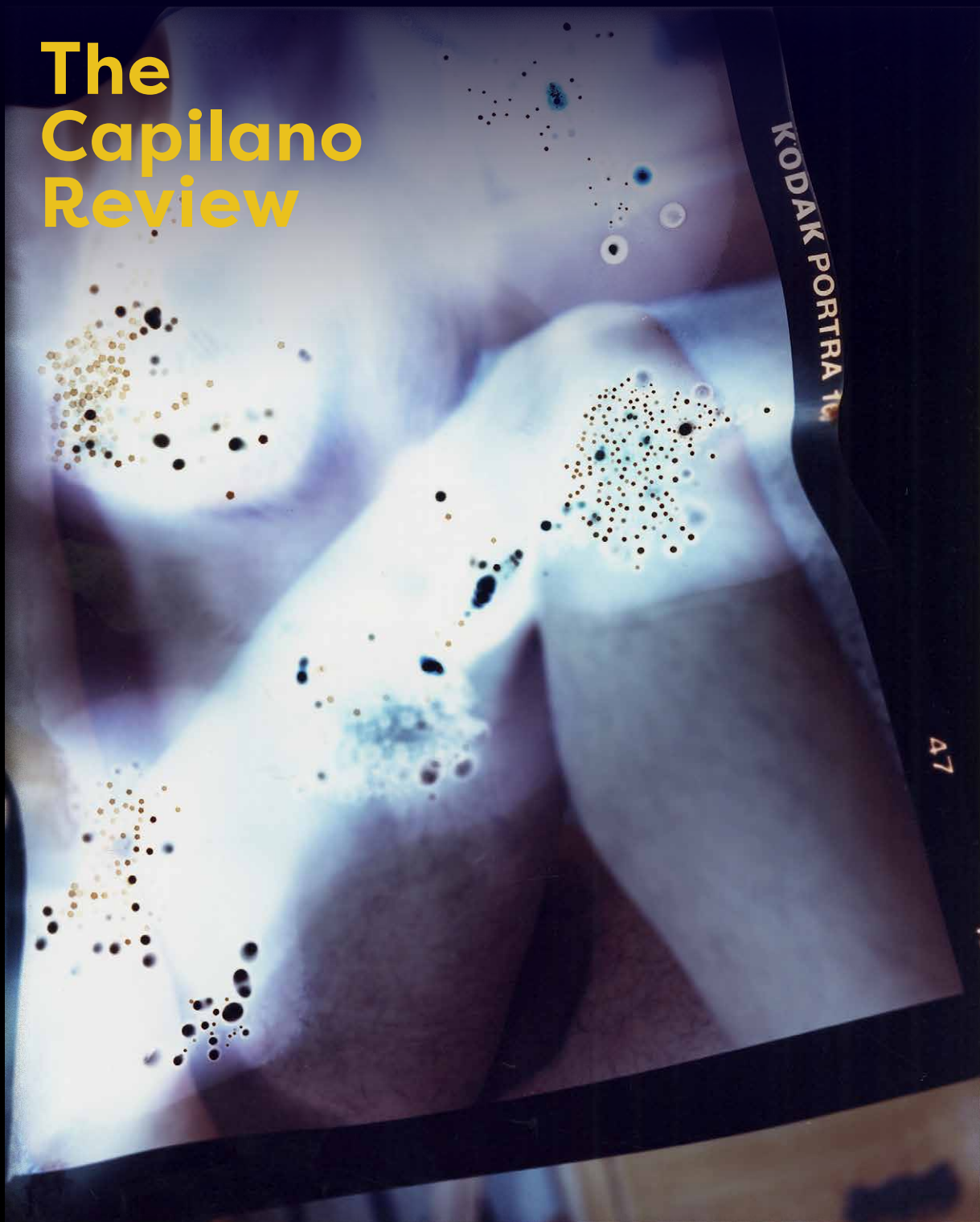


The Capilano Review

KODAK PORTRA 100

47



hears the cadence as a wet prelude to Pacifica meanders slow and murmurs

—*Fred Wah & Rita Wong*

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The Capilano Review is published by the Capilano Review Contemporary Arts Society. Canadian subscription rates for one year are \$25, \$20 for students, \$60 for institutions. Rates plus S&H. Address correspondence to *The Capilano Review*, 102-281 Industrial Avenue, Vancouver, BC V6A 2P2. Subscribe online at www.thecapilanoreview.com/subscribe.

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The Capilano Review gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of the Province of British Columbia, the British Columbia Arts Council, and the Canada Council for the Arts. We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Periodical Fund of the Department of Canadian Heritage.

The Capilano Review is a member of Magazines Canada, the Magazine Association of BC, and the BC Alliance for Arts and Culture (Vancouver).

Publications mail agreement number 40063611. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to circulation—*The Capilano Review*, 102-281 Industrial Avenue, Vancouver, BC V6A 2P2.



issn 0315 3754 | Published October 2018

Printed on unceded Coast Salish Territories by Hemlock Printers



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Cover Image:

M. V. Williams
from *Rising to the Surface /
Healing oneself and others*

Editor's Note

I started writing this note during a week in late summer when 560 wildfires were burning in BC. During this week, for three days and nights, the air quality hit 10+ — Very High Risk. The smoke made it difficult to write or think.

Before the air got so bad, Mary Chen and Afuwa Granger and I were in the office talking about what line we should choose as the epigraph for this issue. One of the lines we were thinking about was “are you worried about a future,” from Fred Wah and Rita Wong’s *beholden: a poem as long as the river*, in which lines of poetry track alongside a map of the Columbia River.

In the excerpt from *beholden* that appears in this issue, the word that follows this question-without-a-question-mark is “*Nowitka*” — the name of a steamboat that operated along the river in the second decade of the twentieth century, and also a Chinook Wawa word meaning “indeed,” or “verily.”

Indeed, verily, we are worried about a future.

As Afuwa pointed out, though, the lack of a question mark softens this question — *beholden* asks us about worry in a way that offers space for our minds and bodies to keep moving. This is distinct from the rhetoric of apocalypse, which lights panic of the kind we’re always told we can’t afford in an emergency.

In the spirit of this missing question mark, our fall issue worries, but it doesn’t armageddon. Many of the contributors to this issue address ongoing forms of violence, but they do so with care for those who will encounter their work, those who have to carry on with the work of living in this world.

This open issue offers new poetry by Paige Cardinal, David Dowker, Scott Jackshaw, and many others, as well as an excerpt from “Six Boxes,” Helen Guri’s essay on sexual violence in and outside of Canadian writing communities.

Our interview with Roberto Rodríguez (also known as Dr. Cintli) focuses on the maíz culture that has spanned this continent for thousands of years, linking Indigenous peoples and nourishing forms of resistance and creation.

This issue also offers two conversations hosted by Colin Browne — one with curator Pantea Haghighi, whose exhibit *Modernism in Iran: 1958-1978* appeared at Griffin Art Projects in North Vancouver earlier this year, and one with Esther Shalev-Gerz, whose installation *The Shadow* stretches across a plaza on the University of British Columbia's Vancouver campus.

Our full-colour art sections include images of Shalev-Gerz's installation, a selection of paintings and sculpture from *Modernism in Iran*, and new visual work from M. V. Williams.

In our review section, see-to-see, Billy-Ray Belcourt imagines Mercedes Eng brandishing her book *Prison Industrial Complex Explodes* against the settler-police, preliminary to the work of “eat[ing] [their] brain[s],” and Mackenzie Ground “await[s] the conversations that are taking their first breaths” in the pages of Gregory Younging's *Elements of Indigenous Style*.

As I finish this note, it's raining, and the air is clear. A local poet and *TCR* contributor (to this and other issues) was recently arrested while reading a poem for thirty minutes at a protest with Women Warriors against the Kinder Morgan pipeline expansion. Since then, the Federal Court of Appeal has “quashed” approval for the expansion, citing a lack of consultation with Indigenous nations. A number of the protesters still face jail time.

By the time this issue is in print, it will be fall. With luck, it will keep raining, and the rain will give us time to work on a future — one we'll move into with worry, but without panic.

—Fenn Stewart

Support the **STOP KINDER MORGAN LEGAL DEFENSE FUND**

actionnetwork.org/fundraising/stop-km-legal-defense-fund

The purpose of the **Stop KM Legal Defence Fund** is to hold, collect, and distribute funds raised to support legal defence costs stemming from protest, civil disobedience, and direct action activities in opposition to the Kinder Morgan Trans Mountain pipeline expansion and tanker project. These costs include legal fees for criminal and contempt of court charges, civil litigation, and related immigration or child custody/welfare issues as well as travel costs and other associated legal defence expenses.



I MIGHT DIE BEFORE I LIKE IT

Danielle LaFrance

Just like I like attention whores, like I like death
Just like I like strong reactions of refusal
Just like I like the money make me whole
Just like I like the sky, split to nothing
Just like I like when that brain is vacant or shut down or endlessly fearful
Just like I like showing signs of physical life
Just like I like the rhythm of breathing and ease of strokes and that body flowing
Just like I like any version of the human haunted by disavowed loss
Just like I like bitterness
Just like I like the lamb of God and Good Friday Fucking
Just like I like letter writing in the 19th century
Just like I like serving cats and dogs
Just like I like como me gusta
Just like I like unhappiness
Just like I like those codes that arborify it
Just like I like what keeps that ecosystem kicking
Just like I like that landscape, like I like that economist
Just like I like what keeps those trees irrigated
Just like I like where the obstacle hits that edge
Just like I like delights, like I like sex with dolphins
Just like I like aches like I ache
Just like I like how snow is key to its survival
Just like I like Bog adder's-mouth orchids
Just like I like one less challenge, like I like its grave
Just like I like a good pollination, like I like a vertical rhizome
Just like I like the co. of women, like I like androgina
Just like I like the difficulty of distinguishing between female and male plants
Just like I like its horns-growing moon

Just like I like scores of divers with plenty of air, like I like that Pacific Coast
Just like I like cypress, like I like a good phallic symbol
Just like I like those last few weeks of life
Just like I like power by bluster
Just like I like your white feminism
Just like I like feeling a baby kick, like I like hallucinations
Just like I like coincidences, like I like options, futures, and other derivatives
Just like I like the finest and brightest grapes of wrath
Just like I like live animals, smothered in pancake batter
Just like I like the most dangerous failures and its offspring
Just like I like that social system that increases its wealth without diminishing its misery
Just like I like calling it what it is, like I like the way it hails me
Just like I like spirit, like I like every feminist man
Just like I like those transitional thoughts about capitalism
Just like I like Agamben in the original
Just like I like how Althusser killed his wife
Just like I like those sexual preferences
Just like I like giving people what they like
Just like I like learning to shoot
Just like I like art and culture
Just like I like asking it what I like
Just like I like asking for it
Just like I like establishing an alibi
Just like I like ideological gravitas
Just like I like fermented shit, expelling the waste that body doesn't need
Just like I like intimacy
Just like I like living Rilke's great sadness
Just like I like bathing in a pot of hot water so it can eat me
Just like I like the cop in that head, like I like it was consensual
Just like I like raw kids
Just like I like anything small enough to fit in that pocket
Just like I like IKEA SEKTION kitchen cabinets, designed to collapse
Just like I like the abolition of prisons, like I like the one in that head
Just like I like death etc etc etc, like I like working for free

Just like I like working on a Sunday
Just like I like sex work
Just like I like the telephone book
Just like I like fighting theory
Just like I like that feeling of
Just like I like it though
Just like I like snow with an attitude
Just like I like colossal youth
Just like I like cultivating its gifts in all directions
Just like I like empty roads and tracked mileage
Just like I like boneless chicken, like I like seedless watermelon
Just like I like burping in elevators
Just like I like that neurotic's poor score
Just like I like structures
Just like I like those streets
Just like I like structures taking to those streets
Just like I like no economic function
Just like I like dying alone, like I like condensation
Just like I like how open we are about those medications
Just like I like pulling out, like I like promises wept
Just like I like its big commercial taste
Just like I like Cher, like I like being a rich man
Just like I like that forsaken situation
Just like I like how this procedure itself is the cure
Just like I like snow with an attitude
Just like I like scepticism
Just like I like public opinion
Just like I like those illusions destroyed
Just like I like how a broken heart is a tremendous way to get to know the world
Just like I like touching every other part of that body besides those genitals
Just like I like Kong thumbs, like I like eels
Just like I like rebarbative cock
Just like I like your favourite flavour
Just like I like those mitts, those loofa mitts

Just like I like the gaze
Just like I like that polished turd
Just like I like chainsaw scum fuck
Just like I like that thirst for blood and guts
Just like I like insider knowledge, like I like spanking myself
Just like I like another hit
Just like I like mouthing olive juice
Just like I like how to make you say it

Three Poems

Paige Cardinal

earthworms

Seams like weaving worms
on a plain full of grass. Flat.
Wrote on the sky with my ball point pen
over scattered clouds
Trees suffered, blown down
a word tornado written on the ground

Sonic: leaves ruffling Green
Yellow
Red
An intersection
Woman
Indigenous
Middle class
Sad

No sound
A plain between the reservation and the city
The winter night sky resembles any populated space;
faint orange hues paint clouds that are barely lit from our moon
Energy fades. Bare.

Earthworms don't belong here; they were brought in by settlers
'The land will never be the same as my ancestors'

topography

Mountain grey coloured dreams
of ravines and meadow trails.
Moss glaciation burns your treed silence
Wind voices—wild but smooth
Your soft edge cutting jagged blue nights
Your lying slopes, quick blurs of my dreams
Poem of life:

- word
- letter
- voice
- whisper
- secret
- cries

—a timberline

Cracks always utter sweet sky-like music.
Tree, slits her sides
Earth-covered semen sludge
Morning, anew.
North of the mountain
where the birds hang
my arms rise and fill the spaces out
Wherever you are, Earth's enough.
Tonight—the moon is gold. Ice shines.
A cold white space, a black void hole—fucking.
Snow leaves the roots worn
So the eyes move time, bend creeks, scan lake weed and beach sand
Even as the boundaries creek
the map makes the mountain spring up
My skull blazing green of scree and trees
Your peaks flower
Kootenay waters flow and rise.
Beat, my heart, quivering at the tree's roots.
Flowing cloud by the river
Valleys screwing mountains

I stand in gravel ways, turn and twist the nerves
Gentle
Sinking my body warm in sunlight
Bite the burning roots
Take the skins of the mountain's earth along the gravel road
Quiet burning evening. Still.
Birds' wings fluttering
Set roots in my legs.

Erasure of "Mountain" by Fred Wah (1967)

seven minutes

I watch my daughter as she finds a neat pile of clean diapers. She pulls them one by one. Licks every single one and throws it behind her. While I write this I remember the poem that I haven't written yet about something one of my professors said about botany. At 40 below, ice starts to form in every cell of a tree. My daughter, or Gorgeous, as my partner calls her, reaches for my pen. I think, then say, "no, baby. That's dangerous." And so I wonder... When will I trust her with a pen? Why does anyone trust children with pencils? And sharpeners? I guess when you're a child you don't have the constant reality of possibly committing suicide with razors.

Except if you're in a northern Inuit community where children as young as 8 years old are killing themselves. The world is not the same as it was when I was a child. With Internet access young children are able to Google *Suicide*, and *How to commit suicide* with the click of a fucking search button. Not until I was 11? 12? I don't know what the fuck was happening in my friends' lives or why they would expose me to that. I don't know what kind of parental controls they had. Or didn't have, I suppose. But holy fuck do I wish I had some given to me. My baby's cardigan has three tiny heart shaped buttons.

from "Time-Sensitive Material"

David Dowker

Disjunction, or Pogo-logos

The argument is being. Things being as they are. We are that disconsolate remnant. Not wanting otherness or justification. Now as ever before. Binary carbon heart thought oxygen shock. The wounded fall in all directions. This much has been determined. Soft weapons cybernate. Contagion rains. Red sludge. The mask bit implicate with disastrous consequence (extended metaphor for erasure, not a blot or knot in sight). The accidental echoes. The transcendental never cease. We may be phenomenologically but the body is history.

The Enunciation of the Becoming After

So begins the disappearance of the world. Those who remain remain implicated. An insect trust in the process. The thought is not the magnetic field of that feeling. Hieratic digital entities retroactively absent. The manifestation emits presence but is elsewhere. At that gap junction fissures of then with rampant amplitude. Ever thus, photosynthesis (or the moving image). The anxious cricket in my ear implicates itself in my impending disintegration, not to mention deafness and notwithstanding an indefinite aura of aureality to these copies of aethernity. An immense din splinters into silence, intricate artifice of the contingencies unhinged.

