious
times

QueerSUM心

Karin Lee

Born and raised in Vancouver, Karin Lee is a writer, director, producer, and media artist whose works consistently traverse new territory and form.

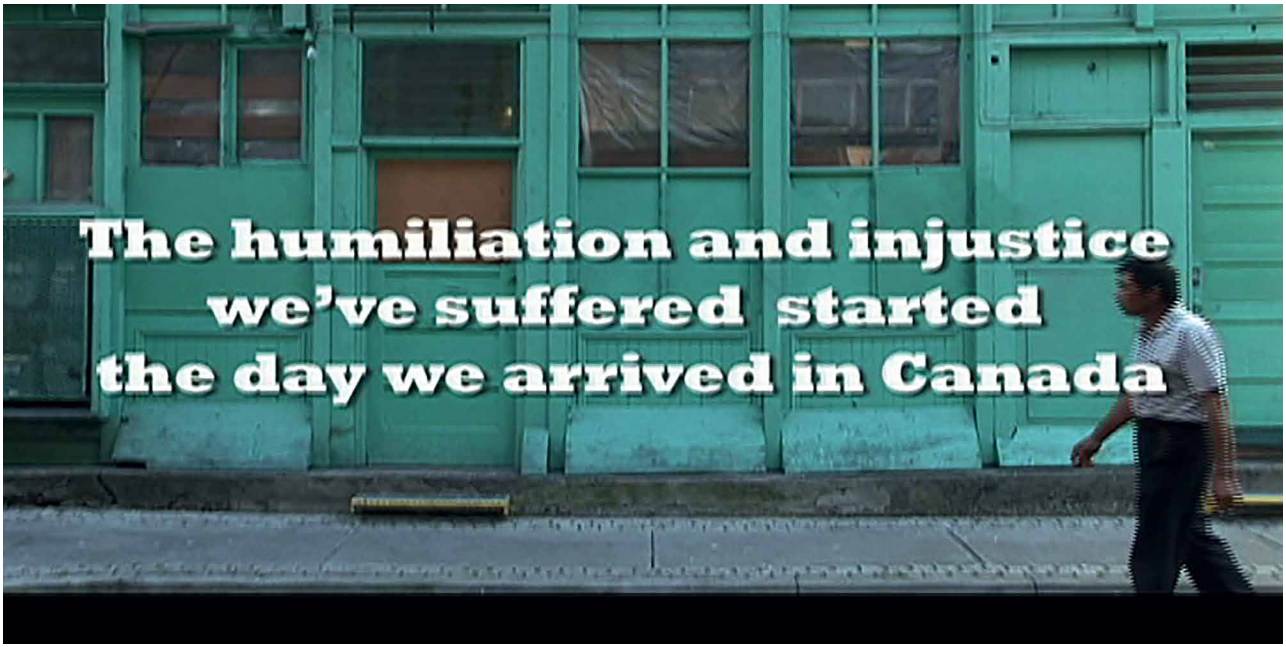
Lee's art has been heavily influenced by her own family history. From an early age, she was exposed to the political movement and ideology of Chinese socialism in Canada through her father, who ran a fledgling communist bookstore in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside in the 1960s—a story portrayed in Lee's 2005 film *Comrade Dad*. Her great-grandmother Tsang Ho Shee, who had bound feet when she arrived in Canada in 1901, is the inspiration for the period drama *Small Pleasures* set in Barkerville, BC.

Themes of trans-Pacific migration, gender, identity, and intercultural contact surface in her documentaries such as *Made in China*, which portrays Chinese adoptees in Canada searching for their identity; *Cedar and Bamboo*, which highlights intermarriage between Chinese immigrants and First Nations people; and *Shattered*—a two-channel video installation commemorating the devastation of the Vancouver Anti-Asian riots that took place in Chinatown and Japantown in 1907.

Lee's first solo show, QueerSUM心, exhibits this spring at the newly opened SUM Gallery, in the heart of Vancouver's Chinatown where Lee grew up. The exhibit investigates sentiments around being "Queer-sum" (a "Chinglish" translation and play on the words "queer love"), and explores perceptions and definitions of "feminism" from the late 1800s to the early 1990s, in a North American context and across the Pacific in China. The three media works in QueerSUM心 blend documentary and experimental multi-channel video installation, using satirical narrative and multiple languages including English, Chinese, Japanese, and Chinook Jargon.

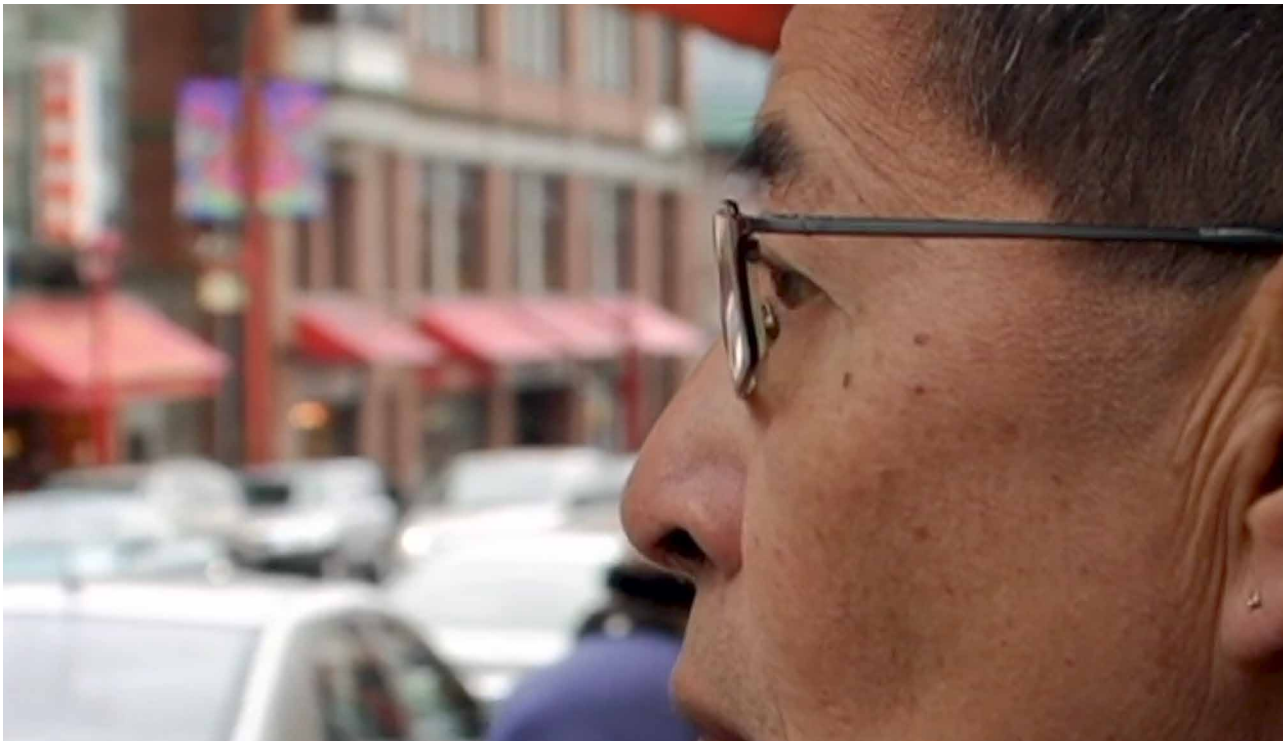
Karin Lee, from *Small Pleasures*, film stills, 2016

Karin Lee, from *Comrade Dad*, film stills, 2005



Karin Lee, from *Shattered*, film stills, 2007

Karin Lee, from *Shattered*, film stills, 2007



Karin Lee, from *Cedar and Bamboo*, film stills, 2010

Organize Your Building

Belvedere Residents

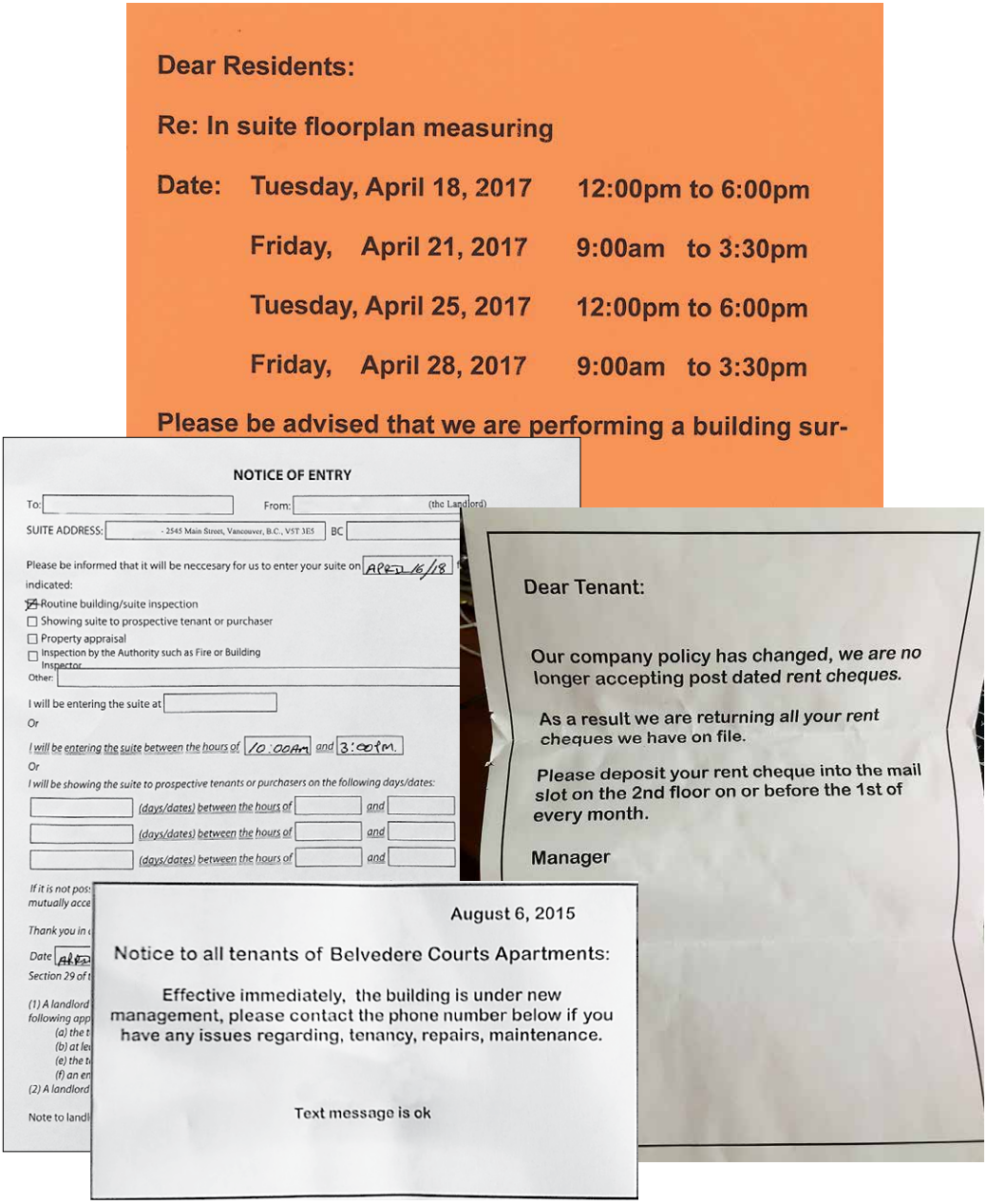
Photograph by Rebecca Brewer

The following pages have been collected from the residents of the Belvedere Court. The Belvedere is a historic Vancouver apartment building that sits at the corner of Main and 10th in Vancouver's Mount Pleasant. Now, threatened with its demise as affordable housing, residents have formed an intricate effort to remain housed in a rapidly changing neighbourhood.

Photograph by Joshua Wright

In 2016, we began to organize through a mass email thread, initiating a building-wide conversation regarding the ongoing issues we were experiencing, and which many of us see as an increasingly aggressive campaign of dislocation by building management. We began inviting all residents to document their experiences living in the building, with text and images uploaded into a shared Google drive folder.

Notices as documented by various residents in the building



Dear Residents:

Re: In suite floorplan measuring

Date: Tuesday, April 18, 2017 12:00pm to 6:00pm

Friday, April 21, 2017 9:00am to 3:30pm

Tuesday, April 25, 2017 12:00pm to 6:00pm

Friday, April 28, 2017 9:00am to 3:30pm

Please be advised that we are performing a building sur-

NOTICE OF ENTRY

To: From: (the Landlord)

SUITE ADDRESS: - 2545 Main Street, Vancouver, B.C., V5T 3E5 BC

Please be informed that it will be neccesary for us to enter your suite on APRIL 16/18

indicated:

☒ Routine building/suite inspection

☐ Showing suite to prospective tenant or purchaser

☐ Property appraisal

☐ Inspection by the Authority such as Fire or Building Inspector

Other:

I will be entering the suite at

Or

I will be entering the suite between the hours of 10:00AM and 3:00PM.