Reversible Dispersal, or Slipped Infinitive

Now there can be no realization. I gather shards of tense / from the abundant blue confusion. Cuneiform or acanthus thus suffice. There is no rosy gnosis to this. The kiss persists, enclitic to it but involute. Cadence to coda. A sequence of gamuts nested in diffusion or the locus of an enhanced delay. A mere spatial evasion maybe . . . a cloud of pixels, inexplicably . . . scintillates beside me, some immaculate lattice mapped upon maximum circumstance and the axiomatics of desire. The resultant epiphany obviously adept deception.

The Influence of Anxiety

Then again. What utters lustre inheres, as attar to petal or morning dew undone. Solace of these anomalous valences for the precipitate of disillusionment. By means of ceaseless deviation, the derivation, a rather subjective correlative to hysteria or an alien mistaken for a tree, a well-meaning desiring machine with a penchant for causal nostalgia and its somatic cognates. An excellent once as such like as lilac the lake ostensibly cubical and our boat afloat on a wave of happening. Syringa rings incongruous in this para-literary emerald spring and all the cunning while some sport of baroque vortices cavorts with postmodern abandon. Over the carnal rose symptomatic the ghosts of other flowers in the cups of their nuptials.

Photochromic

By seismic divination or cybernetic tentacles apprehended, a species beyond. A baffling means of configuration, streaming tremors, quantum interstellar radio. A gorgeous portion of modulation made tactile with celestial shivers in the visible spectrum corresponding to the too-blue sky seen through my adaptive glasses and not the advent of some self-fulfilling virtuality. Various interpretations of delirium enacted with vegetable exuberance as each aspect of the muse osmoses. So much promise and then some, severally, specifically. The expression of the sequence uneasily lyrical albeit frequently eschatological. They dream of xenotextual exegesis.

Gyrostatic

Now then. Agate is not necessarily negated by semiotic drift. No jewels or metaphorical flowers adorn the unearthly form of the gorgon apparatus. Her entanglement is a virtue. A knot might be her undoing, but it is not. Against the granular analysis of a didactic atavism posit caryatids of ecstatic immobility. The smoothness of the delusion is not an occasion for celebration. As if contingent intimacy impinges upon the disambiguation of the situation. The device is inscrutable apprehension. The lilacs are late and likely as not forgotten for the moment as a more or less polar vernal vortex continues to occupy the psychogeographic space of a primarily theoretical narrative unravelling with the slightest adjustment of the time-crystal, petals of nervous star tissue and flowering coincidence in symmetrical mirror pyramid array, neural squall quelled.

cake

Kim Goldberg

lost in an alley we sought our gods
stowed our bundt pans in gravel burrows
sweet keepsakes from an earlier epoch
tossed in an alley we caught our gods
shifting numbers to hide the curvature of thought
when the bubble exploded the moths turned gold
but we lost the alley defrauded by gods
who stowed our bundt pans in gravel burrows

In conversation: *Modernism in Iran: 1958-1978*

Colin Browne & Pantea Haghighi

Pantea Haghighi and Colin Browne met on June 20, 2018 to discuss Modernism in Iran: 1958-1978, which ran from January 26 to May 5, 2018 at Griffin Art Projects in North Vancouver, BC.

Colin Browne: I'm speaking with Pantea Haghighi, owner and curator of Republic Gallery in Vancouver, BC, about an exhibition she organized recently entitled *Modernism in Iran: 1958-1978*. Would you be willing to describe it for us, along with your intentions?

Pantea Haghighi: Sure. The exhibition featured works by Mohammad Ehsai, Monir Shahroudy Farmanfarmaian, Mansour Ghandriz, Farideh Lashai, Sirak Melkonian, Bahman Mohasses, Faramarz Pilaram, Behjat Sadr, Parviz Tanavoli, Mohsen Vaziri-Moghaddam, and Charles Zenderoudi. These artists played an important role in establishing Modernism in Iran during the cultural renaissance that occurred between 1958 and 1978. In Iran, their work is referred to as Late Modernism.

I decided to divide the gallery in half. On one side I placed the work of those artists who were exploring their national artistic identity, returning to old Persian motifs in order to identify with Modernism. On the other side, I placed the work of artists who were heavily influenced by Western art. When you entered the room, you were immediately aware of the two different expressions of Iranian Modernism.

CB: I want to ask about the show, but let's first talk about what might be called Early Modernism in Iran.

PH: Early Modernism dates from around 1940, when the School of Fine Arts at the University of Tehran opened. That was a pivotal moment. Before then, artists were trained in other artists' studios by a master. Suddenly, there was a new system that included instructors from outside Iran, from Europe. Around 1942,

galleries began opening—commercial galleries, public places where people could view artworks at their leisure. The exhibition at Griffin Art Projects includes work from as early as 1958; by that time Late Modernism was firmly established.

In 1953, a coup sent the Shah, Mohammad Reza Shah, into exile due to public discontent with his rule and the increasing economic divide in the country. He wasn't out of Iran for longer than a year, and he returned to great fanfare. The campaign that brought him back concentrated on bringing people together, uniting the country under the visual arts and under the mandate of old Persia. Whether you disliked his policies, or the Shah himself as a ruler, you could identify with the glory and magnificence of the old Persian empire.

During the period of what might be called mid-Modernism, just before 1958, ancient monuments and texts, calligraphy, and Islamic iconography were heavily promoted. Persian history was actively taught in schools and it entered the sculpture and painting studios at the University of Tehran. At the same time, most of the artists who attended the University were sent to Europe to study fine art. It was a mandate established by the Queen as a way to communicate between Iran and the West through the visual arts. They were learning about the West, but also promoting Iranian culture in Europe. Some artists chose to return to the old Persian iconography as a way of engaging with Modernism. Others chose to look at Western motifs and began to identify with Western artists in order to define their Modernism.

CB: Do you think this Modernist period would have existed without a government push, without the effort to celebrate Persian culture?

PH: The government's push for a renaissance of the contemporary arts was a response to the coup and to political resistance. It created a stage for artists to make and show work, for critics to write about it, and for audiences to view it—all of which was extremely important. Thanks to the funding for the visual arts, artists were able to take up residencies in Rome, Paris, and Milan.

CB: Did foreign money come in to support the Westernization of Iranian culture? Do you know?

PH: Oil money did. So, you can call that “foreign money,” right? [laughs] From my research, it was mainly the Queen, Farah Diba, who promoted the visual arts in Iran, especially painting and sculpture. She was a collector and she took care of acquisitions for the Museum of Contemporary Art in Iran.

CB: You've called this a revival or a renaissance, but what was it reviving?

PH: For the first time since the 1940s the art world was being revived. Everything came together in 1958 to create a venue, a stage on which art could be produced, understood, seen, purchased, and written about.

The Griffin Art Projects exhibition stops at 1978, just before the revolution. The Iraq-Iran war started two or three years later. Art production at that point was curtailed. Parts of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Tehran were closed. The sculpture department was closed because under the Islamic Republic, there were restrictions on what could and could not be produced visually. In order to create new definitions—and a new school with new rules—things had to shut down. Virtually everything stopped after the revolution. It took many years for art production and dialogue to re-emerge, for audiences to pay attention again, and for the artists to have the means to produce their work.

CB: Was there a period earlier in the 20th century when artists went back and forth to the West?

PH: The early 20th century saw a revival of photography in Iran. The beginning of photography, the daguerreotype, occurred around 1870. There was at the time a huge dialogue between Iran and the West. Western photographers were photographing ancient monuments and the court of Qajar. Around the same time, the medium of photography began to replace traditional court painting. The Shah of Qajar was so interested in photography that he wanted his portraits, and the portraits of important people in the court, to be photographed instead of painted.

There are many archives of photographs from that period, but there was no audience for art at that time. I refer to a “renaissance” because it’s one thing to produce art, but it’s another for that art to be seen and received by an audience. Before the 1940s, artists made their work in the studios of masters. If there were exhibitions they would be very small, taking place in these studios. Such exhibitions limited who could view and write about the work. There is no art criticism from that time, just historic writings. I refer to the later period as a “renaissance” not simply because of the work that was being produced but because of the dialogue that was created.

CB: Let's talk a little bit about the exhibition.

PH: All of the artists in the exhibition were trained at the University of Tehran and selected by the Queen to attend various art institutions and residencies in Europe. So, each artist was trained in Europe and in Iran. The differences in how they represent Modernism stem from the two influences. It's not their education necessarily; it's what they chose to receive from their education.

Behjat Sadr, one of the women artists in the show, was a pioneer of abstract expressionism at the University of Tehran. Once she went to Paris—I think it was the mid- or late fifties—she never came back to Iran. She taught abstract expressionism and lived in Paris until she passed away about eight years ago. So, she was also a French artist. She was trained in the traditional discourse of the University of Tehran and simultaneously learned about abstraction in Paris, choosing to teach and practice abstract forms.

Parviz Tanavoli, who I included on the traditional side of the gallery with artists who explore tradition in order to identify with Modernism, spent a lot of his time in Rome. Artists like Faramarz Pilaram—we see his two green paintings on the right-hand side—use calligraphy as decoration. We can't read it. The forms become abstracted and are thus renewed. Although you can't read the text, you can still identify visually with the text. Sometimes, the iconography of calligraphy was chosen because modern forms were so alien to the eye. Calligraphy, in this case, brought Modernism closer to home.

Then, we have artists like Mohammad Ehsai who uses calligraphy as the subject of his paintings. You still can't read it, but there is a word, for instance, in the red painting. He's translating the painting into words, using calligraphy. Artists like Sirak Melkonian and Farideh Lashai are using purely abstract forms in a depictive way—in the case of Melkonian's work, generating landscapes.

CB: Did these artists regard themselves as Modernists? How would they have defined Modernism for themselves?

PH: They would have defined themselves as Modernists. Breaking from or reinterpreting tradition was their first impulse. Compared to their predecessors, these artists were avant-garde in the way they created these visual entities; they moved away from tradition very quickly. They identified with Modernism, they studied Modern artists in Europe, and they were aware of what was being produced internationally during that period. They had instructors from Europe teaching Modernism in Iran, and yet everyone in this exhibition relates to or expresses Modernism in a different way.

CB: We sometimes relate Modernism only to Europe or North America, but, in fact, it was a much more global movement.

PH: Exactly. One of the intentions of this show was to display what Modernism looked like elsewhere. It's interesting to see how tradition is used—to modernize a traditional form. An artist like Monir Farmanfarmaian uses motifs taken from the dome of a mosque, traditionally a mosaic form, and transforms it by using mirrors to make a relief sculpture. It's a very clear renewal of Persian art. You can tell where they are from, too, which is interesting in some ways. One of the reasons why I thought it was important to put the show together was to demonstrate what non-European, non-North American Modernism looked like.

CB: And you've done us a great favour. But one would've thought, here in Vancouver, that a show like this might have happened already. There are well-known Iranian artists living here.

PH: With so many artists who have played a major role, I was surprised to find out that this was the first in our city. I'm afraid it might also be the first in our country as well, as far as an historic exhibition is concerned. Most of the artists featured in the exhibition are still practicing, and most of them live outside Iran. Of course, they go back and forth. It was also gratifying for me that the show has been so well received. I'm delighted that Griffin Art Projects was interested in this subject and gave us the opportunity to do the exhibition.

CB: What did you discover when you started putting this exhibition together? You might have had some preconceptions...

PH: Well, I quickly discovered that there's a need for a bigger and more thorough exhibition. I'm just scratching the surface. Today we are seeing contemporary works by a younger generation of artists in Iran whose work represents a second renaissance. The amount of art production, the number of gallery viewings, and the number of commercial galleries in Tehran is amazing. You can go to eighty openings on a Friday night in that city. We have seen a lot of exhibitions by contemporary artists outside Iran and I've come to see that there is a clear relationship between Modernism and contemporary Iranian art. It was nice to discover that. Sometimes we're more familiar with the contemporary, but we don't have the history, especially in the West. So, our exhibition should be seen as an introduction.

CB: There were seventeen works in the exhibition. How did you choose them?

PH: Griffin Art Projects has a very interesting mandate. They concentrate on private collections. We drew from two major collections, one in Los Angeles and one in Vancouver, and also from the collections of the artists. I tried to have more than one piece by each artist in order to give a better view of each artist's practice, but in some cases we were only able to have one.

We have three women artists: Monir Farmanfarmaian, Farideh Lashai, and Behjat Sadr. Three women artists in Modernism is pretty good. They were all masters, and they did very well in academia and also in selling their work. It was also important to make sure we included artists who maybe at the time were not stars, but who later on, or after their passing, became very important. There were artists in the show who belonged to collectives, and some who worked independently. We've tried to fill the gallery, but there is also a lot of white space around each work, which I prefer, because then you can have a moment to rest your eyes before looking at a new piece.

CB: I thought it was lovely to have that white space. Has there been an exhibition like this in Tehran or in other Iranian cities? Are these artists known and revered today?

PH: Recently, there have been more exhibitions, yes. There have been shows at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Tehran that have concentrated on the Modernist era. Certain artists, like Parviz Tanavoli, have had huge retrospectives there, and Monir Farmanfarmaian as well. MoMA in New York has quite a nice collection of Iranian artists from this period. There was going to be a show in Germany, but unfortunately, for political reasons it didn't happen. The talks took place anyway, in empty galleries with white walls, which was really interesting; the show was cancelled at the last minute and the talks had already been planned. But I'd say most of the exhibitions that we have seen outside Iran have concentrated on younger contemporary artists.

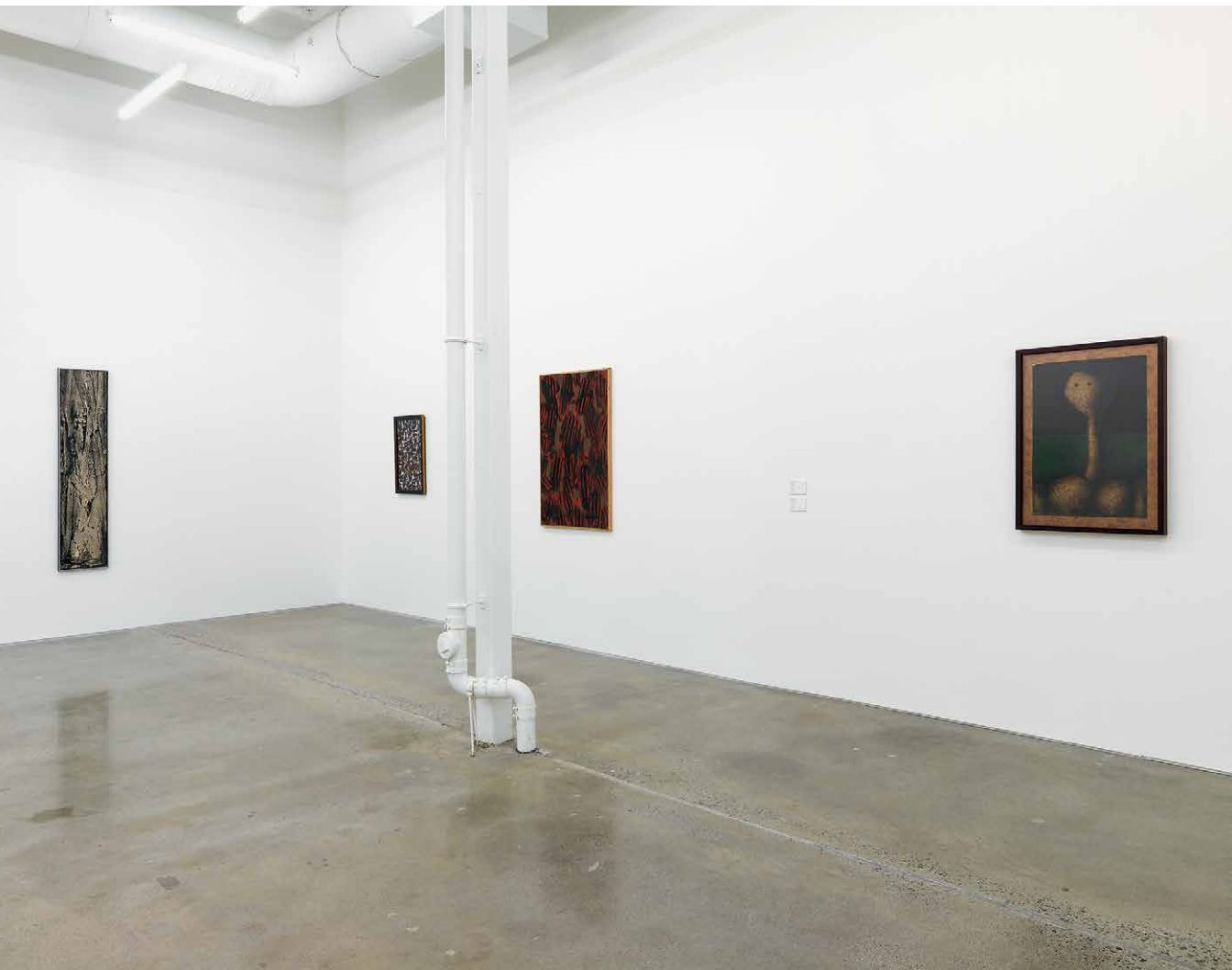
CB: The news from Iran often makes people think it's highly restrictive in terms of art and culture.

PH: There are mandates to follow in terms of what can be produced in both written and visual form, but I would make the point that the most important Iranian films have come out after the revolution. There are restrictions, but

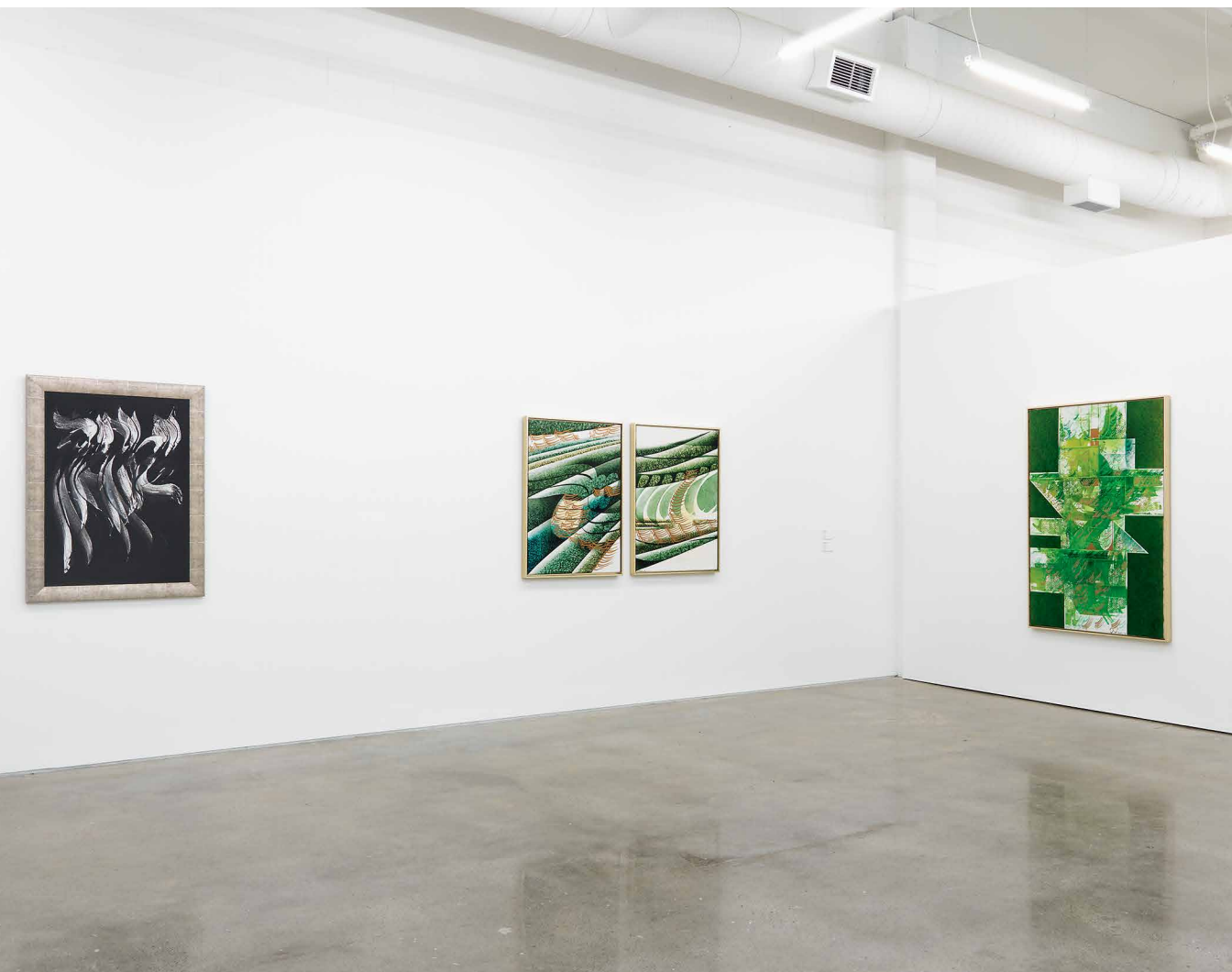
somehow it seems like the artists have found ways of getting around them. There's definitely no lack of interest in acquiring and viewing work, or writing very critical pieces on visual arts within Iran.

CB: It was a breath of fresh air to see this extraordinary work in the gallery.

PH: It's very interesting to find out that a world so unlike ours, where discussions seem to be very different from ours, is really not all that different. Visual art is capable of speaking to us now the same way that it spoke to Iranians several decades ago, or to the artists themselves. It was important to see and to contextualize these works in order to understand what was happening then. Once you understand the context of the work, they're not only Iranian artists, they're Modernists.



All images courtesy of Griffin Art Projects
Photography credit: Rachel Topham Photography



All images courtesy of Griffin Art Projects
Photography credit: Rachel Topham Photography

Mansour Ghandriz, *Untitled*, 1960, oil on canvas, 38.7 x 25 inches
Courtesy of Houman M. Sarshar





Mohammad Ehsaei, *Eshgh*, 1978-present, oil on canvas, 42.5 x 42.5 inches
Courtesy of the artist



Parviz Tanavoli, *Here no one opens any gates*, 1970, Bronze, 23.2 x 23 x 3.1 inches
Courtesy of the artist



Sirak Melkonian, *Untitled*, 1977, oil on canvas, 39 x 27 inches
Courtesy of the artist and the Ab-Anbar Gallery

from *beholden: a poem as long as the river*

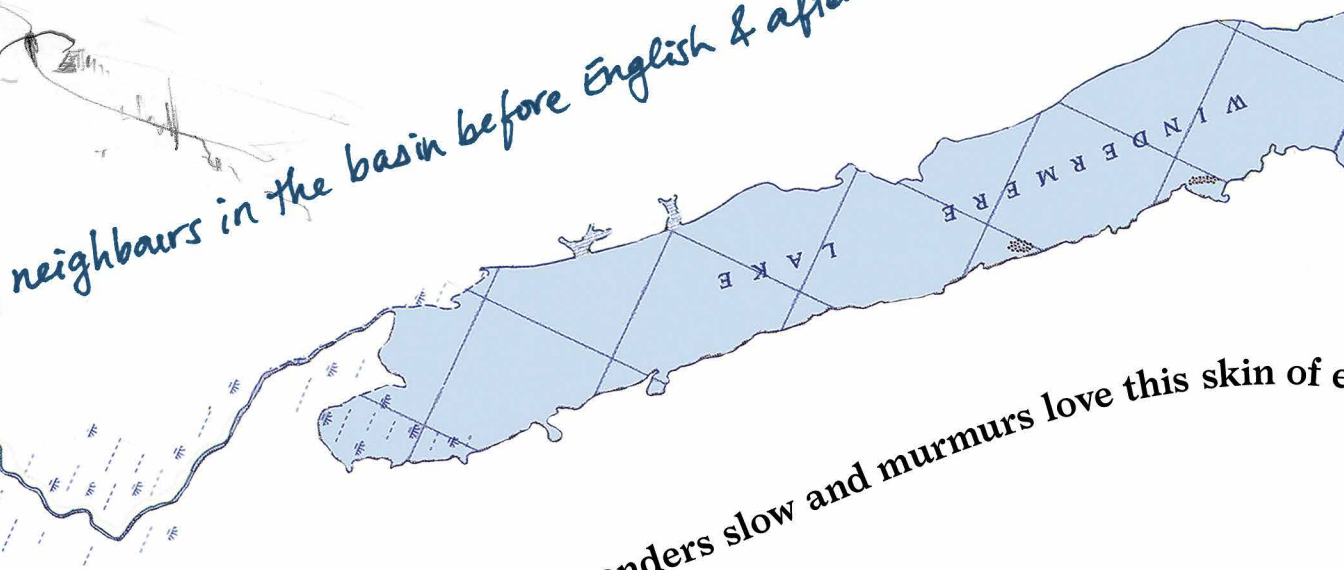
Fred Wah & Rita Wong



what exists through itself is called as is meaning "Going to the Water" hears the cadence
say the names: Ktunaxa, Sinixt, Secwepemc, Okanagan, Syilx,
Tarley Slough
79



neighbours in the basin before English & after it through thousands of



ce as a wet prelude to Pacifica meanders slow and murmurs love this skin of e

of thunderous water years measured in fishing

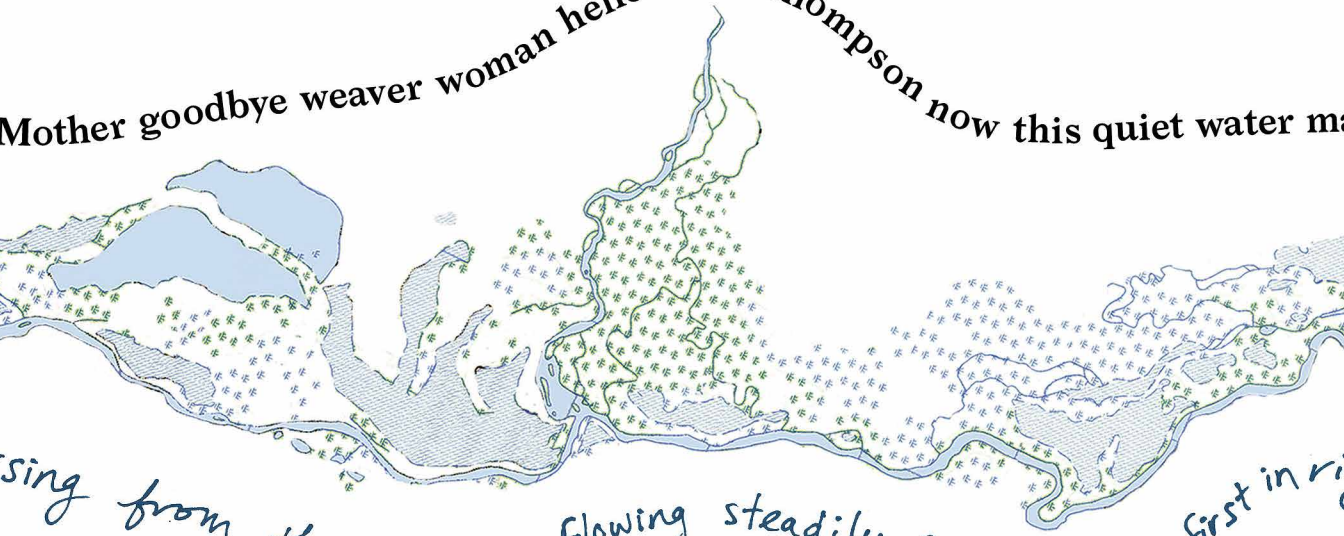
earth's contour hello Sister Tongue hello winding

mirror klahowya goodbye

gathering families ri

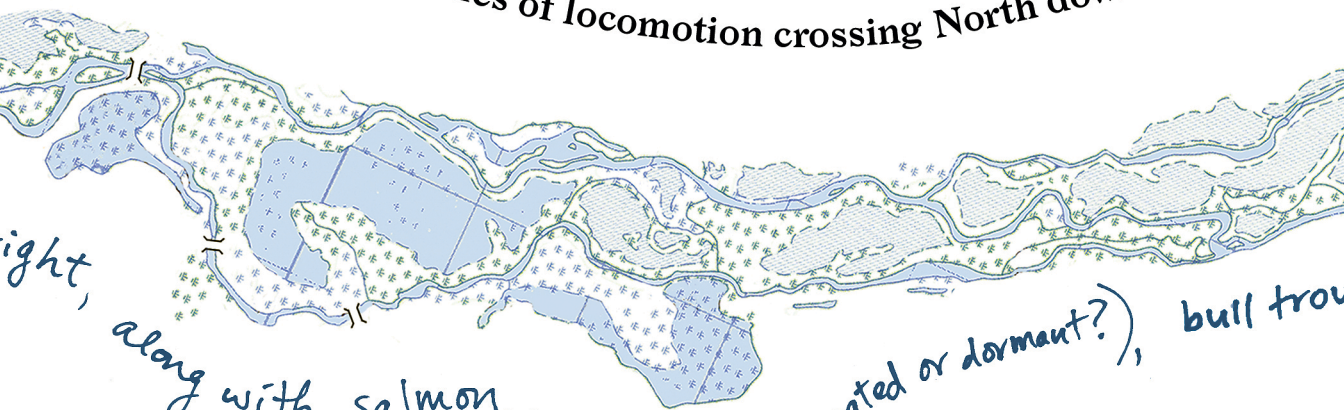


Mother goodbye weaver woman hello David Thompson now this quiet water m



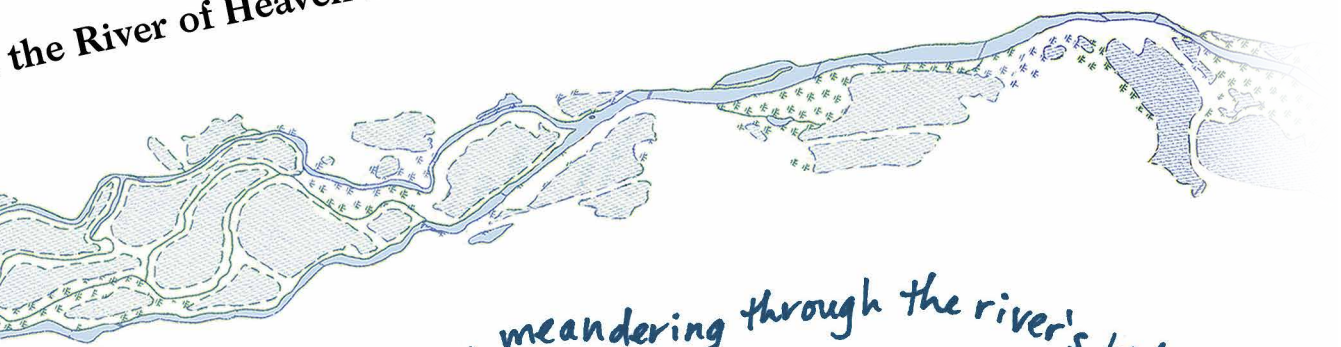
sing from the rivers flowing steadily first in time, first in r

aps diesel along the marshes of locomotion crossing North down the map of



ight, along with salmon, now blocked (extirpated or dormant?), bull trout

the River of Heaven Steamboat Mountain are you worried about a future



at, kokanee, pikeminnow, meandering through the river's kidneys, w

from *beholden*: a poem as long as the river

Fred Wah & Rita Wong

The Columbia River has been a central fact of the ecosystem of western North America/Turtle Island, a material and spiritual sustenance for Indigenous peoples of the Pacific Northwest for thousands of years, and recently its water has been violently and systematically manipulated to feed one of the largest hydropower projects in the world.

The function of *beholden* has been to explore a field of conversation not only between two poets but, more precisely, between poetry and the River. The River has been gracious in gifting us words, thoughts, and astonishments that have validated the conditions of openness and attention in making art. This is where our words come from. We ask about the different meanings of the River. We ask about the trauma and historical devastation of the River, and how we can respond to it. We listen for the language of the River's body and the peoples' names for its parts. Finally, our poems seek to reciprocate. How can making poetry's words give back to this awesome presence of water?

Brine

Mallory Amirault

Feeling bad for ourselves is a coin operated hobby.

The bank is a forty-five minute drive from the home.

In the winter, maritimers tend to hoard their exhales in brine next to the pickled eggs in the fridges kept out in their garages. Just in case.

Special homes (that still have their shingles and siding, but maybe not their front decks) savour the calcium deposits of snow that roost for five months alongside decade-long christmas lights stapled to the rain gutters. Those staples are strong and cultural.

Most maritime households stop putting up taking down putting up taking down their summer screen doors early on and just leave them up. It takes about six years to reach that point. Nothing bad ever comes of it, though, leaving the screen doors up. Generationally, it has become a quick and normal way to gossip about the new family that came to settle down a twenty minute car ride over by the McNeils'.