Or

I will be showing the suite to prospective tenants or purchasers on the following days/dates:

(days/dates) between the hours of and

(days/dates) between the hours of and

(days/dates) between the hours of and

Dear Tenant:

Our company policy has changed, we are no longer accepting post dated rent cheques.

As a result we are returning all your rent cheques we have on file.

Please deposit your rent cheque into the mail slot on the 2nd floor on or before the 1st of every month.

Manager

August 6, 2015

Notice to all tenants of Belvedere Courts Apartments:

Effective immediately, the building is under new management, please contact the phone number below if you have any issues regarding, tenancy, repairs, maintenance.

Text message is ok

Numerous tenants report feeling intimidated and harassed; they describe experiencing stress as a result of visits made by property management to their homes in what they see as a series of attempts to negotiate the termination of their tenancies.

Photograph by a Belvedere resident

Ongoing construction and renovation work in the building over the past year has resulted in what many tenants describe as numerous and repeated violations of the Residential Tenancy Act. A tarp has been left obstructing the window of several units for over a year. Ladders, tools, and construction debris have obstructed the common areas of the building.

The tenants of the Belvedere with the support of the Vancouver Tenant Union would like to collectively show their solidarity with Steve W. We appreciate and value Steve's presence in our building and are angered by the news of his impending eviction.

Belvedere tenants are calling on the city to strengthen its Tenant Protection and Relocation policy to require landlords who renovate apartments to allow former tenants to return at the same rent.

We call upon our governments to stand by their commitments to the federal Aging in Place mandate.

We call upon the province of BC to:

create eviction protections for seniors

create eviction protections for tenants facing homelessness

create rent control, tying rent to the unit rather than the tenant,

disincentivize renovictions

eliminate the redundant 3 strike law for late payment of rent

Excerpt from a letter written by the Belvedere Residents Organization, December 28, 2017

Proposal for Belvy Art Project!

Hi Everyone,

The Capilano Review is open to a submission from us here in the building on their current theme of Place and Displacement. Vivienne and I got together to discuss a possible project and I was inspired by her comment regarding the growing acoustic soundscape of the building.

As a submission, I was thinking we could create a graphic score for a series of sound events in the Belvy. The events could be simple like vacuum or blender sounds and the score could take form around the concept of the 'sonic genome' developed by Anthony Braxton. It would look something like this:

1) We draw a blueprint for each floor and surrounding areas—fire escapes, court-yard, stairwells—deciding whether to include the street level and alleyway or not

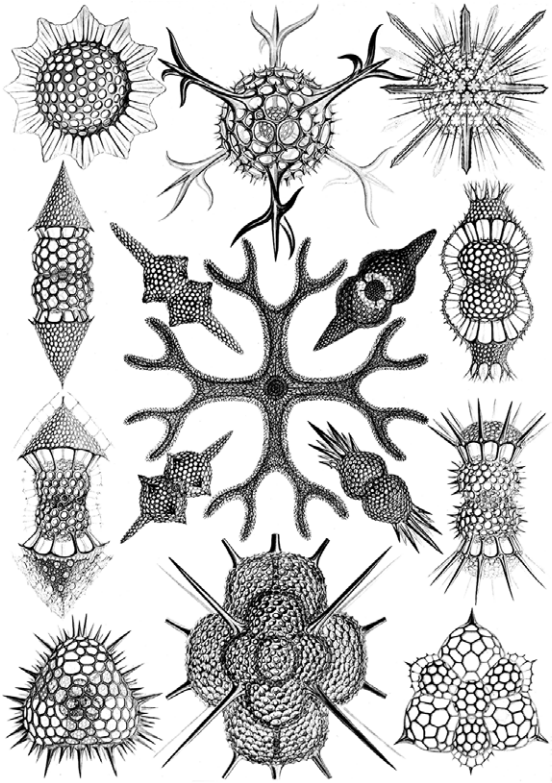
2) We draw pictures or symbols on the score to represent the location and time of each sound event.

The blueprint would also show empty rooms, as these are a symbol of our predicament. The score should make a relevant comment on how the building is part of our lives and how this is threatened.

—*Alice Hamilton*

BELVEDERE

X-MAS PARTY



december 19th
7pm
suite 203
bring thy friends

Flyer by Cristian Hernandez-Blick

"We preserve the sounds in our language": in conversation with Larry Grant and Sarah Ling

Fenn Stewart

On March 23, 2018 I met with Larry Grant and Sarah Ling to discuss local projects to increase the recognition and visibility of hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓*, the ancestral language of the* xʷməθkʷəy̓əm *(Musqueam) people.*

Fenn Stewart: I was hoping that we could talk about some of the projects that the two of you are doing . . . Sarah, you emailed me today about [the hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ street signs recently unveiled on the University of British Columbia's Vancouver campus].

Sarah Ling: A lot of these events correlate to one another. It doesn't just start from scratch. Larry has been working at this for years—more so than I have. I think it's a good perspective to take, when these kind of unveiling events happen, that a lot of effort has been put in prior to those moments.

FS: Will [the new street signs cover] the whole of campus? How many new signs will there be?

Larry Grant: No, there will only be about ten signs … And it's not on any of the streets that have names, actual human names. It's like Main Mall, West Mall, East Mall, Memorial Road … Because there's very few, if any, roads or streets that are named after human beings in our culture, as hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ people. And it's a colonial thing to name buildings, streets, after human beings … For a while there [the street signs project] was kind of a challenge in the sense of how are we going to do this, because we can only do it without actually putting names on there. And many of our names are family names. And we don't have a right to use our name—I have a name that I use, but I don't have a right to say ok, put this on a street sign out here. The name actually belongs to the family. I'm just privileged to use it, as long as I'm respectful to the name. And then if I start to get rambunctious and do things that are not respectful for

the name, then my family can say, okay, we're going to have a ceremony, we'll have a gathering, and we're going to take that name off you, and you can't use it any more. So that was something that was a challenge and we had to talk with the university people and explain that to them … In the community of xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, as a boy, it was a dirt road. Crown Street came down, and about a block and a half past Marine Drive—then there were no more signs … [Roads] were never named until we put in a subdivision and then they started to. The city wanted road names. So the names at xʷməθkʷəy̓əm are from different sites or different areas in our history. Like sən̓aʔqʷ, sən̓aʔqʷ, it's Kits Point … For us to be out here at UBC it was a challenge—to say no, we're not able to [name roads after people]. Even though we want more recognition and more visibility, certain things we're not accustomed to doing. And that was a challenge … The Main Mall is called "the road where everybody is" because that's the main road. Then the other road is "facing towards the mountains"… the road going around the perimeter is called "going around the perimeter, along the perimeter." That's significant of the way we have directions, direction indicators. Because we do not have the cardinal points of the compass. Our references are "going upriver, coming down river, going with the tide or against the tide, with the current, going up from the beach, or coming down to the beach, or going out to sea away from the beach." There are no cardinal point directions in our directions. So that's another challenge … I always tease Henry [Yu, professor of History at UBC] that the Chinese wouldn't give us the compass [laughs] … So we didn't use the compass as reference points … It won't be all the streets, because many of the streets are named after prominent alumni and I don't know what process there is to change street signs. Because I know in the City of Vancouver it might be a ten year process to change the name of a street. And in those ten years you'd have townhouse meetings and have a lot of trouble … I'm working with the City of Vancouver to name public spaces right now. Heritage Vancouver has a project going too, along with the City of Vancouver—so they're parallel projects, but regarding the same issues. And the other trick there is, colonial political issues that we're saddled with—since Confederation—muddies up the whole issue of family connections. The colonial isolation has created pockets of different colonial political ideas of self-identity, and identity to land. So that's the other issue that pops up … We do have a working relationship with our relatives. On a colonial political scale we might be at odds with each other that way, but on a familial level we're not at odds with each other. So it's something that we have to work out ourselves. But it's something that is coming in more and more since

the Truth and Reconciliation process has begun. And that's one of the ways that we can get more visibility and acknowledgement that there was a society here prior to colonial contact. And that's an issue that many, many, many people from other areas—and even in Canada, from Canada—are not aware that this area was populated by Indigenous peoples of xʷməθkʷəy̓əm, Sḵwx̱wú7mesh, and səl̓ílwətaʔɬ, and probably sc̓əwaθən and q̓ic̓əy̓ and kʷikʷəƛ̓əm … Anglicization of many of the traditional words makes it appear that no one was here, and yet there was. And to be able to use the NAPA, the North American Phonetic Alphabet, which is a derivative of the International Phonetic Alphabet, that indicates it's a language other than English, even though we're using all of the English word symbols. They're not familiar to first language speakers of English because they did not learn how to use their dictionary, they didn't have to use their dictionary …

When we [were] naming the largest building, the final building in Totem Park [Residence at UBC], we had to do a presentation at the Board of Governors [about the hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ names gifted by Musqueam to Student Housing and Hospitality Services to use for the houses at Totem Park Residence]. And the Board of Governors, all very highly learned people, the question popped up—which is a normal question—can you phoneticize it? Well, how do you phoneticize phonetics? [laughs] If you open up your dictionary—and I know you all know how to use a dictionary—you look at the pronunciation guide. And that's what we're using as a pronunciation guide, because we need to preserve the sounds in our language, not the way of spelling. In English, the way of spelling is preserved but not the way of pronouncing it … To me, it's more important for us [to preserve the sounds], because if you change the sounds in the word, you change the meaning of the word. In English, there are so many different dialects of English, it really doesn't matter. But in our hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ dialect—there's only three major dialects, and we're one of them: the downriver dialect of hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓. And the linguists call it "Halkomelem," but our old people say that's not what we speak, it's hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓. And that's important for me in the sense that if I don't argue it's hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓, then I'm saying that it doesn't matter what my mom told me, doesn't matter what my grandparents told me, doesn't matter what my great-grandparents told me. The colonial linguist is insisting it's "Halkomelem" and our community keeps saying no, its hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓—Halq'eméylem is upriver dialect, not downriver. And by using our orthography—the NAPA—or the First Nations Unicode that's derived

from NAPA and IPA, we preserve the sounds and our way of representing the sounds in our language. Not the way other colonial linguists want to represent it. And the way we use it is to preserve the sounds in our dialect … If we use other methods, the English speaker defaults to the English way of pronunciation. And we see that all the time, and we hear it all the time when we're doing the language classes and having to reinforce over and over and over again, the vowels. We only have five vowels, and that's it. English has probably 30 vowels. They always say it's AEIOU, but AEIOU has about half a dozen variations in how it's pronounced, so there are more than half a dozen vowels in English—but it's not recognized. It's not considered important enough, because it doesn't change the meaning of the English words. But in hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ it does change the meaning of words and this is why we insist on using the First Nations Unicode font, orthography, for it.

FS: I spoke to Sarah about the fact that our magazine is called *The Capilano Review*, because we used to be funded by [Capilano College, now Capilano University]—speaking of examples of words which are then spelled with English letters … Many people, including myself, do not pronounce "Capilano" properly—and there's also the issue of the university and the magazine and so many places in the Lower Mainland using this word, and not having permission, and not understanding it, and not saying it properly. It turns it into a totally different word. A friend of mine from North Van told me he grew up thinking it was a Spanish name …

LG: I call it "dumbing down"—you "dumb down" because the English-speaking person says, I can't pronounce it. Ok, you leave this part off and leave that part off, you come close enough. We know what you mean, but you're not meaning what you're saying. That has happened with different names, but with qiyəplenəxʷ, which is anglicized to "Capilano," lenəxʷ—the xʷ at the end—is not a sound that's important in English, but it's important in hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓. So they end up leaving it as an "o," "Capilano," but it's qiyəplenəxʷ … It took me probably 20 years to be able to be conversant, at an elementary level of English, so after four tries, trying to make sounds that you're not familiar with, why should I dumb down? You should try harder and harder and harder, just like our ancestors did to learn how to speak English, and speak it properly, or accurately … I don't think it's fair to different languages and different cultures to simplify words … because you are changing the meaning of it. And I find

that hard to digest … We as little children have learned to have muscle memory. So, as adults, learning someone else's name … We just need to move different muscles in a pattern … There are many, many sounds in our language that are identical to English sounds, but the consonant clusters are different. There's clusters there without vowels. So the English-speaking voice tract is not accustomed to moving in that manner, and they have a challenge to pronounce our words. And it's only a manner of learning which muscles to control to be able to make the correct sounds, sequence of sounds.

FS: I'm really grateful for the work that you two have done [putting sound and video clips of hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ words online]. Hearing somebody say [a word], and being able to press it over and over again is really valuable, if you don't have a teacher with you.

SL: I think that's really the best way to learn, is to hear speakers of the language for how the sounds should be pronounced.