Ahf tha dert rode, jus daown tha way, my home, thars no mar sarrow. (Only cobwebs that cling to corners. Exhales that hit the wall and stain it. Pots and a washer machine long boiled over and burnt. Gestures of detergent hidden in the underwear drawer. Framed photos silted with dandruff from the cult of feline. Wrinkled floorboards and dewy towels on the backs of chairs.)

As lahng as they can close tha casket. A back-bacon vernacular most maritime men fry up at eleven pm after their rums and coke. It's time for a pickled egg, I reckon, run outto tha fridge, will yah.

Every February, international students and volunteers begin to sense the salted earth of what knuckles do when they break, but still hold their grip.

The Fundy is a place that reverberates ancestry through marrow, where lovers go to stand and say that my cells married yours and I have to coo, coo, coo gently cool them into a place, elsewhere, now, rubbing knuckles and knees full of combustion.

Jellyfish in early July prevents us from having to check the temperature. Wade just below ankles and brush our skin in salt that dries pearly when we're all at our most beautiful. D'oan wash tha sand outta yer hair, they'd say.

Mid-January, the fiddles crane their necks while in their cases, on their stands and while being played, trying to sop up spilled pale ale in the pub. Stout is for the strong-stomached, the bagpipes. Only.

Travellers don't find lovers in the maritimes directly, but with maritimers away from their rocks. They end up saying that there's a truth in love they didn't expect. The utter devastation when we misplace it, or its ill-timed, or, or, or, or the great white swims up the Fundy by accident.

Different from the blue whale that washes onto the north shore from time to time.

Tragedy, still. Nonetheless.

Most are proud to admit their adjacent fields and overgrown potatoes. Some are not. Most of us are not gluten-free, how could we be when wheat makes us reel. Neither of which we'd readily admit to each other. But to anyone else, of course. The travelling lovers fall.

D'oan wash tha sand outta yer hair, 'is mar perfect than any a yeh firs' dates will ever be.



In conversation: "We resist, but we also create"

Roberto Rodríguez & Fenn Stewart

On August 10, 2018 I spoke to Roberto Rodríguez (known as Dr. Cintli to his students) about his journalism and scholarship on Mexican American history, migration, and the Trump administration. During our conversation we make several references to Rodríguez's 2014 book Our Sacred Maíz Is Our Mother: Indigeneity and Belonging in the Americas. As Rodríguez explains in the book, after being told by elders to "follow the maíz" in the course of his research, he came to understand Mexican Americans as "people of the corn, connected through a seven-thousand-year old maíz culture to other Indigenous inhabitants of the continent."

Fenn Stewart: I've been following your journalism this summer on the events in the States, specifically the writing that you've done around family separation and the Trump administration. I was really interested in the way that you connected these moments this summer with the larger context of the separation of Indigenous children and their families in colonialism. I was hoping you could speak a little bit about that for us.

Roberto Rodríguez: Well, I think I represent part of a worldview. Some people call it a "cosmovision," meaning it's a way of looking at the world. The world that I see, that I'm talking about... I see the world and this continent, specifically, I see, minimum, 7,000 years of history. I'm from Mexico. I grew up in the US, and I was taught to look at the world in different ways. One way was that somehow I was a "wetback"—that is, somebody who was illegal, who didn't belong. I remember asking my father; I go, "How come people call us 'wetbacks'?" He told me, "Don't worry about that because we didn't swim across an ocean to get here." I was five years old when he told me that. I might've been six years old. He guided me, perhaps consciously and possibly unconsciously, to have this worldview that I was part of something that was here, that's always been here. Then, through the years, in different ways, I've come to that idea that

we are from here, and we are part of maíz culture, and maíz culture is minimally 7,000 years. Once you're grounded with that idea and that belief and knowing that reality, everything else falls into place.

One of my friends—her name is Gabrielle—she was talking about that, how come the Native nations in the US don't simply grant asylum [to migrants], make them citizens of each nation?

I'm not one to minimize the president or this administration. He has to be held to account. This person represents that ideation, this false belief that this country needs to be protected from savages. That's very much what's at the heart of this. I think a lot of the past administrations have believed that also. They just didn't say it. But here we have somebody who's very vocal. He is giving voice to those white nationalists, those supremacists, to crawl out of their holes and speak publicly, act publicly in a very racial manner. It isn't just race, as you know. He's given voice to misogynists.

The very initial idea when Europeans got here was, Who were the people that were here? Who did they bring in chains? Who were they? [The colonizers] actually had a theological debate as to whether people were human or not, whether they had souls or not. Officially, we won, so to speak, you know? But I don't really believe that people... Put it this way: even the people that battled for our side, they were wrong. That is, the only reason that they had an interest into whether we had souls or not was to be able to Christianize us. That was the battle. It wasn't like, "I respect you as a full human being, regardless of what you may believe, how you live, and your credences." That never has happened in this society that people accept it that way. In the 1970s, maybe it changed because they passed that one law, respecting Indigenous religions and all that, but that may be window dressing, too.

The point is that the most fundamental idea is that of being human. Are we or are we not human? That's the key. Are we treated as full human beings by all sectors of society? At the core we're still not treated in that manner.

Now, we're not like inanimate objects. That is, we have always fought back, always. I'm not sure if you know this, but the very first time Columbus tried to land, he was met by arrows, so he didn't land where he was going to land. In other words, I believe that that resistance has happened from that very first day to the present. We can't begin our way of thinking with the arrival of three ships.

Our existence precedes that by thousands and thousands of years. Again, I don't want people to think that's simply who we are—we resist. Of course we resist, but we also create, and we've been creating for thousands of years and continue to do both.

FS: When I was reading your book *Our Sacred Maíz*, I was thinking about how you're tracking some of those relationships and those histories between Indigenous peoples long, long, long before colonialism in North America, and following the maíz. As you say, it's an archive of those relationships between peoples. Of course, there are many Indigenous nations in what is sometimes called "Canada" that also practice maíz cultures.

RR: Right, right. The only place that maíz was not known was in the frozen regions, the coldest places. Canada is very much a part of maíz culture, just as people from South America.

FS Could you talk a little bit more about the idea of the maíz as an archive?

RS: From a biological standpoint, I mean, the maíz is all the proof you need about connections. I'll give you an example. I went to Cahokia—that's near St. Louis, by Chicago and there's a massive pyramid there, huge, the same size as the kind in Mexico. There's big ones in Mexico. So, when I went there, I was told by the people that worked there... what do they call them, "park rangers"?

FS: Yeah.

RR: Yeah, the one guy says, "People think that possibly there was a connection between here and the peoples from Mexico, but we know for a fact that that's not true. I mean, it's not true at all." When he was telling me this, we were standing in front of a massive corn field. So, I told him, I said, "You're saying there was no connection, but how did this corn get here?" Of course, the question went by him. In other words, he's looking for perhaps a book or mural that says, "Hey, we have relationships with the people down there." You don't need a book or a mural or something like that to tell you because we know that maíz cannot grow by itself. Maíz was literally created. It didn't exist in nature, prior to it being created. It was mixed. It's hybrid between a wild grass and teosinte, meaning those continue to exist, but when you mix them, that's what makes it edible.

The maíz didn't fly there. A bird didn't bring it there. Once created, it depended on human beings, to this day. Maíz will not grow by itself, so every day, that is, humans have to be part of that. So, it's a technology that was exported. The belief is that maíz was created in southern Mexico, near Central America. So, if you were to find a maíz field, or just even a cob, say, in Tucson... because apparently, in the US, Tucson is the oldest place with a corn field, and it's 4,000 years ago. It came from southern Mexico. So, that's the archive.

When people talk about that—"They're coming from the South. They're coming north." I'm like, "Well, we've been coming north for thousands of years. People have been coming in all directions." So, the fear of people from the South coming north, it's like, "Well, who do you think brought the corn—the corn, the beans, and the squash?"

And, maíz has been found everywhere on the continent, like I said, except the very coldest regions. So, if you're looking for proof of connection, well, what more proof do you need? It's there. Like I said, people, because they have a Western mind, they're looking for a book that says that.

We're talking about living cultures. That's the key. We have living cultures. I come from peoples that... some people use the word "Mestizo"—the people were not mixed, per se, no different than any other people in the world. Everybody mixes, but the concept of Mestizo is the notion that somehow they're not Native.

When you have somebody in the White House that tells them to leave, all of a sudden there's a conscience created. Like, "Wait a minute. We're part of that same culture." I was there for a year, in Yucatán. I just got back a month ago. [Maya] is a living language, and it's a living culture. So, things continue to develop. It's not something frozen in the past.

I have a friend who was a teacher. He was a teacher for 35 years, and he wrote to me and asked me if I had met any Mayans when I was down there. I wasn't sure I was understanding his question. I said, "What are you talking about?" He says, "Well, I heard they disappeared." To make a long story short, I said, "Look, there's about five million Mayans all around," but according to the archaeologists and the anthropologists, there's this notion of... They've created a narrative of disappearance, and people actually believe that.

Yeah, let me just leave you with one last thought because one of the last things I

did when I was in Mexico, I went to this place called Teotihuacan, which is very famous worldwide. Those are the biggest pyramids in Mexico. There's two huge ones called the Sun and then the Moon, but there's also a third pyramid, which is as important, if not more so, but less known because of its size. The third site is the pyramid of Quetzalcoatl. The entire continent has something similar. They call it "the water serpent, Kukulcan." So, when I was there—and I'm skipping most of the story—but when I was there, I entered into the tunnels and into the caves. That was just recently uncovered—very recent. What they found down there was at least 22,000 offerings. We suspect—I suspect—they come from everywhere because minimally, 4,000 of them come from Guatemala. Apparently, they deposited those offerings when the temple was dedicated. They might be able to trace as to—maybe there's stuff from Canada, maybe from Peru and on and on. We already know the connection was there because of the maíz. At the same time, this might be something more recent, like 2,500 years ago, as opposed to, say, 5,000 years ago. And they also found writing there. They had never seen it before, but they found writing there. I'm actually going to work on a project next summer, a writing project, to see what's been found. But anyway, thank you again for everything.

FS: Thank you so much. I'm really grateful for you taking the time this morning.

RR: All right, thank you, bye.

Recipes for the Preservation of Children

David B. Goldstein

2 of the clock:	scotch collops
3 of the clock:	interred the garden for the camminade
4 of the clock:	at prayr with unconscionables
5 of the clock:	the distillery where worke of grace
6 of the clock:	a kitchin is a wall of caves
7 of the clock:	cold meate w th moutarde

An Incomparable Way to Make *Mustard*

1qt mustard seed two parts white wine vinegar one part sack 1 spoonful double-refined sugar.

This way of making it gives a very agreeable quickness and flavour, that is not so disgusting in the Breath, as when Garlick is kept in the Jugg.

8 of the clock:	my lord his teeth
-----------------	-------------------

An incomparable fragment of mustard found upon his cloake

The celebrated highwayman Claude Duval, was condemned by him.

Non Sans Droit
Not without mustard

My housebond away at court with his tiny teeth

Received by me
mysticall
given this receipte for to make bread
(credit card, grocery, &c.)

to make white jelley
characteristic unacknowledgement

then in a rushe of Wind the angell

the girle was lying in the ditch

An outward preservative against the infection of the plague. Take a pint of the best liquid tarre and put it into a pipkin of three pints, then take halfe a pint of the yellowest, brittlest brimstone and a quarter of a pound of resin.

Take red Egrimony; wormewood, sage, salandine, balme mugwort, dragons wood, sorrell, scabius, wood betony, browne mayweed, Avens. Angelica, turmentill, pimperl, carduus benedictus.

Or take this three times, for the first helpeth not:
a gallon of white wine, Rosewater, Rue, Sage, Vervain, Egrimonie, Betonie, Sallendine, Scabios, Calerian, Wormwood, Dragons, Mugwort

all these hearbs must you shred in grosse together

fitter for children

Over a soft fire.

daughter: Died a babe in arms, Sept [illegible] 1656
Here shee lies, proven by mee, Elizabeth Freke

One twin lives the other lives and then doesn't
hidden pneumonia
wakes up at daycare and then falls down
faraway, silent, miles

the first twin carries the echo
in his reedy body
of the second who stopped speaking
before he could form words

what tincture could, could

how are you supposed to feel on their birthday

(2014)

Ann, Lady Fanshawe:

“We both wished to have gone
into the same grave with her.”

(1654)

Life is a plain crossing

And gazing from the window at the green zodiac of my garden

I saw damagewort, paschalweed, blirt, cavern

To make the Queene mothers tarte

Chuse the largest limon you can get
& cut the quarters in slices as thin as fine Paper.

all this must be done befor the Aples, which Must be Right frinish Pippins,
very Clear a dozen or 14 will be enough

here is a paper which I haue Cut off the size which we use to haue them made here

shred it as small as little Pin-heads
when you have roled all the Butter in, role the past as thin as you think fit

the Tourte may be made over Night when ther is a great deale to do in the
Morning, but it is better when Fresh made & well Cold.

Handle the past as little as possible
you may make use of what past you have left

paper which I have cut off, my child

here is a paper

from *Rising to the Surface* / *Healing oneself and others*

M. V. Williams

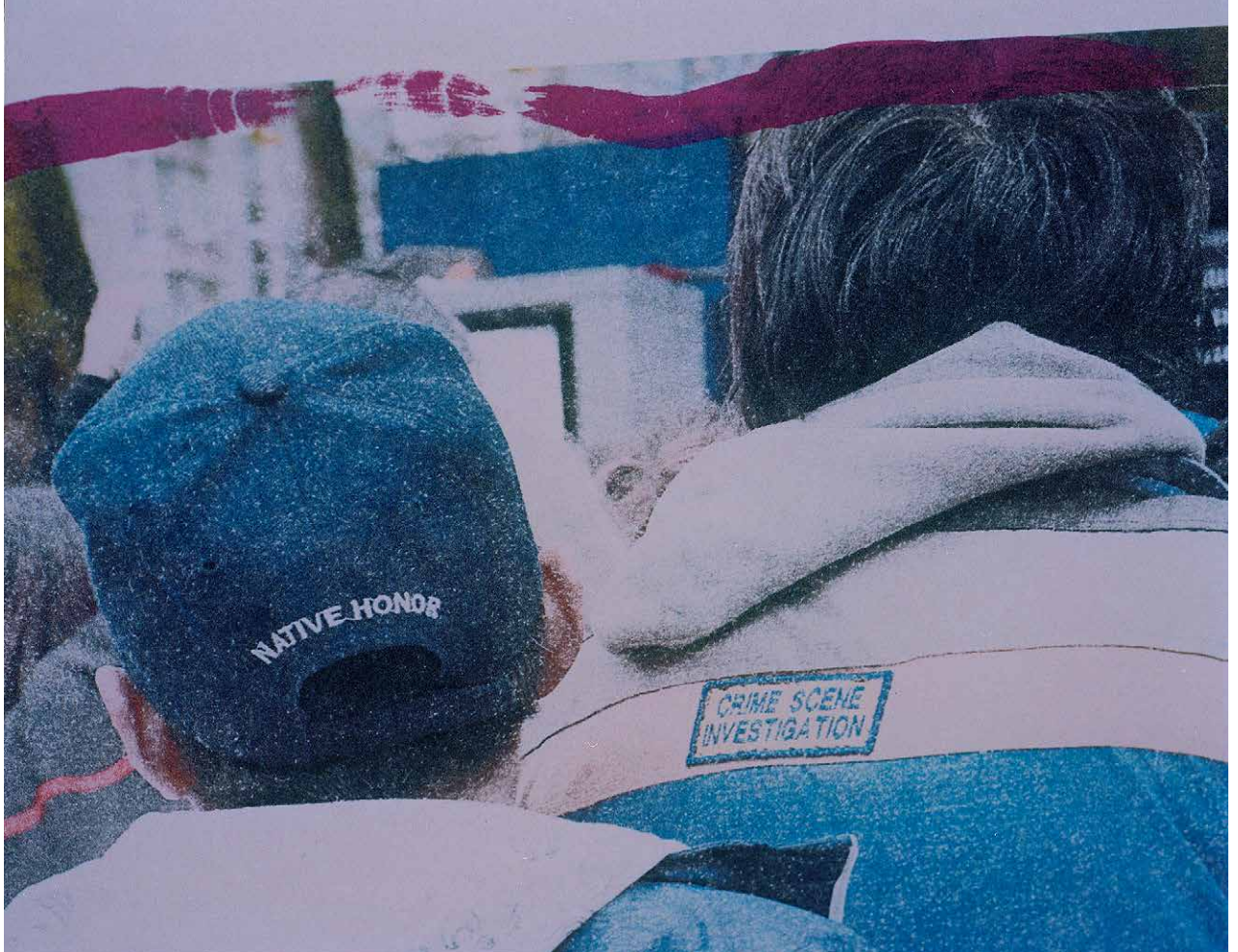
In the span of time that it took for this collection of images to accumulate (years), I had been trying to puncture a tender, purulent abscess of low self-esteem and self-loathing that has always been present.

In saying that, I had just as actively attempted to circumvent myself and my needs. When you are open about how you're feeling or how you feel about yourself, it leaves more options for self-alienation. Being too open with people can be more than some people can handle.

These works come from a space of self-reflection about a certain time and mental space, one that is too dilapidated and generally unsafe to return to.

I don't find it too sad that there are still things I'm working through from a different time in my life—it's in a safer space mentally, and there isn't a concern of completely collapsing in on myself.

All images courtesy of M. V. Williams







47 KODAK EXTRA 100



48 KODAK EXTRA 100



46 KODAK EXTRA 100



45 KODAK EXTRA 100



41 KODAK EXTRA 100



42 KODAK EXTRA 100



43 KODAK EXTRA 100

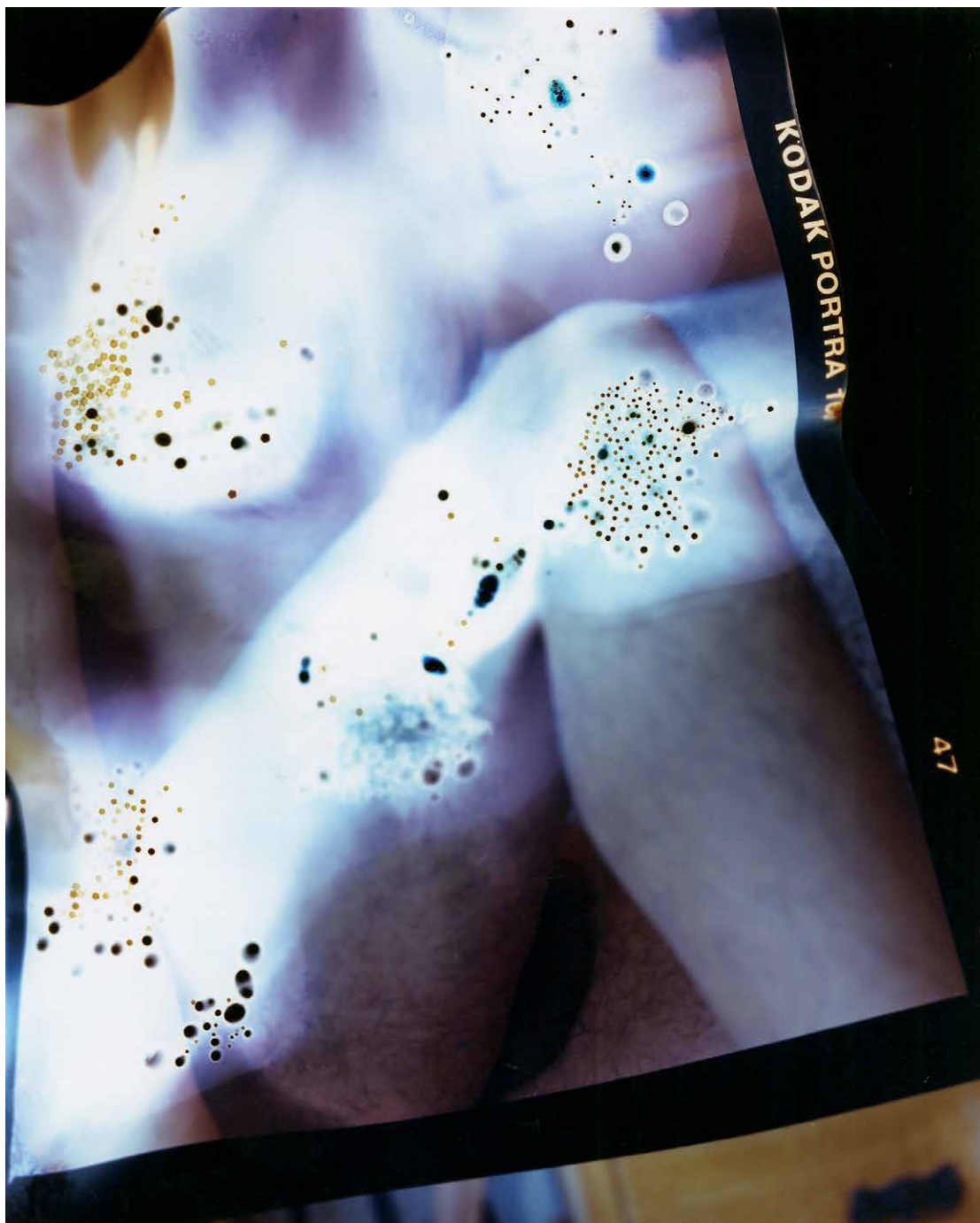


44 KODAK EXTRA 100



Value and tone









The Shadow

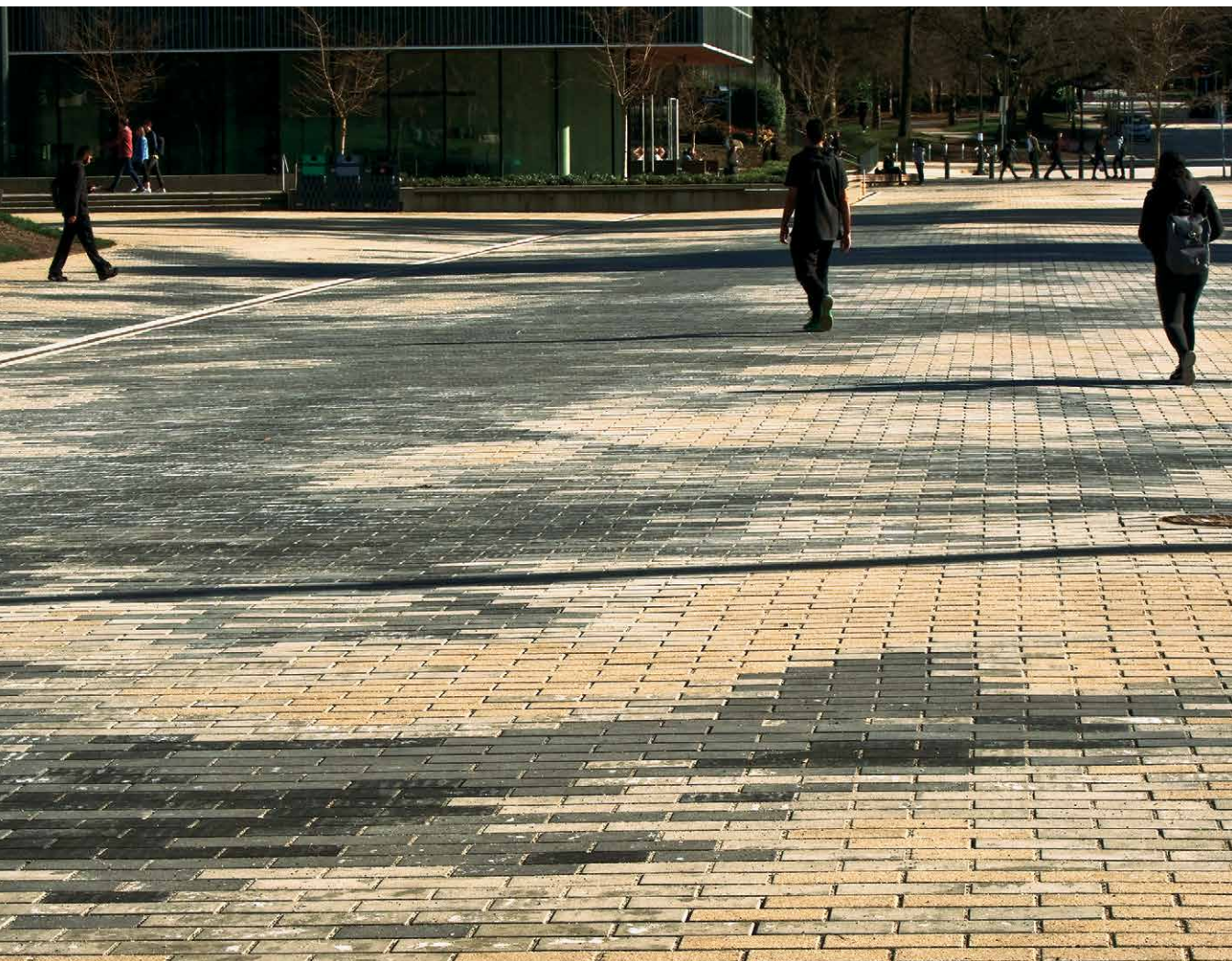
Esther Shalev-Gerz

Esther Shalev-Gerz, *The Shadow*, 2018, 24,000 concrete pavers, 100 x 25 metres
Photograph by Barbara Cole

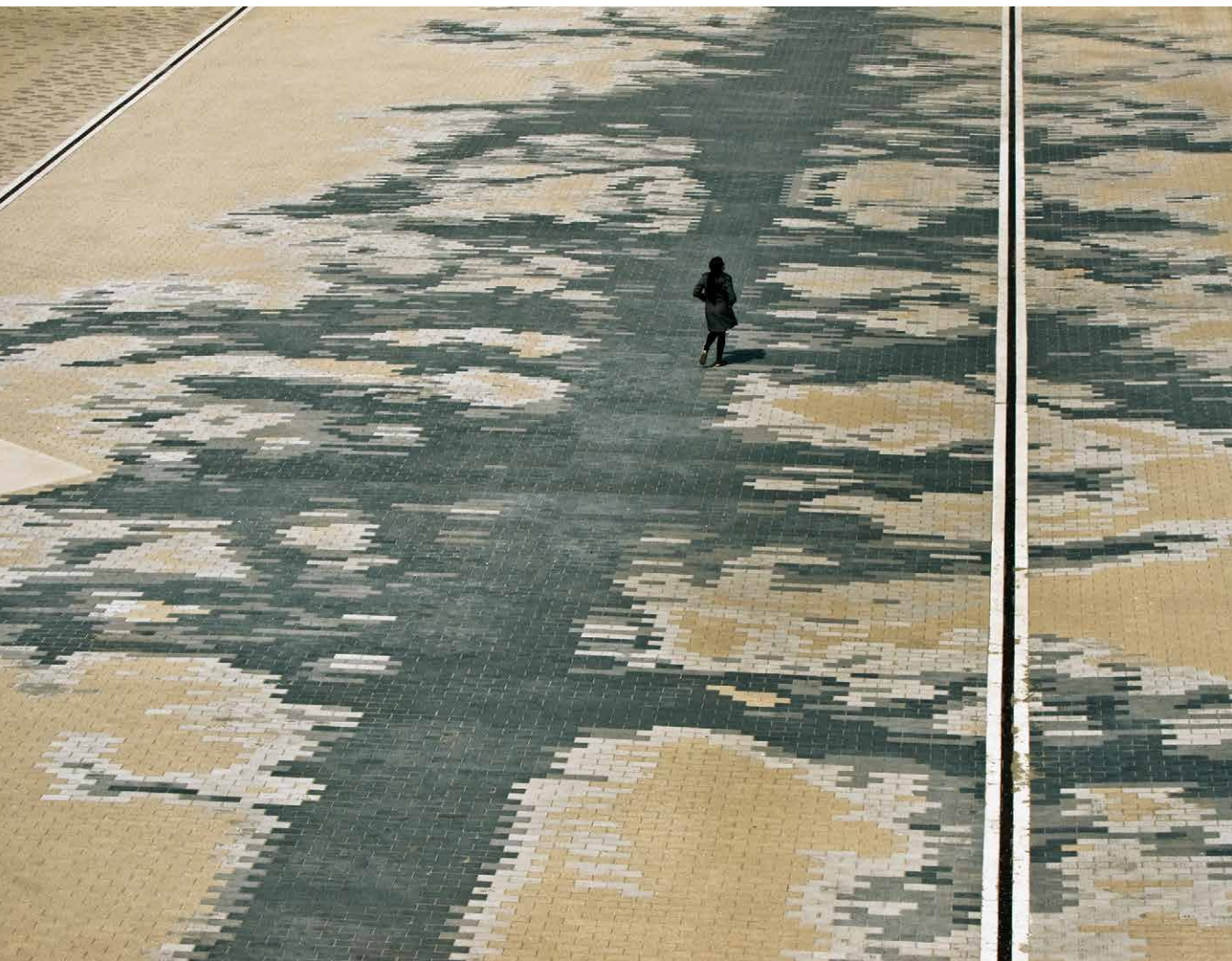
Commissioned by the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery with support from the Burrard Arts Foundation, Rick Erickson and Donna Partridge, Brigitte and Henning Freybe, Phil Lind, the Morris and Helen Belkin Foundation, the Rennie Foundation and UBC's Matching Fund for Outdoor Art through Infrastructure Impact Charges.



Esther Shalev-Gerz, *The Shadow*, 2018, 24,000 concrete pavers, 100 x 25 metres
Photograph by Hassan El-Sherbiny



Esther Shalev-Gerz, *The Shadow*, 2018, 24,000 concrete pavers, 100 x 25 metres
Photograph by Robert Keziere



Esther Shalev-Gerz, *The Shadow*, 2018, 24,000 concrete pavers, 100 x 25 metres
Photograph by Robert Keziere

In conversation: *The Shadow*

Colin Browne & Esther Shalev-Gerz

Colin Browne met with Esther Shalev-Gerz on June 4, 2018, to discuss her work The Shadow. This 100-by-25-metre installation, commissioned by the Belkin Art Gallery, depicts the shadow of a Douglas fir across the paving stones of University Commons Plaza, on the University of British Columbia's Vancouver campus.

Colin Browne: Esther Shalev-Gerz, please tell me how *The Shadow* was born.

Esther Shalev-Gerz: It started in 2015 when the Belkin Art Gallery's director, Scott Watson, commissioned me to create a work in public space for UBC. So, I went for a walk on the ground of the campus. I remember walking along the Main Mall in UBC, absorbing the topography at the edge of the continent, looking up at the huge trees that line the pedestrian boulevard. I was struck by the vastness and the pronounced horizontality. It's really beautiful. It's elevating. As I was walking, the image of only the shadow of a large tree began to form in my mind.

A walk is an opportunity to explore the history of a location. I began by conducting a great deal of research about what was on the land before the University was built. I understood that the grounds and forests had always been places of learning for the Musqueam people. I perused photographs of the beginning of the construction of the campus from various archives. I took pictures of the remaining big trees growing on the slopes down to Wreck Beach and explored tree chronology with botanists from the UBC Botanical Garden. In the course of my quest, I also discovered that homeless Japanese sailors once lived in that area and cut trees down to sell the wood to the growing city of Vancouver. I am still very intrigued by the idea of people inhabiting homes made with those same trees. I also was struck by a sense of urgency concerning the speed at which the old growth forests have disappeared.

This is how the work happened. It commanded me to realize it. I use photography a lot, but a shadow is sort of proto-photography, like a beginning. Imagine the shadow is actually there all the time, and, as with exposed photographic paper, when bathed in developer fluid, the image slowly appears. It actualizes what was already in the paper.

CB: Latency.

ESG: Latency. So, this was the main thing. Then came the crucial quest for location. The curatorial team and I needed to find a place to install *The Shadow*. One thing was clear from the beginning: I wanted the materiality and surface of the location to participate in the materiality of *The Shadow*. I think—and I have addressed this point in several previous works—that we are losing track of the real world. We barely know with what materials the real world is crafted. We barely know who's constructing the real world. Images of construction work are not something we photograph at all, although we photograph anything else. We only photograph something when it's finished or when it's destroyed. That we do not know to create or craft anything seems like a dangerous precedent. At one time we were looking at a big patch of grass. So, I said, "Okay, if the shadow is on grass, the grass will dictate the aesthetic outcome. I will work with different colours of grass to create it." The landscape architect of UBC suggested we consider the new university plaza in front of The Nest, where the new home of the Student Union sits. If you walk into The Nest, you'll see it's made of wood. I thought it was so magical that the shadow would be cast just outside, and I decided that instead of drawing the exact shape of this Douglas fir shadow onto the plaza I would introduce an idea of urgency by letting the concrete pavers fragment and pixelate it. This busy monochromatic paved plaza would allow *The Shadow* to fully unfold.