LG: There's a rhythm in there … If I'm reading, it comes out a little different than a student reading it … If you're able to read a language that's foreign to you, with the sound representations, you may not catch the rhythm that is in there just from the text. Being literate is not enough … I can remember being in a class where I could read it, and this is in the Yukon, I was sitting in that class and I could read it—but I didn't get the rhythm or how the accenting shifted. And listening to an older person that was there just say it, I went, Oh! It's got a lilt to it. And it's not really represented in the text. The accent is there but the lilt is not there. And that really made a big difference in our teaching class. Being able to access that word list over and over. Each word that you wanted to hear you could actually punch on it. When we first started it was a cassette tape … It really helped the students having the ability to pronounce the words as accurately as they do now. It takes a while. Takes a while to get that muscle memory to work …

FS: And when children learn from their parents they have that opportunity to hear words over and over and over again … [Sarah,] did you take the hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ language classes?

SL: I took them early in my Master's. That's where I started to work with Larry on various projects. I think it was important for us to share those pronunciation

clips with the residents at Totem Park because much of what Larry was talking about earlier was one of the biggest hurdles we had in 2010, when we first named hən̓ləsən̓ and q̓ələχən [the Houses at UBC Totem Park Residence that were gifted hən̓q̓əmin̓ən̓ names by Musqueam]—is to get across the point that these are important sounds that you will lose once you anglicize the words. And so that became a long discussion with members of the university in order to get those names approved and to be used day to day. But I think showing them the different tools that are out there, especially with technology, and reminding them that students are very engaged, and are here to learn different points of view, was important—and not just to generalize how [the students] might react was important.

FS: When you consider that many students at UBC already speak many languages, and have learned many languages … Perhaps they weren't giving the students enough credit.

SL: I don't think so, no. It was about, you know—"international students might not engage well, or even domestic …" and the arguments were not totally thought out … We speak about the importance of even seeing the symbols to know that it is a different language, and it's actually the ancestral language here. So those symbols are important to have visibility—it's not only the sound but to have that formal signage recognized within the city …

FS: Are there any projects that you're aware of, in elementary schools nearby, for hən̓q̓əmin̓ən̓?

LG: Not at the moment. There is an initiative to have Indigenous languages in the school system but that's another five to ten years down the road, I believe. In our area, it's the human resources. And the other issue is working around union rules, because that's a challenge to be a part of a union workforce and not being a certified teacher per se, other than being a language teacher. That's something that we have to work around. We don't have that many certified teachers. And if they are certified teachers they're teachers on call, they're not employed.

SL: I don't remember what grade level, but recently in Prince Rupert they've started to teach Sm̓algyax language in the public school. So that wasn't in place when I went to school.

LG: It just started.

SL: So they must have—perhaps some more instructors. And it's a relatively small city, so it may be more feasible to do in a small town.

LG: Sm̓algyax̱ has—we don't have any first-language hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ speakers, but Sm̓algyax̱ does still have maybe a handful. And they have a very large catchment area of Sm̓algyax̱ … But here … we can teach, but having the human resources is the challenge. In xʷməθkʷəy̓əm there's a department of four now—there's two full-time and two part-time, and then we're doing stuff like what I'm doing right now—stuff that I did just before coming here—doing a welcome—or being involved in projects with the city and things like that. The Truth and Reconciliation calls to action has created a whole new—I would say explosion—of the need and the want for Indigenous content, including language … It's overwhelming, the requests that come now. It was overwhelming already, because you go from a department of one and a half to two and a half to three and then four … And then teaching at the university level, and then trying to research things and work with different projects, it's overwhelming. The road to burnout is real easy. And it's hard, it's very difficult to say no to a lot of things because it's needed stuff. But it's also … an economic thing too, not being able to attract someone … Is it viable, economically viable, to concentrate on language and culture without a job? The resources, the financial resources are not there to support three or four people to come on board full-time. The attraction is not there. And then there's other issues that come into play … The trauma carried from Indian Residential School survivors. That trauma is passed on without realizing that you've passed it on. And a lot of it is just through body language. And I know you as a parent know that—that if you turn your back on things, that two-year-old perceives that pretty quick. And realizes every time he says something like this, you turn your back on him. You don't say anything, you just turn your back or turn your head. That child perceives that. And that is the trauma—that's the challenge to work beyond, accepting self—the value of self, and the value of what comes with self, originally, that has been marginalized, since contact 'til now. And all of a sudden it's being opened up. And you can see that trauma appear in the classroom. It's disheartening—in the sense of, well, you're working with someone that's traumatized, and there's nothing you can do, because you're not a trained psychologist, and you have to be careful how you tread. And that's something that we see as teachers in the classroom. How do you make it important enough to come to … Now that [some government] funding is available, how do you pull out the people that might be able to move

in that direction? Right now there might be half a dozen schools in British Columbia that are immersion schools, in the different languages, and some of them have survived on their own, without funding from the government, without funding from the community—they'll do fundraisers and things like that and just tough it out, and work with family members. Those are the ones that will hopefully get a piece of that funding right away to alleviate that stress, that financial burden … They're trying to create language legislation for this Liberal federal government to be able to pass into law, before the end of their term … I know in my life that a lot of the people that did go to Indian Residential School just turned their nose—they want no part of it— anything to do with it—no language in my life—because they were punished so severely as children, as little children. They may have been conversant when they were six years old, but when they left residential school at fifteen, no-one spoke it. They would never speak. Not even utter "thank you." Could not even say that. That's how deep that goes. And these are the grandmother generations, the grandkids don't hear it, the language. Any traces of it coming from the grandparents. And every child picks up on that. They know the major language that is being spoken within the house … So that's how deep it goes. And we have to try to figure out how to work beyond that … We do have a comprehensive community plan, and without any fail one of the top three things that's important is to learn the language. But it's a lifelong commitment—it's not four semesters and you're on your way. It's four semesters and then another forty years … It's a lifelong thing. A lot of students become aware of that and say, Oh, I don't want to do this the rest of my life. And you say, Well, you have to! It's all part of life—it's life-long learning!

RESURGENCE

Zoe Mix

She turned in a circle as she sang (24)
breathed in a heartache a stone
She is told by the billing professional
she is out of network (15)
out of this world in a broken cosmos not in this
universe she is obsolete incongruent not. notable.
For the landed entrepreneur (velvet tongued red chinned)
it seemed the land and labor (women for labor, women for sex, women tied up and sold, in fur coats and nothing else) were for the taking (10)
I share with you (in a morning with blue and red sky) an indigenous interpretation of socio
technical
networks (23) like spiderwebs, like veins in the night sky-
humming brilliant
We were marked as adulterous, blasphemous against the roman catholic—ORDER US NO MORE.
Take me no more.
Colonial church authorities forbade and denigrated indigenous practices.
Her grandmother raped by a priest. She is neither christian nor traditional
Where does she stand?
Everywhere she looks she sees philosophical, religious, spiritual (19) musings
everywhere a loneliness so deep it is ingrained in her very DNA—
left out, heavy
She turned in a circle as she sang (24)

Lines with page numbers are drawn from Marisa Elena Duarte's *Network Sovereignty: Building the Internet across Indian Country* (University of Washington Press, 2017).

ART WORKER'S GUIDE TO POST-OLYMPIC CHINATOWN & DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE

BY N.O.P.E.

THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENT PRESENTS EXCERPTS FROM A FORTHCOMING PUBLICATION BY 221A THAT CULMINATES THE RESEARCH WORK OF N.O.P.E. (NOTES ON POLITICAL ECOLOGIES) IN 2016–2017.

The collectively authored Art Worker's Guide to Post-Olympic Chinatown and Downtown Eastside is a critical glossary that introduces terms, concepts, and relationships that together constitute Vancouver's political conjuncture. We do not claim to present a comprehensive guide to the city's complex entwinement of real estate and cultural institutions, but rather we endeavour, earnestly, to chart the map of collective human action against capital.

N.O.P.E. (2016) was an institutional experiment and collective research program initiated by 221A. The program assembled a collective of Vancouver-based emerging artists, writers, and researchers, and invited them to appropriate 221A's exhibition space as a site of communal study from 2016–2017. Over this time, we formulated propositions to reconfigure the institution's relationship to Chinatown and the Downtown

Eastside. These neighbourhoods have historically constituted a vital nexus of struggles for immigrant and working class power, Indigenous sovereignty, and the right to housing. At present, this contested terrain is besieged by a resurgent campaign of capital investment —'economic revitalization'; or eviction, displacement, and gentrification. N.O.P.E. considers its activity as a repudiation of the 'political' artist as, foremost, an advocate for the oppressed.

We locate this understanding of the artist-as-advocate within the American scholar and union organizer Jane McAlevey's taxonomy of what she calls "change processes": advocacy, mobilizing, and organizing. The advocacy model of "change processes" conceives of social good as something achieved through small wins fought for by a professional class on behalf of a marginalized-client-group. This logic is typical of the 'political' artist's contrived relationship to 'the political'. However, advocacy, much like most 'political' art, does not affect significant shifts in the balance of power between the employer and the employed, landlord and tenant, the ruling class and the ruled.

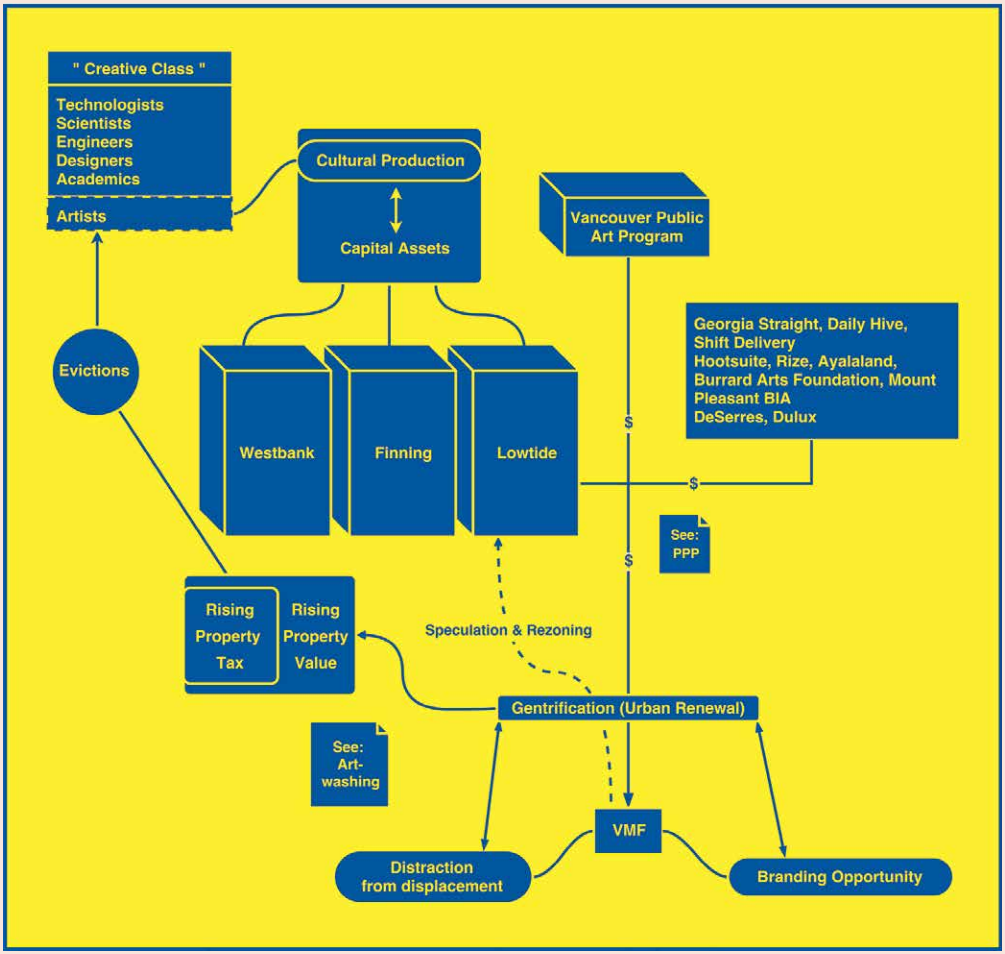
N.O.P.E. conspires as such to shift the work of the political artist into the territories of mobilization and organizing —that is, to discard the bourgeois pretensions of the artist and re-embed her as just one of many agents in the collective struggle for a better society. Our research embarked from the sober premise that strategies of 'political engagement' deployed in contemporary art practice have proven inadequate in winning material ground in the struggle against capital's death grip on life-in-common. Between the depressive self-flagellation of institutional critique and the naive optimism of 'social practice', contemporary art, even with the best intentions, has rarely been able to shake its generic tendency to deactivate social processes and immobilize them as artefacts for contemplation and consumption. It is an understanding of poor people's movements not as a raw material to be sublimated by the supposed genius of aesthetic mediation, but instead as pulsing, living energies whose rhythms the artist's heart and mind must, ethically, be integrated within. In short: N.O.P.E. 2016 was interested in the reorientation of the work of the artist—not the work of art—towards the living practice of solidarity.

Without consigning the field of art and its operations entirely to the wastebin of commodity culture, N.O.P.E. 2016 sought, rather pragmatically, to imagine how the art institution, as a peculiar concentration of resources, human capacities, and relative 'freedoms' in action and expression, could lend itself as an effective instrument to anti-capitalist organizing.

FROM ART WORKER'S GUIDE TO POST-OLYMPIC CHINATOWN & DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE BY N.O.P.E.

→ ARTWASHING

Artwashing refers to a set of ideas and processes that instrumentalize the production of "art and culture" into speculative real estate development. Art becomes at once an incentive to build a massive condo and a justification of gentrification after the fact. You can recognize artwashing in overly ambitious branding schemes that cast a forthcoming condominium as a gesamtkunstwerk (a German term for "total work of art") and heroic developer narratives that not only give a heady concept to the building, but also infiltrate the imagination of prospective homeowners. The future



owners of these vacuous boxes can be proud to say they live in a "work of art" because it is a testament to their creative lifestyles or career goals.

Part of the term's slipperiness can be found in the fact that artwashing is more about the feeling of art, than it is about content, or anything of artistic substance. Ultimately the art that developers parade around is decorative. Any specific aesthetic is secondary to the more lucrative task of selling condos. The idea is that the displacement of working class residents by a bland, shoddily built condo block feels a lot better when you think of the whole thing as a work of art.

As a rhetorical tool, artwashing promises a lot. You can follow a genealogical line back to the proclamations of New Urbanism (Jane Jacob's *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* being a classic text), which was looking to address urban alienation through feel-good design changes. Artwashing promises that a real estate development will bring exciting sights, sounds, and smells; a whole new realm of sensations that the already existing neighbourhood just couldn't provide for an invading class of young urban professionals. "Arts and culture" is evoked in the name of displacing already existing arts and culture.

Artwashing in general tends to end up quite clunky, but the Vancouver-based luxury real estate developer Westbank has explicitly rebranded themselves as a "culture company," which is a rather heavy-handed deployment of the tactic. Westbank claims that it's not just creating expensive condos, but actually creating culture. Westbank even has an exhibition to inaugurate their rebranding efforts, called "Fight for Beauty," because after all, who can argue with "beauty" when it's a completely empty signifier that requires a triumphant struggle? The exhibition features architectural maquettes, marketing copy written in neon, artworks from the company's private collection, Jean-Paul Gaultier haute couture, and Westbank-commissioned public artworks by Rodney Graham, Stan Douglas, Douglas Coupland and a host of others. Westbank is obligated by the City of Vancouver (and many North American cities) to allocate a percentage of their development budget towards public artworks, but that doesn't stop them from positioning themselves as a selfless supporter of the arts. We have reason to be angry with artwashing, which uses the plight of art workers as an excuse to gentrify the more affordable neighbourhoods that we live and work in.

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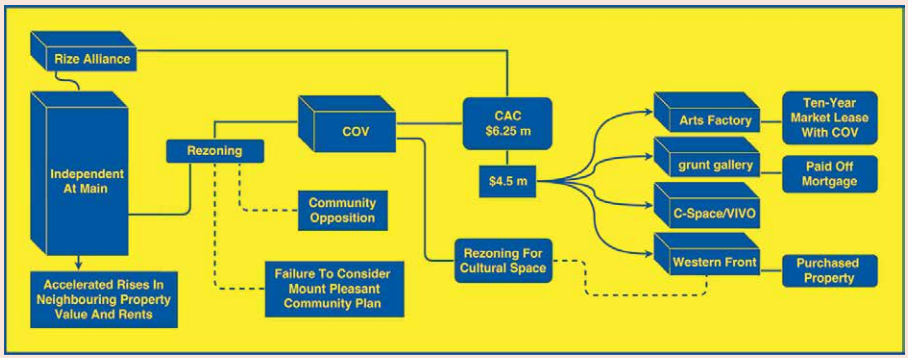

→ COMMUNITY AMENITY CONTRIBUTION

A community amenity contribution (or CAC) is a negotiated cash incentive provided to the City by developers when a property is rezoned, ostensibly to help offset the municipal cost of infrastructure and amenities that will come to service new residents. The cash may be put towards on-site amenities (parks, libraries, childcare centres, cultural facilities), "affordable housing" (because we know the City's definition of affordable is a farce), or granted directly to the City, cash-in-lieu. Acting as a sort of loss lead for developers, CACs are predicated on the idea that they will increase land value, which creates an incentive not just for the developers themselves but for local landowners as well. Since the tax is geared specifically towards private development projects, many other types of developments receive exemptions from CACs, including social housing, public schools, community facilities, places of worship and buildings with floor areas related to heritage preservation.

This system presents some obvious conflicts of interest. Since CACs are negotiable on a case-by-case basis rather than fixed, inevitably development projects that have more cash to offer the City get preference over smaller ones; developers can literally bribe their way to higher density, thus higher profit projects. They can also act as a tool for stifling community resistance to developments, as concerns about increased density and displacement are muffled by a narrative of developers "giving back to the community." Some may argue that this system produces much-needed social housing. Inevitably, increased land value and the creation of new amenities catering to the land-owning class lead to the pricing out of low-income residents (see P3).

→ ART WORKER

If you dedicate any form of labour to the practice, presentation, or discourse of art, you are an art worker. In 1968, cultural theorist Raymond Williams differentiated work from labour like this: work stands in for general doing or making, as well as all forms of paid employment, while labour is more explicitly affiliated with the organization of employment under capitalism. For art workers, the structures that buttress these definitions do not apply. Paid employment has been converted to cultural currency ("exposure"), specific knowledge ("a good opportunity for you"), or expanding professional networks ("a good person to know"). An artist's "employment under capitalism" is slippery to locate as well. Under our current state of capitalism, artistic labour is encapsulated by a masochistic combination of freelancing, short-term contract jobs, keeping our fingers crossed for CARFAC fees, and holding our breath for grant results. These are the labour conditions of art workers.

There is an imbalance of value ascribed to the art worker's labour. Compensation for artistic labour is given as surplus value, as reward, even though it has not accounted for the physical and material labour that produces it. The labour is accepted as a labour of love ("doing what you love") or entry level decorum ("paying your dues").

In the inverse, but equally problematic case, the value of artistic labour can be inflated beyond speculation once it enters a viable profit scheme, such as a public art commission offered by a developer. This contributes to a developer's utopian vision of a "creative city" so the value of artist labour can be an accessory to the overall profitability of a real estate development. Art workers are uniquely oppressed because their labour can be exploited and instrumentalized on either side of the poverty line. Without being able to distinguish our "bosses" from our patrons and funders, these working conditions are difficult to locate and refuse.

The claim that artists are too busy, privileged, or lack the resources to sustain their practice as well as participate in social movements or community organizing is a fallacy. We are not too busy, we do not lack resources. Arguably, this is in itself symptomatic of the effects of neoliberal ideology: heightened individualism, entrepreneurship, privatisation, a

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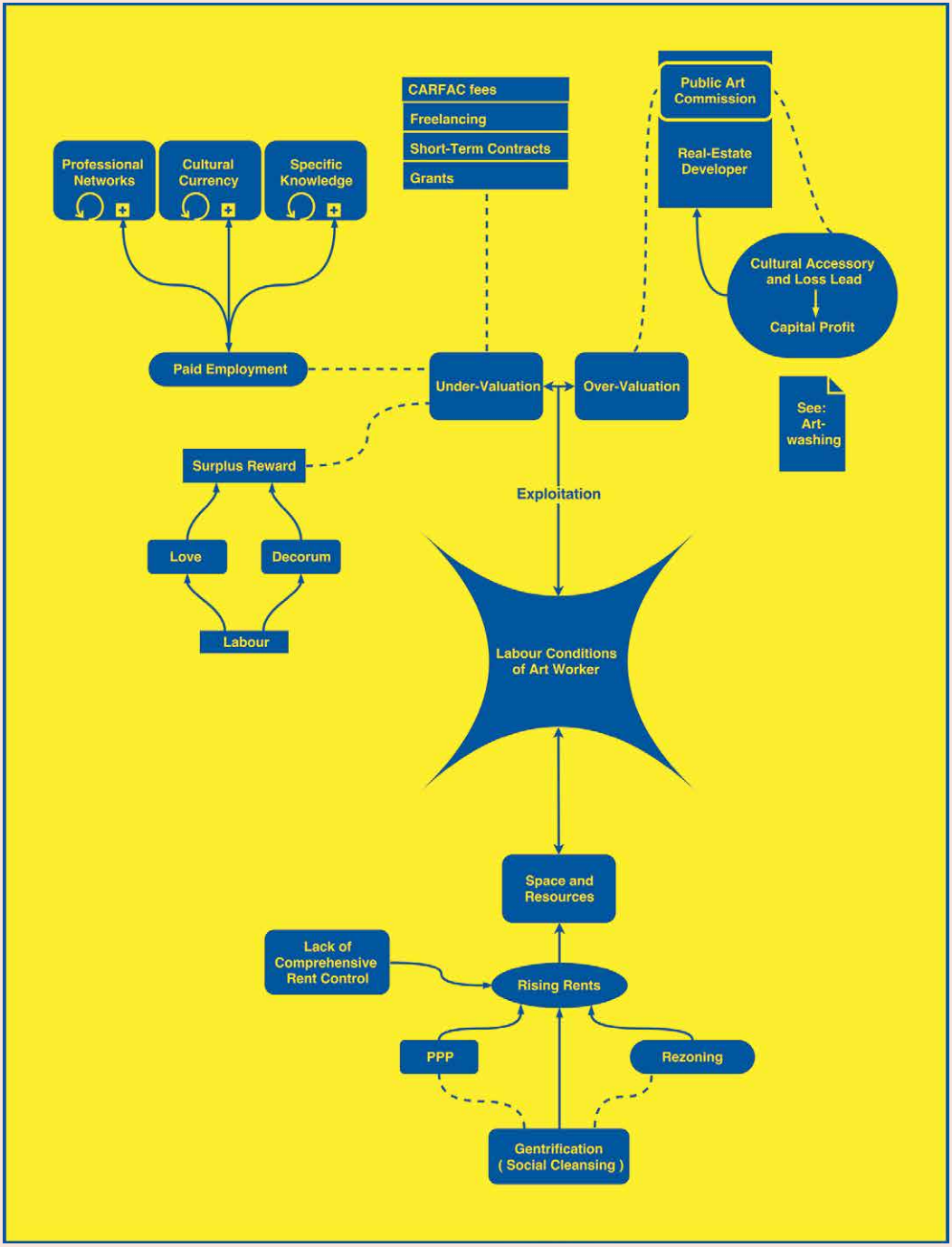
Professional Networks
Cultural Currency
Specific Knowledge
CARFAC fees
Freelancing
Short-Term Contracts
Grants
Public Art Commission
Real-Estate Developer
Cultural Accessory and Loss Lead
Capital Profit
Paid Employment
Under-Valuation
Over-Valuation
See: Art-washing
Surplus Reward
Exploitation
Love
Decorum
Labour
Labour Conditions of Art Worker
Space and Resources
Lack of Comprehensive Rent Control
Rising Rents
PPP
Rezoning
Gentrification (Social Cleansing)

do-it-yourself attitude. The notion of an artist's wage remains a "nice idea" and perhaps too radical a concept. A reliable and dignified structure for the exchange of labour for a wage is the stretch of imagination that keeps artists vulnerable to systemic labour exploitation, and self-exploitation too. Work and labour often become afterthoughts in the fruition of artistic practices.

The question of how will I make a living as an artist begets practical questions like "how do I show my work?" or "how will I sell my work?" or "who will buy my work?" Further simplified, the question becomes, who, or what, will give me money to be an artist? This is all code for "how will I pay the rent?" This implies that getting shows and selling work will pay the rent, and it might for some, and that is the shoulder shrug of free market capitalism. So, if you are worried about paying the rent, we are paused on the process of going from artmaking to rent paying, and this perpetuates precarious labour in pursuit of an individual rent cheque that annually inches 4% further away from affordability.

Artists may perceive it a liability to their professional status, a personal risk to our own mobility as self-made precarious labourers. If we position ourselves in protest against exploitative opportunities for income, we become "difficult to work with" and "miss out on opportunities." So we may suppress our skepticisms while deepening the normality of these labour practices that we ultimately end up paying for with our livelihood, mental health, and personal relationships.