I created a surface on which a walker would progressively be exposed, consciously and unconsciously, to the shape and to the pavers. That allowed the shadow to seep out of the ground with a certain grandeur. It's large, 100 metres long, 25 metres wide, more than 300 feet long and cannot be captured in one glance, challenging the viewer to take in the image slowly while perambulating. There is also a mound in front of The Nest from where the entire shadow is visible, inviting the absent tree to form in the viewer's imagination. I've done quite a lot of work in public spaces, and I've learned that the work should not be made so that it can be consumed all at once and forgotten immediately. You walk on *The Shadow*. You look down, like the philosophers who used to walk the philosophical walk. They'd look down, but they would look and not see. The unconscious would take in the world, and this moment of unconsciousness, when your head is tilted forward—the antithesis of gazing at a screen—is for me the most precious moment. My ideas always come when I walk, not when I sit.

CB: How did you decide where the pavers — the different coloured pavers — were going to go? Did you create a scale drawing of *The Shadow*?

ESG: To create *The Shadow*, I needed the model of a tree. I looked at large trees everywhere, including in museums, where I could see how the large trees survived the big fires, and the ones that were left on the seaside. A tree is a three-dimensional sculpture whereas a shadow is like a two-dimensional photograph. I decided to render the tree using 3D imaging software, with an internal virtual mobile light source, so I could manifest the moment of the day that cast the shadow that formed in my imagination. I wanted it to be as “shadowy” as possible — the nature of shadows is that they shift constantly.

But this one would be frozen in time.

I drafted a scale drawing in order to position the resulting 3D shadow on the plaza and chose to work with three grey tones that would provide a good contrast with the beige pavers on the plaza — the *assemblage* would match my vision. I created one very dark and two different lighter shades of grey. The lighter one on the edge of the shadow suggests vibration and very successfully merges with the monochromatic paved surface.

According to this scheme, the work team replaced 24,000 pavers. It took less than three months to integrate *The Shadow* into the plaza. Now this gigantic mosaic lies under the steps of so many participating students, faculty, and visitors, whether or not they notice their interaction with this monumental piece while walking across these grounds. As an artist this resulted in an important opportunity to create a contemporary myth. I believe this is what artists do.

CB: You have called this a very particular tree, and a very particular sunrise.

ESG: This is the shadow of a particular tree. And when we talk about shadow, it’s also the unconscious — a particular unconscious. Particularity is critical and commands our attention. And this shadow references a particular moment in time, which started when we did. We also looked at the stars, and where the sun rose on a certain day of a certain year. But then I didn’t want to go too far because, when you look at the sunset or sunrise, you don’t really do this to prove something. It wasn’t about proving. It’s about saying it’s a particular moment.

My wish was to create the portrait of a particular Douglas fir as an attempt to posit that each tree is an entity unto itself, an individual life form. As a result of their history, each tree — like each person — is unique.

I've had a cabin on Cortes Island, BC for many years. I regularly walk the surrounding forest where large old growth stumps remind me of the vast spaces the canopies carved out for themselves. The present trees are now mostly second-generation growth. Last year one of the few remaining old growth giant firs suddenly crashed to the ground, probably because of damage that happened a long time ago. Its huge horizontal presence is still very dramatic. It will nourish the forest for many years to come. The haunting horizontal absence of the owner of *The Shadow* works in the same way for me.

CB: Can you remind me of what Ian Wallace said about this project?

ESG: He said, "It makes such a large impact—and without an object!" I think this is true. It was satisfying because I consider myself a sculptor, but on the other hand I don't want to take up too much space. We're already too many. There are too many objects in the world in my opinion. I work a lot with video because video is, for me, a sculptural thing. It brings the work into the world, but it's only a projection. Making use of void is part of my negotiation with sculpture. In this case it is about the presence of absence.

The Shadow is very satisfying in its modalities as it addresses the ground in a new manner. It offers, by being in and on it, an immersive experience. It changes in the weather and in time.

Time is never linear in my art works. A shadow of the past can emerge to crystalize a specific present moment and directly inspire a particular future. But the most mysterious are our own shadows, aren't they? For instance, we can only walk on shadows other than our own. They carry us. It's really at the edge of things that we are propelled away or back into the shadow. The part we don't know we know, that makes memory and history irreconcilable. My work always deals with complexity; I often have to elucidate it. But I don't need to talk much about this work. Everybody dreams his or her own shadow.

lemonbox cards

Joel William Vaughan

[1]

31.12.15. we clip out in nine minutes; here are
11:51p dishes waiting in the sink; an extension
cord across the table; two unopened bars
of cough drops in my jacket pocket, door
open on hinges: cherry, white mint; there is
mouldy humidifier filter on floor beneath
the table; whisky in jar

8.1.16. a single, prolonged swell of boiling water
~2p rush—the flapping of wings; bubbles
coalescing, shooting skywards from the
electric stove deep

espresso pulses from an extended steel rod.
coughs into being

8.1.16. a shred of clothing | a sliver of ice, | a
~5p plastic pellet.

8.1.16. trace your finger along prestige. feel out bumps obscured
14.1.16. nice things like baby books, footsteps, belt loops.
15.1.16. I'm our world incarnate; I'll often pass in my sleep.

[2]

18.1.16. picking at fried milk with plastic silverware.

18.1.16. dead bugs in the windowsill | dead birds
~8:30 on the sidewalk | skin flakes from her

19.1.16. elbow *freezes a man like an apple; god*
p *may consent, but only for a time*

19.1.16. baby show me that weeaboo gold
24.1.16. aspiring footnotes grace the midnight
language association soiree: fat

motivation!

- 25.1.16. she's got tattoo paste rubbed along her lip,
~11.06 interior: R E G I C I D E | mice gnawed
out a concave ornament in the drywall,
only audible when I hold my breath | piles
of spit accumulate in the parking garage, a
ring around my bikehook.

[3]

- 2.2.16. second wind come find me
- 19.2.16. grit grit grit | sand and crosshatched silt
2:25p clung to oblong brickwork like so much
23.2.16. charcoal spit sand and steelwool | trace
>2.15a the chain-lines through my single-ply
crush along futura: the plastic bag
- 23.2.16. if I am a coward in my youth, I'll be
7:37p something worse with age: an old man
attending dinners; there is only youth and
- 24.2.16. only should be young, horny, New, mad
3:56p mad mad mad for the underdog
- 4.3.16. ovaltine ovaltine:
~3:15 lunula wrapping arms tails through
ankles, girdling eyeballs | plugging
cotton up my ear canal | mosquito aether
rings out my cracks a bell somewhere up
there, sinus, like citronella ferment or a
yellow jug of chlorine spilled
upsidedown underwater
- 4.3.16. she turn your starches into sugars | a
~3:16 bathtub full of lukewarm hearts & tails
she slug up the first little concentrate
short circuit if she keep it down | but
what a way to go! | but what a way to go!!

[4]

- 4.3.16. my day is palimpsest | my lunch: a spoonful of nesquick
- 8.3.16. one half man one half buffaloface | mark
- ~3:21a twain & plasticine lucifer bul- | -ging at
his eye lids lips & fingers | sixteen

sugarcookies left on the stovetop | listen
closely: zozo's scratching at the doorframe

- 10.3.16. white phosphorus spontaneous | taut
1:42p sprung umbrellas gathering static | like so
11.3.16. many little moving rooftops the
5:49p sun—sets—bloor w—calves—eggshell
crowns—suspended between punctuation

&

asphyxiation by ampersand: the sorts
ran hot and pulled through wire | our
foundry, softswept riddled with ellipses
collecting sunflower pods and mouse
shite | vandercook, draped and sunken

this wordstill decrepit, once | heaped on
sledge and bustled o'er city blocks,
screaming 'Fire!'

now wiped along queen st. brimming
trinkets, scented candles, fridge magnets:
a bummer

[5]

- 20.3.16. *black eyes, broken jaws, bloody noses*
~2:45a burning violet, singe-edged lavender
palm sunday sugarjack, banging
forehead on a greasy drawing-room
window | an odd wool; an even woof
imparallel chain lines up wrist, down
calf, through head & heart & tail
methanol in the distillate, *whiskey in the*
20.3.16. *water* | each card a universal truth, an
~3:50a incomplete, an inprogress, an
incomprehensive | a little crumb of
nobodaddy
- 20.3.16. sleep with me beneath your pillow |
~3:50a finger me tarot and | pull me, planchette
drawn | quartered rubbed down with
- 25.3.16. three-in-one engine oil, *report any*
2:45p *suspicious activity to a member of staff or a*
police officer

[6]

- 29.3.16. perhaps she will be the last | I'd tell you

~7.07p how I really felt, but then you'd hold me
to my word:

29.3.16. *TAMÀM SHUD*

~7:15

M R G O A B A B D

M L I A Θ I

X = = = = =

M L I A B O A I A Q C

I T T M T S A M S T G A B

29.3.16. these things are small and rare and
~7:56p wonderful and all I can do is hide them in
a box and hope they keep happening so
I'm just excited is all

[4]

30.3.16. selfcest: a zine about rock & roll | I'll only
1.4.16. speak $\frac{3}{4}$ honest, | but I can guarantee that.

14.1.16. nice things like drywall, steel wool, cast iron
nice things like cumstains and little zipped
bags of dried sage | nice things like white
hair, like green eyes, like sports-related
injuries | like a bundle of mold and elastic;
like I'm every mug chip in the city collected
in a jug, glazed in a kiln, pounded into
terracotta powder | nice things like lunch
money, like birch bark, like wall climbing
turgid nipples and frozen pockets and
remote detonators | nice-nice things like
baby books, footsteps, belt loops (ha./)
millet, milk men, fingernails in the compost
bin and girls

1.4.16. an unused tampon leaned up on milk
8:59p crate, green, outside the open door of a
burgerhouse | a face rag, wrung | I'm an
upturned coffeecup

1.4.16. we travel in place—me and you—wet
8:59p clothes on a wire lighter every moment.

from "Six Boxes"

Helen Guri

One day, finally, after several years of numptime, and a lifetime before that, when the details were not yet known to me, I went to my shelf and made the section. As I singled out each spine and moved it to the space I'd cleared below, I pictured the blurbs and jacket copy replaced by short, true summaries of violence: *This man beat and bruised women writers without consent during sex. This man attempted to kill his collaborator, a woman writer. This man encouraged his women writing students to drink to the point of passing out; some now believe, but cannot be sure, they were assaulted. This man groped women writers at parties. This man sent a death threat to his ex, a woman writer. This man saddled his ex, a woman writer, with an enormous debt. This man, without warning, shoved his tongue sequentially into the mouths of two women writers who happened to be sitting on either side of him. This man tried to coerce a woman writer into sex by withholding a reference letter at the last minute. This man repeatedly dated his women writing students and assaulted some. This man addressed a woman writer on a ferry deck. He told her he would push her off, then lunged at her, turned, and walked away.* In the way that books all together on a shelf are repetitious—colour, format, author names, paper texture, smell, themes, font, images, letters, words—these acts circled back on themselves. As I made the section I began to access a feeling of vertigo, the way I think you are supposed to feel when you read about Borges's infinite library. People, people, words and people, all of nature, sounds, syllables, the alphabet recombining: Many things on the list had been done by more than one man. Some of the men were the same man. These were just the men I knew about, the books I happened to own. I had been social with everyone. There were more acts than I yet knew about, and more men than I could ever be friendly with or successfully ignore, and some acts committed by people who weren't men, and many people who had written books.

Hello, Literature, I said, addressing it directly for the first time. This love I'd had since childhood. Because the occasion of my standing there, in the lamplight with the scuffed white Ikea unit and the growing terrible pile, was love, just as the occasion of my purchases and attention and friendships and conversation

and education and paid and unpaid work commitments and relationships and gifts and time alone with words in bed had been love. People are social creatures. The occasion of everything is love. It is important to remember this.

*

There was the conversation I had with S about the section. S had been feeling what I had been feeling, and had made a section too, and had put the section in boxes, two of them, and was going to have a book burning. I was in awe of this decision.

She had given it a lot of thought and had arrived at a place of clarity: Thrift shops—not an option. Then other people would buy the books, ignorant of the violence they meant. The street—same. You would not leave a loaded gun in a box by the road. Recycling—a possibility. But the glue in the bindings apparently fucks up the municipal process.

At the same time I felt, acutely, that I could not do this with my own section, not yet. I still had questions.

Here were the words of the rapists and manipulators and assailants written down. If I studied very carefully maybe I could identify the warning signs, learn to spot danger in an aesthetic, in a grammar.

I didn't see the violence because (a) I did not read the book, or (b) I did not see the violence in the book, or (c) the violence was invisible in the book, and then later or beforehand or all along it happened.

Or (d) I saw the violence in the book and everywhere in the world and didn't mind.

Seeing is a skill. Code-breaking is a skill. Minding is a skill. Total rage is a skill. I could keep these books in the closet like dumbbells in escalating stacks, for resistance training.

Was there a system by which I could identify the violence in other books, by authors I did not personally know. Was there a system I could master to NEVER ACQUIRE ANOTHER VIOLENT BOOK.

If I read the violent books I had loved backwards, could I journey back inside myself and extract what I had eaten.

Was there a system of reading and writing and shelving that would lead to justice. I wanted to know.

Was I interested in justice or just having trouble letting go.

I knew these books did not ultimately belong on my shelf. Did this mean I should get a chest freezer.

In the end S did not burn her books either. Blue bin, blue bin, blue bin.

*

Then I entered the part of my life where I was living beside a known monster, that I had chosen, that people judged me for.

My books took up a whole wall. It was unreasonable to try to hide them.

And I had cultivated the kind of life where it was normal for people to come over to drink and eat and smoke pot and develop feelings about my books, and by extension, me.

It was normal for me to talk about my feelings about my books, or even more normal to talk about something else, with my feelings about my books on display in the background.

As a young bisexual semi-femme repressed genderqueer reader whose tastes were regularly questioned by guy friends, straight friends, even lesbian friends, I had developed some defences against shame. I would feel it begin to well up inside me, and then I would do these little internal curl-ups to keep it down. I was strong. I was reasonably, adequately strong to be living in my particular body.

But now I encountered a different situation. The people judging me were not misguided or uninformed. They knew what I knew: my bookshelf was not a sanctuary or a clear idea or the beginning of an evolution in a positive direction. It was not a worthy love. It was a history of things I had let into my life that had not, for whatever reason, disappeared yet. It was what I had eaten to become who I was.

By this definition it was my body.

It couldn't be.

I wanted to tell people that I knew how bad my books were, that I was keeping the works of the rapists, the attempted murderers, especially, to learn from. That there was something about literature and my relationship to it I still had to figure out. This always seemed to come out wrong.

The people I invited over to drink and eat and smoke pot were not strangers, but beloveds. Maybe they did not judge me. It seems likelier they were only worried for my well-being, confused at my decisions. Maybe it was love. Maybe I was so wholly unfamiliar with the sensation of actual love that when it cut me, when I felt the welling, I did little internal curl-ups to keep it down.

*

Most of the women and genderqueers and trans guys I know have been raped. When it happened to me it wasn't by an author.

It started in a movie theatre, a full one. My friend from work was sitting two rows ahead. My rapist was sitting next to me. During the previews he put his hand up my skirt and started shoving his fingers inside me, all at once, without warning. My efforts to get him to stop did not succeed. People began to stare.

I stood up, keeping a death-grip on his wrist, and this got his hand out of me. He stood up too, and, as we fumbled to the end of the aisle, tried to put his hand back in. I held it away from me with both hands thinking *I can make this look like hand-holding*.

I took him home to my basement apartment. That seemed less humiliating. On the way there, to keep his hand out of me, I ran. He ran too. For a while I was ahead. When he caught me up, I went back to hand-holding, and we jogged alongside each other in a strange sort of arm wrestle. Google Maps now tells me the distance was thirteen blocks. Did he think this was romantic?

When we got inside I said okay fuck me. I felt clear and on fire and insane in a way that was almost like having power. I felt like I had power. He did not fuck me. He took his limp dick out and slapped it across my face awhile. Slapped it against different parts of my body. Observing a little claw mark on my shoulder from when I'd had sex the week before, he called me a slut. Did he really say it so baldly. I remember the feeling. Then he zipped up his pants and I probably offered him tea or a drink and he either accepted or didn't then left. He complimented me on my books. I think he meant what he said.

At that point in my life I really liked my books. I didn't own that many yet. I had five or six Anne Carsons and a little paperback copy of *Every Building on 100 West Hastings* by Stan Douglas, which has a fold-out photograph, taken from an impossible perspective, of every building on 100 West Hastings, just like the title promises. I liked Gerald Stern. I was weirdly into Gerald Stern.

I could not tell whether those people in the theatre were judging me or whether they were concerned for my well-being. If they were concerned for my well-being, it was not a feeling that led them to any particular action.

I know that there are people who would say, *Well what about your actions*. But I knew, even at the time, that I had aced this. *I aced this*.