Art workers have a long history of confronting the practical economics of the art market and museum system, in that artists have organized to set better conditions or exert control over how their work is presented (so as not to be instrumentalized). Their strategies include lobbying for free museum admission, and pointing to the profound lack of representation of women and artists of colour. Artists have been active organizers within social movements dating back to the Paris Commune. The Art Workers Coalition in New York questioned the museum's relationship to labour and environmental exploitation, racial and gender disparity in public collections, and anti-war campaigns. More recently, GULF Labour is an international group of art workers who are actively embroiled in negotiations and provocations with the Guggenheim Museum over their exploitation of migrant workers in the construction of Guggenheim Abu Dhabi. But however historically framed, artists, as professionals or art workers, have exceptional potential to galvanize around causes when given a basis of unity that echoes far beyond their individual practices.

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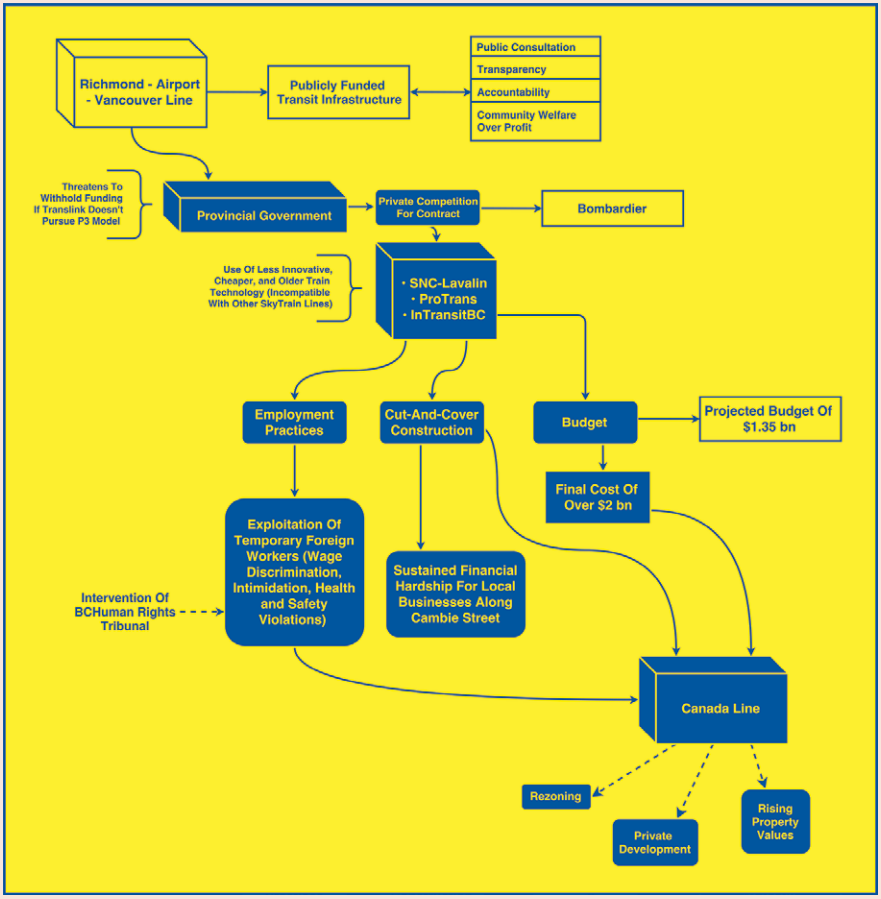


→ PUBLIC PRIVATE PARTNERSHIP (3P/P3/PPP)

It is difficult to write a clear definition of Public Private Partnerships (PPP, P3, 3P), as they are inherently opaque, specific to the context, and there is no standardized protocol or agreed upon definition. Typically, P3s are comprised of fixed and long-term agreements between private and public entities for the construction of public infrastructure and services (transportation, healthcare, schools, community centres etc.), wherein a private entity finances the construction and/or maintenance of a project in return for payment directly from the government. These payments take the form of one-time grants, guarantee annual revenues,

or tax breaks. Allegedly, this model encourages the creation of innovative projects spurred by private competition, while simultaneously eliminating risk for the government (and thus taxpayers) in their construction.

In reality, governments usually award partnerships to companies and corporations that most effectively cut costs, sometimes resulting in unsafe working conditions for employees and greater disturbances to the public, both throughout the construction process and after its completion. In addition, as such projects are for the public but not of the public, details surrounding these partnerships are not readily available, as they would be were they undertaken by the government. This means that the public is granted less access to the process and consequently less power to question and shape public space. Once the project is completed, these issues beget a lack of accountability related to maintenance and upkeep, as well as loss of local control. Governments remain invested in pursuing the P3 model as no costs appear on the budget at the time of construction, but will instead be projected into future years when government payouts begin, alleviating governmental responsibility in both present and future simultaneously.

When private corporations are in charge of managing public infrastructure, the focus will, at its core, be on profit, rather than the welfare of citizens and the quality of services provided. In Canada, the P3 model has become the industry best-practice for new projects, and the party line reads that it is unsustainable and unfeasible for the government to fully fund public infrastructure. Public space as such is being phased out, and in its place we are confronted with convoluted entanglements between public and private.

FROM ART WORKER'S GUIDE TO POST-OLYMPIC CHINATOWN & DOWNTOWN EASTSIDE BY N.O.P.E.

"If she's not following me, I'm following her": in conversation with Maxine Gadd, Rhoda Rosenfeld, and Trudy Rubenfeld

Deanna Fong

The following is an excerpt from a longer conversation with Maxine Gadd, Rhoda Rosenfeld, and Trudy Rubenfeld that took place on March 17, 2017. It is one in a series of interviews conducted in the spring of 2017 that discuss the affective and intellectual labour that is central to the activities of arts and literary communities. All three women have been and remain active participants, collaborators, and interlocutors in and alongside a broad array of cultural formations in Vancouver and beyond. By name, these include the interdisciplinary collective Intermedia, blewointment, the see site photographers' workshop, and the Kootenay School of Writing, as well as myriad other intertwiningsectionalities. For many years they engaged in an ongoing, collaborative music practice with Roy Kiyooka—they played instruments, and improvised melodies, lyrics, and sounds. They are longstanding cultivators of community through conversation, listening, and performance.

Overlapping discussion (Trudy talking with Maxine, Rhoda talking with Deanna):

I felt it when I woke up—Rhoda felt that way—That's why I'm wearing them—It's not a fashion statement?—I think it's Scorpio, you have Scorpio in your chart, don't you?—I made them. It's interesting because what I was doing when I made them was I was transcribing—I don't know anything other than what she told me—I should take it all down again, because I've learned—'cause I did a bit of that for awhile—I know, you used to know what you did with them—my eyes became so strained and tired, so I invented these—maybe you still know—they really help a lot—What?—You know, about the whole astrological—That'll be good to know when I'm doing the transcription. You're

like, "God, I haven't blinked in two hours."—You know how you are then—But there's also a different focal point because there's a screen—And you know how different bodies of information—I call them my digital glasses. I invented them—It leaves us. We have it for a while, and then a lot of it goes—That's why we tried to keep our books—I gave away a lot—I'm going to fill up my wine …

Rhoda Rosenfeld: So hit us with a question, Deanna.

Deanna Fong: Well, let's start with an easy one.

Trudy Rubenfeld: Nothing will be easy. [laughs]

DF: There will be no easy questions. How did you all meet each other?

TR: Oh, my god.

RR: Where did we meet each other?

Maxine Gadd: Well, we'll all have different stories.

DF: Yeah. Everyone has to weigh in.

RR: Well, we met each other, and then we met each other, so there are two stories here.

MG: Yeah, you guys met each other back east.

TR: Montreal. Came to Vancouver.

MG: And you came from New York.

TR: New York to Montreal.

MG: How did you two meet? Tell us! Tell us the story. I want to know. [laughs]

TR: What is the significance of telling this story?

RR: We'll be here for years! We mentioned to you last time we were living on Bishop Street and Trudy was in Roy's class.

TR: I wasn't in Roy's class when we—

RR: The first year.

TR: Oh, yeah, the first year was my last year.

MG: What university was that?

TR: Roy came in my last year.

RR: Sir George Williams.

MG: Oh, that was Sir George Williams. The place with the elevators?

TR: No.

RR: The new building, maybe.

TR: It was the old Sir George Williams University.

DF: It's the one that's just like a big box.

TR: It was the one on Drummond. Yes, it was a box.

DF: Oh, it was on Drummond?

RR: Yeah, it was an old—Even before that one. The big box is on Bishop.

TR: Part of it was the YMCA. It was created out of the YMCA, I think, and over the years it became a university. But it was a small place.

MG: Yeah, the time I saw it—

TR: But people came there.

RR: But Trudy was Roy's student and we lived across the street, so he would come over all the time and have coffee. And that's how we first started hanging out together.

TR: Come over to where?

RR: Where we lived across the street. Trudy and I lived on—

MG: You invited him over?

RR: No! He would just show up. He did that all the time.

TR: He was my professor in my fourth year in Fine Arts. It was a painting class, and he had a core group of a few students that were—

RR: Serious.

TR: Yeah, that he took seriously. So they would go to the Yacht Club with him to have a beer after certain occasions.

MG: Oh, the Yacht Club!

TR: Yeah, it was a bar.

RR: Montreal has bars. Taverns were only for men. I did the census one year, I was like 19, and I had to go into the tavern and there were no women. You had to walk through all these men and go up to the bar and ask the questions.

MG: So what were the Yacht Clubs, then?

RR: They were bars. They were just like two steps down and dark.

TR: Dark, small tables, you know.

RR: Are they still there, some of them?

DF: Where was it?

MG: Did you have to go downstairs into—

TR: This was just down the street.

MG: Montreal has a lot of places like that.

DF: There's that Ziggy's Bar. That's where Mordecai Richler used to always go hang out. That's on Crescent. That's been there for a long time.

TR: The Yacht Club was on Crescent. It was Crescent, McKay, Bishop.

RR: There was one across the street. We could see it from our place.

TR: There was one across, but the Yacht Club was straight down Bishop.

RR: So anyway, that's how we met Roy. Then in 1968 we came here.

MG: When did Roy come out here?

RR: In the summer.

TR: He had been out here already. He came to Sir George. He was at Sir George

for five years. So he came in 1965 and stayed five years, and then left and came back to Vancouver.

MG: So 1970.

TR: Yeah, I guess it was '70.

RR: He was there when the crisis happened. I think that was in 1970, when the riots happened. You remember that?

MG: I remember that, yeah.

RR: At Sir George and they threw the computers out the window.

TR: It was very heavy, yeah.

DF: And the sit-in in the library?

RR: Yeah.

MG: I just remember going to Montreal and getting off the bus and going deeper and deeper into this circle of cops—

TR: [overlaps] How long were you in Montreal?

DF: [overlaps] About ten years.

MG: —and went deeper and deeper into it and then there's other circles of cops inside that, and then finally inside there was this big plaza with bright lights and lots of cops and everybody had guns. [laughs]

MG: I guess it was the army.

TR: Did you go to Montreal to go to school?

DF: No, I was in love. And then I stayed there.

TR: Oh! That's why you go.

DF: Well, it didn't last. Then I fell in love with the city and that's a whole different story. But, yeah, it's a great city.

TR: So you followed someone that you loved there …

DF: Yeah. And then broke up almost immediately.

RR: Who?

DF: We took the bus. We took the bus from Vancouver to Montreal. It took about three days.

RR: From here?

TR: That's a long trip.

MG: I've done that. It was hell.

DF: It is.

TR: I did it on the train, too. Hell.

DF: The worst part is when you get to Winnipeg and you're like, "Ugh, we're only halfway there." [laughs]

MG: You just have to relax and ooze into your seat. You just ooze into your seat. Everybody oozes.

TR: [overlaps] Oh, sure. There's no way! Relax with everybody around you. Oh, my god.

RR: But the landscape is so fantastic.

TR: You can only do that when you're young. You can't keep doing that.

DF: So how is it that—?

MG: Yes, you can.

TR: Go ahead. Keep going.

RR: Go ahead, Deanna. [laughs]

DF: How is it that Roy came to just come over to your place for coffee?

TR: Roy?

DF: Yeah.

TR: We clicked, you know, in that way. In those early years, you're talking about?

DF: Yeah.

RR: But he was like that.

TR: He had certain people that he would go and visit.

RR: All his life. He would knock on someone's door.

TR: People he was interested in.

RR: Nobody made appointments then. People just showed up.

MG: Yeah, we used to visit each other a lot. I used to visit you guys.

RR: You'd just knock on the door. Different era.

MG: Now you say, "Where? What do you want?"

RR: "What time is it?"

TR: So what happened was— Yes, I was his student. That lasted for a few years, a number of years. I just fed him.

MG: Food?

TR: No. [laughs]

TR: Lots of coffee.

MG: Trudy's great. She really makes good food. So does Rhoda. Between the two of them they make wonderful food.

RR: Okay, so you fed him.

TR: Yes. And he fed me.

RR: He fed you.

TR: There was a lot to exchange and I had a lot to learn. I had to learn. I had to fight him. That took a while because he had that aura about him.

MG: Dominating.

TR: He was very powerful in my life in that time, in that way, which I didn't like.

MG: The master. He was the master.

RR: But he was also twenty years older.

TR: Yeah.

MG: Maestro.

TR: More than twenty. People wanted to please him.

MG: Did you want to please him?

TR: Well, of course I did.

MG: But you're such a rebel.

TR: Of course I wanted to. One wanted to give what one has.

MG: But I always got into fights with him. We always, the three of us, would get into fights with Roy.

TR: I wouldn't say fights.

MG: No, but there were struggles.

TR: Struggles. But Roy, his brilliance, his way in which he was able to bring in the world, and talk in interesting ways, and try to get you to speak, and say what you think... You wanted to be able to give him that. To be smart enough to be there. Smarter even. [laughs]

MG: Well, of course, you always want to outdo the master. You want to become a master yourself.

TR: So that was for a number of years and then I started to say— I couldn't go on being who I was with him. It was going to change. There's an actual— [sighs] There's a video in which we actually have that first fight.

MG: Really?

TR: It's not really a fight, let's say, but it's me saying, "That's it."

RR: It's a break.

TR: Not "That's it," but, "This is a limit." That was it. That was the beginning. I broke through and I was able to be an equal at that point. So it was and so it continues to be.

RR: It took 20 or 25 years.

MG: How long ago was that?

RR: That was the '90s, Trude.

TR: No, that was the '80s. When was the tape made?

RR: Still.

TR: When was the tape made?

RR: I don't know. I would have to look.

MG: What year were you at Sir George?

TR: I was at Sir George. Rhoda was at McGill.

MG: Oh, you were? And what years were they?

RR: '65 - '66. That's when we met Roy.

MG: That's much earlier. That's when it was all happening. That's when people were breaking out and accepting it.

TR: That's right.

RR: And things were way ahead in Vancouver because you all had those amazing scenes going on.

TR: The poetry scene.

MG: Where?

RR: The storefronts on 4th Avenue, all that stuff. Montreal was—

MG: They didn't have those in Montreal?

RR: It was very different.

MG: It must have been in French, though.

DF: Yeah. Les Nuits de la Poésie?

RR: I don't know. I don't even know. There were people doing things and amazing things happened, but Vancouver already had that community that you're talking about, where people were working in collaboration with each

other in the mid-'60s. That was maybe a little bit in Montreal.

MG: There was so much belief, and trust, and hope.

RR: We met Maxine—My memory was she was making a book on a machine called a Roneo at Intermedia.

TR: At Intermedia.

RR: You know about Intermedia?

DF: Yeah, yeah.

RR: Maxine was working in Kitsilano on 4th Avenue.

MG: And you were living not that far from me.

RR: That's where I first met you, and that's so vivid to me. There you were making a book! [laughs]

RR: It was so much fun. It was amazing. It was fantastic.

MG: It was a sort of double-barrelled thing and one barrel had this little—

RR: It was like a copying machine separated into copying and printing.

MG: Yeah. It had this little electronic eye or something that was like a laser.

RR: It scanned. It went back and forth.

MG: Yeah, it scanned and then it went into a brain somewhere, which I never did know where that was, and then it would print it out on the next one, which had very simple—

RR: Like mimeo.

MG: —like ink and paper, and that's what you'd do. You'd write your stuff onto that. You could type it on or you could draw it on, or else you could put in different magazines and stuff. You could pick up a certain amount of memes, which I guess are—I'm having a hard time with that word, meme.

DF: Yeah, it signifies differently now, doesn't it?

MG: But I think it's always slightly mystical, isn't it? I think it is involved

with image. And it picked those up. It could pick up colour, too, but I chose the colours when I did mine.

DF: What was it that drew you to each other as people that you wanted to be with?

MG: You know, they're so cute. [laughs]

TR: I think you knew immediately in those days. You could sense who you wanted to know.

MG: These wonderful, beautiful women.

RR: But it's also we were all struggling to become artists. We were just budding, looking for ways to—

TR: We were looking for ways to survive.

RR: And to express.

TR: Without having to enter—

MG: The office world. The commerce world. The commerce world was terrifying. It still is.

RR: It still is.

MG: It has won and is winning.

RR: Then Intermedia was happening here when we came.

MG: Yes! That was quite fun.

RR: Just amazing.

TR: But that also came through to Montreal. I think it was probably in ArtsCanada or something.

RR: We were hearing about it and reading about it.

TR: We read about it. It sounded amazing. Rhoda led the way to Vancouver, actually. I followed Rhoda. [laughs]

RR: If she's not following me, I'm following her.

Ode to Madeline Deighton

T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss [A Skwxwu7mesh Slanay]

Gassy Jack had a love
For Coast Salish Ladies
His first wife
A native gal from New Westminster
[The Q'ayq'ay't people]
She moved to Vancouver
with Jack
by canoe they paddled the Stau:Lo [the Fraser River]
to edge of the Salish Sea
Slightly north round the bend,
to a place known as Luq'luq'i
Her cousin did paddle them to
The shores of the village of Kum'kum'a'lay
In the early days of Vancouver
at the edge of Luq'luq'i
"the Grove of beautiful maple trees"
became a drinking dive
Kum'kum'a'lay, a village of many good folk
Pushed farther North,
and South and East and West
Making way for a new port
A new city being born
No place for native villages
Nor for the beautiful maple trees either
Who gave of their beauty
To inspire the name to which these shores
Were known
for time Immemorial

A forest Becoming a town
A town filled with taverns
The best business to start
was to serve to the people drinks
and fill the streets with drunks
Gassy Jack
Who was said to have been
"Armed with a barrel of whiskey and a sly tongue"
A talkative man who
Loved to share a drink
With whomever had an ear.
A Steamship Captain
First
Turned Saloon Proprietor
By way
of his love for mixing booze & stories
Money was not his goal
Nor his ambition
Sharing stories
Drinking whiskey
That was his desire
A visionary?
Maybe
A hopeless drunk?
More likely
His first wife, fell ill
Early in their new home
In the newly built Deighton Hotel
From her deathbed
She did arrange
For her niece
A young Skwxwu7mesh girl of 12 years
To wed Jack
Young Madeline

[The government name she was assigned]
Was promised to a man
A Man of 40 years
A grown man
Could have been
Her father
Giving birth to young Richard
Young Madeline did
At the age of 13 years
"The Young Earl of Granville"
As he was known
In his very short life
For He only lived to be 4 years
and he never knew
What it meant to become a grown man
Madeline Deighton
Was who she became known as
In Vancouver's history books
Her English name was Madeline Deighton
"The Former Mayor of Gastown"
She did wed
Kw'exiliya—Kwa-ch-all-ee-a
Qua-Hail-Ya
Kwe'xiliya
It was hard for illiterate English folks to speak
our Sacred Snichem Our ancient Complex Language
Even today Vancouverites are terrified to speak the words
The first human words that were spoken
In this land of oceans and cloudy skies
And endless shorelines and wetlands
The idea of being so scared
of something so sacred
Resonates in my Modern Indigenous Brain
Thinking about how many of my people

have been accused of being
Illiterate themselves
Unable to say English words
Simply because
Their first words were spoken in their
Indigenous Languages
Madeline Deighton
At the age of 15 years
Left Gassy Jack
She stood up for her Culture
Her People
Her Spirit
A man who owned the streets of a small city
Sold booze to the patrons of his saloons
A man respected by many
And undermined by a few
She chose to walk away from that life
The boozing
The wild parties
The lack of respect by the newcomers
Towards her People
The lack of Rights by her People
To know and
Understand what she did then
It is phenomenal
Madeline
was 12 years old when she was wed
To Jack
Through an arranged marriage by her Aunt
By the time she was 15 years old
She had left Gassy Jack Deighton
By Vancouver historical records she was
A Woman Disinherited
By Skwxwu7mesh records She was a Powerful Woman

She left him
because all the boozing and the
Wild lifestyle of her husband
Which was, by her view
The very element that
would destroy
Her people
And her Culture.
Young Madeline knew
Then
what our people know today
That our Culture
and our Spirituality
Can neither be
Bought Nor Sold

The Blue Cabin

Jeremy Borsos

As Vancouver's grunt gallery explains, "Representing the last vestiges of a cultural tradition of artists and others living in squatter's shacks along the foreshores of this region's waterways, Al Neil and Carole Itter's Blue Cabin was one of many structures that dotted the shores of Burrard Inlet. Recently, the land adjacent to the cabin, MacKenzie Barge and Shipbuilding, was sold to Polygon Homes for redevelopment … The cabin was moved five kilometres west to a secure storage lot for repair and remediation." grunt gallery has been working with Other Sights for Artists' Projects and Creative Cultural Collaborations to restore the cabin, with plans to offer it as a floating artists' residency space, located "on the waterways of the Lower Mainland."

The following photographs and captions represent the work of Jeremy and Sus Borsos, as they restored the Blue Cabin during 2017 and 2018.

Sus and I have worked together building three houses and restoring two different flats in Europe. We are obsessively driven by our interests in architectural design and the very personal histories contained and expressed by the built world.

The Blue Cabin Committee asked us to assess the structure after it had been moved to a secure site. We thought they just wanted our opinion. After we finished a project in Athens, we thought about the Blue Cabin, now and then, and how much more we liked wood (sawdust is always clean) than cinder block and concrete. Maybe we could do that, we thought. It didn't look that bad. We wondered if work had already begun. The day we sent an email saying we were interested was the same day they sent an email asking if we would like to take on the project. Later that year, we began living, working, and photographing our way through the project, seven days a week.

The cabin gave up a multitude of artefacts, an extraordinary design, and a stream of stories from living memory. "A Norwegian built that cabin," the man said to Al. "The cabin was built on Coal Harbour." That's all we know. We think it was built in 1927, and then floated over to the North Shore in '32. Perhaps the Norwegian built it to live in beside his employment—the cabin was situated beside a barge company.

A union man lived inside for a while—we know it was 1937-38 because that winter he stuffed the letter slot in the door (and the keyhole) with a copy of the Labour Statesman, a paper for the brotherhood along the West Coast. He may have stayed several more years or quit his job after the long winter. We won't know. We won't know how long he worked at the shipyard. Neither will we know his name or the colour of his hair.

The 1950 Family—we call them this because "he" added a shower that year to modernize the place, and stuffed the hole around the wiring with a newspaper from 1950. One article had the headline, "City's Creative Talent Must be Appreciated." We have heard about two children, a husband, and wife. We know she had more than one pair of shoes (because Carole found the shoes stuffed in a far corner of the closet, years after).

Al made the move to the cabin from his digs in Vancouver in 1966, the year before the Summer of Love. By the time Carole arrived in the latter half of the '70s, he was fully ensconced, surrounded by his creative efforts. The shower filled the role of newspaper archive, with a stack of papers that teetered unnervingly.

When we began work, the cabin scared us—it was so daunting a task being the arbiters of historical currency. Six months later, the cabin occupies our own histories and is ready to meet the next hundred years.

It Almost Burned Down—Consecutive images show burn area filled with cinders then cleared to reveal the damage through almost three inches of floor.