I aced it so well I never really became a victim until nine years later, when someone asked me directly: Have you ever been raped? and I had to admit it—I had to realize it, then admit it. It was a safe place to do so. I felt dizzy with the scale of my achievement: the bravery of my body, and the care my body had shown me in keeping this information tightly boxed until we arrived in a safe harbour. And now my mind shaking the contents loose and turning them instantly into conversation. I was having such a beautiful conversation. But at the same time I was sad to understand, in a way that would take time to sink in fully, that I had left my body and its political position just sitting there, somewhere outside myself, for nearly a decade of my life.

This was a decade in which I finished school and wrote a manuscript and became a published author. This was a decade in which I read and acquired a lot of books...

*

To read "Six Boxes" in its entirety, please visit thecapilanoreview.com.

Note:

When I wrote the list of violent acts that appears at the beginning of this piece, I anonymized the stories to prevent victims/survivors from being identified. I recombined, stripped out, or, in some cases, altered details. As I did this, a new difficulty opened up. Abuse is repetitive and unoriginal to begin with. When I stripped a story of its specificity, the number of people it could apply to multiplied, and it began to encompass experiences I hadn't meant to reference, whether for reasons of accuracy (I never owned that book), safety, or ignorance. And when I invented details to distance a story from the situation I had in mind, there was the potential that these would bring it closer to someone else's experience—abuse is repetitive and unoriginal.

Despite my best efforts to keep the focus off individual victims/survivors, two frightening possibilities persist: One, a survivor of abuse whose story I did not mean to reference will see her experience in what I have written and conclude that her confidence has been betrayed, whether directly by me or through the rumour mill (I say “her” because in this essay I have spoken only of abuse against women writers, though survivors and perpetrators alike come in all genders, and some people’s genders, e.g., mine, are in a state of drift). Two, an abuser will leap to assume that his was one of the violent books on my shelf and that his particular actions were the ones I had in mind, and conclude that his victim has spoken up.

I want to greet these possibilities with a basic fact that I hope is more powerful. If you are a victim/survivor of this shit, you are very, very far from alone.

Seven Poems

Mallory Tater

Lauren Hates Roller Coasters

Her stomach has learned
to sink on its own.
People who seek thrills
are depressed,
maybe. Lauren will never
go to Disneyland.
When she tells us this,
we put on funeral-voices
but say it's overrated
and she will be fine.
She will be fine
without flying
to gendered land,
chewing fried foods
from sticks, hugging
a proportionately-off mouse.
Lauren would rather stare
at her own breasts,
lick a blade of grass,
fry us
midnight eggs
and softened tomatoes
over her stove.
Lauren's mouth foams with
vitamin Cs. Lauren watches
bacon as it whines and curls
slowly and without magic.

Flattering

The beautiful woman
at the bridal store,
with a bowl cut
and distressed
clogs, walks Lauren
to a mirror world.
Wow—your hips are
invisible in this.
It's just so flattering.
It's like
where did you even go?
Where are you?
Where are you?

Mimosas

There are dresses under my sink
because Lauren visited for the weekend
and I couldn't choose what to wear
for brunch. I hate brunch.
It's a meal where we pretend
to be happy. It's the carpe diem of meals.

Thank you, you brought the good weather.
It hailed on our backs on the walk home.
Thank you for the beer.
It rains the whole time.

I'm socialising a lot, but apologetically.
Sorry I didn't ask
about your roommate drama,
your sick mom, how you cracked
your cellphone.

There's a loud rumble from the parkade
that makes the couch move. It scares me.
It happens every two days. I've wanted
to ask my landlord about it
for two years. It sounds like men
howling in the pipes, shaking me.

Last November, the woman next door
lost her husband the same night
our world turned to louder
guns and torches and pain.
I told myself I'd leave flowers
at her door this year. To say sorry.
We're all cold and sorry.
I didn't do it. I worked seven hours
that day folding boxes. I didn't forget.
I just didn't do it.

Summer Flu

On the day of the eclipse,
Lauren coughed out phlegm
for an afternoon.
Her body spoke.
It wasn't
bright enough
or ready
for the most beautiful
version of nothing.

Beetle

The shadow of Lauren's ring
against the dark couch
looks like a beetle resting.
Sometimes she scrubs her mind
and wonders what it would be like
to have less cleaning to do.
If instead of anxious floors
and walls, a ceiling, she could
instead have a simple floor
for a mind, littered
with grass, the idea of blood.
Not knowing what to do
with our time or knowing
what could kill us.

Dungeness

I come home to you braising pork
in stewed peppers and its own fat.
Lauren texts me that no one special
has ever made her food, that she's
at a Mennonite diner with her mother,
ordering water and sauerkraut.
She's still sick but I am not.
You tell me you've come
to love turmeric, that I oversalt
rice when I'm drunk. With you and me,
we oversalt often. We'll be brined and well
when the banks and public parks
rot. We'll lie somewhere lovely,
iced in salt, protesting the aging
of bodies, the shifting of friends.
For supper, we once slipped
into the Pacific with my grandfather's net.
We twisted our tee-shirts up to our armpits,
pretended we could not be burned,
caught four dungeness crabs.
One pinched your wrist.
They twitched in my lunchbox.
We walked back to shore, through
algae tresses, rinsed salt off our legs
with the hose, placed the crabs on the grass
to measure which bodies
held more meat than other bodies,
which bodies to put inside our bodies.
I'll always want to hold you.

For Lauren Again

Why have I always bitten my fingernails raw?
I spend more on band-aids than books.
You overdose and text me you're in the hospital
but just for a check-up, waiting for me
to reply BULLSHIT and I do.
We've known everything
is terrible since we were forced in school
to take a Canadian Families course and learned
divorce can cause fever. The sweat stains
beneath our teacher's armpits and kneecaps.
At lunch he ate cold chicken wings alone
behind the portables. Once, he offered you
a drumstick, told you never to love
or smoke, be decent. You told me
your pug would die at age four.
He's eleven now and needs you.
I don't know that's true, but when
he scratches your mother's flower pots,
filled with daisies from your hospital stays,
he at least knows your scent.
I will place band-aids on my fingers forever.
I will place band-aids on mostly my middle fingers.
I chew them when I'm alone without wanting to be.
You're alone without wanting to be.
You draw portraits of elderly women,
pruned and tortured and beautiful.
My favourite—her index finger bending
her lower lip open, her eyes slick
from onions or dying. I love watching you
sketch necks and chins but I'm not sure why.
One day, I ask what the woman is thinking.
You text six days later—
She's not.
She's just like that.
She just is.
I don't know.

Four Poems

Scott Jackshaw

Homemaker

so that when I left the southside Baptist church becoming dissident & eyes
out of skull like the spirit into wilderness

so that when my pastor honeyed tongues in a crusty mattress or like locust
grazed on permed hairs & translation

so that when I let him blood me & loved a boy like language

so that when I loved a boy so that whenever
I loved a boy the space of that boy would look like an invitation to inhabit
or family history pinned up in my garage

so that straight paths God would move when mom prayed in groanings & groanings up furnace vents to our bedrooms moving too

so that where the Baptists circulated rot I spilt myself like a land of milk
& saw worlds thicken

so that coming will I go & tasting of

MUFFLER

INSIDE mute tones they tongued each great hush bisected & near to sleep
where gassed up on the road they whipped dreams like christs / & cruised

four-way to stops thrown spit-soaked to the wind then
back in their wrinkled at each rubber stench faces they died on trees

UPSIDE they siphoned reveries & asphalt they throated with their truck
bottomed out not one of heaved their bones broken

they snapped / why plucked / kindled petroleums
in their cheeks & phalanges busted up epochs of quiet

SIDLED murk to the highway they slicked themselves & all hangers-on /
dangled past alley mausoleums where tunnels slumbered black

hickey-bound they windshield their skins to gloss-gash
sleet & emolliate rough on the silent road out

Chasmic Some

limb kept tryin to please / navigated blind
these treacherous wastes like worlded crusts over nitherin blithe
when I blindfolded the man he asked first if I would piss on his
forehead then asked his hands be nailed to his feet then asked
his tongue be cut with magazines then asked his plants be
watered daily when he died I could never piss again

somerspaced man / when he died all carved up
suddenly in my televisions there
great beholdin pixels & blood like cathode rays
his face sunken in the hi-fi swathes where out
of the dread planet came static bodies who asked
if I might nail them also

Monroe of the Windows

wisher's nape his
bile-slick eyes his o-god & between
 blow shudderin
he's hoist & Gutenberg he says
 crinkle my pages baby
he says blister my spine
but notice guts get in
 cracks & sidewalk lines
that he's a library with his skirt
blown up or more rumour
 than president
he's disappearer or 's gone vatic
backbone he talks with his mouth
but his tongue just stares
 his resistance
to labels felt strange to me here a thing
I'd bled for yet throwin that thing away
he's unfurlin skin & sogged shoes livin

Vers

A black billow, his far-fasted days
crept like insomnia, a washed sheet
& wrung, he stretches

thin, a tarpaulin pitch smogged
over the sun, he kissed me but
inhaled as he did.

He stacked his smokes, layers
of the city's worn-out rage, counts back
& mirthless from

five metric tonnes, spilt soot
& hair, counts himself asleep
in his bitumen queen-bed.

Downturn: one (1) lover
for a barrel & a blackout
in the hundred-year bloom.

Some Stylized Facts

Jimmy McInnes

it is a [known] [known]
that in this [unknown]
the [unknown] is bound
securely to an inclined [unknown]
approximately four [unknowns]
by seven [unknowns]

it is a [known] [known]
that the [unknown]'s [unknowns]
are generally elevated

it is a [known] [known]
that an [unknown] is placed over
the [unknown] & the [unknowns]

it is a [known] [known]
that once the [unknown] is saturated
& completely covers
the [unknown] & [unknowns]
[unknown] is slightly restricted
for twenty to forty [unknowns] due
to the presence of the [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that [unknown] causes an increase in
carbon dioxide [unknowns]
in the [unknown]'s [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that [unknown] increase in
carbon dioxide [unknowns]
stimulates increased [unknown]
to [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that [unknown] is then
applied to the [unknown]
in a controlled [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that [unknown] is usually
applied from a canteen [unknown]
or a small watering [unknown]
with an [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that as [unknown] is done
[unknown] is lowered until [unknown] covers
both the [unknown] & the [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that this [unknown]
(in addition to [unknown])
produces the perception of [unknown]
& incipient [unknown]

(i.e. feelings of [unknown])

it is a [known] [known]
that [unknown]
does not breathe any [unknown]
into his [unknowns]

it is a [known] [known]
that during those twenty to forty [unknowns]
[unknown] is continuously applied from an [unknown]
of twelve to twenty-four [unknowns]

it is a [known] [known]
that after [unknown]
[unknown] is lifted
& [unknown] allowed to [unknown] unimpeded
for three or four full [unknown]s

it is a [known] [known]
that the [unknown] of [unknown]
is immediately relieved by
the removal of [unknown]

it is a [known] [known]
that [unknown]
may then be repeated
as felt needed by [unknown]

Common Coin

J. Robert Ferguson

for Cam Scott

my hands
hair
cruelty
buses
shoes
phones
chairs
stones
meat
garbage bags
discomfort
pigeons
stares
houses
floors
pennies (fewer now)
warmth
parked cars
junk mail
spam
“thank you”
“sorry”
“excuse me”
sleeves
elm trees
squirrels
bladder pressure (not too much)
Youtube comments
looking away
eyelid tics
intestinal pain
the last two months of summer
bananas

thirst
words from Latin
words from Greek
depression
violent death (media)
fear
bread
bad news
tears
touch
touchability
airplanes
helicopters
climate change
climate change denial
numbness
the sun
the moon
chain-link fences
'bad neighbourhoods'
avoiding public spaces (crowded)
laughter
salt packets
coffee
churches (Protestant, mostly)
recordings of bells
conversations on the bus
legs falling asleep
my breath
your pulse
sports highlights in bars
secret prisons
federal prisons
Van Gogh prints in apartment building hallways
absentee landlords
profanity
cameras on buses
traffic signs (non-pedestrian)
indoor plumbing

my cavities (mostly)
abandoned warehouses
old Tim Hortons buildings that have been repurposed
canker sores
nuclear war (4 a.m.)
mass extinction
travel mugs (always forgetting at home)
biting my lips
(water bottles too)
comma splice
Manitoban accents
split infinitives
plants (indoors)
the federal conservative party (these days, ha-ha)
sleeping in movie theatres
son et lumière
gardening gloves
Californian wildfires
Australian wildfires
Canadian wildfires
dog leashes
glass sitting on a nightstand (one-third filled with water)
blinking
Quaker Oats
radiators
the 'Dean Scream'
"love you too"
ritual
my political stances from one, two, five years ago
reactionary notions on the decline of Western civilization
'money trouble'
toques (in summer)
toques (worn inside) in winter
a pencil behind the ear
the smell of mulch
window sills
parallax
doorsteps
pulling my hair out (plus other nervous habits)
coffee stains on the wall near an indoor trashcan
residual light on the inside of my eyelids

see-to-see

Review of *Prison Industrial Complex Explodes* by Mercedes Eng (Talonbooks, 2017)

Billy-Ray Belcourt

“I see you on the streets / K-K-Kanada / I see you with the police / K-K-Kanada,” so goes the hip hip duo Snotty Nose Rez Kids in the provocatively titled song “K-K-Kanada.” What Snotty Nose Rez Kids glimpse in this accusation, an accusation lobbed at a country that has monstrously and surgically hid the violence of its founding and its ongoingness from the theatres of national identity, is the inextricability of the police and Canada. Rendering it with tripled Ks, Snotty Nose Rez Kids fashion an image of the country as a constitutive facet of the racialized and racializing assemblage of the police. The duo goes on to rap: “A time machine must’ve been invented / ’Cause it feels like we’re back in a time where this shit was accepted / Or maybe it was past generations / That passed it down to the next kin.” The police are not a singular institution but a settler disposition, one that lives and breathes in the bodies of those in and out of uniform, one passed on in the drama of white reprofuturity. Snotty Nose Rez Kids thus echo Frank Wilderson’s claim that

“white people are not simply ‘protected’ by the police. They are—in their very corporeality—the police.”

In *Prison Industrial Complex Explodes*, Mercedes Eng shows what it is to take on a mode of embodiment that is in contradistinction to the police, and thus to be singled out to be corrected by the police. The narrator of this researched and radically vulnerable book lives out a life ordered by the prison. In utero, throughout childhood, into adolescence and adulthood, she is mired in the singularity of incarceration, made to place her imprisoned father in a field of care with the odds stacked against her and her mother. It is out of this experience, however, that Eng aims an unflinching sociological eye at the many-headed hydra of carceral power. To read this book is to bear witness to Eng’s fast mind at work as she tours the reader through the social laboratories of the New World—the plantation—to the archives of colonial law, to the affect-world of an individual family. Eng operationalizes the language of the state against itself, gathering police documents, government surveys and notices, and press releases, with the total effect of demystifying the haze of normalcy that shrouds official speech. Official speech is contra poetry, then, for it seeks not to turn language inside out but to

disappear its tractability, to be particular in its understandability.

Against this tyranny of interpretation, Eng's poetics is continental and historical in scope—"Carole learns / about G4S regulating prisons in Palestine / regulating security check points in American schools / regulating the U.S.-Mexico border" (84)—her lines reveal why she is one of the most studied and visionary writers in Canada today.

Perhaps what is most admirable and graceful about *Prison Industrial Complex Explodes* is Eng's insistence to recruit feeling and lived experience in the service of a more worldly rebelliousness: "Carole is / a ghost mama / whispering into the ears / of the fertile red nation" (49). At the core of the book is a concern for Indigenous and black flourishing, for a freedom-to-come.

I imagine Eng, book in hand, confronting the police and therefore settlers everywhere with this: "first things first, I'll eat your brain" (84).

i await the conversations

Mackenzie Ground

Guide. To guide. To teach. i think of nehiyaw words.

To take time. Slow down. peyatik

Gregory Younging's *Elements of Indigenous Style: A Guide for Writing by and about Indigenous Peoples* guides us through terminology and grammar, collaborative

work, publishing practices, and Indigenous Rights. This guide respects and affirms the Indigenous Right to cultural expression, property, and distribution, and it aims to strengthen future publishing practices of writing by and about Indigenous Peoples. Younging is a member of the Opaskwayak Cree Nation, the publisher of the Indigenous-owned Theytus Books, and a teacher in the Indigenous Studies Program at the University of British Columbia Okanagan. He is an adept voice to guide us with his conversational but concise prose.

Trust.