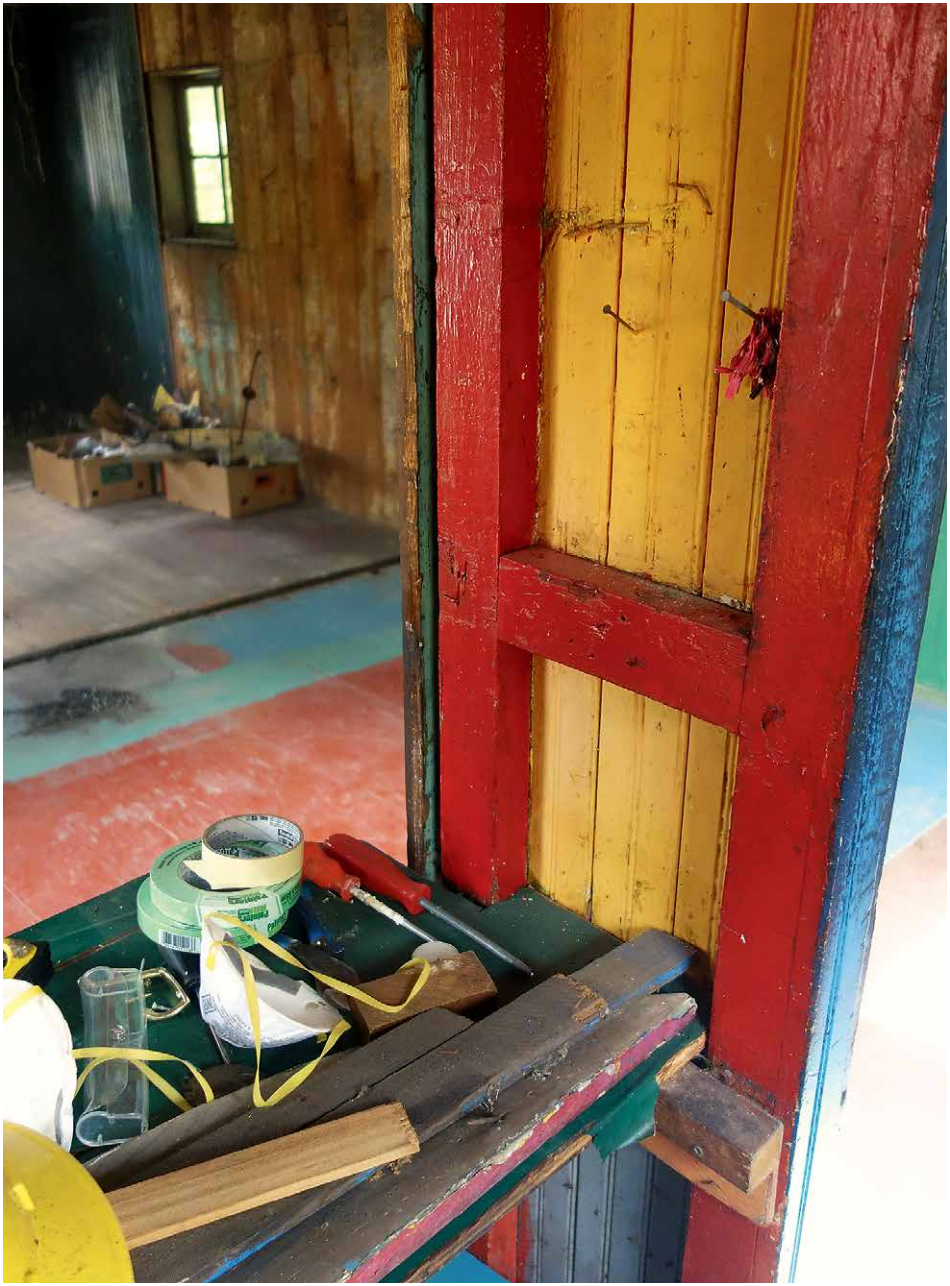
As we removed the plywood that covered the original floor, we noticed a small patch nailed down with four big nails. Removing it disclosed a pile of cinders. Removing these revealed that a small fire had smouldered its way through almost the entire thickness of the floor, fuelled by layers of tarpaper between the floorboards.

Paint—Wall section with trim removed revealing white underpainting.

The Norwegian fellow painted everything white first. This was after he had nailed in all the decorative trim. So the white paint crept behind each board, and fossilized in titanium stalactites that defied gravity (but succumbed to chemical drying). Upon removing the trim, they were revealed: completely random but looking fully orchestrated.

Control—Back side of a receipt for a 1939 newspaper subscription.

This is the reverse side of a 1939 receipt for delivery of the *Vancouver Sun*. Its message is meant to say that it is locally owned, but by any standard it describes patriarchal control. In the end it becomes a fragment reduced by silverfish and today its existence is faltering.



Beginning—View from kitchen into main room with tape ready to label all the dismantled pieces.

Looking out into the room from the kitchen, our tools, face masks, and masking tape seemed alien in the interior landscape. We used many rolls of tape and many pens to label and number all the parts, which became more numerous every day.

Ceiling—Removed twelve-inch-wide ceiling board shows various layers of paint.

Here is a one-by-twelve-inch ceiling board. There is white, orange, another white, grey, and red oxide, all within five inches of one another, divided by a rafter. On one side of the rafter, the kitchen—on the other, the parlour. On the roof side of the board were layers of tar—and then, the Milky Way.

The Arch—Multi-coloured paint defines different rafters. The distinct arch formed a decorative motif repeated inside and out.

The Norwegian who built the place in 1927 decided to cut an arch on one edge of a two-by-ten-inch by eighteen-foot-long piece of wood, forming the shape of the roof line. He repeated this arch motif over a hundred times inside and out, applying it in decorative wooden pieces in various sizes.

Twist-ties—Domestic archive of twist-ties still on their nail.

They don't use these much anymore to close bags of bread or rolled oats. As they hang on their dedicated nail, the twist-ties equate to the consumption of several loaves of bread or even more bowls of porridge. This kind of archive is seldom seen, especially when it is right in front of us.

Particular Astonishment—Shelving from kitchen removed and labelled.

Every part of the small kitchen was carefully dismantled and labelled. The process scared us because the kitchen took an extraordinary form, and had been constructed in a questionable manner. The motif of the arch was used for every shelf—all were painted brightly and besmirched by the funk of cedar smoke and cigarettes and years of simply existing.

Threshold—Disintegration of the doorway evident after removing the sill.

As we began to discover the state of things, we noticed that a host of fungi, insects, mice, and rot had conspired to take over the place. Only the lower red-painted door frame remains in the original—the rest we copied and replaced.

Ants—Rafter removed by Al Neil to drive out carpenter ants.

Carpenter ants don't eat wood, they build a home by chewing it hollow. The chewing sound drove Al half-mad as it telegraphed through the hardened Douglas fir. One day he took a saw and cut the damned thing out. But the ants stayed.

see-to-see

Requiem: Review of *Sitting Shiva on Minto Ave, by Toots* by Erín Moure (New Star Books, 2017)

Meredith Quartermain

Paul Émile Savard died alone on December 4, 2015 at St. Paul's hospital. He was the first person Moure loved in the way of wanting to move in and make a life together, she 21, he 33, in mid-'70s Vancouver. They worked for CN and VIA Rail, Erín as a cook and dining-car waitress, and Paul as a "private-car steward, a very prestigious job" where he served as "butler, footman, cook, and housekeeper" for CN executives. When he ran into trouble with alcoholism, he resigned to work as a cook on the passenger cars.

After several years, during which she became known as Mrs. Savard and almost married him, alcohol drove them apart, he almost took her life. Yet for 33 years they stayed friends and occasionally visited. "The little man" always phoned at Christmas. He called her Toots, and was the first person to tell her she was a lesbian. When he died the few possessions he owned included all of Erín's books and every letter and card she'd sent him. Unfortunately, he'd been living in a bedbug-infested Downtown Eastside hotel, and all his possessions had to be destroyed.

Paul was a deeply principled man. He did not swear. He always wore clean, ironed clothes. He would not kill anything, even bedbugs. He was adept at calming people about to come to blows. He said God was the air we breathed and thought the sky came right down to the ground; you always can touch the sky. He paid his rent and bills, even voluntarily giving a rent raise to his landlord. When alcoholism cost him his VIA job, he kept himself employed in an old folks' home helping them to eat their meals, helping in the kitchen, and staying on 'til retirement, even when privatization slashed his wages.

Moure's text, part memoir, part critical social history, begins with Judith Butler's question: "Whose lives are already considered not lives, or only partially living, or already dead? … This is someone who understands that she or he will not be grieved if his or her life is lost." Moure will not leave Paul among the ungrievable. Her fiercely loving and extremely moving tribute makes sure of this.

During her seven days of sitting shiva to honour him, Moure shows how Canadian institutions both past and present ruthlessly drive Paul and thousands like him into the realms of the ungrievable. Trying to rid the cities of unemployed, the Catholic Church shoved Paul's family into northern Quebec where they and hundreds like them lost everything in a government and church-run *colonization program* (whereby unemployed were posted to remote, rugged

parts of Quebec to "farm" with completely inadequate resources). This of course has eerie connections to internments of Indigenous, Ukrainian, and Japanese people. Destitute, Paul's family moved back to Montreal to baby Paul's first home: Minto Avenue (situated in NDG—No Damn Good, or Notre Dame de Grâce), which was later destroyed in order to create an ugly expressway running like a scar through Montreal. Paul was a literate man, bilingual; he read the paper every day, and believed in education, but the state only provided him public education to grade seven.

As always, Moure's narrative is inventive, wide-ranging, and densely poetic, weaving together threads from Giorgio Agamben, Rainer Maria Rilke, Madame Benoît's recipes, the film *Pierrot à Montréal*, Ferdinand Pessoa and dozens of other sources. I learned much about Canadian history. I want her rhythmic powerful thinking to keep running through me forever.

Review of *Some End/West Broadway* by George Bowering and George Stanley (New Star Books, 2018)

Michael Turner

It's hard to handle this flip-book without thinking of the housing crisis in Vancouver. One need only flip the book over to see that it is shared accommodation, with George Stanley's *West Broadway* bunking with George Bowering's *Some End*, and vice versa. Bowering made light of this at the Vancouver launch this past April when he referred to their book as "West End." Stanley, as if hearing the conflation for the ninth time, made his Felix Unger face and looked away.

Bowering might blanch at the idea that this shared book is analogous to social conditions in the real estate-flipping City of Vancouver, for he has said many times (doth protest, etc.?) that he loathes sociology and, like a good Modernist, no doubt prefers his art autonomous, unencumbered by what younger social media-tors call context (in this case, a context recently described as one of YT colonial-settler entitlement). In "Social Justice," he writes: "In school / socials was just their chicken way of saying history / with something added that was never added" (16). One doesn't have to read too far into Stanley's side of the book to see that this "something" could be equal parts Reznikoff, conflict, contradiction, and simile:

> Tall yellow poles skim the wires,
> blue trolleybuses sail by
> like Swedish yachts.
>
> 99-B's travel fast, carry
> stolid swaying standing students
> like troop transport. (4)

"All right, it's true—we oldsters want / what the young have, time and beauty" (8), Bowering confesses at the outset of his title poem. But rather than elaborate on today's youth, many of whom seem comfortable with their confessions, sharing them glumly, proudly, passive-aggressively, Bowering offers his own: "Knowing something should have / something to do with writing poems,

at least. I always/denied that, and where did it get me?" (8). Stanley, for his part, has paced himself; he retired his "stick" years ago to better understand the coupling that links desire to beauty's love train. At the opening of "Desire for the Self," he writes:

> Laugh in surprise of beauty.
> Laugh at your freedom from desire.
> The boy boarding the bus may even
> Flash you a smile: Thanks for not
> wanting me. (32)

At the conclusion of his title poem, Bowering writes: "I always said poems weren't/supposed to get you anywhere but the end of the poem" (8). Stanley, too, has something to say about this in "Writing Old Age," a prose piece that opens with a question: "Old Age foresees an end, but need writing have an end in mind?" (25). After some deliberation, he arrives at what "I care about, I wait for, a true line."

"A true line. To hear it in language, bypassing thinking" (26).

And then this admission: "But lately I'm less able to do that" (26). Before concluding: "People are crying for sentences! But not for sentences about thoughts" (27).

Is this a future of Canadian poetry? In Bowering's "The Future of Canadian Poetry," he concludes: "You can look forward to poetry in your life,/leave prose behind you, leave social anxiety behind you" (21).

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Contributors

Belvedere Residents is a collective of about 30 tenants who occupy the Belvedere Court apartment building at 2545 Main Street. This heritage Class B signature low-rise building has gone through several incarnations since its early, working-class beginnings. It has served as a college and a dormitory, and has housed a plethora of small businesses that floated in and out of the street-level commercial space. Over the last 30 years, the Belvedere has provided a tightly knit community to hundreds of low-income residents, many of whom are artists, writers, filmmakers, and musicians. After calling the Belvedere home for decades, these tenants have recently been under threat of renoviction. In response, the Belvedere Residents have organized, and collectively contributed evidence, to defend their right to affordable housing.

Jeremy Borsos is a visual artist whose cross-disciplinary works study the past through the language of the archive and architecture. He exhibits his works internationally. Jeremy and his wife Sus have designed and built multiple houses using historical salvage methods. They live on Mayne Island and in Athens, Greece.

Clint Burnham teaches at Simon Fraser University. His most recent book of poetry is *Pound @ Guantánamo* (Talon Books, 2016). The photographs in this issue were taken in late 2016, as a way of noting visual signs of the ongoing displacement and housing crises in Vancouver. They are appropriations/found images, and conceptually continue the "Stories for my iPad" series, exhibited at CSA Space in 2016. #4 is a poster that critiques a mural festival—a poster which someone then tried to tear away. #1 says too much and too little at the same time—the hydro box is tagged and grimy, and "Vancouver is over" is enigmatic: why is Vancouver over? Then, with #5, a sweet reminder, on a bicycle at the Gilmore Skytrain station, of the anti-Olympic protests in 2010.

Fabiola Carranza is a visual artist and writer. Her work has been exhibited in Vancouver and San José. She holds an MFA and a BFA, both obtained in the unceded lands of the West Coast. Carranza has an upcoming solo exhibition at Espacio Deslave in Tijuana, near where she will be starting a PhD this coming fall.

Mercedes Eng teaches and writes in Vancouver, the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh peoples. She is the author of *Mercenary English* (CUE, 2013 & Talonbooks, 2018) and *Prison Industrial Complex Explodes* (Talonbooks, 2018), winner of the 2018 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize. "how it is" is a decade-old living poem charting life under capitalism in the Downtown Eastside neighbourhood of Vancouver.

Deanna Fong is a poet and critic whose research focuses on auditory media, event theory, literary communities, and affective labour. She co-directs the digital archive of Fred Wah, and has done substantial cataloguing and critical work on the audio archives of Roy Kiyooka. In the spring of 2017 she did a series of conversational oral history interviews with Vancouver women writers and artists, including Judith Copithorne, Maxine Gadd, Maria Hindmarch, Daphne Marlatt, Helen Potrebenko, Rhoda Rosenfeld, and Trudy Rubenfeld.

Maxine Gadd is a Vancouver-based poet who lives and works in the Downtown Eastside. A graduate of the UBC English program in the early 1960s, Gadd has published numerous books, chapbooks, and little magazines including *Lost Language* (Coach House, 1982), *Backup to Babylon* (New Star Books, 2006), and *The Subway Under Byzantium* (New Star, 2008).

Elder Larry Grant from the Musqueam Nation is an Adjunct Professor in the First Nations and Endangered Languages Program at the University of British Columbia, where he co-teaches the introductory hən̓q̓əmin̓əm̓ (Central Coast Salish) course. He is also Elder-in-Residence at the UBC First Nations House of Learning and Consultant for the Musqueam Language and Culture Department. He is featured in the documentary *All Our Father's Relations* (2016).

Hiromi Goto is an emigrant from Japan who gratefully resides on the Unceded Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and Tsleil-Waututh Territories. A long-time writer of postcolonial feminist fiction, she's been taking a lot of photos the past five years as part of a return to the earlier relationships she had (as a young child) with non-human animal, plant, and fungi kin.

Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill is a Métis artist and writer from Vancouver, BC, located on unceded Musqueam, Skwxwú7mesh, and Tsleil-Waututh territory. Gabrielle's sculptures and installations perform as both an exploration of materials and an enquiry into concepts of land, property, and economy. Her work has been exhibited at the Western Front, Polygon Gallery, Morris and Helen Belkin Gallery, Sunset Terrace, and Gallery Gachet in Vancouver; SBC galerie d'art contemporain in Montreal; SOMArts in San Francisco; and Get This! in Atlanta, Georgia.

Taryn Hubbard's work has appeared in *Poetry is Dead*, *Canadian Literature*, *Canadian Woman Studies*, *CV2*, *The Golden Handcuffs Review*, *filling Station*, *Room*, *Rusty Toque*, and others. She lives in Chilliwack, BC with her family.

Anahita Jamali Rad is currently based in Tio'tia:ke on the traditional territory of the Kanien'kehá:ka. Her work is primarily textual and explores materiality, history, affect, ideology, violence, class, collectivity, desire, place, and displacement. She has published a few chapbooks and one full-length collection entitled *for love and autonomy* (Talonbooks, 2016). She is currently working on an apparel-based poetics project called Fear of Intimacy.

Chelene Knight is a Vancouver born-and-raised graduate of The Writer's Studio at Simon Fraser University. In addition to being a workshop facilitator for teens, she is also a literary event organizer, host, and seasoned panelist. She has been published in various Canadian and American literary magazines, and her work is widely anthologized. Chelene is currently the managing editor at *Room* magazine, and the 2018 Programming Director for the Growing Room Festival. *Braided Skin*, her first book (Mother Tongue Publishing, 2015), has given birth to numerous writing projects including her second book, the memoir *Dear Current Occupant* (Book*hug, 2018).

Karin Lee's films examine gender, race, culture, and identity in Canada and Asia. *Made in China*, about adoption and identity, received a Gemini in 2001. She received the Mayor's Arts Award for Film and New Media in 2014, and the Spotlight Award from Vancouver Women in Film in 2017. She taught film and history at the University of British Columbia, and humanities in Simon Fraser University's Asia-Canada Program. She was born and raised in Vancouver, BC.

Sarah Ling was born and raised as a fourth generation Chinese Canadian in Prince Rupert, BC on Tsimshian territory. She is a Project Manager with an Indigenous focus at the University of British Columbia at St. John's College, as well as Student Housing and Hospitality Services, where she produces and manages both Indigenous and Chinese Canadian storytelling initiatives. She is the lead Producer of *All Our Father's Relations*, and was recently elected President of the Chinese Canadian Historical Society of BC.

Lee Maracle is the author of a number of award-winning and critically acclaimed literary works, and the co-editor of a number of anthologies. Maracle was born in North Vancouver and is a member of the Sto: Loh nation. The mother of four and grandmother of seven, Maracle is currently an instructor at the University of Toronto, as well as the Traditional Teacher for First Nations. Maracle is a Senior Fellow at Massey College (U of T). In 2009, Maracle received an Honorary Doctor of Letters from St. Thomas University. Maracle is the recipient of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Medal (for her work promoting writing among Aboriginal youth), the 2014 Ontario Premier's Award for Excellence in the Arts, the 2016 Ann Green Award, and the 2018 Blue Metropolis First Peoples Literary Prize. In 2018 Maracle was appointed an Officer of the Order of Canada. Maracle has been designated as Si'yam by her nation.

Zoe Mix is a young Métis writer from the Seattle area. She recently graduated from the University of British Columbia where she earned a BFA in Creative Writing, along with a Bachelor of Voice Performance. She enjoys writing poetry and drawing comics.

N.O.P.E. is an institutional experiment in collective research initiated by 221A in 2016. The program assembles artists, writers, and researchers at Pollyanna 圖書館 Library to investigate the political entanglements of art and everyday life in the Lower Mainland.

Meredith Quartermain is the author of seven books of poetry and fiction, including *Vancouver Walking* (winner of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize); *Recipes from the Red Planet* (finalist for a BC Fiction award); *Nightmarker* (finalist for a Vancouver Book Award); and most recently *I, Bartleby: stories* and *U Girl: a novel* (a biofiction based on her 1970s university years). She was 2012 Writer in Residence at the Vancouver Public Library, and from 2014 to 2016, she served as Poetry Mentor in the Simon Fraser University Writer's Studio program.

Rhoda Rosenfeld is an artist of lithuanian-hungarian-jewish ancestry, born in haudenoshonee territory, living on the unceded ancestral land of the musqueam, tsleil-waututh, squamish and sto:lo people. an audiowork, from the truth and reconciliation march, sept. 22, 2013, can be heard on soundcloud.

Trudy Rubenfeld is an artist still and always, following the lines of the invisible and unspoken.

Chris Turnbull is the author of *continua* (Chaudiere Books, 2015) and *[untitled] in o w n* (CUE Books, 2014). She is currently collaborating with text artist & writer bruno neiva (recent work online through 3 a.m.); her other work can be found online, in print, and within landscapes. She curates *rout/e*, a footpress whereby poems are planted on trails.

Michael Turner's *9x11 and other poems like Bird, Nine, x and Eleven* (New Star Books) will be published this fall.

Yoko Urata teaches courses in ethnic studies at Aichi Gakusen University, with a focus on the ethnic identity of Japanese-Canadians.

T'uy't'tanat-Cease Wyss (Skwxwu7mesh/Sto:Lo/Irish Métis/Hawaiian/Swiss) is an interdisciplinary, community-engaged public artist who works with new media and performance. Her works range over 25 years and have always focussed on sustainability and Coast Salish Cultural elements; her works have also included themes of ethnobotany and digital media technology.

Room magazine's Contest Calendar

FICTION & POETRY (Apr. 15 - July 15, 2018)
1st Prize: $1000 + publication in Room

SHORT FORMS (Sept. 1 - Nov. 1 , 2018)
1st Prize: $500 + publication in Room

COVER ART (Nov. 15 , 2018 - Jan. 15, 2019)
1st Prize: $500 + publication on cover

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For more information on our contests and upcoming calls for submissions, visit roommagazine.com.

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Feminist Land Art Retreat,
No Man's Land, 2017.
Courtesy the artist.

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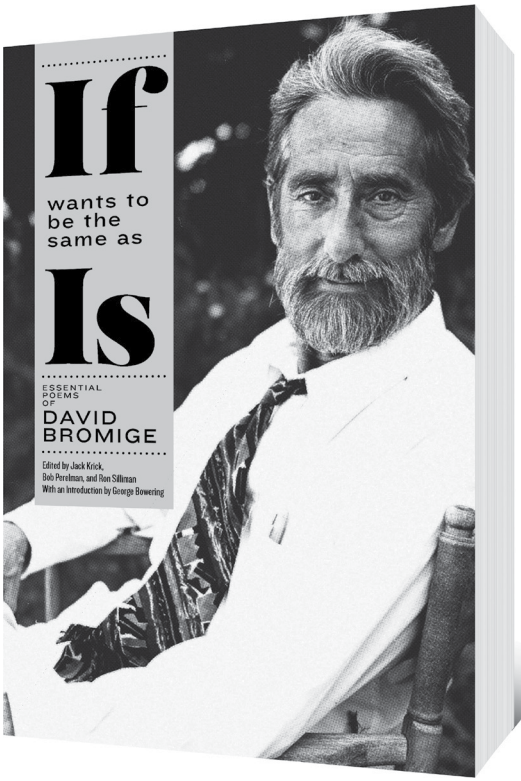

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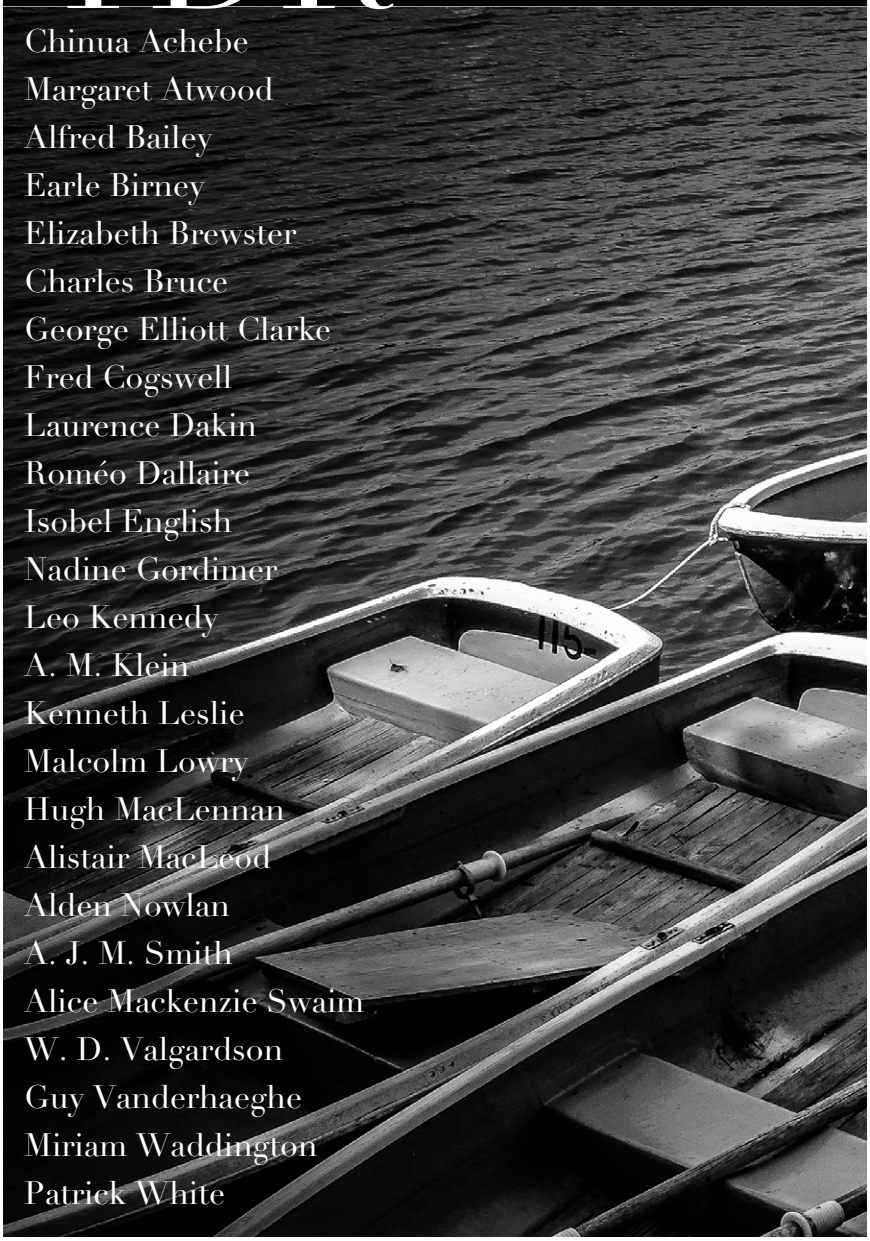

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