There are good reminders in this guide. Its beauty lies in its trust for the reader as it asks us to make conversations, to listen to and to compensate the writers, communities, and story keepers. It gives attention to the work and role of Elders. It asserts publishers' and editors' responsibilities to be accountable, to reflect on the consequences of words, and to build trusting relationships. Younging outlines these clear guidelines into twenty-two style principles throughout the guide, which he collects into an appendix. Guidelines much needed in a time of controversies, violence, and trauma in writing by and about Indigenous Peoples. Guidelines that will need to grow to ensure respect for Indigenous women and Indigenous Rights.

Time and listening. Trust—the amniotic fluid of relationships.

Listen.

The guide reminded me that the spirits of terminology require different kinds of listening, trust, and time if we are to respect them. Guide becomes reference becomes manual, and this guide must be gentle for its many readers. Younging covers the appropriateness of terms, verb tenses, capitalization, and possessives; the different approaches towards property, words, and stories; and the Protocols and relationship-building necessary to respect writing by and about Indigenous Peoples. All important groundwork.

i found respect for capitalized words but crave more stories in these pages. Stories that take time and build trust. Listen. i see these stories in the case studies throughout

the guide. Nurturing, generative stories demonstrating attentive, collaborative work to which i will return again and again. Each return deepening the story and asking me, “what is my purpose in writing”? mah

i grow restless in terms. i grow restless as i carry my own writing into a world of publishing, as a nehiyaw iskewew, and as i dream about working with Elders’ stories. i thirst for more stories on publishing and collaboration, and i seek the groundwork of an Indigenous-led publishing Protocol.

And i have great guides to teach me and remind me. Time and time again.

Trust. The stories are there and growing.

i await the conversations that are taking their first breaths in these pages.

now announcing the...

TCR OPEN ACCESS ONLINE ARCHIVE

The Capilano Review is thrilled to announce that we've received a grant from the BC Digital History Project to create an open-access online archive of TCR's entire back catalogue. Yes—every issue ever published since 1972 will be made freely available online, starting in December 2018!

Going forward, physical print issues will be sold as usual, and digital copies of new issues will be added to the archive a minimum of one year after publication.

Want to be notified of the archive's launch? Sign up for our newsletter!
www.thecapilanoreview.com/newsletter

Contributors

Mallory Amirault is an Acadian Mi'kmaq writer and performance artist from Mi'kma'ki, Nova Scotia. At its core, her work is concerned with issues of marginalization and agency. She hopes to be perpetually.

Billy-Ray Belcourt is from the Driftpile Cree Nation. He is a Ph.D. student and Pierre Elliott Trudeau Foundation Scholar in the Department of English & Film Studies at the University of Alberta. *This Wound is a World* is his first book; it won the 2018 Canadian Griffin Poetry Prize, the 2018 Robert Kroetsch City of Edmonton Book Prize, and a 2018 Indigenous Voices Award. His next book, *NDN Coping Mechanisms: Notes from the Field*, is due out in the fall of 2019 with House of Anansi Press.

Colin Browne is the author of *Entering Time: The Fungus Man Platters of Charles Edenshaw* (Talonbooks, 2016) and *The Hatch* (Talonbooks, 2015). He was the curator of the exhibition entitled *I Had an Interesting French Artist to See Me This Summer: Emily Carr and Wolfgang Paalen in British Columbia* at the Vancouver Art Gallery in 2016. His essay “Unfinished Business: Louis Riel and the Song of Skateen” is available online in *The Capilano Review*, Fall 2017 (3.33). *Music for a Night in May*, a collaboration with composer Alfredo Santa Ana, was premiered at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre on May 4, 2018. He is working on a new book of poems.

Paige Cardinal is a Bigstone Cree Nation nêhiyaw-iskwêw and mother from Wabasca-Desmarais, Alberta and Treaty 8 Territory. In November 2018 she will graduate with her Bachelor of Arts degree, majoring in Native Studies and minoring in Women's and Gender Studies. She is a writer, a photographer, and also owns a small handmade business called “mikisikahtak creations.”

David Dowker was born in Kingston, Ontario but has lived most of his life in Toronto. He was editor of *The Alterran Poetry Assemblage* from 1996 to 2004 (which can be accessed at Library and Archives Canada). He published *Machine Language* in 2010, *Virtualis: Topologies of the Unreal* (with Christine Stewart) in 2013, and *Ma nt i s* in 2018.

Originally from the village of Bible Hill, Nova Scotia, **J. Robert Ferguson** splits his time between Winnipeg and Montreal where he is pursuing a Master's in English Literature at Concordia. His poetry has been published most recently in *The Dalhousie Review*, *Prairie Fire*, and *The Winnipeg Free Press*, and is forthcoming in *filling Station*.

Kim Goldberg is the author of seven books of poetry and nonfiction, including *Red Zone* and *Undetectable*. Her poems and fiction have appeared in *Literary Review of Canada*, *Dark Mountain Books*, *Event*, *Prairie Fire*, and elsewhere. She organized and chaired the Women's Eco-Poetry Panel at the inaugural Cascadia Poetry Festival in Seattle. Kim lives, wanders, and wonders in Nanaimo, British Columbia. Twitter: @KimPigSquash.

David B. Goldstein is a poet, critic, food writer, and Associate Professor at York University in Toronto. His publications include the poetry collections *Lost Originals* (BookThug, 2016), *Laws of Rest* (BookThug, 2013), and the monograph *Eating and Ethics in Shakespeare's England* (Cambridge University Press, 2013). He is currently co-director of the Folger Shakespeare Library's Mellon-funded research project "Before 'Farm to Table': Early Modern Foodways and Cultures."

Mackenzie Ground is a writer from Enoch Cree Nation and Edmonton, Alberta. She is a PhD student at Simon Fraser University. Her writing explores the spaces of the city and the reserve, what does it mean to be here and to be a nehiyaw iskwew, and how can writing give back. She is honoured and thankful for her family and friends' support.

Helen Guri is a Tio'tia:ke (Montreal)-based poet and essayist. Their book *Match* was shortlisted for the Trillium Book Award for Poetry, and their poems and essays dealing with relation, ecology, healing, and sexuality have been published widely in Canada, as well as in the U.S., Australia, and in translation in Japan. Their chapbook *Some Animals and Their Housing Situations* is available for free at theelephants.net.

Pantea Haghighi is an independent curator and founder of the Republic Gallery, Vancouver. Republic is a commercial gallery representing artists with an impressive breadth of careers, whose works in visual art, photography, and sculpture have garnered widespread acclaim, and have been featured in numerous exhibitions at institutions across Canada and abroad. Haghighi holds a BA in Art History from the University of British Columbia, and also undertook interdisciplinary graduate-level research at UBC. Haghighi's curatorial projects include the upcoming exhibition *Looking at Persepolis: the Camera in Iran, 1850-1930* (The Polygon Gallery, November 2018), *Modernism in Iran: 1958-1978* (Griffin Art Projects, 2018), the *Utopias Constructed* series (Republic Gallery, 2014-2018), *where/between* (Equinox Gallery, 2016), *Mirrored Explosions* (West Vancouver Museum, 2016), and *Unsent Dispatches from the Iranian Revolution, 1978-1979* (Presentation House Gallery, 2005).

Scott Jackshaw studies English and Creative Writing at the University of Alberta. His work has previously appeared in *Glass Buffalo*, as well as in chapbooks from the University of Alberta's Graduate Students of English Collective and The Olive Reading Series.

Danielle LaFrance lives, writes, and works on occupied and stolen Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh lands. She is the author of two books of poetry, *species branding* (Capilano University Editions, 2010) and *Friendly + Fire* (Talonbooks, 2016). Between 2012-2016, she co-organized the feminist materialist collective and journal series *About a Bicycle*, with Anahita Jamali Rad. Spanish-English poetry translations have been published on the online magazine *in Peregrinos y sus Letras* and in *The Capilano Review*. Her writing is marked with militancy, feminism, resistance, and “a cappella pornography” (Cam Scott) that relentlessly aims to look at and break apart the radical root of things. Her recent project #postdildo consists of a reading group, reading series, and a book of experimental essays and poems, chewing over sexual fantasies, relationality and communication, sexual violence, and different socialities.

Jimmy McInnes was born and raised on Ontario’s Bruce Peninsula. His first book of poetry, *A More Perfect []*, was released by Book*hug in the spring of 2015. His work has appeared in *This Magazine*, *The Puritan*, *Poetry is Dead*, the Wesleyan University Press anthology *BAX 2016: Best American Experimental Writing*, and has been shortlisted for the Great Canadian Literary Hunt and the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry. He holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Guelph, and currently lives in Toronto. “Some Stylized Facts” is an excerpt from a long poem intended for his next full-length book.

Roberto Rodríguez is an associate professor at the University of Arizona. He is a longtime-award-winning journalist who returned to school in 2003 in pursuit of a Master’s and a PhD in Mass Communications (2008) at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. His primary research focus is maíz culture on this continent and Red-Brown journalism and communications. He began writing in 1972 and, while writing for *Lowrider Magazine* (1978-1981), he was almost killed by LA Sheriff’s deputies in 1979 in ELA, while photographing an incident of police brutality. After winning two trials, he was recognized in 1986 by the California Chicano News Media Association for his defense of the First Amendment. He currently writes for Truthout’s Public Intellectual Project. His book *Our Sacred Maíz Is Our Mother* was published by the University of Arizona Press in 2014. He has two other forthcoming books: *Yolqui* (2019) and *Smiling Brown* (2020).

Internationally recognized for her significant contributions to the fields of public art, photography, and video, **Esther Shalev-Gerz** investigates questions of memory, history, trauma, cultural identity, and ethics in the contemporary world through her practice. Working in multiple media, from photographs and video installations to large-scale public commissions, Shalev-Gerz’s monuments, installations, and public sculptures are developed through active dialogue and consultation with people whose participation emphasizes their individual and collective memories, accounts, opinions, and experiences. She has exhibited internationally in, among other places, San Francisco, Paris, Berlin, London, Stockholm, Vancouver, Geneva, Guangzhou, and New York. From the beginning of her career with monuments such as *Oil on Stone* (1983) and *The Monument Against Fascism* (1986), Shalev-Gerz has designed and realized permanent installations in public space in Hamburg, Israel, Stockholm, Wanas, Geneva, Glasgow, and now Vancouver. Her work has been represented in over twenty-five monographs. For more information about the artist, visit shalev-gerz.net.

Mallory Tater is a writer from Ottawa living in Vancouver. Her debut book of poetry *This Will Be Good* (Book*hug) was released Spring 2018. She was the recipient of CV2's 2016 Young Buck Poetry Prize and named on the CBC's list of 14 Poets to Watch in 2018. Her debut novel *THE BIRTH YARD* is being released with HarperCollins Canada in 2020.

Joel William Vaughan is a bookbinder's apprentice at Massey College, Toronto. His work has previously appeared in *Vox*, *Geist*, and *CV2*.

Laura Vazquez Rodriguez is a Southern California artist known for her vibrant paintings of mother and child. Laura's paintings are a tribute to all women. Her focus is on spirituality and art, the bond between a mother and child, life and death, love and healing. She works mostly with acrylic on canvas and carved wood panels. Strong, symmetrical compositions and continuous lines are all important elements within her complex designs. Laura is a skilled visual storyteller and her paintings abound with symbolism. Each painting is a story that unfolds to illuminate a message. "Art connects us. It is a universal language without borders. It is an experience; an emotion portrayed, like a dance of joy, a song of praise or tears of sorrow. Art is an act of mourning, an act of rejoicing. It is playful, insightful, therapeutic and uplifting. With my paintings I celebrate my Latino heritage with its rich color and symbolism. With my paintings I celebrate love and the sacredness of Life."

Fred Wah lives in Vancouver and the West Kootenays. His poetry, fiction, and non-fiction has received numerous literary awards. He was Canada's Parliamentary Poet Laureate 2011-2013 and made an Officer of the Order of Canada in 2013. Recent books include *Sentenced to Light*, his collaborations with visual artists, and *is a door*, a series of poems about hybridity. *High Muck a Muck: Playing Chinese, An Interactive Poem*, is available online (highmuckamuck.ca). His recent writing involves the Columbia River (riverrelations.ca/new-page) and he is currently adapting his biofiction *Diamond Grill* as a radio play for Kootenay Co-Op Radio. *Scree: The Collected Earlier Poems, 1962-1991* was published in 2015 and his collaboration with Rita Wong, *beholden: a poem as long as the river*, has been published by Talonbooks in the fall of 2018.

M. V. Williams is a Skwxú7mesh/ Wet'suet'en photo-based artist. They are a recent graduate of Emily Carr University of Art + Design with a BFA in visual arts. Their work focuses on personal narrative while working through various mediums, photography, print media, and weaving.

A poet-scholar who has written several books of poetry (*monkeypuzzle*, *forage*, *sybil unrest*, *undercurrent*, *perpetual*), **Rita Wong** has also co-edited, with Dorothy Christian, an anthology entitled *Downstream: Reimagining Water* (Wilfrid Laurier University Press). She lives, works, and strives for water justice on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations. She hopes to see justice for the Peace River Valley in her lifetime and has dedicated much time to support northern river guardians: witnessforthepeace.ca.

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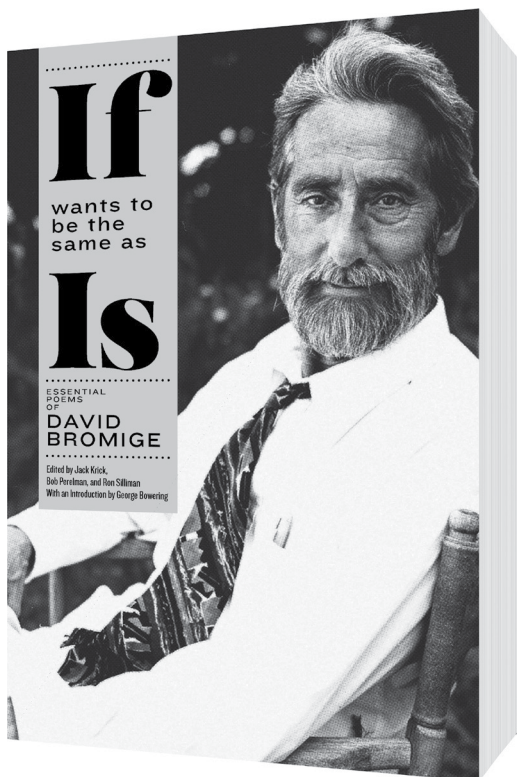
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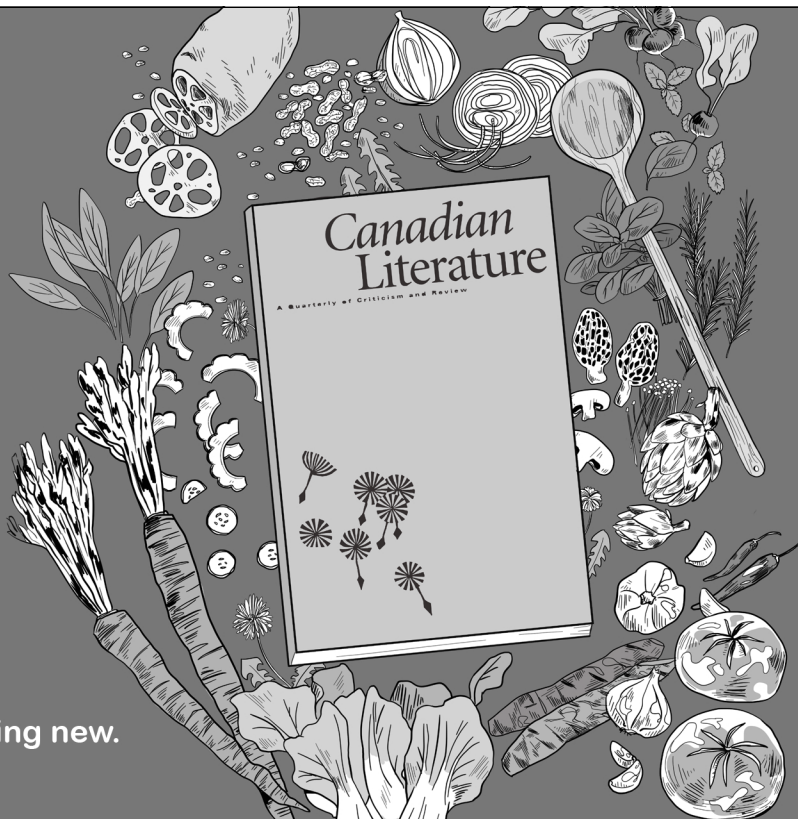
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ISSN 0315 3754
\$14.00